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ELIZABETHAN PLAYS

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Felix E. Schelling

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Felix E. Schelling and Matthew W. Black

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TYPICAL ELIZABETHAN PLAYS

BY CONTEMPORARIES AND IMMEDIATE SUCCESSORS OF SHAKESPEARE

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION

BY

FELIX E. SCHELLING

AND

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Assistant Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

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√ 822

TYPICAL ELIZABETHAN PLAYS

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TO THE CHOICE BROTHERHOOD
WHO READ AND LOVE ELIZABETHAN PLAYS
AS WELL AS COLLECT THEM

CONTENTS

PAGE

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT, PART I, *by Christopher Marlowe*, Conqueror Play 1

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY, *by Thomas Kyd*, Tragedy of Revenge . . . 35

ENDYMION, THE MAN IN THE MOON, *by John Lyly*, Court Drama . . 81

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, *by Christopher Marlowe*, Tragedy of the Supernatural 117

THE HONORABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY, *by Robert Greene*, Comedy of the Supernatural 145

THE OLD WIVES' TALE, *by George Peele*, Folklore Extravaganza . . 177

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN AND LAMENTABLE DEATH OF EDWARD II, *by Christopher Marlowe*, Chronicle Play 195

THE PLEASANT COMEDY OF OLD FORTUNATUS, *by Thomas Dekker*, Romantic Comedy 243

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY, OR THE GENTLE CRAFT, *by Thomas Dekker*, Comedy of London Life 293

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR, *by Ben Jonson*, Comedy of Humors . . 333

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS, *by Thomas Heywood*, Domestic Drama 379

EASTWARD HO, *by George Chapman, Ben Jonson and John Marston*, Comedy of London Life 415

VOLPONE, OR THE FOX, A COMEDY, *by Ben Jonson*, Satirical Comedy of Humors 459

MICHAELMAS TERM, *by Thomas Middleton*, Comedy of London Life . 517

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE, *by Francis Beaumont*, Dramatic Comedy-Satire 555

THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID, A MASQUE AT THE LORD VISCOUNT HADDINGTON'S MARRIAGE, *by Ben Jonson*, Court Masque 597

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS, *by John Fletcher*, Pastoral 605

PHILASTER, OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING, *by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher*, Tragicomedy 645

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY, *by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher*, Romantic Tragedy 689

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFI, *by John Webster*, Tragedy of Revenge 735

THE CHANGELING, *by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley*, Romantic Tragedy 787

Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, A Comedy, *by John Fletcher*, Comedy of Manners 827

A New Way to Pay Old Debts, *by Philip Massinger*, Comedy of Manners 869

The Broken Heart, *by John Ford*, Romantic Tragedy 913

The Lady of Pleasure, *by James Shirley*, Later Comedy of Manners 953

APPENDIX OF ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS, SCENES FROM

Sir Thomas More (An Ill May-Day), *by Anthony Munday and Others*, Shakespeare perhaps among them, Biographical Chronicle Play . 998

The Return From Parnassus, or the Scourge of Simony, Part II, *Anonymous*, College Drama 1015

Index of Authors 1033

Index of Plays 1033

PREFACE

THE following collection of plays has been made with a ruling purpose, to present typical examples of the variety and diversity of Elizabethan drama. To this end, excluding Shakespeare, the best examples of each kind of play have been chosen so far as possible; and each play, barring those in the Appendix, has been printed in its integrity. While excellence in a class does not always tally with intrinsic superiority, the prevailingly high dramatic and poetic worth of Elizabethan plays at large maintains in this choice by types the general artistic value of the collection. The greatest names appear, and each is represented by work worthy of his reputation, if not always by every variety of it. The great species of the drama—romantic tragedy, romantic comedy, the chronicle play, the comedy of manners, tragicomedy—exist so numerously that choice within the limitations of such a book as this is embarrassing. Some of these are represented in more than one example, as time altered their characteristics and developed them, in some instances, into practically a new kind. Two minor types of the old drama lend themselves to a less complete representation. These are the college drama, of absorbing interest socially and for its allusions, but less affecting the main currents of the Elizabethan stage; and the biographical chronicle play of collaborative authorship, *Sir Thomas More,* which has recently attracted renewed attention, by reason of the belief of some that we have, in the manuscript of it, a scene written by the hand of Shakespeare. These have been represented by way of excerpts and relegated to an Appendix.

The text of this collection is conservatively based on the original editions which have best stood the tests of scholarship. But no attempt has been made to record variorum readings or to register critical opinion. As the collection is intended for the general reader as well as for the student of the drama, the punctuation and spelling has been modernized, except where metrical or other considerations demand a retention of the earlier form. All statements of scene, stage directions, lists of personages and the like, which are not in the original, are included in square brackets. But such additions are admitted only where imperative, and the original stage directions, especially, are retained wherever possible. These extraneous features, although they are often haphazard, verbose or inconsistent, are valuable as aids to a realization of the

contemporary conception of scene and action, and can not be replaced by the standardizing of modern editors. Drawn from many sources, as are these plays, uniformity in these matters has been cheerfully disregarded.

A brief note concerning the origin, source, authorship and early editions precedes each play, with a short succeeding paragraph as to the author and his more important work. Further matter biographical and bibliographical belongs elsewhere. (See the present author's *Elizabethan Playwrights,* 1925, in this Series.) Obsolete words, terms of limited, dialect, or specific meaning, not ordinarily accessible in modern dictionaries, and other difficulties in the text are briefly explained on the page on which each occurs. Further "apparatus" there is none; for, when all is said, "the play's the thing."

It is impossible fully to record individual indebtedness to previous work in a field so fertile and well plowed as this. To previous collectors, Neilson and Gayley, I owe much; to the scholarly workers in this subject, who contribute to the collections of the Malone Society and to others like it, and to editors of individual dramatists and single plays. These obligations are duly mentioned in the context. Nor should we who come after forget what the older laborers in the field have done for us, Dyce, Gifford, Bullen and much maligned Collier, to name no more. They cut deep swaths where we are only gleaning; and we were not had they not been.

My acknowledgments are due to the Duke of Portland, who has graciously permitted the use of a reproduction of the fine contemporary portrait of Fletcher, now at Welbeck. The titles of early editions have been reproduced in nearly every case from the originals. For permission to photograph and to use this material my thanks are due to the British Museum, to the Henry E. Huntington Library, to that of my own University of Pennsylvania and especially to the ever ready courtesy of Mr. Andrew Keogh, Librarian of Yale University, and the Elizabethan Club of Yale whose treasures furnish seven of these titles. The generosity of Mr. W. A. White in permitting a similar use of specimens from his precious collections has yielded others, among them the title of the excessively rare quarto of *Old Fortunatus,* 1600. Lastly I record once more the interest of the general editor of this series, my friend and colleague, Professor Arthur H. Quinn.

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

THE revision and enlargement of this book in this new edition is directly referable to the appreciation which it has received at the hands of those who have tested it practically in the classroom, an appreciation for which the editors are duly grateful. In response to an inquiry, addressed to many teachers, we received scores of suggestions and many helpful replies, all of which have been considered in a sincere endeavor to satisfy the wishes of as many as possible. It is not unlikely that in the omissions and substitutions which this effort has involved, the typical quality of the former collection may have suffered somewhat. But in compensation for this we have, in the inclusion of such epoch-making plays as *Tamburlaine, The Spanish Tragedy* and *Every Man in his Humor*, a richer menu from the historical point of view. Despite a certain mistrust of anything less than the play in its entirety, we have been prevailed upon to retain the scenes from *Sir Thomas More* and those from *The Return from Parnassus*, largely because of the eloquence of one of our distinguished correspondents, Professor Pierce Butler, Dean of the Sophie Newcomb College, Tulane University, who writes cogently: "I value *The Return from Parnassus* because it is admirable material to make students realize the close kinship between the college boy of 1600 and college boys of 1930. . . . In the same way, . . . the selections from *Sir Thomas More* not only illustrate the matter [that of the alleged participancy of Shakespeare], which will quite certainly continue to be one of lively interest for some time, but they also give a demonstration of one of the ways in which collaborators certainly operated."

Among the substitutions are Fletcher's *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which more adequately represents the pastoral than Jonson's fragment, *The Sad Shepherd; The Broken Heart*, a more distinctive performance of Ford than his *Perkin Warbeck*; and *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, which is more certainly Greene's than *The Pinner of Wakefield*. For the folk-play lost by this last omission, Peele's charming extravaganza, *The Old Wives' Tale*, finds a place; and Dekker is more fully represented by the addition of *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, Beaumont by his celebrated dramatic satire, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

The plays have been arranged as nearly as possible in the order of their probable appearance on the stage.

A brief mention of the collected edition, where there is such, and the more available modern reprints, in each case, will be found affixed to each of the prefatory notes to the plays in this collection. A working list of books on Social England, London and the Playhouses, on the texts of English drama, both collective and of individual dramatists, will be found in F. E. Schelling's *Elizabethan Playwrights*, 1925, pp. 289-315. The fullest recent bibliographical guidance in the subject, both general and specific, is that contained in the four volumes of E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, 1923.

The prefatory notes in this collection have been intentionally reduced to the smallest possible compass, alike from the exigencies of space and from a conviction that a simple orientation of the work and the author is the best foundation on which to base a first reading of him. Critical comment has been rigorously excluded as belonging obviously elsewhere.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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In the matter of the selections, made where choice is so bewildering, stress has been laid on the word *typical,* for the diversity in which the drama of Shakespeare's day manifested itself is, aside from its superlative excellence at times as literature and poetry, its most surprising feature. There are plays which, everything considered, it would be impossible to omit; in other cases the range of choice has been wider. To enter somewhat into particulars, despite the more poetical claims of George Peele, Lyly is the great exemplar of the court drama and his *Endymion* the inevitable play. As much may be said for the supreme "murder play," *Arden of Feversham,* which has attracted even the name of Shakespeare to the claims of authorship, the master-play of terror, Webster's *Duchess of Malfi,* and Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts,* for its holding of the stage to our day, alone of Elizabethan plays outside of Shakespeare. Marlowe, greatest of the "predecessors," is represented by the supernaturalism and poetry of the fragment *Faustus;* and also by *Edward II,* the chronicle history in which he pointed the way to the extraordinary vogue of that interesting species of drama in which Shakespeare was so to excel. The other "predecessors" have been somewhat sacrificed in this book to the preference for *Arden,* which may or may not be Kyd's and to *George a Greene,* which may or may not be Robert Greene's. The latter comedy, with its distinctive appeal to the man in the street, or perhaps better the man in the fields, was not to be spared in a volume such as this.

With Thomas Dekker the choice lay between the poetic folklore of *Old Fortunatus* and the delightful realism of old London in *The Shoemakers' Holiday.* This last is represented as vividly, if not quite as genially, in *Eastward Ho,* wherein too is exampled the successful collaboration of three conspicuous authors, Chapman, Marston and Jonson. It is here that Jonson figures in that realistic comedy of every day life, which he knew so well. But the greatest dramatic figure of his age, save Shakespeare, was likewise master of the satiric or ironic drama, here represented in his masterpiece, *Volpone;* and he was likewise a poet of delicate fancy, represented here in one of his masques and in the fine fragment of his pastoral drama, *The Sad Shepherd.*

Reputation demanded both *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy* for the celebrated partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher, and also one of the latter's rollicking comedies of manners, here of Spanish source—one of Fletcher's several contributions to that drama—*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.* Reputation, too, demanded the inclusion of *The Changeling,* by Middleton and William Rowley, with regret that the former's realistic

comic art might not have been more favorably represented. Nothing else calls for note, except the inclusion of Ford's fine effort to restore historical drama in *Perkin Warbeck* rather than one or other of the more notorious examples in which he contributed to the decadence of the stage.

Finally, the Appendix contains scenes from *The Play of Sir Thomas More,* interesting intrinsically as an example of collaboration in a popular historical subject applied to contemporary happenings, and also because of the question of Shakespeare's probable participancy in it. The scenes from *The Return from Parnassus* suggest a chapter in the old drama, too little read, that which casts light on the university life of the day together with its touch with the larger world outside.

TYPICAL
ELIZABETHAN PLAYS

Tamburlaine

the Great.

Who, from a Scythian Shepheardc,
by his rare and woonderfull Conquests,
became a most puissant and mighty Monarque.
And (for his tyranny, and terrour in Warre) was tearmed,
The Scourge of God.

Deuided into two Tragicall Discourses, as they were sundrie times shewed vpon Stages in the Citie of London.

By the right honorable the Lord Admyrall, his seruantes.

Now first, and newlie published.

LONDON.
Printed by Richard Ihones: at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge. 1590.

Robert Greene in his story, *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, 1588, alludes to "that atheist Tamburlan" in connection with "spirits as bred of Merlin's [i.e. Marlowe's] race." And Harvey speaks of the author of *Tamburlaine* as dying in 1593. Slight as are these allusions, Marlowe's authorship of this celebrated tragedy is unquestioned, although his name occurs on none of the old quartos. Greene's reference fixes the date of earliest performance as 1588 or 1587, for the first part at least. The earliest quarto, that of 1590, is registered (August 14) as "The Twooe commicall discourses of Tomberlein the Cithean shepparde," so that we may infer that the second part—not reprinted in this volume—must have followed soon after the first. A second quarto appeared in 1592, a third (now apparently lost) in 1597, and separated quartos of part one in 1605, part two in the following year. The quaint address to the reader in the quarto of 1592 informs us that, fearing "it would prove a great disgrace to so honorable and stately a history, [he] purposely omitted and left out certain fond and frivolous gestures digressing and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter . . . though happily they have been of some vain conceited fondlings greatly gaped at what time they were showed upon the stage." The play enjoyed an almost unexampled popularity. We know by Henslowe, for example, of fifteen performances of part one between August 30, 1594, and November 12, 1595, with seven of part two within that period. Marlowe's source was mainly Pedro Mexia's *Silva de Varia Leccion*, a book already widely translated.

Christopher Marlowe was born in 1564, about a month before Shakespeare. His home was Canterbury, his father a shoemaker and parish clerk. Christopher went from the King's School in Canterbury to Cambridge in 1581, taking his degrees B.A. in 1584 and M.A. in 1587. *Tamburlaine* was his first play and an immediate dramatic success; it was soon followed by a second part. His other works besides those of the text are *The Jew of Malta*, *The Massacre at Paris*, and *Dido*, in which Nash assisted, these two last dating not long before his death in 1593. Marlowe led an ungoverned life, though a remaining manuscript of his discloses a free-thinking rather than an atheistical mind. Marlowe's death was disreputable, and legend attaches to it. We now know definitely that he was killed, by one Ingram Frizer, in an altercation supposedly concerning the reckoning, at a tavern in Deptford, May 30, 1593; and that Frizer was subsequently granted a royal pardon for the deed. See J. Leslie Hotson, *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*, 1925.

A complete edition of *The Works of Christopher Marlowe* is that of C. F. Tucker Brooke, 1910; an edition, *The Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe*, the general editor of which is R. H. Case, is now being issued.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

MYCETES, *King of Persia*
COSROE, *his Brother*
ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, MEANDER, MENAPHON, THERIDAMAS — *Persian Lords and Captains*
TAMBURLAINE, *a Scythian Shepherd*
TECHELLES, USUMCASANE — *his Followers*
BAJAZETH, *Emperor of the Turks*
KING OF ARABIA
KING OF FEZ
KING OF MOROCCO
KING OF ARGIER[1]
SOLDAN OF EGYPT
GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS
AGYDAS, MAGNETES — *Median Lords*
CAPOLIN, *an Egyptian Captain*
PHILEMUS, *a Messenger*
Bassoes, Lords, Citizens, Moors, Soldiers, and Attendants
ZENOCRATE, *Daughter of the Soldan of Egypt*
ANIPPE, *her Maid*
ZABINA, *Wife of Bajazeth*
EBEA, *her Maid*
Virgins of Damascus

SCENE: Variously in Asia.[2]]

[1] Algiers.

[2] Doubtless owing to the geographical inexactitude of the two parts of *Tamburlaine*, no attempt has as yet been made to supply locations for the various scenes. It has recently been pointed out, however, that the eccentricities of Marlowe's map are not due to romantic indifference, nor to a slavish following of his source, but represent the best knowledge current in his time. For the conqueror's peregrinations in part II, indeed, it has been surmised that the dramatist made a careful study of Ortelius' *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, the best-known atlas of the day. For a full discussion of this interesting topic, see "Marlowe's Map," by Ethel Seaton, in *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*, vol. x.

THE PROLOGUE

From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,[1]
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

[1] Plays for, and sometimes by, clowns.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

Christopher Marlowe

Part the First

ACT I

SCENE I

[*Enter*] Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius, Ceneus, [Menaphon,] *with others*

Myc. Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggrieved,
Yet insufficient to express the same,
For it requires a great and thund'ring speech.
Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords;
I know you have a better wit than I.
Cos. Unhappy Persia, that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
That, in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumphed over Afric and the bounds
Of Europe, where the sun dares scarce appear
For freezing meteors and congealèd cold, 10
Now to be ruled and governed by a man
At whose birthday Cynthia with Saturn joined,
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied
To shed [their][1] influence in his fickle brain!
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.
Myc. Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And through your planets I perceive you think
I am not wise enough to be a king; 20
But I refer me to my noblemen
That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
I might command you to be slain for this,
Meander, might I not?
Meand. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.
Myc. I mean it not, but yet I know I might;
Yet live; yea, live, Mycetes wills it so.
Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceivèd grief,
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine, 30
That, like a fox in midst of harvest time,
Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers,[1]
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes;
Therefore 't is good and meet for to be wise.
Meand. Oft have I heard your majesty complain
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train
Daily commits incivil[2] outrages, 40
Hoping, misled by dreaming prophecies,
To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms
To make himself the monarch of the East;
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant[3] ensign in the Persian fields,
Your grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charged with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your highness' throne.
Myc. Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself, my lord,
Whom I may term a Damon for thy love; 50
Therefore 't is best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent[4]
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?
Cos. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myc. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,
The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,
The hope of Persia, and the very legs
Whereon our State doth lean as on a staff, 60
That holds us up, and foils our neighbor foes.
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame;
Return with speed; time passeth swift away,
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.

[1] Dyce's emendation. Early Qq. *his.*

[1] Travelers.
[2] Uncivilized.
[3] Wandering.
[4] At once.

Ther. Before the moon renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign, 70
But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.
Myc. Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes;
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All loaden with the heads of killèd men,
And from their knees e'en to their hoofs below
Besmeared with blood that makes a dainty show. 80
Ther. Then now, my lord, I humbly take my leave.
Myc. Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand times. *Exit* THERIDAMAS
Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown?
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia;
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.
Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay; a greater [task][1]
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief.
Create him Prorex[2] of all Africa,
That he may win the Babylonians' hearts 90
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.
Myc. "Unless they have a wiser king than you!"
These are his words; Meander, set them down.
Cos. And add this to them, that all Asia
Laments to see the folly of their king.
Myc. Well, here I swear by this my royal seat,—
Cos. You may do well to kiss it then.
Myc. Embossed with silk as best beseems my state,
To be revenged for these contemptuous words.
O, where is duty and allegiance now? 101
Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?
What, shall I call thee brother?—No, a foe;
Monster of nature! Shame unto thy stock
That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!
Meander, come; I am abused, Meander.
Exeunt all but COSROE *and* MENAPHON
Men. How now, my lord? What, mated[3] and amazed

[1] Added by Robinson. [2] Viceroy. [3] Confounded.

To hear the king thus threaten like himself!
Cos. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not for[1] his threats;
The plot is laid by Persian noblemen 110
And captains of the Median garrisons
To crown me Emperor of Asia;
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexèd soul:
To see our neighbors that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment[2] to scorn;
And that which might resolve[3] me into tears,
Men from the farthest equinoctial line 119
Have swarmed in troops into the Eastern India,
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,
And made their spoils from all our provinces.
Men. This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror
By curing of this maimèd empery.
Afric and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your dominions,
How easily may you, with a mighty host,
Pass into Græcia, as did Cyrus once, 130
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom!
[*Trumpet within*]
Cos. But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?
Men. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest
Bringing the crown to make you Emperor!

Enter ORTYGIUS *and* CENEUS *bearing a crown, with others*

Orty. Magnificent and mighty Prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states[4]
And commons of this mighty monarchy,
Present thee with th' imperial diadem.
Cen. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have filled Persepolis 141
With Afric captains taken in the field,
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty crests,
Now living idle in the wallèd towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,

[1] Care not for. [2] Rule. [3] Dissolve. [4] Estates.

Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against the king;
Therefore, to stay all sudden mutinies, 150
We will invest your highness Emperor,
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy
Than did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

Cos. Well, since I see the state of Persia droop
And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive th' imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice[1] my estate.

Orty. And in assurance of desired success,
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and Persia; 162
Great Lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late-discovered isles;
Chief Lord of all the wide, vast Euxine sea,
And of the ever-raging Caspian lake.
Long live Cosroe, mighty Emperor!

Cos. And Jove may[2] never let me longer live 170
Than I may seek to gratify your love,
And cause the soldiers that thus honor me
To triumph over many provinces!
By whose desires of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,
And with the army of Theridamas,
(Whither we presently[3] will fly, my lords)
To rest secure against my brother's force.

Orty. We knew, my lord, before we brought the crown,
Intending your investion[4] so near 180
The residence of your despisèd brother,
The lords would not be too exasperate
To injure or suppress your worthy title;
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cos. I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.

Orty. Sound up the trumpets then. God save the King! [*Trumpets sound*] *Exeunt*

SCENE II

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE *leading* ZENOCRATE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, [AGYDAS, MAGNETES *and*] *other* Lords, *and* Soldiers *loaden with treasure*

[1] Seek to injure.
[2] May Jove.
[3] At once.
[4] Investiture.

Tamb. Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserved, and you in better state,
Than if you were arrived in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms,
The mighty Soldan of Egyptia.

Zeno. Ah, shepherd! pity my distressèd plight,
(If, as thou seemst, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly[1] maid, 10
Who traveling with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle's country, Media,[2]
Where all my youth I have been governèd,
Have passed the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy signet and his hand
To safe conduct us thorough[3] Africa.

Mag. And since we have arrived in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need. 20

Tamb. But now you see these letters and commands
Are countermanded by a greater man;
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But, since I love to live at liberty,
As easily may you get the Soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct;
For they are friends that help to wean[4] my state
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it, 30
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude.—
But, tell me, madam, is your grace betrothed?

Zeno. I am, my lord—for so you do import.[5]

Tamb. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove;
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course.
Lie here, ye weeds that I disdain to wear! 41
This còmplete armor and this curtle-axe[6]

[1] Simple.
[2] Early Qq. *of Medea.*
[3] A doublet of *through.*
[4] Train. (*NED*).
[5] "For such, you imply, is your rank."
[6] Cutlass.

Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success and loss unvaluèd,[1]
Both may invest you Empress of the East;
And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host,
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,
Even as when windy exhalations 50
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.
Tech. As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threat'ning herds of beasts,
So in his armor looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.
Usum. And making thee and me, Techelles, kings,
That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Nobly resolved, sweet friends and followers! 60
These lords, perhaps, do scorn our estimates
And think we prattle with distempered[2] spirits;
But since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit[3] bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forcèd followers,
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.
Zeno. The gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,[4]
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.[5] 70
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eternisèd,
By living Asia's mighty Emperor.
Agyd. I hope our lady's treasure and our own
May serve for ransom to our liberties.
Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothèd lord Alcidamas,
Expects th' arrival of her highness' person.
Mag. And wheresoever we repose ourselves, 80
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?

[1] Invaluable. [2] Fevered. [3] Fancy.
[4] Purposes. [5] Travelers.

Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine, 90
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous[1] than Zènocrate's.
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops, 100
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved.[2]
My martial prizes with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,—
All shall we[3] offer to Zenocrate,
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.
Tech. What now!—in love?
Tamb. Techelles, women must be flatterèd;
But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a Soldier

Sold. News! news!
Tamb. How now, what's the matter? 110
Sold. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all.
Tamb. How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!
Now must your jewels be restored again,
And I that triumphed so be overcome.
How say you, lordings,—is not this your hope?
Agyd. We hope yourself will willingly restore them.
Tamb. Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse.
Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!
You must be forcèd from me ere you go. 120
A thousand horsemen!—We five hundred foot!—
An odds too great for us to stand against.
But are they rich? And is their armor good?
Sold. Their plumèd helms are wrought with beaten gold,
Their swords enamelled, and about their necks
Hangs massy[4] chains of gold, down to the waist,

[1] Valuable.
[2] Melted.
[3] Early Qq. *Shall all we, Shall we, We all shall.*
[4] Heavy.

In every part exceeding brave[1] and rich.
Tamb. Then shall we fight courageously with them?
Or look you I should play the orator?
Tech. No; cowards and faint-hearted runaways 130
Look for orations when the foe is near.
Our swords shall play the orators for us.
Usum. Come! let us meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sudden and an hot alarm,
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.
Tech. Come, let us march!
Tamb. Stay, Techelles! ask a parley first.

The Soldiers *enter*

Open the malles,[2] yet guard the treasure sure;
Lay out our golden wedges[3] to the view, 139
That their reflections may amaze the Persians;
And look we friendly on them when they come;
But if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight, five hundred men-at-arms to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For manacles, till he be ransomed home.
Tech. I hear them come; shall we encounter them?
Tamb. Keep all your standings and not stir a foot; 150
Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter THERIDAMAS *with others*

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?
Tamb. Whom seek'st thou, Persian?—I am Tamburlaine.
Ther. Tamburlaine!—
A Scythian shepherd so embellishèd
With nature's pride and richest furniture![4]
His looks do menace heaven and dare the gods;
His fiery eyes are fixed upon the earth,
As if he now devised some stratagem, 159
Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.
Tamb. Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,
If outward habit judge the inward man.
Tech. His deep affections make him passionate.

[1] Handsome. [2] Packs. [3] Ingots. [4] Armor.

Tamb. With what a majesty he rears his looks!
In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,
I see the folly of thy emperor.
Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,
That by charàcters graven in thy brows,
And by thy martial face and stout aspèct, 170
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host!
Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world.
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about;
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,
Intending but to raze[1] my charmèd skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from heaven 180
To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends this Soldan's daughter rich and brave,
To be my Queen and portly[2] Emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renowmèd[3] man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize, 190
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sacked.
Both we will walk upon the lofty clifts,
And Christian merchants[4] that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
Shall vail[5] to us, as lords of all the lake.
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometimes maskèd in a shepherd's weed,
And by those steps that[6] he hath scaled the heavens 200
May we become immortal like the gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean because, being yet obscure,
The nations far removed admire me not,)
And when my name and honor shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,

[1] (G)raze. [2] Stately. [3] Variant of *renowned*. [4] Merchantmen. [5] Lower their topsails. [6] By which.

Or fair Boötes sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor[1] with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.
Ther. Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods,
Could use persuasions more pathetical.[2]
Tamb. Nor are Apollo's oracles more true,
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.
Tech. We are his friends, and if the Persian king
Should offer present dukedoms to our state,[3]
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assured of by our friend's success.
Usum. And kingdoms at the least we all expect,
Besides the honor in assured conquests,
Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords,
And hosts of soldiers stand amazed at us;
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess
These are the men that all the world admires.
Ther. What strong enchantments 'tice my yielding soul!
Ah,[4] these resolvèd noble Scythians!
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?
Tamb. No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Won with thy words, and conquered with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.
Tamb. Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by heaven
And called the gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combined with thine
Until our bodies turn to elements,
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him!
Tech. Welcome, renowmèd Persian, to us all!
Usum. Long may Theridamas remain with us!
Tamb. These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice
Than doth the King of Persia in his crown,
And by the love of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me
Before I crown you kings in Asia.
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,

[1] Equal.
[2] Persuasive.
[3] For our state, or rank.
[4] Brereton's emendation. Qq. *Are.*

And they will never leave thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierced
To do you honor and security.
Tamb. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.
And now fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me
You shall have honors as your merits be;
Or else you shall be forced with slavery.
Agyd. We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.
Tamb. For you then, madam, I am out of doubt.
Zeno. I must be pleased perforce. Wretched Zenocrate! *Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I

[*Enter*] Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, *with other* Soldiers

Cos. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle.
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?
Men. Of stature tall, and straightly fashionèd,
Like his desire, lift[1] upwards and divine;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly[2] bear
Old Atlas' burden; 'twixt his manly pitch,[3]
A pearl[4] more worth than all the world is placed,
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassèd
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honor sits invested royally;
Pale of complexion, wrought[5] in him with passion;
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds[6] do figure death,

[1] Lifted.
[2] Strongly.
[3] Between his shoulders.
[4] Apparently, his head.
[5] *I.e.*, Which pallor is wrought.
[6] Frowning.

And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.
His arms and fingers, long, and sinewy,[1]
Betokening valor and excess of strength—
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine. 30

Cos. Well hast thou portrayed in thy terms of life
The face and personage of a wondrous man;
Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars
To make him famous in accomplished worth;
And well his merits show him to be made
His fortune's master and the king of men,
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valor and his life,
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.
Then, when our powers in points of swords are joined 40
And closed in compass of the killing bullet,
Though strait the passage and the port[2] be made
That leads to palace of my brother's life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall like mellowed fruit with shakes of death,
In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent and remain as king.

Orty. In happy hour we have set the crown 50
Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honor
In joining with the man ordained by heaven,
To further every action to the best.

Cen. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuffed with treasure for his highest thoughts!

Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine. 60
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris;
And all conjoined to meet the witless king,
That now is marching near to Parthia,

[1] Dyce's emendation. Early Qq. *Snowy.* [2] Gate.

And with unwilling soldiers faintly armed,
To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine,
To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.

Men. I will, my lord.

Exeunt

SCENE II

[*Enter*] MYCETES, MEANDER, *with other* Lords *and* Soldiers

Myc. Come, my Meander, let us to this gear.[1]
I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath
On this same thievish villain, Tamburlaine,
And on that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother.
Would it not grieve a king to be so abused
And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?
And, which is worst, to have his diadem
Sought for by such scald[2] knaves as love him not?
I think it would; well then, by heavens I swear,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doors, 10
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest, Meander; I have said.

Meand. Then having passed Armenian deserts now,
And pitched our tents under the Georgian hills,
Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
What should we do but bid them battle straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops?
Lest, if we let them linger here awhile, 20
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This country swarms with vile outrageous men
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine;
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his king,
Will quickly win such as are like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds; prepare to fight.
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine 30
Shall rule the province of Albania;

[1] Business. [2] Scurvy.

Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
Shall have a government in Media,
Beside the spoil of him and all his train;
But if Cosroe, (as our spials[1] say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,
His highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaimed with princely lenity.

[*Enter* a Spy]

A Spy. An hundred horsemen of my company,
Scouting abroad upon these champaign plains,[2]
Have viewed the army of the Scythians,
Which make reports it far exceeds the king's.
Meand. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of martial discipline
All running headlong after greedy spoils,
And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung of the teeth of dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance their fellows' throats,
And make us triumph in their overthrow.
Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?
Meand. So poets say, my lord.
Myc. And 't is a pretty toy to be a poet.
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read,
And having thee, I have a jewel sure.
Go on, my lord, and give your charge, I say;
Thy wit will make us conquerors today.
Meand. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,
That live confounded in disordered troops,
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in every corner of the field;
And while the base-born Tartars take it up,
You, fighting more for honor than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves;
And when their scattered army is subdued,
And you march on their slaughtered carcases,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,
And live like gentlemen in Persia.
Strike up the drum and march courageously!
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.
Myc. He tells you true, my masters, so he does.

[1] Spies.
[2] Open country.

Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander speaks?

Exeunt [*drums sounding*]

SCENE III

[*Enter*] Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, *and* Ortygius, *with others*

Cos. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I reposed
In thy approvèd[1] fortunes all my hope.
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?
For even as from assurèd oracle,
I take thy doom[2] for satisfaction.
Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit, my lord;
For fates and oracles [of][3] heaven have sworn
To royalise the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not but, if you favor me,
And let my fortunes and my valor sway
To some direction in your martial deeds,
The world will strive with hosts of men-at-arms,
To swarm unto the ensign I support.
The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drink the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will have.
Our quivering lances, shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enrolled in flames and fiery smouldering mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopian wars;
And with our sun-bright armor as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admirèd arms.
Ther. You see, my lord, what working[4] words he hath;
But when you see his actions [top][5] his speech,
Your speech will stay or so extol his worth
As[6] I shall be commended and excused
For turning my poor charge to his direction.
And these his two renowmèd friends, my lord,
Would make one thrust and strive to be retained
In such a great degree of amity.

[1] Tested.
[2] Judgment.
[3] Added by Robinson.
[4] Persuasive.
[5] Outdo. Qq. *Stop.*
[6] That.

Tech. With duty and with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe.
Cos. Which I esteem as portion of my crown.
Usumcasane and Techelles both,
When she[1] that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous arms,
Shall make me solely Emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and valors be advanced
To rooms of honor and nobility.
Tamb. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these, my friends, and all my men
May triumph in our long-expected fate.
The king, your brother, is now hard at hand;
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burden as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

[*Enter* a Messenger]

Mes. My lord, we have discoverèd the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.
Cos. Come, Tamburlaine! now whet thy wingèd sword,
And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the King of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.
Tamb. See where it is, the keenest curtle-axe
That e'er made passage thorough[2] Persian arms.
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of heaven,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.
Cos. Thy words assure me of kind success;
Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish king.
Tamb. Usumcasane and Techelles, come!
We are enow to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an emperor.
[*Exeunt*] *to the battle*

[SCENE IV]

MYCETES *comes out alone with his crown in his hand, offering*[3] *to hide it*

Myc. Accursed be he that first invented war!
They knew not, ah, they knew not, simple men,
How those[4] were hit by pelting cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf,
Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore!
For kings are clouts[1] that every man shoots at,
Our crown the pin[2] that thousands seek to cleave;
Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close; a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool;
So shall I not be known; or if I be,
They cannot take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE

Tamb. What, fearful coward, straggling from the camp,
When kings themselves are present in the field?
Myc. Thou liest.
Tamb. Base villain! darest thou give the lie?
Myc. Away! I am the king; go, touch me not.
Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou kneel
And cry me "mercy, noble king."
Tamb. Are you the witty King of Persia?
Myc. Ay, marry am I: have you any suit to me?
Tamb. I would entreat you speak but three wise words.
Myc. So I can when I see my time.
Tamb. Is this your crown?
Myc. Ay, didst thou ever see a fairer?
Tamb. You will not sell it, will you?
Myc. Such another word and I will have thee executed. [TAMBURLAINE *snatches the crown*] Come, give it me!
Tamb. No; I took it prisoner.
Myc. You lie; I gave it you.
Tamb. Then 't is mine.
Myc. No; I mean I let you keep it.
Tamb. Well; I mean you shall have it again.
Here; take it for a while: I lend it thee,
'Till I may see thee hemmed with armèd men;
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.
[*Exit*]
Myc. O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief?
I marvel much he stole it not away.
Trumpets sound to the battle, and he runs in

[1] Nemesis. (Bullen).
[2] Through.
[3] Attempting.
[4] Those who.

[1] Targets.
[2] The bull's eye.

[SCENE V]

[*Enter*] Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon, Meander, Ortygius, Techelles, Usumcasane, *with others*

Tamb. Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial crowns;
Think thee invested now as royally,
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee,
With greatest pomp had crowned thee emperor.
Cos. So do I, thrice renowmèd man-at-arms,
And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine.
Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general lieutenant of my armies.
Meander, you that were our brother's guide 10
And chiefest counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.
Meand. Most happy Emperor, in humblest terms,
I vow my service to your majesty,
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.
Cos. Thanks, good Meander; then, Cosroe, reign,
And govern Persia in her former pomp!
Now send embassage to thy neighbor kings, 20
And let them know the Persian king is changed,
From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.
And now we will to fair Persepolis,
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
The lords and captains of my brother's camp
With little slaughter take Meander's course
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify[1] your former good, 30
And grace your calling with a greater sway.
Orty. And as we ever aimed at your behoof,
And sought your state all honor it deserved,
So will we with our powers and our lives
Endeavor to preserve and prosper it.
Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.
And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp
I leave to thee and to Theridamas,
To follow me to fair Persepolis. 40
Then will we march to all those Indian mines,
My witless brother to the Christians lost,
And ransom them with fame and usury.
And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,

[1] Reward.

(Staying to order all the scattered troops,)
Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends!
I long to sit upon my brother's throne.
Men. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.
Exeunt all but Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, *and* Usumcasane
Tamb. "And ride in triumph through Persepolis!" 50
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
"And ride in triumph through Persepolis"?
Tech. O, my lord, 't is sweet and full of pomp.
Usum. To be a king is half to be a god.
Ther. A god is not so glorious as a king.
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven,
Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth.
To wear a crown enchased with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death; 61
To ask and have, command and be obeyed;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,—
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes!
Tamb. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?
Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.
Tamb. What says my other friends? Will you be kings?
Tech. Ay, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.
Tamb. Why, that's well said, Techelles; so would I,
And so would you, my masters, would you not?
Usum. What then, my lord? 71
Tamb. Why then, Casane, shall we wish for aught
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
Methinks we should not: I am strongly moved,
That if I should desire the Persian crown,
I could attain it with a wondrous ease.
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity?
Ther. I know they would with our persuasions. 80
Tamb. Why then, Theridamas, I'll first assay
To get the Persian kingdom to myself;
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media;
And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure

As if the Turk, the pope, Afric, and Greece,
Came creeping to us with their crowns apace.
Tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing king,
And bid him battle for his novel crown?
Usum. Nay, quickly then, before his room be hot.[1]
Tamb. 'T will prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends. 90
Ther. A jest to charge on twenty thousand men!
I judge the purchase[2] more important far.
Tamb. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me;
For presently Techelles here shall haste
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,
And lose more labor than the gain will quite.[3]
Then shalt thou see this Scythian Tamburlaine
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn him back to war with us, 100
That only made him king to make us sport.
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning and more warriors.
Haste thee, Techelles; we will follow thee.
[*Exit* TECHELLES]
What saith Theridamas?
Ther. Go on, for me. *Exeunt*

SCENE VI

Enter] COSROE, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, MENAPHON, *with other* Soldiers

Cos. What means this devilish shepherd to aspire
With such a giantly presumption
To cast up hills against the face of heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter?
But as he thrust them underneath the hills,
And pressed out fire from their burning jaws,
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.
Meand. Some powers divine, or else infernal, mixed
Their angry seeds at his conception; 10
For he was never sprung of human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride
He dares so doubtlessly[4] resolve of rule,[5]
And by profession[6] be ambitious.
Orty. What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or monster turnèd to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,
What star or fate[1] soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encount'ring minds
And in detesting such a devilish thief, 20
In love of honor and defence of right,
Be armed against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven, he grow.
Cos. Nobly resolved, my good Ortygius;
And since we all have sucked one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of elements
Resolve, I hope we are resembled,
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude, 30
That fiery thirster after sovereignty,
And burn him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and empery.
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
To save your king and country from decay.
Then strike up, drum; and all the stars that make
The loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the gods,
And scorns the powers that govern Persia! 40
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE VII]

Enter to the battle, and after the battle enter COSROE, *wounded*, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *with others*

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth[2] pain torments my grievèd soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier[3] of my heart.— 10
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!
Tamb. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops,
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.

[1] Before he becomes zealous in his place.
[2] Undertaking.
[3] (Re-)quite.
[4] Fearlessly.
[5] Resolve to rule.
[6] Publicly.

[1] (Dyce). Qq. *state*.
[2] Strange.
[3] Artery.

What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,[1]
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds; 20
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.
Ther. And that made me to join with Tamburlaine: 30
For he is gross and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.
Tech. And that made us the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persian king.
Usum. For as, when Jove did thrust old Saturn down,
Neptune and Dis gained each of them a crown,
So do we hope to reign in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be placed in Persia.
Cos. The strangest men that ever nature made! 40
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound;
My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
And summons all my senses to depart.
The heat and moisture, which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Is dry and cold; and now doth ghastly death,
With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,
And like a harpy tires[2] on my life. 50
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die:
And fearful vengeance light upon you both!
[COSROE *dies.*] TAMBURLAINE *takes the crown and puts it on*
Tamb. Not all the curses which the Furies breathe,
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is King of Persia?
All. Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!
Tamb. Though Mars himself, the angry god of arms,
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossess me of this diadem, 60

[1] Rule. [2] Preys.

Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
As great commander of this eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.
All. Long live Tamburlaine and reign in Asia!
Tamb. So; now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the gods had held a parliament,
And all pronounced me King of Persia.
[*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I

[*Enter*] BAJAZETH, *the* KINGS *of* FEZ, MOROCCO, *and* ARGIER,[1] *with others, in great pomp*

Baj. Great Kings of Barbary and my portly bassoes,[2]
We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your emperor,
And thinks to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our army is invincible;
As many circumcisèd Turks we have,
And warlike bands of Christians[3] renied,[4]
As hath the ocean or the Terrene sea[5] 10
Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns.
Yet would we not be braved with foreign power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,
Or breathless lie before the city walls.
K. of Fez. Renowmèd Emperor, and mighty general,
What if you sent the bassoes of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazeth? 20
Baj. Hie thee, my basso, fast to Persia.
Tell him thy Lord, the Turkish Emperor,
Dread Lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great King and conqueror of Græcia,
The ocean, Terrene, and the Coal-black sea,[6]
The high and highest monarch of the world,
Wills and commands (for say not I entreat),
Not once to set his foot in Africa,
Or spread his colors [forth][7] in Græcia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath. 30
Tell him I am content to take a truce,

[1] Algiers.
[2] Pashas.
[3] Trisyllabic.
[4] Renegade.
[5] Mediterranean.
[6] The Black Sea.
[7] Cunningham's emendation. Qq. *colors in.*

Because I hear he bears a valiant mind;
But if, presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him; say I bid thee so;
And if, before the sun have measured heaven
With triple circuit, thou regreet us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise
For messenger he will not be reclaimed,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.
Bas. Most great and puissant monarch of the earth,
Your basso will accomplish your behest,
And show your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the legate of the stately Turk. *Exit*
K. of Arg. They say he is the King of Persia;
But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
'T were requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.
Baj. True, Argier; and tremble at my looks.
K. of Mor. The spring is hindered by your smothering host,
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.
Baj. All this is true as holy Mahomet;
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.
K. of Fez. What thinks your greatness best to be achieved
In pursuit of the city's overthrow?
Baj. I will the captive pioners of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes
Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon.
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succor come by land;
And all the sea my galleys countermand.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons mouthed like Orcus' gulf,
Batter the walls, and we will enter in;
And thus the Grecians shall be conquerèd.
Exeunt

SCENE II

[*Enter*] ZENOCRATE, AGYDAS, ANIPPE, *with others*

[*Agyd.*] Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'T is more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most,)
Hath seemed to be digested long ago.
Zeno. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favors have deserved,
And might content the Queen of heaven, as well
As it hath changed my first conceived disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,
Which dyes my looks so lifeless as they are,
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.
Agyd. Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!
Zeno. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his breast
And leave my body senseless as the earth.
Or else unite you to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

Enter [*behind*] TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, *and others*

Agyd. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honors of a queen,
(Being supposed his worthless concubine,)
Be honored with your love but for necessity.
So, now the mighty Soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt but in short time
He will with Tamburlaine's destruction
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.
Zeno. [Agydas], leave to wound me with these words,
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.
The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villainy[1] or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.
Agyd. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,
Only disposed to martial stratagems,
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew;
And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts[2] of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears?
Zeno. As looks the Sun through Nilus' flowing stream,
Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;

[1] Subjection. [2] Deeds.

His talk much sweeter than the Muses' song 50
They sung for honor 'gainst Pierides,
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive;
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were matched with mighty Tamburlaine.
Agyd. Yet be not so inconstant in your love;
But let the young Arabian[1] live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the King of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seemed to love you much, 60
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favor, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.
Zeno. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his love through my unworthiness.
TAMBURLAINE *goes to her and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on* AGYDAS, *and says nothing.* [*Exeunt all but* AGYDAS]
Agyd. Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love,
Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surprised with fear of hideous revenge,
I stand aghast; but most astonièd[2]
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts, 70
And wrapped in silence of his angry soul.
Upon his brows was pòrtrayed ugly death;
And in his eyes the fury of his heart
That shone as comets, menacing revenge,
And cast[3] a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the seaman seés the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with wingèd steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder claps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,) 81
All fearful folds his sails and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves,
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And makes my soul divine her overthrow.

Re-enter TECHELLES *with a naked dagger*

Tech. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you.
He bids you prophesy what it imports. *Exit*
Agyd. I prophesied before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love. 91
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threatened end.
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least;
More honor and less pain it may procure
To die by this resolvèd hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and heaven have sworn. 99
Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolongèd fates may draw on thee.
Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removèd from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul;
And let Agydas by Agydas die,
And with this stab slumber eternally.
Stabs himself

[*Re-enter* TECHELLES *with* USUMCASANE]

Tech. Usumcasane, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king.
Usum. Faith, and, Techelles, it was manly done;
And since he was so wise and honorable, 110
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial.
Tech. Agreed, Casane; we will honor him.
[*Exeunt bearing out the body*]

SCENE III

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, THERIDAMAS, *a* Basso, ZENOCRATE, [ANIPPE] *with others*

Tamb. Basso, by this thy lord and master knows
I mean to meet him in Bithynia.
See how he comes! Tush, Turks are full of brags,
And menace more than they can well perform.
He meet me in the field, and fetch thee hence!
Alas! poor Turk! his fortune is too weak
To encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.
View well my camp, and speak indifferently;[1]
Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer Africa? 10
Bas. Your men are valiant, but their number few,
And cannot terrify his mighty host.
My lord, the great commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributory kings,

[1] Alcidamas, to whom Zenocrate had been betrothed.
[2] Astonished.
[3] Qq. *casts.*

[1] Impartially.

Hath now in arms ten thousand Janissaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,
Brought to the war by men of Tripoli;
Two hundred thousand footmen that have served
In two set battles fought in Græcia;
And for the expedition[1] of this war, 20
If he think good, can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many more to follow him.
Tech. The more he brings the greater is the spoil,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to seat our footmen on their steeds,
And rifle all those stately Janisars.
Tamb. But will those kings accompany your lord?
Bas. Such as his highness please; but some must stay
To rule the provinces he late subdued.
Tamb. [*To his* Officers] Then fight courageously: their crowns are yours; 30
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads,
That made me Emperor of Asia.
Usum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory.
Ther. Even he that in a trice vanquished two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered army till they yield or die.
Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; speak in that mood; 40
For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars give him assurèd hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.
I that am termed the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives, which you keep as slaves,
Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare;
That naked row about the Terrene sea, 50
And when they chance to breathe and rest a space,
Are punished with bastones[2] so grievously,
That they lie panting on the galley's side,
And strive for life at every stroke they give.
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,

[1] Speeding up. [2] Sticks. Italian *bastone*.

That damnèd train, the scum of Africa,
Inhabited with straggling runagates,
That make quick havoc of the Christian blood;
But, as I live, that town shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa. 60

Enter BAJAZETH *with his* Bassoes, *and contributory* KINGS [*of* FEZ, MOROCCO, *and* ARGIER; ZABINA *and* EBEA]

Baj. Bassoes and Janissaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,
The greatest potentate of Africa.
Tamb. Techelles and the rest, prepare your swords;
I mean to encounter with that Bajazeth.
Baj. Kings of Fez, Moroccus, and Argier,
He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call Lord!
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!
I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse
Have to their names titles of dignity, 70
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?
Tamb. And know, thou Turk, that those which lead my horse,
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?
Baj. By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre,
And by the holy Alcoran I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,
And in my sarell[1] tend my concubines;
And all his captains that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my emperess, 80
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.
Tamb. By this my sword, that conquered Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world.
I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,
But every common soldier of my camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.
K. of Fez. What means the mighty Turkish emperor,
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?
K. of Mor. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities? 90
K. of Arg. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.
Baj. Well said, my stout contributory kings!
Your threefold army and my hugy[2] host
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians.

[1] Seraglio. [2] Huge.

Tech. Puissant, renowmed, and mighty Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their lives?
Ther. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,
That we may reign as kings of Africa.
Usum. What coward would not fight for such a prize? 100
Tamb. Fight all courageously, and be you kings;
I speak it, and my words are oracles.
Baj. Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did pash[1] the jaws of serpents venomous;
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,
Their shoulders broad, for còmplete armor fit,
Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,
Than all the brats y-sprung from Typhon's loins;
Who, when they come unto their father's age
Will batter turrets with their manly fists— 111
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,
Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine,
And all his captains bound in captive chains.
Zab. Such good success happen to Bajazeth!
Tamb. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven 120
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony!
That with thy looks canst clear the darkened sky,
And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter,
Sit down by her, adornèd with my crown,
As if thou wert the Empress of the world.
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;
Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth, 130
And manage words with her, as we will arms.
Zeno. And may my love, the King of Persia,
Return with victory and free from wound!
Baj. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia.
Let thousands die; their slaughtered carcasses
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power, 140
Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before.
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for thee.
Thou know'st not, foolish, hardy Tamburlaine,
What 't is to meet me in the open field,
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.
Tamb. Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way
We use to march upon the slaughtered foe, 149
Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs;
Brave horses bred on the white Tartarian hills;
My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,
That never fought but had the victory;
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war
As these, my followers, willingly would have.
Legions of spirits fleeting in the air
Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,
And make your[1] strokes to wound the senseless air;[1]
And when she sees our bloody colors spread,
Then Victory begins to take her flight, 160
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent.—
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.
Exit with his followers
Baj. Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords,
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.
Exit with his followers
Zab. Base concubine, must thou be placed by me,
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?
Zeno. Disdainful Turkess and unreverend boss![2]
Call'st thou me concubine, that am betrothed
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine? 170
Zab. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!
Zeno. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine,
When thy great basso master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocate.
Zab. And sue to thee! I tell thee, shameless girl,

[1] Smash.

[1] Dyce's emendation. Q. 1590 *our . . . lure.*
[2] A fat woman. (*NED*).

Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting maid!—
How lik'st thou her, Ebea? Will she serve?
Ebea. Madam, she thinks, perhaps, she is too fine;
But I shall turn her into other weeds, 180
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.
Zeno. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk?
And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?
Both for their sauciness shall be employed
To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink,
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.
Anip. Yet sometimes let your highness send for them
To do the work my chambermaid disdains.
They sound to the battle within and stay[1]
Zeno. Ye gods and powers that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king, 190
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazeth,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursued by hunters, fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!
Zab. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,
And make him rain down murdering shot from heaven
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage arms with him
That offered jewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warred against the Christians!
[*They sound*] *to the battle again*
Zeno. By this the Turks lie welt'ring in their blood, 201
And Tamburlaine is Lord of Africa.
Zab. Thou art deceived. I heard the trumpets sound
As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa.
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves:
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.
Zeno. If Mahomet should come from heaven and swear
My royal lord is slain or conquerèd,
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise 210
But that he lives and will be conqueror.

BAJAZETH *flies and* [TAMBURLAINE] *pursues him. The battle short, and they enter.* BAJAZETH *is overcome*

Tamb. Now, king of bassoes, who is conqueror?
Baj. Thou, by the fortune of this damnèd foil.[1]
Tamb. Where are your stout contributory kings?

Re-enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *and* USUMCASANE

Tech. We have their crowns, their bodies strow the field.
Tamb. Each man a crown! Why, kingly fought, i' faith.
Deliver them into my treasury.
Zeno. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won.
Tamb. Nay, take the Turkish crown from her, Zenocrate, 220
And crown me Emperor of Africa.
Zab. No, Tamburlaine: though now thou gat the best,
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.
Ther. Give her the crown, Turkess, you were best.
He takes it from her
Zab. Injurious villains! thieves! runagates!
How dare you thus abuse my majesty?
He gives it to ZENOCRATE
Ther. Here, madam, you are Empress; she is none.
Tamb. Not now, Theridamas; her time is past.
The pillars that have bolstered up those terms
Are fallen in clusters at my conquering feet. 230
Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomèd.
Tamb. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth.
Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field;
And never had the Turkish emperor
So great a foil by any foreign foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,
And making bonfires for my overthrow.
But, ere I die, those foul idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones.
For though the glory of this day be lost, 241
Afric and Greece have garrisons enough
To make me sovereign of the earth again.
Tamb. Those wallèd garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa.
So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The galleys and those pilling[2] brigandines,

[1] *I.e.*, stay the noise.

[1] Defeat.—Dyce's emendation. Early Qq. *soile.*
[2] Pill(ag)ing.

That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the Straits for Christians' wrack,[1] 250
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,[2]
Until the Persian fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,
Have fetched about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the straits of Jubalter;[3]
Where they shall meet and join their force in one
Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,[4]
And all the ocean by the British shore;
And by this means I'll win the world at last. 260
Baj. Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.
Tamb. What, think'st thou Tamburlaine esteems thy gold?
I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines to sue for peace to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath.
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the Turk;
The Turkess let my love's maid lead away.
They bind them
Baj. Ah, villains!—dare you touch my sacred arms?
O Mahomet! O sleepy Mahomet!
Zab. O cursèd Mahomet, that makest us thus 270
The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous!
Tamb. Come, bring them in; and for this happy conquest,
Triumph and solemnise a martial feast.
Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I

[*Enter the*] SOLDAN *of* EGYPT, *with three or four* Lords, CAPOLIN, [*and a* Messenger]

Sold. Awake, ye men of Memphis! Hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets! Hear the basilisks[5]
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colors to our high disgrace,
While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,

[1] Destruction.
[2] Zante. (Bullen).
[3] Gibraltar.
[4] Biscay.
[5] Pieces of ordnance, so called from their fancied resemblance to the fabulous serpent of that name. (Cunningham).

Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,
As crocodiles, that unaffrighted rest, 10
While thund'ring cannons rattle on their skins.
Mess. Nay, mighty Soldan, did your greatness see
The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royal majesty.
Sold. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous[1] as Gorgon,[2] prince of hell,
The Soldan would not start a foot from him.
But speak, what power hath he?
Mess. Mighty lord, 20
Three hundred thousand men in armor clad,
Upon their prancing steeds disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground;
Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning shot,
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,[3]
Environing their standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood.
Their warlike engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.
Sold. Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars, 30
Or ever-drizzling drops of April showers,
Or withered leaves that Autumn shaketh down
Yet would the Soldan by his conquering power,
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should live to rue their fall.
Capo. So might your highness, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royal host;
But Tamburlaine, by expedition,
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.
Sold. Let him take all th' advantages he can. 40
Were all the world conspired to fight for him,
Nay, were he devil, as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of fair Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
This arm should send him down to Erebus,
To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest, 50
A snowy feather spangled white he bears,

[1] Trisyllabic. [2] Demogorgon. [3] Pikes.

To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.
But when Aurora mounts the second time
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms;
But if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colors; black pavilion,
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armor, plumes,
And jetty feathers menace death and hell!
Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

Sold. Merciless villain! Peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline!
Pillage and murder are his usual trades;
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king,
That hath been disappointed by this slave
Of my fair daughter and his princely love,
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be revenged for her disparagement.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, *two* Moors *drawing* BAJAZETH *in his cage, and his wife* [ZABINA] *following him*

Tamb. Bring out my footstool.

They take him out of the cage

Baj. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his altars with your purple blood,
Make heaven to frown and every fixèd star
To suck up poison from the moorish fens,
And pour it in this glorious[1] tyrant's throat!

Tamb. The chiefest God, first mover of that sphere,
Enchased with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of heaven,
Than it should so conspire my overthrow.
But, villain! thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my royal throne.

Baj. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.

[1] (Vain-) glorious.

Tamb. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine!
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
That bears the honor of my royal weight,
Stoop, villain, stoop!—Stoop! for so he bids
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scattered like the lofty cedar trees
Struck with the voice of thund'ring Jupiter

Baj. Then, as I look down to the damnèd fiends,
Fiends look on me! and thou, dread god of hell,
With ebon scepter strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once!

[TAMBURLAINE] *gets up upon him to his chair*

Tamb. Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the majesty of heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.
Smile, stars, that reigned at my nativity,
And dim the brightness of their neighbor lamps!
Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!
For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with mild aspect,
But fixèd now in the meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
My sword struck fire from his coat of steel,
Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapped in the bowels of a freezing cloud
Fighting for passage, make[s] the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.
But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son,[1]
That almost brent[2] the axle-tree of heaven,
So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors.
Then, when the sky shall wax as red as blood,
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.

Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty
Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
Dar'st thou, that never saw an emperor
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces
Should have prepared to entertain his grace?

[1] Phaeton.
[2] Burned.

And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Africa have kissed.
Tech. You must devise some torment worse, my lord,
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.
Zamb. Zenocrate, look better to your slave.
Zeno. She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look
That these abuses flow not from her tongue; 70
Chide her, Anippe.
Anip. Let these be warnings for you then, my slave,
How you abuse the person of the king;
Or else I swear to have you whipped, starknak'd.
Baj. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazeth,
That should be horsèd on four mighty kings.
Tamb. Thy names and titles and thy dignities
Are fled from Bajazeth and remain with me, 80
That will maintain 't against a world of kings.
Put him in again.
[*They put him back into the cage*]
Baj. Is this a place for mighty Bajazeth?
Confusion light on him[1] that helps thee thus!
Tamb. There, whiles he lives, shall Bajazeth be kept;
And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;
And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the scraps
My servitors shall bring thee from my board;
For he that gives him other food than this
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself; 90
This is my mind and I will have it so.
Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him or take him from his cage
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,[2]
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth;
These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go. 100
Techelles, and loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides,
That with their beauties graced the Memphian fields.
The golden statue[1] of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings upon the city walls
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
And every house is as a treasury:
The men, the treasure, and the town is ours.
Ther. Your tents of white now pitched before the gates, 111
And gentle flags of amity displayed,
I doubt not but the governor will yield,
Offering Damascus to your majesty.
Tamb. So shall he have his life and all the rest.
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanced on my vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.
And when they see me march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads, 120
Were in that city all the world contained,
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.
Zeno. Yet would you have some pity for my sake,
Because it is my country's, and my father's.
Tamb. Not for the world, Zenocrate, if I have sworn.
Come; bring in the Turk. *Exeunt*

[1] The attendant. Or possibly, the deity responsible for Tamburlaine's phenomenal power.

[2] The time estimated in Plato's *Timæus* for the completion of the equinoctial revolution. Here simply, thousands of years hence

[1] Early Qq. *Stature.*

SCENE III

[*Enter the*] SOLDAN, [*the* KING *of*] ARABIA, CAPOLIN, *with streaming colors and* Soldiers

Sold. Methinks we march as Meleager did,
Environèd with brave Argolian knights,
To chase the savage Calydonian boar,
Or Cephalus with lusty Theban youths
Against the wolf that angry Themis sent
To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields,
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Egyptia and annoyeth us. 10
My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy felon and a base-bred thief,
By murder raisèd to the Persian crown,
That dares control[2] us in our territories.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power,
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.

[2] Attempt to master.

It is a blemish to the majesty
And high estate of mighty emperors, 20
That such a base usurping vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.
K. of Arab. Renowmèd Soldan, have you lately heard
The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth
About the confines of Bithynia?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess?
Sold. I have, and sorrow for his bad success;
But, noble lord of great Arabia,
Be so persuaded that the Soldan is 30
No more dismayed with tidings of his fall
Than in the haven when the pilot stands
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shiverèd against a craggy rock;
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis' holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallowed person of a prince, 40
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.
K. of Arab. Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as heaven and we can pour on him.
I long to break my spear upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arm;
For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal
In sounding through the world his partial[1] praise.
Sold. Capolin, hast thou surveyed our powers? 50
Capol. Great Emperors of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hosts united is
A hundred and fifty thousand horse;
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men-at-arms,
Courageous, and full of hardiness,
As frolic as the hunters in the chase
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.
K. of Arab. My mind presageth fortunate success;
And, Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee. 60
Sold. Then rear your standards; let your sounding drums
Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.

[1] Partisan.

Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian king,
To dim thy baseness and obscurity,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV

The Banquet; and to it cometh TAMBURLAINE, *all in scarlet,* [ZENOCRATE,] THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, the Turk [BAJAZETH *in his cage,* ZABINA,] *with others*

Tamb. Now hang our bloody colors by Damascus,
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quivering on their city walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath;
Then let us freely banquet and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus spoils as rich to you,
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece.—
And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach? 10
Baj. Ay, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine, as I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.
Tamb. Nay, thine own is easier to come by; pluck out that, and 't will serve thee and thy wife. Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.
Baj. Fall to, and never may your meat digest!
Ye Furies, that can mask invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool, 20
And in your hands bring hellish poison up
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!
Or, wingèd snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!
Zab. And may this banquet prove as ominous
As Progne's to th' adulterous Thracian king,
That fed upon the substance of his child.
Zeno. My lord, how can you [tamely][1] suffer these
Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours?
Tamb. To let them see, divine Zenocrate, 30
I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from the imperial heaven
To turn them all upon their proper[2] heads.
Tech. I pray you give them leave, madam; this speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

[1] Dyce's conjecture. Early Qq. *you suffer.*
[2] Own.

Ther. But if his highness would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

Tamb. Sirrah, why fall you not to? Are you so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh? 40

Baj. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.

Usum. Villain, know'st thou to whom thou speakest?

Tamb. O, let him alone. Here; eat, sir; take it from my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart. *Bajazeth takes it and stamps upon it*

Ther. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

Tamb. Take it up, villain, and eat it; or I will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms 50 into carbonadoes[1] and eat them.

Usum. Nay, 't were better he killed his wife, and then she shall be sure not to be starved, and he be provided for a month's victual beforehand.

Tamb. Here is my dagger: despatch her while she is fat; for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating. 60

Ther. Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?

Tech. 'T is like he will when he cannot let[2] it.

Tamb. Go to; fall to your meat.—What, not a bit! Belike he hath not been watered today; give him some drink.

They give Bajazeth water to drink, and he flings it on the ground

Tamb. Fast, and welcome, sir, while[3] hunger make you eat. How now, Zenocrate, doth not the Turk and his wife make a goodly 70 show at a banquet?

Zeno. Yes, my lord.

Ther. Methinks, 't is a great deal better than a consort[4] of music.

Tamb. Yet music would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee tell, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it?

Zeno. My lord, to see my father's town besieged,
The country wasted where myself was born, 80
How can it but afflict my very soul?
If any love remain in you, my lord,
Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favor at your highness' hands,

[1] Pieces of meat scored for grilling.
[2] Hinder.
[3] Until.
[4] Band.

Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father make a friendly truce.

Tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,
Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world, 90
Excluding regions which I mean to trace,
And with this pen[1] reduce them to a map,
Calling the provinces, cities, and towns,
After my name and thine, Zenocrate.
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular;
And would'st thou have me buy thy father's love
With such a loss? Tell me, Zenocrate.

Zeno. Honor still wait on happy Tamburlaine!
Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord. 100

Tamb. Content thyself: his person shall be safe
And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
If with their lives they will be pleased to yield,
Or may be forced to make me Emperor;
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.—
Feed, you slave! Thou may'st think thyself happy to be fed from my trencher.

Baj. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humors from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hasting cruel death. 110
My veins are pale, my sinews hard and dry,
My joints benumbed; unless I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat, Bajazeth. Let us live in spite of them, looking[2] some happy power will pity and enlarge[3] us.

Tamb. Here, Turk; wilt thou have a clean trencher?

Baj. Ay, tyrant, and more meat.

Tamb. Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too much eating will make you surfeit. 120

Ther. So it would, my lord, specially having so small a walk and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of crowns

Tamb. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates[4] you desire to finger, are they not?

Ther. Ay, my lord; but none save kings must feed with these.

Tech. 'T is enough for us to see them, and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

[1] *I.e.*, his sword.
[2] Expecting.
[3] Free.
[4] Dainties.

Tamb. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus. Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings. I crown you here, Theridamas, King of Argier; Techelles, King of Fez; and Usumcasane, King of Moroccus. How say you to this, Turk? These are not your contributory kings.

Baj. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

Tamb. Kings of Argier, Moroccus, and of Fez,
You that have marched with happy Tamburlaine
As far as from the frozen place of heaven
Unto the watery morning's ruddy bower,[1]
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,
Deserve these titles I endow you with
By valor[2] and by magnanimity.
Your births shall be no blemish to your fame,
For virtue is the fount whence honor springs,
And they are worthy she investeth kings.

Ther. And since your highness hath so well vouchsafed,
If we deserve them not with higher meeds
Than erst our states and actions have retained
Take them away again and make us slaves.

Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; when holy fates
Shall 'stablish me in strong Egyptia,
We mean to travel to th' antartic pole,
Conquering the people underneath our feet,
And be renowmed as never emperors were.
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
Until with greater honors I be graced.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I

[*Enter*] *the* GOVERNOR *of* DAMASCUS, *with three or four* Citizens, *and four* Virgins, *with branches of laurel in their hands*

Gov. Still doth this man, or rather god of war,
Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;
And to resist with longer stubbornness
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,
And make us desperate of our threatened lives.
We see his tents have now been alterèd
With terrors to the last and cruellest hue.
His coal-black colors everywhere advanced
Threaten our city with a general spoil;
And if we should with common rites of arms
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom, proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrify the world,
By any innovation or remorse[1]
Will never be dispensed with till our deaths.
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,
Whose honors and whose lives rely on him,
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,
Their blubbered[2] cheeks, and hearty,[3] humble moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,
And use us like a loving conqueror.

1 *Virg.* If humble suits or imprecations,[4]
Uttered with tears of wretchedness and blood
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex,
Some made your wives and some your children,[5]
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care of our securities
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.

Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,
Our love of honor, loath to be enthralled
To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or fear,
Before all hope of rescue were denied
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our own,
Your honors, liberties, and lives were weighed
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine, and power of wars;
Or be the means the overweighing heavens
Have kept to qualify[6] these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

2 *Virg.* Then here before the majesty of heaven
And holy patrons of Egyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat
Grace to our words and pity to our looks
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine

[1] Early Qq. *hower.* [2] Early Qq. *value.*

[1] Pity. [2] Tear-stained. [3] Heartfelt. [4] Prayers. [5] Trisyllabic. [6] Moderate.

Convey events of mercy[1] to his heart;
Grant that these signs of victory we yield
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeasèd countenance
With happy looks of ruth and lenity.
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen; 60
What simple virgins may persuade, we will.
Gov. Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe return
Depends our city, liberty, and lives.
Exeunt [*all except the Virgins*]

SCENE II

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE, *all in black and very melancholy*, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *with others*

Tamb. What, are the turtles frayed[2] out of their nests?
Alas, poor fools! must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They knew my custom; could they not as well
Have sent ye out when first my milk-white flags,
Through which sweet Mercy threw her gentle beams,
Reflexèd them[3] on their[4] disdainful eyes,
As now, when fury and incensèd hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents, 9
And tells for truth submissions comes too late?
1 *Virg.* Most happy King and Emperor of the earth,
Image of honor and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the world,
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit;
In whose sweet person is comprised the sum
Of Nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! O pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honor and reverence evermore have reigned!
Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord, 20
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts, so punished with conceit
To think thy puissant, never-stayèd arm
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Hath thus refused the mercy of thy hand, 30
Whose scepter angels kiss and furies dread,
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!
O then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, our infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourished thought against thy rule,
Pity, O pity, sacred Emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town,
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wished, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investers of thy royal brows 41
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!
Tamb. Virgins, in vain ye labor to prevent
That which mine honor swears shall be performed.
Behold my sword! what see you at the point?
1 *Virg.* Nothing but fear and fatal steel, my lord.
Tamb. Your fearful minds are thick and misty then;
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death
Keeping his circuit[1] by the slicing edge.
But I am pleased you shall not see him there;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears, 51
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and show my servant, Death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armèd spears.
Virgins. O pity us!
Tamb. Away with them, I say, and show them Death. *They take them away*
I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves, 60
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me.
They have refused the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Re-enter TECHELLES

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?
Tech. They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls
Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcases.

[1] Merciful outcome.
[2] Frightened.
[3] Reflected themselves.
[4] Robinson's and Dyce's emendations. Qq. *reflexing . . . your*.

[1] Court. (Neilson).

Tamb. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate:[1] 70
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.
Exeunt [*all except* TAMBURLAINE]
Ah, fair Zenocrate! divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion[2] for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevelled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning's pride
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolvèd[3] pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits 81
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes when that Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life; 90
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil[4]
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds and muses, on admirèd[5] themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still[6] 102
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest. 110
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits;
I thus conceiving and subduing both 120
That which hath stooped the [chiefest] of the gods,[1]
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,
To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.—
Who's within there?

Enter two or three [Attendants]

Hath Bajazeth been fed to-day?
Atten. Ay, my lord. 130
Tamb. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransacked. [*Exeunt* Attendants]

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *and others*

Tech. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.
Tamb. That's well, Techelles; what's the news?
Tech. The Soldan and the Arabian king together,
March on us with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with us.
Tamb. No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techelles.
They bring in the Turk [*and* ZABINA]
Ther. We know the victory is ours, my lord;
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life, 141
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.
Tamb. That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas,
For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness
Deserves a conquest over every heart.—
And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,
You hope of liberty and restitution?
Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,
Till we have made us ready for the field.
Pray for us, Bajazeth; we are going. 150
Exeunt [*all except* BAJAZETH *and* ZABINA]
Baj. Go, never to return with victory!
Millions of men encompass thee about,

[1] Here, any poison.
[2] Lament.
[3] Dissolved.
[4] Thought of defeat.
[5] Wonderful.
[6] (Di-) still.

[1] The text in this and the three succeeding lines is that given by Neilson, following earlier commentators.

And gore thy body with as many wounds!
Sharp, forkèd arrows light upon thy horse!
Furies from the black Cocytus lake
Break up the earth, and with their firebrands
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!
Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmèd skin,
And every bullet dipped in poisoned drugs!
Or roaring cannons sever all thy joints, 160
Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!
Zab. Let all the swords and lances in the field
Stick in his breast as in their proper[1] rooms!
At every pore let blood come dropping forth,
That ling'ring pains may massacre his heart,
And madness send his damnèd soul to hell!
Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power,
The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake,
But such a star hath influence in his sword, 169
As rules the skies and countermands the gods
More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny;
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror stay,[2]
Griping our bowels with retorquèd[3] thoughts,
And have no hope to end our ecstasies.
Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No Fiend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infamous, monstrous slaveries?
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view
A hell as hopeless and as full of fear 180
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman,
To get a passage to Elysium!
Why should we live? O, wretches, beggars, slaves!
Why live we, Bajazeth, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former triumphs of our mightiness 190
In this obscure infernal servitude?
Baj. O life, more loathsome to my vexèd thoughts
Than noisome parbreak[4] of the Stygian snakes,
Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,

[1] Own.
[2] Dyce's emendation. Qq. *aie.*
[3] Turned back (to the past or inward).
[4] Vomit.

Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!
O dreary engines of my loathèd sight,
That sees my crown, my honor, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,
Why feed ye still on day's accursèd beams
And sink not quite into my tortured soul? 200
You see my wife, my queen, and emperess,
Brought up and proppèd by the hand of fame,
Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
Now thrown to rooms[1] of black abjection,
Smearèd with blots of basest drudgery,
And villainess[2] to shame, disdain, and misery.
Accursèd Bajazeth, whose words of ruth,
That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,
And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears!
Sharp hunger bites upon, and gripes the root
From whence the issues of my thoughts do break. 211
O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortened sequel of my life
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stayed with wrath and hate
Of our expressless[3] banned inflictions.
Zab. Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath 221
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.
She goes out
Baj. Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat thy brains out of thy conquered head.
Since other means are all forbidden me
That may be ministers of my decay.
O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursèd day! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stainèd face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens! 230
Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapped in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists,
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps,
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pined soul, resolved in liquid air,

[1] Empty spaces, voids.
[2] Slave.
[3] Inexpressible.

May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my withered heart, 240
And make a passage for my loathèd life!

He brains himself against the cage

Re-enter ZABINA

Zab. What do mine eyes behold? My husband dead!
His skull all riven in twain! His brains dashed out,
The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign!
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazeth! O Turk! O Emperor!
Give him his liquor? Not I. Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again.—Tear me in pieces! Give me the sword with a ball of wildfire upon it.—Down with him! Down 250 with him!—Go to my child! Away! Away! Away! Ah, save that infant! save him, save him! I, even I, speak to her.—The sun was down; streamers white, red, black, here, here, here!—Fling the meat in his face—Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!—Let the soldiers be buried.—Hell! Death! Tamburlaine! Hell!—Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels. I come! I come! I come!

She runs against the cage and brains herself

[*Enter*] ZENOCRATE *with* ANIPPE

Zeno. Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see 260
Damascus' walls dyed with Egyptians' blood,
Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen;
Thy streets strowed with dissevered joints of men
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life;
But most accurst, to see the sun-bright troop
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids,
Whose looks might make the angry god of arms
To break his sword and mildly treat of love
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death; 270
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stamped on others with their thund'ring hooves,
When all their riders charged their quivering spears,
Began to check the ground and rein themselves,
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks.
Ah Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love.
But see another bloody spectacle! 280
Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

Anippe. No breath, nor sense, nor motion in them both;
Ah, madam! this their slavery hath enforced,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zeno. Earth, cast up fountains from thy entrails,[1]
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths!
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief! 290
Blush, heaven, that gave them honor at their birth
And let them die a death so barbarous!
Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tamburlaine!
That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery crowns,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars
Sleep'st every night with conquests on thy brows, 300
And yet would'st shun the wavering turns of war,
In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love! O, pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursued,
Be equally against his life incensed
In this great Turk and hapless Emperess!
And pardon me that was not moved with ruth 310
To see them live so long in misery!
Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

Anippe. Madam, content yourself, and be resolved
Your love hath Fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay, and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm
That fights for honor to adorn your head.

[1] Trisyllabic.

Enter [PHILEMUS] *a* Messenger

Zeno. What other heavy news now brings Philemus?
Phil. Madam, your father, and the Arabian king,
The first affecter[1] of your excellence,
Comes now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,
Armèd with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.
Zeno. Now shame and duty, love and fear presents
A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul.
Whom should I wish the fatal victory
When my poor pleasures are divided thus
And racked by duty from my cursèd heart?
My father and my first-betrothèd love
Must fight against my life and present love;
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.
But as the gods, to end the Troyans' toil,
Prevented Turnus of Lavinia
And fatally enriched Æneas' love,
So, for a final issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers
With virtue of a gentle victory
Conclude a league of honor to my hope;
Then, as the Powers divine have pre-ordained,
With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.

They sound to the battle [*within*]: *and* TAMBURLAINE *enjoys the victory. After,* [*the* KING *of*] ARABIA *enters wounded*

K. of Arab. What cursèd power guides the murdering hands
Of this infamous tyrant's soldiers
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold
That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,
Even so for her thou diest in these arms,
Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.
Zeno. Too dear a witness for such love, my lord,
Behold Zenocrate! the cursèd object,
Whose fortunes never masterèd her griefs;
Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me.
K. of Arab. Then shall I die with full contented heart,
Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah! that the deadly pangs I suffer now,
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Have chanced thy merits in this worthless bondage;
And that I might be privy to the state
Of thy deserved contentment, and thy love;
But, making now a virtue of thy sight
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul,
Since death denies me farther cause of joy,
Deprived of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desirèd hand shall close mine eyes.
[*He dies*]

Re-enter TAMBURLAINE, *leading the* SOLDAN, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *with others*

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Soldan's name;
Though my right hand have thus enthrallèd thee,
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
She that hath calmed the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this been bathed in streams of blood
As vast and deep as Eùphrates or Nile.
Zeno. O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul,
To see the king, my father, issue safe
From dangerous battle of my conquering love!
Sold. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown.
Tamb. 'T was I, my lord, that got the victory,
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And add more strength to your dominions
Than ever yet confirmed th' Egyptian crown.
The god of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me general of the world.
Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.
Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat,
And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,
Since I arrived with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasping wounds,
Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers,

[1] Lover.

A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks.
Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx,
Waiting the back return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men,
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven.
And see, my lord, a sight of strange import, 409
Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet.
The Turk and his great Empress, as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desperately despatched their slavish lives;
With them Arabia, too, hath left his life;
All sights of power to grace my victory.
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine;
Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
His honor, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage arms with him.

Sold. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand, 420
Renowmèd Tamburlaine! to whom all kings
Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;
And I am pleased with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honor used Zenocrate.

Tamb. Her state and person wants no pomp, you see;
And for all blot of foul inchastity
I record heaven her heavenly self is clear.
Then let me find no further time to grace 429
Her princely temples with the Persian crown.
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,
And have been crowned for provèd worthiness,
Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here my Queen of Persia.
What saith the noble Soldan and Zenocrate?

Sold. I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honor to thee for her love.

Tamb. Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate
Will soon consent to satisfy us both. 440

Zeno. Else should I much forget myself, my lord.

Ther. Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long hath lingered for so high a seat.

Tech. My hand is ready to perform the deed;
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

Usum. And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.

Tamb. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;
And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdued.
As Juno, when the giants were suppressed, 451
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
Or as Latona's daughter, bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind.
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the western India,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire; 460
And from the bounds of Afric to the banks
Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.
And now, my lords and loving followers,
That purchased kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armor, put on scarlet robes,
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environèd with troops of noblemen,
And there make laws to rule your provinces.
Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world. 470
Thy first-betrothèd love, Arabia,
Shall we with honor, as beseems, entomb,
With this great Turk and his fair Emperess.
Then, after all these solemn exequies,
We will our rites of marriage solemnise.

[*Exeunt*]

THE Spanish Tragedie:

Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia*: with the pittifull death of olde *Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new additions of the Painters part, and others, as it hath of late been diuers times acted.

Imprinted at London by W. W. for *T. Pauier*, and are to be solde at the signe of the Catte and Parrats neare the Exchange.
1602.

This famous tragedy of Thomas Kyd divides with Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* the distinction of being the most frequently mentioned play of its age. In the Stationers' Register, under date of October 6, 1592, occurs this entry: "A booke whiche is called the Spanish tragedie of Don Horatio and Bellmipeia (a misreading of Bel-imperia)"; and the record further declares that as each of two printers, Abel Jeffes and Edward White, has "offended" by publishing each the other's book (one of these *The Spanish Tragedy* and the other *Arden of Feversham*), "all the books of each impression shalbe confiscated and forfayted . . . [and] either of them shall pay for a fine 10s. a pece." The earliest quarto of *The Spanish Tragedy* bears no date, nor does any quarto bear the name of an author. This dateless quarto may be the book suppressed: but of this we can not be certain. In 1594 followed a second quarto; a third in 1599; and an edition "newly corrected, amended and enlarged" in 1602, reprinted in 1610, twice in 1615, again in 1618 and twice once more in 1633, making a sum total of nine editions. As to the enlargement of the original play, Henslowe mentions payments made to Jonson in 1601 and 1602 for "adicyons" to *Jeronimo*, the title under which Henslowe enters *The Spanish Tragedy*. But critics are not agreed that the added passages are unmistakably Jonson's. The earliest staging of this play has been referred to the years 1584 to 1589. Kyd is named as the author by Thomas Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. The diligence of much research into this interesting earliest of the great tragedies of revenge has not uncovered a veritable source, although the inverted parallel of this story of the revenge of a father for a son to Hamlet's, a son's revenge for the murder of a father, has not escaped either notice or comment, the more especially because of the coupling of the words "Kidde" and "Hamlet" in a much-quoted passage of Nash's "Epistle," to Greene's story, *Menaphon*, in 1589.

Thomas Kyd was born in 1558. Seven years later, probably on October 26, 1565, he entered the Merchant Taylors' School. Presumably he was brought up to become, like his father, a scrivener or notary. But if so, he abandoned this occupation for literature, in the pursuit of which he suffered much privation. Apparently he did not attend either Oxford or Cambridge, but he attained to not a little education, for he knew, in varying degrees, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish. The name of Thomas Kyd is attached to but one play, a translation of a French tragedy by one Robert Garnier; the title-page of a new edition of 1595 runs: *Pompey the Great his faire Cornelias Tragedie—translated into English by Thomas Kid, London (Nich-Ling), 1593, 4to.* But he has been credited with two other tragedies, which remain anonymous: *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*, printed 1589, and *The Tragedye of Solyman and Perseda;* the latter was licensed for the press in 1592 but an edition of 1599 is the earliest extant. Kyd was thought to have shared with Marlowe certain free opinions regarding morality and religion. Ill fortune in life and death was his lot. Despite the popularity of *The Spanish Tragedy* he presumably died in poverty in 1595.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

GHOST OF ANDREA, *a Spanish nobleman* } *Chorus*
REVENGE }
KING OF SPAIN
DON CYPRIAN, DUKE OF CASTILE, *his brother*
LORENZO, *the Duke's son*
BEL-IMPERIA, *Lorenzo's sister*
VICEROY OF PORTUGAL
BALTHAZAR, *his son*
DON PEDRO, *the Viceroy's brother*
HIERONIMO, *Marshal of Spain*
ISABELLA, *his wife*
HORATIO, *their son*
SPANISH GENERAL
DEPUTY
DON BAZULTO, *an old man*
THREE CITIZENS
PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR
ALEXANDRO } *Portuguese Noblemen*
VILLUPPO }
TWO PORTUGUESE

PEDRINGANO, *Bel-imperia's servant*
CHRISTOPHIL, *Bel-imperia's custodian*
LORENZO'S PAGE
SERBERINE, *Balthazar's servant*
ISABELLA'S MAID
MESSENGER
HANGMAN
SOLIMAN, *Sultan of Turkey* (BALTHAZAR) } *In Hieronimo's Play*
ERASTUS, *Knight of Rhodes* (LORENZO) }
THE BASHAW (HIERONIMO) }
PERSEDA (BEL-IMPERIA) }
Three Kings and three Knights in the first Dumb-show
Hymen and two torch-bearers in the second
BAZARDO, *a Painter* } *In the additions to the play*
PEDRO and JAQUES, *Hieronimo's servants* }
Army, Royal Suites, Noblemen, Halberdiers, Officers, Three Watchmen, Servants, etc.

SCENE: The Court of Spain, the Court of Portugal.]

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY
OR
HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN

Thomas Kyd

ACTUS PRIMUS [SCENE I]

[Induction[1]]

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, *and with him* Revenge

Ghost. When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court.
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possessed a worthy dame, 10
Which hight[2] sweet Bel-imperia by name.
But in the harvest of my summer joys
Death's winter nipped the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale
My valor drew me into danger's mouth
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there, 20
Said that, my rites of burial not performed,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And slaked his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand,
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.
There, pleasing Cerberus with honeyed speech,
I passed the perils of the foremost porch. 31
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanth;[1]
To whom no sooner 'gan I[2] make approach,
To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
"This knight," quoth he, "both lived and died in love,
And for his love tried fortune of the wars,
And by war's fortune lost both love and life." 40
"Why then," said Æacus, "convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle trees and cypress shades."
"No, no," said Rhadamanth, "it were not well,
With loving souls to place a martialist.[3]
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain."
Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, 50
Made this device to end the difference:
"Send him," quoth he, "to our infernal king,
To doom[4] him as best seems his majesty."
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, 60
Where lovers live and bloody martialists;
But either[5] sort contained within his[6] bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,

[1] Probably suggested by the opening scene of Seneca's *Thyestes*. (Boas).
[2] Was called.

[1] The judges of souls in the lower world.
[2] (Be-)gan I (to).
[3] Warlike man.
[4] Sentence.
[5] Each.
[6] Its.

Where bloody Furies shakes[1] their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choked with melting gold,
And wantons are embraced with ugly snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjured wights scalded in boiling lead, 70
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,[2]
I showed my passport, humbled on my knee;[3]
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begged that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleased, and sealed it with a kiss. 80
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded[4] thee in th' ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,[5]
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here—
I wot not how—in twinkling of an eye.[6]
Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale,
Deprived of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery, 90
And serve for Chorus[7] in this tragedy.

[SCENE II]

[*The Court of Spain*]

Enter SPANISH KING, GENERAL, [DUKE OF] CASTILE, *and* HIERONIMO

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?
Gen. All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceased by fortune of the war.
King. But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?

[1] The third plural in -s was good Elizabethan English.
[2] Probably trisyllabic.
[3] Kneeling.
[4] Whispered.
[5] One of the gates of Sleep. *Æneid*, vi, 893.
[6] A much-parodied speech. Cf. *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, v, iii.
[7] To observe and comment on the action, as in Greek tragedy.

Gen. Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.
King. Our Portingals will pay us tribute, then?
Gen. Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.
King. Then blessed be heaven and guider of the heavens, 10
From whose fair influence such justice flows.
Cast. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,*
Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria juris.[1]
King. Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle and your war's success,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage and greater dignity 20
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.
Gen. Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
There met our armies in their proud array;
Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear,
Both menacing alike with daring shows,
Both vaunting sundry colors of device,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
Both raising dreadful clamors to the sky,
That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound,[2] 30
And heaven itself was frighted with the sound.
Our battles[3] both were pitched in squadron form,
Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot;
But ere we joined and came to push of pike,[4]
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
From out our rearward to begin the fight.
They brought another wing to encounter us.
Meanwhile, our ordnance played on either side,
And captains strove to have their valors tried.
Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,[5] 40
Did with his cornet[6] bravely make attempt
To break the order of our battle ranks;
But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
Marched forth against him with our musketeers,
And stopped the malice of his fell approach.
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,

[1] O much beloved of God, for thee the heavens fight, and the conspiring nations fall on bended knee. Victory is the sister of sound law.
[2] Reëcho.
[3] Battle-lines.
[4] Hand-to-hand fighting.
[5] Trisyllabic.
[6] Troop of cavalry.

Both battles join, and fall to handy blows,
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers[1] of huge rocks, 50
And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands.
Now, while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shivered lances dark the troubled air.
Pede pes et cuspide cuspis;
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.[2]
On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maimed, some slain outright;
Here falls a body sundered from his[3] head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons and unbowellèd steeds,
That, scattering, overspread the purple plain. 62
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined;
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lanciers,
In their main battle made so great a breach
That, half dismayed, the multitude retired;
But Balthazar, the Portingals' young prince,
Brought rescue, and encouraged them to stay.
Here-hence[4] the fight was eagerly renewed, 70
And in that conflict was Andrea slain:
Brave man at arms, but weak to[5] Balthazar.
Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valor, joined in one,
Pricked forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But straight the prince was beaten from his horse,
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe. 80
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines pursued them to the death,
Till, Phoebus waving[6] to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.

King. Thanks, good lord General, for these good news;
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.
Gives him his chain
But tell me now, hast thou confirmed a peace?

[1] Ramparts.
[2] Foot against foot, and lance crossed with lance; arms clash with arms, man is assailed by man.
[3] Its.
[4] Henceforth.
[5] *I.e.*, compared to.
[6] Declining. (*NED*).

Gen. No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
That if with homage tribute be well paid, 90
The fury of your forces will be stayed;
And to this peace their viceroy hath subscribed, *Gives the King a paper*
And made a solemn vow that, during life,
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

King. These words, these deeds, become thy person well.
But now, Knight Marshal, frolic with thy king,
For 't is thy son that wins this battle's prize.

Hier. Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,
And soon decay unless he serve my liege.

King. Nor thou nor he shall die without reward. *A tucket*[1] *afar off* 100
What means this warning of this trumpet's sound?

Gen. This tells me that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty;
For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe returned, and by their foes enriched.

The Army *enters*; BALTHAZAR, *between* LORENZO *and* HORATIO, *captive*

King. A gladsome sight! I long to see them here. *They enter and pass by* 110
Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale.

King. But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

Hier. That was my son, my gracious sovereign;
Of whom though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleased his father's eyes till now,
Nor filled my heart with over-cloying joys. 120

King. Go, let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
[*Exit a messenger*]

[1] A flourish on a trumpet.

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

Enter [*the messenger*] *again*

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale;
The rest march on; but ere they be dismissed
We will bestow on every soldier[1]
Two ducats and on every leader ten, 130
That they may know our largess welcomes them.

Exeunt all but [*the* KING], BALTHAZAR, LORENZO *and* HORATIO

Welcome, Don Balthazar! welcome, nephew!
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honorable.
Bal. The trespass that my father made in peace
Is now controlled[2] by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so. 140
His men are slain, a weakening to his realm;
His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
His son distressed, a cor'sive[3] to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offence.
King. Ay, Balthazar, if he observe this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,
Yet free from bearing any servile yoke;
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious. 150
Bal. And I shall study to deserve this grace.
King. But tell me—for their holding makes me doubt—
To which of these twain art thou prisoner?
Lor. To me, my liege.
Hor. To me, my sovereign.
Lor. This hand first took his courser by the reins.
Hor. But first my lance did put him from his horse.
Lor. I seized his weapon, and enjoyed it first.
Hor. But first I forced him lay his weapons down.
King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege.
They let him go

[1] Trisyllabic. [2] Mastered. [3] Corrosive.

Say, worthy prince, to whether[1] did'st thou yield? 160
Bal. To him[2] in courtesy, to this[3] perforce.
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
He promised life, this other threatened death.
He won my love, this other conquered me,
And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.
Hier. But that I know your grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Enforced by nature and by law of arms
My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.
He hunted well that was a lion's death, 170
Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.
King. Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;
And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure[4] of my doom?
Lor. I crave no better than your grace awards.
Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.
King. Then by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:
You both deserve, and both shall have reward.
Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his horse: 180
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield:
His ransom therefore is thy valor's fee.
Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.
But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest:
Horatio's house were small for all his train.
Yet, in regard[5] thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armor of the prince. 190
How likes Don Balthazar of this device?
Bal. Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,
That Don Horatio bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.
King. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so.—
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.
Exeunt

[1] Which.
[2] Lorenzo.
[3] Horatio.
[4] Decision.
[5] Inasmuch as.

[SCENE III]

[*The Court of Portugal*]

Enter VICEROY, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO

Vic. Is our ambassador despatched for Spain?
Alex. Two days, my liege, are passed since his depart.
Vic. And tribute-payment gone along with him?
Alex. Ay, my good lord.
Vic. Then rest we here awhile in our unrest,
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs,
For deepest cares break never into tears.
But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?
This better fits a wretch's endless moan.
Falls to the ground
Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach, 10
And therefore better than my state deserves.
Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.
Here let me lie; now am I at the lowest.
Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo;
Nil superest ut jam possit obesse magis.[1]
Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown:
Here, take it now! Let Fortune do her worst,
She will not rob me of this sable weed.[2] 20
O no, she envies none but pleasant things.
Such is the folly of despiteful Chance!
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments;
And could she hear, yet is she wilful-mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me, what then?
What help can be expected at her hands
Whose foot [is] standing on a rolling stone,
And mind more mutable than fickle winds? 30
Why wail I, then, where 's hope of no redress?
O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distained[3] my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
Those bloody wars have spent my treasury;[4]
And with my treasury[4] my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best beloved,
My best beloved, my sweet and only son.
O, wherefore went I not to war myself?
The cause was mine; I might have died for both. 40

[1] He who lies on the ground has not whence he may fall. Against me fortune has consumed her power to harm. Nothing remains that now can hurt me more.
[2] Garment.
[3] Sullied.
[4] Manly's emendation. Q. *treasure*.

My years were mellow, his but young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forced.
Alex. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.
Vic. Survives! Ay, where?
Alex. In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war.
Vic. Then they have slain him for his father's fault.
Alex. That were a breach to common law of arms.
Vic. They reck no laws that meditate revenge.
Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.
Vic. No; if he lived, the news would soon be here. 50
Alex. Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.
Vic. Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.
Vil. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
And I'll bewray[1] the fortune of thy son.
Vic. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be.
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news;
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.
Vil. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen.
When both the armies were in battle joined, 60
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown did wondrous feats of arms.
Amongst the rest, I saw him, hand to hand,
In single fight with their lord-general;
Till Alexandro, that here counterfeits
Under the color of a duteous friend,
Discharged his pistol at the prince's back
As though he would have slain their general:
And therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;
And when he fell, then we began to fly: 70
But, had he lived, the day had sure been ours.
Alex. O wicked forgery! O traitorous miscreant!
Vic. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Villuppo, say,
Where then became[2] the carcase of my son?
Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

[1] Betray, here in the sense of reveal.
[2] What became of.

Vic. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this.—
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was 't Spanish gold that blearèd so thine eyes
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art Terceira's[1] lord,
Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,
If first my son and then myself were slain;
But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck.
Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood;
Takes the crown and puts it on again
But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.
Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak.
Vic. Away with him! His sight is second hell.
Keep him till we determine of his death:
[*They take him out*][2]
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.
Exit Viceroy
Vil. Thus have I with an envious, forgèd tale
Deceived the king, betrayed mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy. *Exit*

[SCENE IV]

[*The Court of Spain*]

Enter HORATIO *and* BEL-IMPERIA

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
The circumstance[3] of Don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.
Hor. For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill[4] refuse this heavy doleful charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoined in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thick'st,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encountered hand to hand. Their fight was long,

[1] One of the Azores.
[2] Manly's addition.
[3] Particulars.
[4] Ne will, will not.

Their hearts were great, their clamors menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envying at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguised in armor's mask—
As Pallas was before proud Pergamus—
Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunched[1] his horse, and dinged[2] him to the ground.
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not, till Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incensed[3] with just remorse,[4]
I with my band set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.
Bel. Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love!
But then was Don Andrea's carcase lost?
Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepped I back till I recovered him.
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms;
And wielding[5] him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dewed him with my tears,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurpèd right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do:
I saw him honored with due funeral.
This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.
Bel. I know the scarf: would he had kept it still![6]
For had he lived, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake;
For 't was my favor at his last depart.
But now wear thou it both for him and me;
For after him thou hast deserved it best.
But for thy kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.
Hor. And, madam, Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince;

[1] Stabbed in the belly.
[2] Beat.
[3] Inflamed.
[4] Regret.
[5] Carrying.
[6] Forever.

For so the duke, your father, gave me charge.
Bel. Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.
Exit HORATIO
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death, 60
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbor in my breast
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge!
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end;
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favor at my hands, 70
He shall, in rigor of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed.
For what was 't else but murderous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honor in the fight?
And here he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR

Lor. Sister, what means this melancholy walk?
Bel. That for a while I wish no company.
Lor. But here the prince is come to visit you.
Bel. That argues that he lives in liberty. 80
Bal. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.
Bel. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.[1]
Bal. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthralled.
Bel. Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.
Bal. What if conceit have laid my heart to gage?
Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.
Bal. I die, if it return from whence it lies.
Bel. A heartless man, and live? A miracle!
Bal. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.
Lor. Tush, tush, my lord! let go these ambages,[2] 90
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.
Bel. What boots complaint, when there 's no remedy?
Bal. Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy,
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower,
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.
Bel. Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,[1]
And but devise[2] to drive me from this place.
She, in going in, lets fall her glove, which HORATIO, *coming out, takes up*
Hor. Madam, your glove. 100
Bel. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.
Bal. Signior Horatio stooped in happy time!
Hor. I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.
Lor. My lord, be not dismayed for what is past;
You know that women oft are humorous.[3]
These clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
In some delightful sports and revelling.
Hor. The king, my lords, is coming hither straight, 110
To feast the Portingal ambassador;
Things were in readiness before I came.
Bal. Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father and my country's health.

[1] Fancy, imagination. [2] Round-about phrases.

[SCENE V]

[*The same*]

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the KING, *and* Ambassador

King. See, lord Ambassador, how Spain entreats[4]
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son.
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.
Amb. Sad is our king, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.
Bal. So am I slain—by beauty's tyranny.
You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the court,
And graced with favors of his majesty. 10
King. Put off your greetings, till our feast be done;

[1] Ceremonial phrases.
[2] Contrive.
[3] Capricious.
[4] Treats.

Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.
[They] sit to the banquet
Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest;
Brother, sit down; and, nephew, take your place.
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup,
For well thou hast deservèd to be honored.
Now, lordlings, fall to; Spain is Portugal,
And Portugal is Spain: we both are friends;
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal? 20
He promised us, in honor of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous[1] jest.

Enter HIERONIMO, *with a drum, three knights, each his scutcheon; then he fetches three kings; they take their crowns and them captive*

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mystery.
Hier. The first armed knight that hung his scutcheon up,
He takes the scutcheon and gives it to the KING
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived with five and twenty thousand men
In Portingale, and by success of war
Enforced the king, then but a Saracen, 30
To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.
King. My lord of Portingale, by this you see
That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?
Hier. The second knight that hung his scutcheon up, *He doth as he did before*
Was Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise, and razèd Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingale in fight; 40
For which, and other such-like service done,
He after was created Duke of York.
King. This is another special argument,
That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yoked.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?
Hier. The third and last, not least, in our account, *Doing as before*
Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his scutcheon plainly may appear. 50

[1] Stately.

He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.
Amb. This is an argument for our viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.
King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleased both the ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the king.
Takes the cup of Horatio
My lord, I fear we sit but over-long, 60
Unless our dainties were more delicate;
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you may be despatched;
I think our council is already set.
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE VI]

[*Enter* ANDREA *and* REVENGE *as* CHORUS]

Andrea. Come we for this from depth of under ground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting!
Revenge. Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,
Their hope into despair, their peace to war,
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

ACTUS SECUNDUS [SCENE I]

[*The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

Enter LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR

Lor. My lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy.
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,[1]
In time all haggard[2] hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower;
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.
Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. 10

[1] *Cf.* sonnet 47 of Watson's *Hecatompathia*.
[2] Untameable hawk.

But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
Ay, but that's slandered by captivity. 20
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Ay, but her reason masters his desire.
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend:
Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to uprear her state:
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.
Lor. My lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy. 30
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved;
First that must needs be known, and then removed.
What if my sister love some other knight?
Bal. My summer's day will turn to winter's night.
Lor. I have already found a stratagem
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be ruled by me;
Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see.
By force or fair means will I cast about
To find the truth of all this question out. 40
Ho, Pedringano!
Ped. *Signior!*[1]
Lor. *Vien qui presto.*[2]

Enter PEDRINGANO

Ped. Hath your lordship any service to command me?
Lor. Ay, Pedringano, service of import;
And—not to spend the time in trifling words—
Thus stands the case: it is not long, thou know'st,
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
For thy conveyance[3] in Andrea's love,
For which thou wert adjudged to punishment.
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,
And since, thou knowest how I have favored thee. 50
Now to these favors will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
And lands and living joined with dignities,

[1] My lord!
[2] Come here quickly. (Spanish).
[3] Secret agency.

If thou but satisfy my just demand.
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.
Ped. Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case[1] it lie in me to tell the truth.
Lor. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia? 60
For she resposeth all her trust in thee.
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?
Ped. Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death
I have no credit with her as before,
And therefore know not if she love or no.
Lor. Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe,
Draws his sword
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me. 70
Ped. O, stay, my lord!
Lor. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee.
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.
Ped. If madam Bel-imperia be in love——
Lor. What, villain! ifs and ands?
Offers to kill him
Ped. O, stay, my lord! She loves Horatio.
BALTHAZAR *starts back*
Lor. What, Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son?
Ped. Even him, my lord. 80
Lor. Now say but how know'st thou he is her love,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal.
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.
Ped. She sent him letters, which myself perused,
Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.
Lor. Swear on this cross[2] that what thou say'st is true,
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.
Ped. I swear to both, by Him that made us all.
Lor. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward; 90
But if I prove thee perjured and unjust,

[1] In case.
[2] Sword-hilt.

This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.
Ped. What I have said is true, and shall—for me—
Be still concealed from Bel-imperia.
Besides, your honor's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even till death.
Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort. 100
Ped. I will, my lord.
Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal.
Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not.
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.
Exit PEDRINGANO
Why so: *tam armis quam ingenio:*[1]
Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? 110
Bal. Both well and ill; it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love;
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge.
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destined plague:
First, in his hand he brandishèd a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely wagèd war, 120
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forcèd me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears,
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him, where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force, 130
And now by sleight would captivate my soul.
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.
Lor. Let's go, my lord; your staying stays revenge.

[1] As much by arms as by cunning.

Do you but follow me, and gain your love:
Her favor must be won by his remove. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*The same*]

Enter HORATIO *and* BEL-IMPERIA

Hor. Now, madam, since by favor of your love
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame,
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
—Two chief contents, where more cannot be had—
Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
Why show you sign of inward languishments?
PEDRINGANO *showeth all to the* PRINCE *and* LORENZO, *placing them in secret*
Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea:
She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn,
And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy 10
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed,
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost,
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.
BALTHAZAR *and* LORENZO *above*
Bal. O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profaned;
Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart; another joys what thou deserv'st. 20
Lor. Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoined;
Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
Live, heart, to joy at fond[1] Horatio's fall.
Bel. Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?
Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate.
Bel. But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?
Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.
Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.
Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?

[1] Infatuated.

Hor. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.
Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.
Bel. Let dangers go; thy war shall be with me,
But such a war as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss:
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.
Hor. But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made.
Bal. Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!
Bel. Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field,
Where first we vowed a mutual amity:
The court were dangerous, that place is safe.
Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home distressful travaillers.[1]
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
Haply the gentle nightingale
Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
And, singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.
Hor. But, honey-sweet and honorable love,
Return we now into your father's sight;
Dangerous suspicion[2] waits on our delight.
Lor. Ay, danger mixed with jealious[3] despite
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

[*The Court of Spain*]

Enter KING OF SPAIN, PORTINGALE AMBASSADOR, DON CYPRIAN, [*and others*]

King. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Bel-imperia?
Cyp. Although she coy it,[4] as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince,
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.

[1] Early Qq. *travellers*, a variant spelling.
[2] The danger of suspicion.
[3] (Kittredge). Q. *jealous*.
[4] Affects shyness.

And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
Which is to love him, or forgo my love.
King. Then, lord Ambassador of Portingale,
Advise thy King to make this marriage up,
For strengthening of our late-confirmèd league;
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal:
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
And shall enjoy the moiety[1] of his land,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,
And this it is: in case the match go forward,
The tribute which you pay, shall be released;
And if by Balthazar she have a son,
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.
Amb. I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege,
And work it,[2] if my counsel may prevail.
King. Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honor us,
In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let himself determine of the time.
Amb. Will 't please your grace command me aught beside?
King. Commend me to the king, and so farewell.
But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave?
Amb. That is performed already, my good lord.
King. Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The prince's ransom must not be forgot.
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;
And well his forwardness deserves reward.
It was Horatio, our knight marshal's son.
Amb. Between us there's a price already pitched,
And shall be sent with all convenient[3] speed.
King. Then once again farewell, my lord.
Amb. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest. *Exit*
King. Now, brother, you must take some little pains
To win fair Bel-imperia from her will.
Young virgins must be rulèd by their friends.
The prince is amiable, and loves her well;
If she neglect him and forgo his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours.

[1] Share. [2] Accomplish it. [3] Due.

Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince
With greatest pleasure that our court affords,
Endeavor you to win your daughter's thought:
If she give back,[1] all this will come to naught. 50
Exeunt

[SCENE IV]

[*Hieronimo's garden*]

Enter HORATIO, BEL-IMPERIA, *and* PEDRINGANO

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings
To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done,
Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.
Bel. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls[2] my soul.
Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?
Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second self.—
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate, 10
And let us know if any make approach.
Ped. [*Aside*] Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.
Exit PEDRINGANO
Hor. What means my love?
Bel. I know not what myself;
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.
Hor. Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,
And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.
Bel. Thou hast prevailed; I'll conquer my misdoubt, 20
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.
I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.
Hor. The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.
Bel. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.
Hor. Hark, madam, how the birds record[3] by night,
For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.
Bel. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale, 30
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.
Hor. If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far;
Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.
Bel. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.
Hor. Then thus begin our wars: put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.
Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.
Hor. But first my looks shall combat against thine.
Bel. Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at thee. 40
Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.
Bel. Nay then, to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.
Hor. Nay then, my arms are large and strong withal:
Thus elms by vines are compassed, till they fall.
Bel. O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.
Hor. O, stay a while, and I will die with thee;
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me.
Bel. Who's there, Pedringano? We are betrayed! 50

Enter LORANZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO, *disguised*

Lor. My lord, away with her, take her aside.—
O, sir, forbear: your valor is already tried.
Quickly despatch, my masters.
They hang him in the arbor
Hor. What, will you murder me?
Lor. Ay, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love. *They stab him*
Bel. O, save his life, and let me die for him!
O, save him, brother; save him, Balthazar!
I loved Horatio; but he loved not me.
Bal. But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.
Lor. Although his life were still ambitious-proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead. 60

[1] Refuse. [2] My fears overrule my purpose.
[3] Repeat their songs. (Boas.)

Bel. Murder! murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!

Lor. Come, stop her mouth; away with her. *Exeunt*

[SCENE V]

[*The same*]

Enter HIERONIMO *in his shirt, etc.*

Hier. What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am.
I did not slumber; therefore 't was no dream.
No, no, it was some woman cried for help,
And here within this garden did she cry,
And in this garden must I rescue her.—
But stay, what murdrous spectacle is this?
A man hanged up and all the murderers gone!
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me! 11
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.[1]

He cuts him down

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen—
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!
O no, but he that whilom was my son!
O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
O speak, if any spark of life remain:
I am thy father; who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood, 20
And left thy bloody corpse dishonored here,
For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vild[2] profaner of this sacred bower?
O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese[3] thy life ere life was new begun?
O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert, 30
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

[1] Another much-parodied speech. Cf. *The Return from Parnassus*, III, iii, 72.
[2] Vile.
[3] Lose.

Enter ISABELLA

Isab. My husband's absence makes my heart to throb—
Hieronimo!

Hier. Here, Isabella, help me to lament,
For sighs are stopped, and all my tears are spent.

Isab. What world of grief! my son Horatio!
O, where's the author of this endless woe?

Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief, 40
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

Isab. Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears;
Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
For outrage[1] fits our cursèd wretchedness.

[FIRST PASSAGE OF ADDITIONS]

Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!

Hier. *He supped with us tonight, frolic and merry,*
And said he would go visit Balthazar
At the duke's palace; there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late: 50
He may be in his chamber; some go see.
Roderigo, ho!

Enter PEDRO *and* JAQUES

Isab. *Ay me, he raves!—Sweet Hieronimo!*

Hier. *True, all Spain takes note of it.*
Besides, he is so generally beloved;
His majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favors,
Which do assure me he cannot be short-lived.

Isab. *Sweet Hieronimo!*

Hier. *I wonder how this fellow got his clothes!—* 60
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all.
Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,
And bid my son Horatio to come home:
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.
Do ye hear me, sir?

Jaques. *Ay, sir.*

Hier. *Well, sir, begone.*
Pedro, come hither. Know'st thou who this is?

Ped. *Too well, sir.*

Hier. *Too well! Who, who is it? Peace, Isabella!*
Nay, blush not, man.

Ped. *It is my lord Horatio.*

[1] Outcry.

Hier. *Ha, ha, St. James! but this doth make me laugh,* 70
That there are more deluded than myself.
Ped. *Deluded?*
Hier. *Ay:*
I would have sworn myself, within this hour,
That this had been my son Horatio,
His garments are so like.
Ha! are they not great persuasions?
Isab. *O, would to God it were not so!*
Hier. *Were not, Isabella? Dost thou dream it is?*
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son? 81
Away! I am ashamed.
Isab. *Dear Hieronimo,*
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief;
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.
Hier. *It was a man, sure, that was hanged up here;*
A youth, as I remember. I cut him down.
If it should prove my son now after all—
Say you? say you?—Light! lend me a taper;
Let me look again.—O God!
Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell, 90
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror: kill me quickly!
Be gracious to me, thou infective[1] *night,*
And drop this deed of murder down on me;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive to see the light
May put me in the mind I had a son.
Isab. *O sweet Horatio! O my dearest son!*
Hier. *How strangely had I lost my way to grief!*

Sweet, lovely rose, ill-plucked before thy time, 100
Fair, worthy son, not conquered, but betrayed,
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stayed.
Isab. And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were only my delight.
Hier. See'st thou this handkercher besmeared with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge.
See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them, till I have revenged.
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Till then my sorrow never shall be spent. 110

[1] Infectious.

Isab. The heavens are just; murder cannot be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.
Hier. Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,
Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner find the practice[1] out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come, Isabel, now let us take him up,
They take him up
And bear him in from out this curséd place.
I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case. 120
O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,
Hieronimo *sets his breast unto his sword.*
Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori;
Aut, si qui faciunt annorum oblivia, succos
Praebeat; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per orbem
Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid et herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit:
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.— 130
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus?
Emoriar tecum: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.—
At tamen absistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.[2]
Here he throws it from him and bears the body away

[SCENE VI]

[*Enter* Andrea *and* Revenge *as* Chorus]

Andrea. Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?
I looked that Balthazar should have been slain;
But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,

[1] Trick.

[2] O let someone mix for me the herbs which lovely Spring produces, and our pain be medicined; or let him provide potions if there be any which cause forgetfulness of years. May I myself reap throughout the great earth whatever plants Sol brings forth to the fair realms of light. May I drink whatever poison the diviner contrives, and whatever of herbs of secret power her incantation unites. All things let me endure, even death, provided all my feeling may die at once in a heart that is dead. Shall I then never more, my life, see your eyes? And has eternal sleep buried their light? Let me die along with you: so, would I go to the shades below. But yet I shall relinquish the thought of giving myself to death before my time, lest then no vengeance follow thy death.—A good illustration of Kyd's habit of combining tags from various Latin classics with lines of his own composition.

On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she loved me more than all the world.
Revenge. Thou talk'st of harvest, when the corn is green:
The end is crown of every work well done;
The sickle comes not, till the corn is ripe.
Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place, 10
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

ACTUS TERTIUS [SCENE I]

[*The Court of Portugal*]

Enter VICEROY OF PORTINGALE, Nobles, VILLUPPO

Vic. Infortunate condition of kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts!
First we are placed upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
But ever subject to the wheel of Chance;
And at our highest never joy we so
As we both doubt[1] and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds
As Fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
That would be feared, yet fear to be beloved, 10
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.[2]
For instance, lordings, look upon your king,
By hate deprivèd of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line.
Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro's heart
Had been envenomed with such extreme hate;
But now I see that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.
Vil. No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train[3]
That feignèd love had colored in his looks, 20
When he in camp consorted[4] Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
That hourly coasts[5] the center of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.
Vic. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou stay'st our wounded thoughts.
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death.
Go, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
That, as he is condemnèd, he may die. 30

[1] Suspect.
[2] Lines 1–11 are an adaptation of Seneca's *Agamemnon*, 53–73.
[3] Deceit.
[4] *I.e.*, accompanied; an insulting word.
[5] Circles.

Enter ALEXANDRO *with a* Nobleman *and halberts*

Nob. In such extremes will nought but patience serve.
Alex. But in extremes what patience shall I use?
Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.
Nob. Yet hope the best.
Alex. 'T is heaven is my hope.
As for the earth, it is too much infect[1]
To yield me hope of any of her mould.
Vic. Why linger ye? Bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursèd deed.
Alex. Not that I fear the extremity of death 40
(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
Do I, O king, thus discontented live.
But this, O this, torments my laboring soul,
That thus I die suspected of a sin
Whereof, as heav'ns have known my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.[2]
Vic. No more, I say! to the tortures! When?[3]
Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,
They bind him to the stake
That shall prefigure those unquenchèd fires
Of Phlegethon, preparèd for his soul. 50
Alex. My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,
On thee, Villuppo, that hath maliced[4] thus,
Or for thy meed hast falsely me accused.
Vil. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works.
Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

Enter AMBASSADOR

Amb. Stay, hold a while;
And here—with pardon of his majesty—
Lay hands upon Villuppo.
Vic. Ambassador, 60
What news hath urged this sudden entrance?[5]
Amb. Know, sovereign lord, that Balthazar doth live.
Vic. What say'st thou? Liveth Balthazar our son?

[1] Infected.
[2] Imputation.
[3] An expression of sharp impatience.
[4] Maliciously plotted.
[5] Trisyllabic.

Amb. Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live;
And, well entreated in the court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your majesty.
These eyes beheld; and these my followers,
With these, the letters of the king's commends,[1]
Gives him letters
Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.
The King looks on the letters, and proceeds
Vic. "Thy son doth live, your tribute is received; 70
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.
The rest resolve upon as things proposed
For both our honors and thy benefit."
Amb. These are his highness' farther articles.
He gives him more letters
Vic. Accursèd wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind him.—
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital[2] for thy discontent.
They unbind him
Alex. Dread lord, in kindness[3] you could do no less 80
Upon report of such a damnèd fact;
But thus we see our innocence hath saved
The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.
Vic. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
Him whom thou know'st that no unkindness else,
But even the slaughter of our dearest son,
Could once have moved us to have misconceived.
Alex. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king: 90
Wherein[5] hath Alexandro used thee ill?
Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My guilty soul submits me to thy doom;
For not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward and hope to be preferred,
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.
Vic. Which, villain, shall be ransomed with thy death;
And not so mean[6] a torment as we here

[1] Commendations.
[2] Requital.
[3] Natural feeling.
[4] Deed.
[5] Hazlitt's emendation. Qq. *Or wherein.*
[6] Moderate.

Devised for him who, thou said'st, slew our son,
But with the bitterest torments and extremes
That may be yet invented for thine end. 101
ALEXANDRO *seems to entreat*
Entreat me not; go, take the traitor hence.
Exit VILLUPPO
And, Alexandro, let us honor thee
With public notice of thy loyalty.—
To end those things articulated here
By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate.
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*The Court of Spain*]

Enter HIERONIMO

Hier. O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
O life! no life, but lively form of death;
O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!
O sacred heav'ns! if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unrevealed and unrevengèd pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust? 11
The night, sad secretary[1] to my moans,
With direful visions wake my vexèd soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicit me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear[2] my heart with fierce inflamèd thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams, 20
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day,
See, search, shew, send some man, some mean, that may— *A letter falleth*
What's here? a letter? Tush! it is not so!—
A letter written to Hieronimo! *Red ink*
"For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him,
For these were they that murderèd thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death, 30

[1] Confidant.
[2] Affright.

And better fare than Bel-imperia doth."
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!
What cause had they Horatio to malign?[1]
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia,
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware!—thou art betrayed,
And to entrap thy life this train[2] is laid.
Advise thee, therefore, be not credulous:
This is devisèd to endanger thee, 40
That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
And he, for thy dishonor done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my belovèd son,
And of his death behoves me be revenged;
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
But live t' effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances[3] try,
What I can gather to confirm this writ;
And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's house, 50
Close,[4] if I can, with Bel-imperia,
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter PEDRINGANO

Now Pedringano!
Ped. Now, Hieronimo!
Hier. Where's thy lady?
Ped. I know not; here's my lord.

Enter LORENZO

Lor. How now, who's this? Hieronimo?
Hier. My lord.
Ped. He asketh for my lady Bel-imperia.
Lor. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke, my father, hath
Upon some disgrace awhile removed her hence;
But, if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it. 60
Hier. Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you; it shall not need.
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.
Lor. Why so, Hieronimo, use me.
Hier. O no, my lord, I dare not; it must not be.
I humbly thank your lordship.

[SECOND PASSAGE OF ADDITIONS, REPLACING LINES 65 AND FIRST PART OF 66]

Hier. *Who? You, my lord?*
I reserve your favor for a greater honor;
This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.
Lor. *All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.*
Hier. *I' faith, my lord, it is an idle thing;*
I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy, 71
Too remiss unto your honor.
Lor. *How now, Hieronimo?*
Hier. *In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing:*
The murder of a son, or so——
A thing of nothing, my lord!

Lor. Why then, farewell.
Hier. My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell. *Exit*
Lor. Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this?
Ped. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.
Lor. This is that damnèd villain Serberine
That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death. 80
Ped. My lord, he could not, 't was so lately done;
And since, he hath not left my company.
Lor. Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humor,[1] and therewith repent
That e'er I used him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this, *Gives him more gold*
And hearken to me—thus it is devised: 90
This night thou must—and, prithee, so resolve—,
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park—
Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house;
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,
For die he must, if we do mean to live.
Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?
Lor. Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet
The prince and me, where thou must do this deed.
Ped. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done;
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there. 100
Lor. When things shall alter, as I hope they will,

[1] Hate.
[2] Here, trap.
[3] Evidence.
[4] Meet.

[1] Disposition.

Then shalt thou mount for this; thou knowest
my mind. *Exit* PEDRINGANO
Che le Ieron![1]

Enter PAGE

Page. My lord?
Lor. Go, sirrah,
To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
The prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park,
Behind the house; this evening, boy!
Page. I go, my lord.
Lor. But, sirrah, let the hour be eight
o'clock:
Bid him not fail.
Page. I fly, my lord. *Exit*
Lor. Now to confirm the complot thou hast
cast[2]
Of all these practices,[3] I'll spread the watch, 110
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work that[4] will avoid distrust;
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap,
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly inquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill.
As for myself, I know my secret fault, 120
And so do they; but I have dealt for[5] them.
They that for coin their souls endangerèd,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs;
And better it's that base companions[6] die
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;
For die they shall,—
Slaves are ordainèd to no other end. *Exit*

[1] Probably a corruption of the page's name, though *Ieron* is frequently the speech tag for Hieronimo.
[2] Devised.
[3] Tricks.
[4] That which.
[5] As to.
[6] Fellows.

[SCENE III]

[*Saint Luigi's Park*]

Enter PEDRINGANO, *with a pistol*

Ped. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold,
And hold on, Fortune! once more favor me;
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
Here is the gold, this is the gold proposed;
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possessed thereof.
And he that would not strain his conscience
For him that thus his liberal purse hath
stretched,
Unworthy such a favor, may he fail, 10
And, wishing, want when such as I prevail.
As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms;
Besides, this place is free from all suspect:
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the Watch

1 *Watch.* I wonder much to what intent
it is
That we are thus expressly charged to watch.
2 *Watch.* 'Tis by commandment in the
king's own name.
3 *Watch.* But we were never wont to watch
and ward 20
So near the duke his brother's house before.
2 *Watch.* Content yourself, stand close,
there's somewhat in 't.

Enter SERBERINE

Ser. Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy
pace;
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint
That thou by his command shouldst meet with
him.
How fit a place—if one were so disposed—
Methinks this corner is, to close[1] with one.
Ped. Here comes the bird that I must seize
upon.
Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man!
Ser. I wonder that his lordship stays so
long, 30
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?
Ped. For this, Serberine!—and thou shalt
ha't. *Shoots the dag*[2]
So, there he lies; my promise is performed.

The Watch [*comes forward*]

1 *Watch.* Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol
shot.
2 *Watch.* And here's one slain;—stay the
murderer.
Ped. Now by the sorrows of the souls in
hell, *He strives with the* Watch
Who first lays hand on me, I'll be his priest.[3]
3 *Watch.* Sirrah, confess, and therein play
the priest,

[1] Grapple.
[2] Heavy pistol.
[3] "See him out of the world," murder him.

Why hast thou thus unkindly[1] killed the man?
Ped. Why? Because he walked abroad so late.
3 *Watch.* Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.
2 *Watch.* Come, to the marshal's with the murderer!
1 *Watch.* On to Hieronimo's! help me here
To bring the murdered body with us too.
Ped. Hieronimo? Carry me before whom you will.
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

Enter LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR

Bal. How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?
Lor. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.
Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?[2]
Lor. Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And inexpected harms do hurt us most.
Bal. Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If aught concerns our honor and your own.
Lor. Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in one;
For I suspect—and the presumption's great—
That by those base confederates in our fault
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betrayed to old Hieronimo.
Bal. Betrayed, Lorenzo? Tush! It cannot be.
Lor. A guilty conscience, urgèd with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err.
I am persuaded—and dissuade me not—
That all's revealèd to Hieronimo.
And therefore know that I have cast it thus—

Enter Page

But here's the page. How now? what news with thee?
Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.
Bal. Who? Serberine, my man?
Page. Your highness' man, my lord.
Lor. Speak, page, who murdered him?
Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.[1]
Lor. Who?
Page. Pedringano.
Bal. Is Serberine slain, that loved his lord so well?
Injurious villain, murderer of his friend!
Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate[2] and hasten his revenge[3]
With your complaints unto my lord the king.
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.
Bal. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.[4]
Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions,
For die he shall for this his damnèd deed.
Exit BALTHAZAR
Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point;[5]
I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limed.[6]
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runs to kill whom I have holp[7] to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fatch.[8]
'T is hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one, in mine opinion,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger *with a letter*

Boy!
Page. My lord.
Lor. What's he?
Mes. I have a letter to your lordship.
Lor. From whence?
Mes. From Pedringano, that's imprisoned.
Lor. So he is in prison, then?
Mes. Ay, my good lord.
Lor. What would he with us?—He writes us here,
To stand good lord, and help him in distress.
Tell him I have his letters, know his mind;
And what we may, let him assure him of.
Fellow, begone; my boy shall follow thee.
Exit Messenger
This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.
Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;

[1] With unnatural cruelty. [2] Suspect.

[1] Deed.
[2] Make more severe.
[3] The revenge upon him.
[4] Shall resist with difficulty.
[5] Directs the blow.
[6] Caught.
[7] Helped.
[8] Deep-laid contrivance.

Thou know'st the prison, closely[1] give it him,
And be advised that none be there about.
Bid him be merry still, but secret; 60
And though the marshal-sessions be to-day,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery.
Tell him his pardon is already signed,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolved;
For, were he ready to be turnèd off—[2]
As 't is my will the uttermost be tried—
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.
Show him this box, tell him his pardon 's in 't;
But open 't not, and if[3] thou lovest thy life,
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown. 70
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.
Away!

Page. I go, my lord, I run.

Lor. But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly[4] done. *Exit* Page

Now stands our fortune on a tickle[5] point,
And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.
One only thing is uneffected yet,
And that's to see the executioner.
But to what end? I list not trust the air
With utterance of our pretence[6] therein, 80
For fear the privy whispering of the wind
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
That lie too open to advantages.[7]
E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;
Intendo io: quel mi basterà.[8] *Exit*

[SCENE V]

[*A street*]

Enter Boy *with the box*

Boy. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth, 't is likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time; for we men's kind in our minority are like women in their uncertainty: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now.——By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box! Were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentlemanlike knavery. I must go 10 to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant[1] on the hangman, and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will 't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say, "Mock on, here's thy warrant." Is 't not a scurvy 20 jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. *Exit*

[1] Secretly.
[2] Hanged.
[3] *An if*, if.
[4] Without mistake.
[5] Precarious.
[6] Intention. [7] Opportunities.
[8] And what I want, nobody knows. I understand. That suffices me. (Italian).

[SCENE VI]

[*A Court of Justice*]

Enter Hieronimo *and the* Deputy

Hier. Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heavens,
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me. 10

Dep. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

Hier. So is 't my duty to regard his death
Who, when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For here lies that which bids me to begone.

Enter Officers, Boy, *and* Pedringano, *with a letter in his hand, bound*

Dep. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Ped. Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;
For I had written to my lord anew
A nearer matter that concerneth him, 20
For fear his lordship had forgotten me.
But sith he hath remembered me so well—
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?[2]

Hier. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
And here, for satisfaction of the world,
Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short work. Well, to your marshalship

[1] Comment. [2] Business.

First I confess—nor fear I death therefore—
I am the man, 't was I slew Serberine. 30
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?
Dep. Ay, Pedringano.
Ped. Now I think not so.
Hier. Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so;
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,
Be satisfièd, and the law discharged.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Despatch! The fault's approvèd and confessed,
And by our law he is condemned to die. 40
Hang. Come on, sir, are you ready?
Ped. To do what, my fine officious knave?
Hang. To go to this gear.
Ped. O sir, you are too forward: thou wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit.[1] So I should go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope. But, hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not change without boot,[2] that's flat.
Hang. Come, sir. 50
Ped. So, then, I must up?
Hang. No remedy.
Ped. Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.
Hang. Indeed, here's a remedy for that.
Ped. How? Be turned off?
Hang. Ay, truly. Come, are you ready? I pray, sir, despatch; the day goes away.
Ped. What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance to break your old custom. 61
Hang. Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your young neck.
Ped. Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray God, I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.
Hang. Alas, sir! you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.
Ped. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with 70 the box in his hand?
Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger?
Ped. Ay, that companion.[3]
Hang. I know him not; but what of him?
Ped. Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new truss?[4]

[1] The clothes of his victim were among the hangman's perquisites.
[2] Advantage.
[3] Rascal. [4] Tackle for the gibbet (?).

Hang. Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man than either thou or he. 80
Ped. What hath he in his box, as thou think'st?
Hang. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly. Methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.
Ped. Why, sirrah hangman, I take it that that is good for the body is likewise good for the soul; and it may be, in that box is balm for both. 89
Hang. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groaned at my office door!
Ped. Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?
Hang. Ay, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name.
Ped. I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.
Hang. Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion. My masters, you see here's a good fellow. 100
Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.
Hier. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times, where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrined in heaven,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandering in the thorny passages
That intercepts itself of[1] happiness.
Murder! O bloody monster! God forbid 110
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunishèd.
Despatch, and see this execution done!—
This makes me to remember thee, my son.
Exit HIERONIMO
Ped. Nay, soft, no haste.
Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?
Ped. Why, ay!
Hang. As how?
Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.
Hang. Stand you on that? Then you shall off with this. *He turns him off*
Dep. So, executioner; convey him hence.
But let his body be unburièd; 120
Let not the earth be chokèd or infect[2]
With that which heaven contemns, and men neglect. *Exeunt*

[1] Cuts itself off from.
[2] *I.e.*, infected.

[SCENE VII]

[*Hieronimo's house*]

Enter HIERONIMO

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath wearièd the earth?
Or mine exclaims, that have surcharged the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceasèd son?
The blustering winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament have moved the leafless trees,
Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green,
Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul 10
With broken sighs and restless passions,
That, wingèd, mount; and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge;
But they are placed in those empyreal[1] heights,
Where, countermured[2] with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman *with a letter*

Hang. O lord, sir! God bless you, sir! the man, sir, Petergade,[3] sir, he that was so full 20 of merry conceits——

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hang. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me.

Hang. You will stand between the gallows and me?

Hier. Ay, ay.

Hang. I thank your lord worship. 30

Exit Hangman

Hier. And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
"My lord, I writ,[4] as mine extremes required,
That you would labor my delivery.
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.
You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the prince and you,
Won by rewards and hopeful promises, 40
I holp to murder Don Horatio too."—
Holp he to murder mine Horatio?
And actors in th' accursèd tragedy
Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserved so well?
What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?
O sacred heavens, may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smothered, and so long concealed,
Shall thus by this be vengèd or revealed? 50
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bel-imperia's letter was not feigned.
Nor feignèd she, though falsely they have wronged
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Till now; and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunished would not leave.
O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honor that thou didst my son? 60
And Balthazar—bane to thy soul and me!—
Was this the ransom he reserved thee for?
Woe to the cause of these constrainèd wars!
Woe to thy baseness and captivity,
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
Thy cursèd father, and thy conquered self!
And banned with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pity thee!
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When nought but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go plain me to my lord the king, 71
And cry aloud for justice through the court,
Wearing the flints with these my withered feet;
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats.

Exit

[SCENE VIII]

[*The same*]

Enter ISABELLA *and her* Maid

Isab. So that you say this herb will purge the eye,
And this, the head?
Ah! but none of them will purge the heart!

[1] Schick's emendation. Qq. *imperial.*
[2] Double-walled.
[3] For Pedringano.
[4] Manly's emendation. Q. *write.*

No, there's no medicine[1] left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure[2] the dead.
She runs lunatic
Horatio! O, where's Horatio?
Maid. Good madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage[3] for your son Horatio:
He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.
Isab. Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too,
To be revengèd on their villainies?
Maid. Madam, these humors do torment my soul.
Isab. My soul—poor soul, thou talks of things
Thou know'st not what—my soul hath silver wings,
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens.
To heaven? Ay, there sits my Horatio,
Backed with a troop of fiery cherubins,
Dancing about his newly healèd wounds,
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, ay, died a mirror in our days.
But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run
To find them out that murderèd my son?
Exeunt

[SCENE IX]

[*The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

BEL-IMPERIA *at a window*

Bel. What means this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestered from the court?
No notice![4] Shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious[5] ills?
Accursèd brother, unkind murderer,
Why bends thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs,
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus,
And him for me thus causeless murderèd!—
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me[1] to the time,
Till heaven, as I have hoped, shall set me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHIL

Chris. Come, madam Bel-imperia, this may not be. *Exeunt*

[SCENE X]

[*The same*]

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, *and the* Page

Lor. Boy, talk no further; thus far things go well.
Thou art assurèd that thou sawest him dead?
Page. Or else, my lord, I live not.
Lor. That's enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.
Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,
And bid him let my sister be enlarged,
And bring her hither straight.— *Exit* Page
This that I did was for a policy,
To smooth and keep the murder secret,
Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'er-blown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.
Bal. And time, Lorenzo: for my lord the duke,
You heard, enquirèd for her yester-night.
Lor. Why, and my lord, I hope you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away;
But that's all one. My lord, you love her?
Bal. Ay.
Lor. Then in your love beware; deal cunningly;
Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up;[2]
And if she hap to stand on terms[3] with us—
As for her sweetheart, and concealment so—
Jest with her gently: under feignèd jest
Are things concealed that else would breed unrest.
But here she comes.

Enter BEL-IMPERIA

Now, sister,—
Bel. Sister? No!
Thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Else wouldst thou not have used thy sister so:

[1] Disyllabic.
[2] Recover, in the sense of "heal," and also "bring back."
[3] Outcry.
[4] News, information.
[5] Bred of suspicion.

[1] Conform myself.
[2] Confirm what I say.
[3] Haggle over conditions.

First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
And with extremes abuse my company;[1]
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates, 30
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is 't that I offended thee?
Lor. Advise you better, Bel-imperia,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deserved,
I sought to save your honor and mine own.
Bel. Mine honor? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is 't
That I neglect my reputation so, 40
As you, or any, need to rescue it?
Lor. His highness and my father were resolved
To come confer with old Hieronimo
Concerning certain matters of estate
That by the viceroy was determinèd.
Bel. And wherein was mine honor touched in that?
Bal. Have patience, Bel-imperia; hear the rest.
Lor. Me, next in sight, as messenger they sent
To give him notice that they were so nigh.
Now when I came, consorted with the prince,
And unexpected in an arbor there 51
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio—
Bel. How then?
Lor. Why, then, remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather—for I knew no readier mean—
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.
Bal. And carry you obscurely[2] somewhere else, 60
Lest that his highness should have found you there.
Bel. Even so, my lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forged[3] this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument?
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you concealed me since?

[1] Guest, companion.
[2] Inconspicuously.
[3] Devised.

Lor. Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favorite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate. 70
Bal. And better was 't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.
Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?
Lor. That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Ætna for Andrea's loss.
Bel. Hath not my father then enquired for me?
Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee.
He whispereth in her ear
But Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince;
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increased;
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see 81
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.
Bel. Brother, you are become an orator—
I know not, I, by what experience—
Too politic for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you; but content yourself:
The prince is meditating higher things.
Bal. 'T is of thy beauty, then, that conquers kings;
Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised; 90
Of that thine ivory front,[1] my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.
Bel. To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,
In my conceit,[2] are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.
Bal. 'T is I that love.
Bel. Whom?
Bal. Bel-imperia.
Bel. But I that fear.
Bal. Whom?
Bel. Bel-imperia.
Lor. Fear yourself?
Bel. Ay, brother.
Lor. How?
Bel. As those
That what they love are loath and fear to lose.
Bal. Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be. 100
Bel. No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we:
Et[3] *tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem*—

[1] Brow.
[2] Opinion.
[3] (Hazlitt). Qq. *est.*

Est[1] *vanum stolidae proditionis opus.*[2]
Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.
Bal. Led by the lodestar of her heavenly looks,
Wends poor oppressèd Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his pilgrimage. *Exeunt*

[SCENE XI]

[*A Street*]

Enter two PORTINGALES, *and* HIERONIMO *meets them*

1 *Port.* By your leave, sir.

[THIRD PASSAGE OF ADDITIONS]

Hier. *'T is neither as you think, nor as you think,*
Nor as you think; you're wide all.
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son—and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes, thereabout;
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To ballace[3] *these light creatures we call women;*
And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son, 10
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
Be taught to go,[4] *and speak. Ay, or yet?*
Why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son.
For one of these, in very little time, 20
Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unbevelled,[5] *he appears,*
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age.
This is a son!—And what a loss were this,
Considered truly?——O, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humors:
He loved his loving parents; 30
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,

[1] (Schick). Qq. *Et.*
[2] And I feared to add panic to a quaking man; vain, moreover, is the work of stupid treachery.
[3] Ballast.
[4] Walk.
[5] Uneven and unpolished.

The very arm that did hold up our house;
Our hopes were storèd up in him.
None but a damnèd murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
When his strong arm unhorsed
The proud Prince Balthazar, and his great mind,
Too full of honor, took him unto[1] *mercy,*
That valiant, but ignoble Portingale!
Well, heaven is heaven still! 40
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers;
They do not always scape, that is some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay; and then time steals on,
And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrappèd in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

Good leave have you: nay, I pray you go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so. 50
2 *Port.* Pray you, which is the next[2] way to my lord the duke's?
Hier. The next way from me.
1 *Port.* To his house, we mean.
Hier. O, hard by: 't is yon house that you see.
2 *Port.* You could not tell us if his son were there?
Hier. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?
1 *Port.* Ay, sir.
He[3] *goeth in at one door and comes out at another*
Hier. O, forbear!
For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side 60
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear—
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass;
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts—
Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to despair and death,
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
Within a hugy dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes— 70
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursèd souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove,
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,

[1] Qq. *us to.* [2] Shortest. [3] Hieronimo.

Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.
1 *Port.* Ha, ha, ha!
Hier. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha! *Exit*
2 *Port.* Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke.
Exeunt

[SCENE XII]

[The Court of Spain]

Enter HIERONIMO, *with a poniard in one hand and a rope in the other*

Hier. Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king;
The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit—
Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen[1] thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?
Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, 't is time for thee to trudge.
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore
Standeth a fiery tower; there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand,
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone;
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path:[2] thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this,[3] and then thou need'st not take thy breath:
This way or that way?——Soft and fair, not so:
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that.
He flings away the dagger and halter
This way I'll take, and this way comes the king, *He takes them up again*
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat.
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,[4]

[1] Seldom seen, rare.
[2] *I.e.*, the poniard.
[3] *I.e.*, the rope.
[4] Bring you to your senses.

And thee, Lorenzo! Here 's the king—nay, stay;
And here, ay here—there goes the hare away.[1]

Enter KING, AMBASSADOR, CASTILE, *and* LORENZO

King. Now show, ambassador, what our viceroy saith:
Hath he received the articles we sent?
Hier. Justice, O justice to Hieronimo.
Lor. Back! see'st thou not the king is busy?
Hier. O, is he so?
King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hier. Not I. [*Aside*] Hieronimo, beware! go by, go by![2]
Amb. Renownèd King, he hath received and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promised league;
And, as a man extremely over-joyed
To hear his son so princely entertained,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed,
This for thy further satisfaction
And kingly love he kindly lets thee know:
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bel-imperia, thy belovèd niece,
The news are more delightful to his soul,
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.
In person, therefore, will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnizèd,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain,
To knit a sure inexplicable[3] band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingale.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bel-imperia.
King. Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?
Cast. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
Of honorable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.
Amb. Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent—
Although he send not that his son return—
His ransom due to Don Horatio.
Hier. Horatio! who calls Horatio?

[1] Usually proverbial for "There the matter ends." Here perhaps equivalent to the fox-hunter's "Gone away!"
[2] The most parodied passage in Elizabethan drama. Cf. *Shoemakers' Holiday*, II, i, 50 and *Taming of the Shrew*, INDUCTION, i, 9.
[3] Inextricable.

King. And well remembered: thank his majesty.
Here, see it given to Horatio.[1]
Hier. Justice, O, justice, justice, justice, gentle king!
King. Who is that? Hieronimo?
Hier. Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son!
My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem!
Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well-advised.
Hier. Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more;
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.
Give me my son! you shall not ransom him!
Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth,
He diggeth with his dagger
And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me!
I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avengèd on you all for this.
King. What means this outrage?[2]
Will none of you restrain his fury?
Hier. Nay, soft and fair! you shall not need to strive.
Needs must he go that the devils drive. *Exit*
King. What accident hath happed Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him so.
Lor. My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,
Conceived of young Horatio his son
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.
King. Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't:
This is the love that fathers bear their sons.
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want;
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.
Lor. But if he be thus helplessly distract,
'T is requisite his office be resigned,
And given to one of more discretion.
King. We shall increase his melancholy so.
'T is best that we see further in it first,
Till when, ourself will execute[3] the place.
And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,
That we may have thy lord, the viceroy, here.
Amb. Therein your highness highly shall content
His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.
King. On, then, and hear you, lord ambassador—
Exeunt

[1] Somewhat implausibly, the King is unaware of Horatio's death.
[2] Outburst.
[3] (Collier). Q. *exempt.*

[Fourth Passage of Additions]

[SCENE XIIA]

[*Hieronimo's Garden*]

Enter Jaques and Pedro

Jaq. *I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus*
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.
Ped. *O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind*
Is much distraught, since his Horatio died,
And—now his agèd years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet—like a desperate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out, "Horatio, where is my Horatio?"
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
There is not left in him one inch of man.
See, where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo

Hier. *I pry through every crevice of each wall,*
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven,
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.—
How now, who's there? Spirits, spirits?
Ped. *We are your servants that attend you, sir.*
Hier. *What make you with your torches in the dark?*
Ped. *You bid us light them, and attend you here.*
Hier. *No, no, you are deceived! not I;—you are deceived!*

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
Whenas[1] *the sun-god rides in all his glory;*
Light me your torches then.
Ped. *Then we burn daylight.*[2] 30
Hier. *Let it be burnt; Night is a murderous slut.*
That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-faced Hecate[3] *there, the moon,*
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets[4] *on her sleeve, pins on her train;*
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.
Ped. *Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words;*
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries 40
And sorrow makes you speak you know not what.
Hier. *Villain, thou liest! and thou doest nought*
But tell me I am mad. Thou liest, I am not mad!
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night when my Horatio
Was murdered? She should have shone: search thou the book.
Had the moon shone, in my boy's face there was a kind of grace,
That I know—nay, I do know—had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen and cut the earth, 50
Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

Enter Isabella

Isab. *Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;*
O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.
Hier. *Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;*
I do not cry: ask Pedro, and ask Jaques;
Not I, indeed; we are very merry, very merry.
Isab. *How? be merry here, be merry here?*
Is not this the place, and this the very tree, 60
Where my Horatio died, where he was murderèd?
Hier. *Was—do not say what; let her weep it out.*

[1] When.
[2] Proverbial for waste time.
[3] Q. *Hee-cat.*
[4] Metal tags of lace.

This was the tree: I set it of a kernel;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,
Till at the length
It grew a gallows, and did bear our son; 70
It bore thy fruit and mine—O wicked, wicked plant!

One knocks within at the door

See who knocks there.
Ped. *It is a painter, sir.*
Hier. *Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,*
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in!—One knows not what may chance:
God's will that I should set this tree!—but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from naught,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the Painter

Paint. *God bless you, sir.*
Hier. *Wherefore? Why, thou scornful villain?* 80
How, where, or by what means should I be blessed?
Isab. *What wouldst thou have, good fellow?*
Paint. *Justice, madam.*
Hier. *O ambitious beggar!*
Wouldst thou have that that lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelvèd mines[1] *cannot buy*
An ounce of justice!
'T is a jewel so inestimable. I tell thee,
God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.
Paint. *O, then I see*
That God must right me for my murdered son. 90
Hier. *How, was thy son murdered?*
Paint. *Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.*
Hier. *What, not as thine? That's a lie,*
As massy[2] *as the earth. I had a son*
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons: and he was murdered.
Paint. *Alas, sir, I had no more but he.*
Hier. *Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine*
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go, 100
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,

[1] Possibly min-ès. [2] Heavy.

Like to two lions reaved[1] *of their young.*
Go in a-doors, I say.
Exeunt. The painter and he sits down
Come, let's talk wisely now.
Was thy son murdered?
Paint. *Ay, sir.*
Hier. *So was mine.*
How dost take it? Art thou not sometimes mad?
Is there no tricks[2] *that comes before thine eyes?*
Paint. *O Lord, yes, sir.*
Hier. *Art a painter? Canst paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan, or a sigh? Canst paint me such a tree*[3] *as this?*
Paint. *Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting: my name's Bazardo.*
Hier. *Bazardo! Afore God, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir, do you see? I'd have you paint me [for] my gallery, in your oil-colors matted,*[4] *and draw me five years younger than I am—do ye see, sir, let five years go; let them go like the marshal of Spain—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this or some such-like purpose: "God bless thee, my sweet son," and my hand leaning upon his head, thus, sir. Do you see? May it be done?*
Paint. *Very well, sir.*
Hier. *Nay, I pray, mark me, sir. Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry?*
Paint. *Seemingly, sir.*
Hier. *Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?*
Paint. *I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.*
Hier. *O, let them be worse, worse! Stretch thine art, and let their beards be of Judas his*[5] *own color; and let their eye-brows jutty over: in any case observe that. Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up, thus:—and with these words:*
"What noise is this? Who calls Hieronimo?" May it be done?
Paint. *Yea, sir.*
Hier. *Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring,*[1] *and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice*[2] *to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may [show] a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying, "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invocate heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance—and so forth.*
Paint. *And is this the end?*
Hier. *O no, there is no end; the end is death and madness! As I am never better than when I am mad; then methinks I am a brave fellow, then I do wonders; but reason abuseth me, and there's the torment, there's the hell. At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers; were he as strong as Hector, thus would I tear and drag him up and down.*
He beats the painter in, then comes out again, with a book in his hand

[SCENE XIII]

[*Hieronimo's house*]

Enter HIERONIMO, *with a book in his hand*

[*Hier.*] *Vindicta mihi!*[3]
Ay, heaven will be revenged of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will;
For mortal men may not appoint their time!
Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.[4]
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee;
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution.
For he that thinks with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.—
Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem;
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.[5]

[1] (Be-)reaved.
[2] Illusory appearances. (*NED*).
[3] Q. 1602, *A teare.*
[4] Dulled.
[5] Judas's. The color was red.

[1] Ticking.
[2] In an instant.
[3] Vengeance is mine.
[4] The safe way to further crimes is always through crime.
[5] Translated in the following lines.

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be;
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assurèd of a tomb;
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be:
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And to conclude, I will revenge his death! 20
But how? Not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,[1]
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kindship[2] will be cloakèd best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely and safely fitting things to time.
But in extremes advantage hath no time;
And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness, 30
Not seeming that I know their villainies,
That my simplicity may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip;
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.[3]
Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue 40
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know when, where, and how. *A noise within*
How now, what noise? What coil[4] is that you keep?

Enter a Servant

Serv. Here are a sort[5] of poor petitioners
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases to the king.
Hier. That I should plead their several actions?
Why, let them enter, and let me see them. 50

Enter three Citizens *and an* Old Man

1 *Cit.* So, I tell you this: for learning and for law,
There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain
That he will, in pursuit of equity.

[1] Not with open (hence avoidable), but with secret (hence inevitable) injuries.
[2] Kindness.
[3] Is a futile remedy for ills.
[4] Commotion.
[5] Squad, crew. (Contemptuous).

Hier. Come near, you men, that thus importune me.—
[*Aside*] Now must I bear a face of gravity;
For thus I used, before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as corregidor.[1]—
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?
2 *Cit.* Sir, an action.
Hier. Of battery?
1 *Cit.* Mine of debt.
Hier. Give place.
2 *Cit.* No, sir, mine is an action of the case.[2]
3 *Cit.* Mine an *ejectione firmae*[3] by a lease. 62
Hier. Content you, sirs; are you determinèd
That I should plead your several actions?
1 *Cit.* Ay, sir, and here 's my declaration.
2 *Cit.* And here is my band.
3 *Cit.* And here is my lease.
They give him papers
Hier. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreared?
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.
Senex. O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known, 70
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.
Hier. Say, father, tell me, what's thy suit?
Senex. No, sir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.
Hier. What's here? "The humble supplication
Of Don Bazulto for his murdered son."
Senex. Ay, sir.
Hier. No, sir, it was my murdered son.
O my son, my son, O my son Horatio! 81
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in my mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self.
He draweth out a bloody napkin
O no, not this; Horatio, this was thine;
And when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revengèd I should be.

[1] Strictly, a magistrate; here, an advocate.
[2] "An action for redress of wrongs not specially provided against by law, in which the whole cause of complaint was set out in the writ."
[3] A writ to eject a tenant from his holding.

But here, take this, and this—what, my purse?—
Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremities.
1 *Cit.* O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!
2 *Cit.* This gentleness shows him a gentleman.
Hier. See, see, O see thy shame, Hieronimo!
See here a loving father to his son!
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
That he delivereth for his son's decease!
If love's effects so strives in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express such power in poor estates,
Hieronimo, when, as a raging sea,
Tossed with the wind and tide, o'erturnest thou[1]
The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labor in the deep,
Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
Getting by force, as once Alcides did,
A troop of Furies and tormenting hags
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit.
Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
And if thou canst[2] no notes upon the harp,
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief,
Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murderèd my son.
Then will I rent[3] and tear them, thus, and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.
Tears the papers
1 *Cit.* O sir, my declaration!
Exit HIERONIMO, *and they after*
2 *Cit.* Save my bond!

Enter HIERONIMO

2 *Cit.* Save my bond!
3 *Cit.* Alas, my lease! it cost me ten pound, and you, my lord, have torn the same.
Hier. That cannot be, I gave it never a wound.
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same!
How is it possible I should slay it, then?
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.
Exeunt all but the Old Man, BAZULTO. *He remains till* HIERONIMO *enters again, who, staring him in the face, speaks*
Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unrevenged,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimmed with over-long laments?
Go back, my son, complain to Æacus,
For here's no justice; gentle boy, begone,
For justice is exilèd from the earth.
Hieronimo will bear thee company.
Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth
For just revenge against the murderers.
Senex. Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?
Hier. But let me look on my Horatio.
Sweet boy, how art thou changed in death's black shade!
Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffered thy fair crimson-colored spring
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art older than thy father.
Ah, ruthless fate,[1] that favor[2] thus transforms!
Baz. Ah, my good lord, I am not your young son.
Hier. What, not my son? Thou then a Fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.
Baz. I am a grievèd man, and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murdered son.
Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou namest thy son.
Thou art the lively image of my grief;
Within thy face my sorrows I may see.
Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes;
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel.

[1] The simplest of several emendations of lines 102–3. Q. *Then.*
[2] Knowest.
[3] Rend.

[1] Emended by Dodsley. Qq. *Father.*
[2] Appearance.

Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me, shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and she will sing a song, 171
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed.—
Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. *Exeunt*

[SCENE XIV]

[*The Court of Spain*]

Enter KING OF SPAIN, *the* DUKE, VICEROY, *and* LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, DON PEDRO, *and* BEL-IMPERIA

King. Go, brother, it is the Duke of Castile's cause;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.
Cast. I go.
Vic. Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.
Ped. It shall be so.
King. And now to meet these Portuguese:
For as we now are, sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
And welcome, all his honorable train!
'T is not unknown to us for why you come, 10
Or have so kingly crossed the seas:
Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us.
So is it that mine honorable niece
—For it beseems us now that it be known—
Already is betrothed to Balthazar;
And by appointment and our condescent[1]
To-morrow are they to be marrièd.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace. 20
Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If ay, say so; if not, say flatly no.
Vic. Renowmèd King, I come not, as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, unresolvèd men,
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.
Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy belovèd niece,
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar,—
With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see, 30
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.

[1] Consent, a legal word.

King. See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend with thine extremities;[1]
A place more private fits this princely mood.
Vic. Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.
Exeunt all but CASTILE *and* LORENZO
Cast. Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you. 40
See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?
Lor. I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.
Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is?
Lor. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth love,
And to confirm their promised marriage.
Cast. She is thy sister?
Lor. Who, Bel-imperia? Ay,
My gracious lord, and this is the day,
That I have longed so happily to see.
Cast. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine
Should intercept her in her happiness? 50
Lor. Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.
Cast. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his suit.
Lor. That I, my lord——?
Cast. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When, to my sorrow, I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou art my son. 60
Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common love
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts within the court of Spain?
Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honor were 't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were 't among the kings
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee! 70
Tell me—and look thou tell me truly too—
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?
Lor. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues.
A small advantage makes a water-breach,

[1] Unrestrained emotion.

And no man lives that long contenteth all.
Cast. Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the king.
Lor. Yourself, my lord, hath seen his passions,
That ill beseemed the presence of a king; 80
And, for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words
As free from malice to Hieronimo
As to my soul, my lord.
Cast. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.
Lor. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
But what 's a silly man, distract in mind
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas! how easy is it for him to err!
But for his satisfaction and the world's, 90
'T were good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconciled, if he misconster[1] me.
Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter Balthazar *and* Bel-imperia

Bal. Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heaven hath ordained thee to be mine:
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies. 100
Bel. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.
Bal. New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.
Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my lord my father.
Bal. Truce, my love;
I will go salute him.
Cast. Welcome, Balthazar,
Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace!
And welcome, Bel-imperia!—How now, girl?
Why comest thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied: 110
It is not now as when Andrea lived;
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art gracèd with a happier love.—

[1] Misunderstand.

But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo;
I'll have a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo *and a* Servant

Hier. And where's the duke?
Serv. Yonder.
Hier. Even so.—
What new device have they devisèd, trow?[1]
Pocas palabras! [2] mild as the lamb!
Is 't I will be revenged? No, I am not the man.
Cast. Welcome, Hieronimo. 120
Lor. Welcome, Hieronimo.
Bal. Welcome, Hieronimo.
Hier. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.
Cast. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.
Hier. What, so short?
Then I'll be gone, I thank you for 't.
Cast. Nay, stay, Hieronimo!—go call him, son.
Lor. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.
Hier. With me, sir? Why, my lord, I thought you had done.
Lor. No; [*Aside*] would he had!
Cast. Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrievèd at my son, 131
Because you have not access unto the king;
And say 't is he that intercepts your suits.
Hier. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?
Cast. Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loath that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.
Hier. Your son Lorenzo! Whom, my noble lord?
The hope of Spain, mine honorable friend? 140
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare.
Draws out his sword
I'll meet him face to face. To tell me so!
These be the scandalous reports of such
As love not me, and hate my lord too much.
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent
Or cross my suit, that loved my son so well?
My lord, I am ashamed it should be said.
Lor. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.
Hier. My good lord, I know you did not.
Cast. There then pause;
And for the satisfaction of the world, 150
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;

[1] "Do you suppose?"
[2] Spanish, "Few words!"; a stock phrase.

And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it;
But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.
Hier. Ay, marry, my lord, and shall.
Friends, quoth he? See, I'll be friends with you all:
Especially with you, my lovely lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us
That we be friends: the world is suspicious, 160
And men may think what we imagine not.
Bal. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.
Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot—
Hier. What else? It were a shame it should not be so.
Cast. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request;
Let us entreat your company to-day. *Exeunt*
Hier. Your lordship's to command.—Pah! keep your way.
Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,
Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.[1] *Exit*

[SCENE XV]

Enter GHOST *and* REVENGE [*as* CHORUS]

Ghost. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine!
To combat, Acheron and Erebus!
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,[2]
O'er[3]-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees.[4]
Revenge, awake!
Revenge. Awake? For why?
Ghost. Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advised
To sleep away what thou art warned to watch![5]
Revenge. Content thyself, and do not trouble me. 10
Ghost. Awake, Revenge, if love—as love hath had—
Have yet the power or prevalence in hell!
Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league,
And intercepts our passage to revenge.
Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone!
Revenge. Thus worldlings ground,[6] what they have dreamed, upon.
Content thyself, Andrea; though I sleep,
Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.
Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo
Cannot forget his son Horatio. 20
Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile;
For in unquiet, quietness is feigned,
And slumbering is a common worldly wile.
Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou
What 't is to be subject to destiny.

Enter a Dumb-Show

Ghost. Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.
Revenge. The two first the nuptial torches bore
As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun;
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast, 30
Clothèd in sable and a saffron robe,
And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.
Ghost. Sufficeth me; thy meaning 's understood,
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers
That will not tolerate a lover's woe.
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.
Revenge. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUARTUS [SCENE I]

[*The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

Enter BEL-IMPERIA *and* HIERONIMO

Bel. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeits?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
O unkind father! O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself,
With what [base subterfuges clear thyself,][1]
From this dishonor and the hate of men, 10
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him
Whom both my letters and thine own belief
Assures thee to be causeless slaughterèd?
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo!
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son.
Unhappy mothers of such children then!
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon

[1] He who caresses me more than is his wont has betrayed me or hopes to betray me. (Italian).
[2] Schick's emendation. Qq. *in hell*, end of l. 3.
[3] Schick's emendation. Qq. *Nor*.
[4] Qq. *see*.
[5] Boas' emendation of the line. The meaning requires that *what* be interpreted "the time during which."
[6] Build (upon).

[1] Corrupt. Q. *dishonour and the hate of men.* Qq. Repeated by anticipation from the next line.

The death of those whom they with care and cost
Have tendered so, thus careless should be lost.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee, 21
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake;
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.
Hier. But may it be that Bel-imperia 30
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned to say?
Why, then I see that heaven applies our drift,[1]
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursèd murderers.
Madam, 't is true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care[2] in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean 40
To let his death be unrevenged at full.
And here I vow—so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution—
I will ere long determine of their deaths
That causeless thus have murderèd my son.
Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And aught that may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.
Hier. On, then, whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace my practices, 50
For-why[3] the plot 's already in mine head.
Here they are.

Enter BALTHAZAR *and* LORENZO

Bal. How now, Hieronimo?
What, courting Bel-imperia?
Hier. Ay, my lord;
Such courting as, I promise you,
She hath my heart, but you, my lord, have hers.
Lor. But now, Hieronimo, or never, we
Are to entreat your help.
Hier. My help?
Why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have given me cause,—ay, by my faith have you!
Bal. It pleased you, at the entertainment of the ambassador, 60

[1] Furthers our intention.
[2] Undue caution.
[3] Because.

To grace the king so much as with a show.
Now, were your study so well furnishèd,
As, for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,[1]
Assure yourself, it would content them well.
Hier. Is this all?
Bal. Ay, this is all.
Hier. Why then, I'll fit you; say no more.
When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry; 70
Which though it profit the professor[2] naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.
Lor. And how for that?
Hier. Marry, my good lord, thus:
—And yet methinks you are too quick with us—
When in Toledo there I studièd,
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
—See here, my lords— *He shows them a book*
Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your lordships favor me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it— 80
I mean each one of you to play a part—
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible[3] to that assembly.
Bal. What, would you have us play a tragedy?
Hier. Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays.
Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The prince but asked a question.
Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest,
I'll make one.
Lor. And I another. 91
Hier. Now, my good lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bel-imperia to make one?
For what 's a play without a woman in it?
Bel. Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;
For I must needs be employèd in your play.
Hier. Why, this is well. I tell you, lordings,
It was determinèd to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too,
Such as could tell what to speak.
Bal. And now 100
It shall be played by princes and courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak,—

[1] Puppet-show.
[2] Practitioner.
[3] Worthy of applause.

If, as it is our country manner,[1]
You will but let us know the argument.
Hier. That shall I roundly.[2] The chronicles of Spain
Record this written of a knight of Rhodes:
He was betrothed, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman, 110
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws,[3] whom he held full dear.
Her had this bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by treachery he slew.
She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew Soliman, 121
And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself: and this the tragedy.
Lor. O excellent!
Bel. But say, Hieronimo,
What then became of him that was the bashaw?
Hier. Marry, thus: moved with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself.
Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?
Hier. O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it.
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you; 130
For I already have conceited[4] that.
Bal. And what shall I?
Hier. Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor.
Lor. And I?
Hier. Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.
Bel. And I?
Hier. Perseda, chaste and resolute.
And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it, as occasion 's offered you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio and a falchion; 140
Gives a paper to BALTHAZAR
You with a cross, like to a knight of Rhodes;
Gives another to LORENZO

[1] Needless to say, the reference is to English, not Portuguese custom.
[2] Thoroughly.
[3] Pashas.
[4] Thought out that part.

And, madam, you must attire yourself
He giveth BEL-IMPERIA *another*
Like Phoebe, Flora, or the huntress,[1]
Which to your discretion shall seem best.
And as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
And, with the ransom that the viceroy sent,
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
As all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.
Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better. 150
Hier. A comedy?
Fie! comedies are fit for common wits;
But to present a kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written tragedy;
Tragedia cothurnata,[2] fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation 160
They would perform anything in action.
Lor. And well it may; for I have seen the like
In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.
Hier. In Paris? mass! and well rememberèd!
There 's one thing more that rests for us to do.
Bal. What 's that, Hieronimo? Forget not anything.
Hier. Each one of us
Must act his part in unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety:
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek, 170
You in Italian; and for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practisèd the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.
Bel. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?
Bal. But this will be a mere confusion
And hardly shall we all be understood.
Hier. It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the intention and all was good;
And I myself in an oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides, 180
That I will have there behind a curtain,[3]
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known;
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there 's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.
Bal. How like you this?

[1] Possibly trisyllabic.
[2] Stately tragedy.
[3] A temporary curtain hung up like an arras, possibly on a frame.

Lor. Why, thus my lord:
We must resolve to soothe his humors up.[1]
Bal. On then, Hieronimo; farewell till soon.
Hier. You'll ply this gear?
Lor. I warrant you.
Exeunt all but HIERONIMO
Hier. Why so:
Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion. 190
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. *Exit*

[SCENE II]

[*Hieronimo's Garden*]

Enter ISABELLA *with a weapon*

Isab. Tell me no more!—O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety or pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my belovèd son.
She cuts down the arbor
Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine!
Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung!
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree, 10
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden-plot,—
Accursèd complot[2] of my misery!
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever
Imagines not to keep it unmanured![3]
An eastern wind, commixed with noisome airs,
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
The earth with serpents shall be pesterèd,
And passengers,[4] for fear to be infect, 20
Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell:
"There, murdered, died the son of Isabel."
Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace:
See, where his ghost solicits with his wounds
Revenge on her that should revenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;
For sorrow and despair hath cited me
To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth.
Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excused[5]
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths 30

[1] Humor him.
[2] Accomplice, for the pun. (Neilson).
[3] Uncultivated.
[4] Travelers.
[5] Make excuses for.

Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.
Ah, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me—to no end!
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be cursèd for his sake;
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck.
She stabs herself

[SCENE III]

[*The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

Enter HIERONIMO; *he knocks up*[1] *the curtain*

Enter the DUKE OF CASTILE

Cast. How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows,
That you take all this pain?
Hier. O sir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well.
But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace,
To give the king the copy of the play:
This is the argument of what we show.
Cast. I will, Hieronimo.
Hier. One thing more, my good lord.
Cast. What 's that?
Hier. Let me entreat your grace 10
That, when the train are passed into the gallery,
You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.
Cast. I will, Hieronimo. *Exit* CASTILE
Hier. What, are you ready, Balthazar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with a chair*

Well done, Balthazar! hang up the title:
Our scene is Rhodes. What, is your beard on?
Bal. Half on; the other is in my hand.
Hier. Despatch, for shame; are you so long?
Exit BALTHAZAR
Bethink thyself, Hieronimo, 20
Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs
Thou hast received by murder of thy son,
And lastly, not least! how Isabel,
Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself.
Behooves thee then, Hieronimo, to be revenged!
The plot is laid of dire revenge:

[1] Puts together, hammers up. See note on IV, i, 181.

On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge;
For nothing wants but acting of revenge!
Exit HIERONIMO

[SCENE IV]

[*The same*]

Enter SPANISH KING, VICEROY, *the* DUKE OF CASTILE, *and their train* [*to the gallery*][1]

King. Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Soliman, the Turkish emperor,
Performed of pleasure by your son the prince,
My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece?
Vic. Who? Bel-imperia?
King. Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal,
At whose request they deign to do 't themselves.
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper:[2]
This is the argument of that they show.
He giveth him a book
Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English, more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader.

Enter BALTHAZAR, BEL-IMPERIA, and HIERONIMO

Bal. *Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honor,*
And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophet!
And be thou graced with every excellence
That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less
Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant,
The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.
King. See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son,
That represents the emperor Soliman:
How well he acts his amorous passion!
Vic. Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.
Cast. That 's because his mind runs all on Bel-imperia.
Hier. *Whatever joy earth yields, betide your majesty.*
Bal. *Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.*
Hier. *Let then Perseda on your grace attend.*
Bal. *She shall not wait on me, but I on her:*
Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield.
But let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come forth,
Erasto, dearer than my life to me,
That he may see Perseda, my beloved.

Enter ERASTO

King. Here comes Lorenzo: look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?
Bel. *Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.*
Lor. *Thrice happy is Erasto that thou livest;*
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy;
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.
Bal. *Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erasto*
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.
Hier. *Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,*
And then Perseda will be quickly won.
Bal. *Erasto is my friend; and while he lives,*
Perseda never will remove her love.
Hier. *Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman.*
Bal. *Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.*
Hier. *But if he be your rival, let him die.*
Bal. *Why, let him die!—so love commandeth me.*
Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.
Hier. *Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,*
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldest be thus employed.
Stabs him
Bel. *Ay me!*
Erasto! See, Soliman, Erasto 's slain!
Bal. *Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.*
Fair queen of beauty, let not favor die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief
That with Perseda's beauty is increased,
If by Perseda his grief be not released.
Bel. *Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;*
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seized on my Erasto, harmless knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey;
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince:
Stabs him
And on herself she would be thus revenged.
Stabs herself
King. Well said!—Old marshal, this was bravely done!
Hier. But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well!
Vic. Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia,
You would be better to my son than so.
King. But now what follows for Hieronimo?

[1] Manly's addition. [2] Prompter.

Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue:
Haply you think—but bootless are your thoughts—
That this is fabulously counterfeit, 80
And that we do as all tragedians do,—
To die to-day, for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please to-morrow's audience.
No, princes; know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play. 89
I see, your looks urge instance of these words;
Behold the reason urging me to this!
Shows his dead son
See here my show, look on this spectacle!
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end;
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain;
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost;
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, failed, died, yea, all decayed with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murdered me that made these fatal marks. 100
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;
The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar;
The love, my son to Bel-imperia.
But night, the coverer of accursèd crimes,
With pitchy silence hushed these traitors' harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted[1] leisure
To take advantage in my garden-plot
Upon my son, my dear Horatio.
There merciless they butchered up my boy, 109
In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death.
He shrieks: I heard—and yet, methinks, I hear—
His dismal outcry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt[2] with wounds, and slaughtered as you see.
And grieved I, think you, at this spectacle?
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:
If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
'T is like I wailed for my Horatio.

[1] Chosen. [2] Pierced through.

And you, my lord, whose reconcilèd[1] son 120
Marched in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!"—
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipped
Within the river of his bleeding wounds:
It as propitious, see, I have reserved,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow 130
With these, O, these accursèd murderers:
Which now performed, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the bashaw I became
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life,
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently.
So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,
—That Soliman which Bel-imperia
In person of Perseda, murderèd— 140
Solely appointed to that tragic part
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bel-imperia missed her part in this:
For though the story saith she should have died,
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end;
But love of him whom they did hate too much
Did urge her resolution to be such.
And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this tragedy, 150
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before.
And, gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words: I have no more to say.
He runs to hang himself
King. O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!
Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!
Vic. We are betrayed; my Balthazar is slain!
Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.
They break in and hold Hieronimo
Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events; 160
Upon mine honor, thou shalt have no harm.
Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day have offered to my son.
Accursèd wretch!

[1] See III, xiv, 92. Here ironical.

Why stayest thou him that was resolved to
die?
King. Speak, traitor! damnèd, bloody mur-
derer, speak!
For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving[1] deed?
Vic. Why hast thou murderèd my Bal-
thazar?
Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my
children thus? 170
Hier. O, good words!
As dear to me was my Horatio
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revengèd thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet
avenged
With greater far than these afflictions.
Cast. But who were thy confederates in
this?
Vic. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain: 181
I saw her stab him.
King. Why speakest thou not?
Hier. What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? Then afford it me.
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.
King. Fetch forth the tortures! Traitor
as thou art,
I'll make thee tell.
Hier. Indeed,
Thou may'st torment me as his wretched son
Hath done in murdering my Horatio;
But never shalt thou force me to reveal 190
The thing which I have vowed inviolate.
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleased with their deaths, and eased with
their revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my
heart.

He bites out his tongue

[Fifth Passage of Additions, Replacing Lines 171–194]

Hier. *But are you sure they are dead?*
Cast. *Ay, slave,*[2] *too sure.*
Hier. *What, and yours too?*
Vic. *Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.*
Hier. *Nay, then I care not; come, and we
shall be friends;*
Let us lay our heads together:
See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all. 200

[1] Undeserved.
[2] Q. 1602, *slaine.*

Vic. *O damnèd devil, how secure*[1] *he is!*
Hier. *Secure? Why, dost thou wonder at it?*
I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,
Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.
Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heavens to go to, as those lives,
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.
Cast. *But who were thy confederates in this?*
Vic. *That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;* 211
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.
Hier. *O, good words!*
As dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revengèd thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged 220
With greater far than these afflictions.
Methinks, since I grew inward[2] *with revenge.*
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.
King. *What, dost thou mock us, slave?—
Bring tortures forth.*
Hier. *Do, do, do: and meantime I'll torture
you.*
You had a son, as I take it; and your son
Should ha' been married to your daughter:
Ha, was it not so?—You had a son too,
He was my liege's nephew; he was proud
And politic; had he lived, he might ha' come 230
To wear the crown of Spain; I think 't was so.
*'T was I that killed him; look you, this same
hand,*
*'T was it that stabbed his heart—do ye see? this
hand—*
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him: a youth.
One that they hanged up in his father's garden;
One that did force your valiant son to yield,
*While your more valiant son did take him
prisoner.*
Vic. *Be deaf, my senses; I can hear no more.*
King. *Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy
sad ruins.* 239
Cast. *Roll all the world within thy pitchy
cloud.*
Hier. *Now do I applaud what I have acted.*
Nunc iners cadat manus![3]
Now to express the rupture of my part,—
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

He bites out his tongue

[1] Satisfied.
[2] Intimate.
[3] Now let my hand fall idle.—Schick's emendation. Early Qq. *mors caede* or *mers cadae.*

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch!
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we required.
Cast. Yet can he write.
King. And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death 250
That ever was invented for a wretch.
Then he[1] *makes signs for a knife to mend his pen*
Cast. O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.
Vic. Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth.—
King. Look to my brother! save Hieronimo!
He[1] *with a knife stabs the* DUKE *and himself*
What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That Spain expected after my decease!
Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our belovèd brother's death,
That he may be entombed whate'er befall. 260
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.
Vic. And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmanned,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking[2] and untamèd gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar.
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale. 270
[*Exeunt*] *The trumpets sound a dead march; the* KING OF SPAIN *mourning after his brother's body, and the* KING OF PORTINGALE *bearing the body of his son*

[SCENE V]

Enter GHOST *and* REVENGE [*as* CHORUS]

Ghost. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his father's bower;
Vild[3] Serberine by Pedringano slain;
False Pedringano hanged by quaint device;

[1] Hieronimo.
[2] Clamorous.
[3] Vile.

Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabbed;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo;
My Bel-imperia fallen as Dido fell, 10
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul!
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may consort[1] my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still inured;[2]
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain; 20
I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys,
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess;
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, for thou must help, or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?
Rev. This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but Furies, bugs,[3] and tortures dwell.
Ghost. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest. 30
Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lover's endless pains surcease;
(Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease);
Hang Balthazar about Chimæra's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above;
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan; 40
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.
Rev. Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes:
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes;
For here though death hath end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless tragedy. *Exeunt*

[1] Spend my time with.
[2] Waged.
[3] Bugbears, frightful things.

ENDIMION,

The Man in the *Moone*.

Playd before the Queenes Maieſtie at Greenewich on Candlemas day at night, by the Chyldren of Paules.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. Charlewood, for the widdowe Broome.
1591.

Endymion, the most celebrated of the allegorical court plays of John Lyly, the Euphuist, was acted, as the title of the quarto of 1591 informs us, "before the Queen's Majesty at Greenwich on Candlemas day at night by the Children of Paul's." This was formerly interpreted to mean February 2, 1586; but Chambers declares "the only available Candlemas performance by the Paul's boys is that of 1588." The play was subsequently reprinted in *Six Court Comedies,* 1632, with Lyly's other dramas. The two texts differ very little. That of the quarto has here been substantially followed. That most of the plays of Lyly were characterized by a more or less definite allusiveness, generally in form of allegory, to passing events political and at court, seems hardly questionable. Cynthia, in this play, certainly stands for Queen Elizabeth. Tellus has been thought to be Queen Mary, Elizabeth's rival for the throne, whilst Endymion has been interpreted King James, dependent for his hoped for succession to the English throne on the favor of Cynthia. But this, which is only one of several interpretations, has been questioned, and Chambers remarks that had Lyly "meant half of what they [the critics] suggest, he would have ruined his career at the outset." As in the case of *The Faery Queen,* its contemporary, it is possible to read this play with pleasure in oblivion of all ulterior motives and allegories. The staging of *Endymion* offers difficulties, unless we accept the mediæval principle of simultaneous scene as still ruling court productions. The main action takes place in an open space near the Palace of Cynthia, modern editors' Gardens of the Palace; but near this is the "lunary bank" on which Endymion falls asleep, and this is situated in "a grove." Besides this, there is a desert in which lie Corsites' castle and a fountain, whilst a "cabin" and an aspen tree, into which one of the characters is transformed, likewise figured as properties at least. Clearly all could be accomplished on a stage set with Garden, Grove, Lunary Bank, Castle, Fountain, each in its place, the action passing from one to the other.

Lyly, born in 1554, was ten years Shakespeare's senior and he died in 1606, just ten years before Shakespeare. His eight court plays lie in point of date between 1584, when *Campaspe* was acted, and *The Woman in the Moon,* at latest 1595. All of his plays were intended for court performance. All save this last, which is in verse, were written more or less in the elegant prose to which Lyly's own fiction had given vogue and which is called, from his novel, Euphuism. With the appearance of plays like Dekker's *Old Fortunatus* and Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream,* Lyly was out of date.

The most recent complete edition of the works of Lyly is that of R. W. Bond, 3 vols., 1902.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY[1]

ENDYMION, *in love with Cynthia*
EUMENIDES, *his friend, in love with Semele*
TELLUS, *a Lady, in love with Endymion*
FLOSCULA, *friend of both*
SAMIAS, DARES, EPITON — *Pages respectively to Endymion, Eumenides, and Sir Thopas*
SIR THOPAS, *a Martialist*
DIPSAS, *an old Enchantress*
SCINTILLA, FAVILLA — *Maids, friends of the Pages*
BAGOA, *Servant to Dipsas*

CYNTHIA, *Ruler of the Land*
SEMELE, *a Lady beloved of Eumenidés*
CORSITES, *a Captain, in love with Tellus*
PANELION, ZONTES — *Lords in Cynthia's Court*
GERON, *an old man, husband to Dipsas*
MASTER CONSTABLE, *and two of the Watch*
PYTHAGORAS, *a Greek Philosopher*
GYPTES, *an Egyptian Soothsayer*

Fairies, Three Ladies and an Ancient Man in the Dumb Show

SCENE: The Gardens of Cynthia's Palace, a Grove with a bank of Lunary, a Castle in a desert place.]

[1] Where not in the original edition given in the order of their entrance.

THE PROLOGUE

Most high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon;[1] which, if it seem ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse—it is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of Chimæra because it was a fiction; we hope in our times none will apply pastimes,[2] because they are fancies; for there liveth none under the sun that know what to make of the Man in the Moon. We present neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor anything but that whosoever heareth may say this: Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

[1] A fable.
[2] Apply fiction to actual happenings.

ENDYMION, THE MAN IN THE MOON

John Lyly

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*Gardens of Cynthia's Palace*]

Endymion, Eumenides

End. I find, Eumenides, in all things both variety to content, and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections, which are so staid, and withal so stately, that I can neither satisfy my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou mayest imagine how much higher they are than I can reach. 10

Eum. If you be enamored of anything above the moon, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that[1] things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these transitory things under the moon, you show yourself senseless to attribute such lofty titles to such low trifles.

End. My love is placed neither under the moon nor above.

Eum. I hope you be not sotted[2] upon 20 the Man in the Moon.

End. No; but settled either to die or possess the moon herself.

Eum. Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love the moon, Endymion?

End. Eumenides, the moon.

Eum. There was never any so peevish[3] to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humor, 30 which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which continueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring. Cease of, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged which draweth you to a dotage no less miserable than monstrous.

End. My thoughts have no veins, and yet unless they be let blood, I shall perish. 40

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

End. O, fair Cynthia, why do others term thee unconstant whom I have ever found unmovable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened her with the name of wavering, waxing, and waning! Is she inconstant that keepeth a settled course; 50 which, since her first creation, altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing; and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit; and shall we then say they 60 be changeable for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? Then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fulness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honored. When 70 malice cannot object anything, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted), being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that having a mistress of ripe years and infinite virtues, great honors and unspeakable beauty, but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years, 80 and never-decaying beauty by time; whose fair face neither the summer's blaze can scorch, nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colors? Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine, nor will

[1] Because. [2] Besotted. [3] Foolish.

offend because she is delicate. O Cynthia, if thou shouldst always continue at thy fulness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it sufficient if once in a month we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty; and then, to increase our griefs, thou dost decrease thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou dazzlest our eyes, down into thy swathe clouts,[1] beguiling our eyes; and then—

Eum. Stay there, Endymion; thou that committest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou be suffered. Sleep would do thee more good than speech: the moon heareth thee not, or if she do, regardeth thee not.

End. Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow higher than the crown of thy head! Why troublest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thine own fortunes, which creep on the earth, and suffer me to fly to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell. [*Exit*]

Eum. Without doubt Endymion is bewitched; otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there could not harbor a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him, lest in this fancy of the moon he deprive himself of the sight of the sun. *Exit*

SCENA SECUNDA

[*The Same*]

[*Enter*] TELLUS *and* FLOSCULA

Tell. Treacherous and most perjured Endymion, is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, if falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate? As long as sword, fire, or poison may be hired, no traitor to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin whose simplicity had been worth thy favor and better fortune? If the gods sit unequal[1] beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well forgiven in women as perjury winked at in men.

Flos. Madam, if you would compare the state of Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his[2] thoughts with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than contend, being between you and her no comparison; and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

Tell. No comparison, Floscula? And why so? Is not my beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits; whose ears are corn, to bring strength; and whose hairs are grass, to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou, nor Endymion, nor any, could love or live.

Flos. But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain, were it not Cynthia that preserveth the one in the bud and nourisheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures: suffer, then, Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his own imaginations, because they are immortal.

Tell. Loath I am, Endymion, thou shouldst die, because I love thee well; and that thou shouldst live, it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these extremities, what shall I do? Floscula, no more words; I am resolved. He shall neither live nor die.

Flos. A strange practice,[3] if it be possible.

Tell. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means to come out, nor desire it. All

[1] Swaddling-clothes.

[1] Prejudiced.

[2] A common misconception of the origin of the possessive.

[3] Plot.

allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, insomuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia, and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing, between my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolute thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick a skin, that neither hope of preferment, nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest, nor company of the worthiest, shall alter his humor, nor make him once to think of his honor.

Flos. A revenge incredible, and if it may be, unnatural.

Tell. He shall know the malice of a woman to have neither mean nor end; and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it; I must; I will! All his virtues will I shadow with vices; his person (ah, sweet person!) shall he deck with such rich robes as[1] he shall forget it is his own person; his sharp wit (ah, wit too sharp that hath cut off all my joys!) shall he use in flattering of my face and devising sonnets in my favor. The prime of his youth and pride of his time shall be spent in melancholy passions, careless behavior, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Flos. When this is done, what then? Shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote forever in this delight?

Tell. Ah, Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flos. Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

Tell. Yet suffer me to imitate Juno, who would turn Jupiter's lovers to beasts on the earth, though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

Flos. Affection that is bred by enchantment is like a flower that is wrought in silk,—in color and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savor.

Tell. It shall suffice me if the world talk that I am favored of Endymion.

Flos. Well, use your own will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft is as unpleasant as fish taken with medicines unwholesome.

[1] That.

Tell. Floscula, they that be so poor that they have neither net nor hook will rather poison dough[1] than pine with hunger; and she that is so oppressed with love that she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her friend, will rather use unlawful means than try intolerable pains. I will do it. *Exit*

Flos. Then about it. Poor Endymion, what traps are laid for thee because thou honorest one that all the world wondereth at! And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate that studiest of all men to be the faithfulest! *Exit*

SCENA TERTIA

[*The Same*]

[*Enter* DARES *and* SAMIAS]

Dar. Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what have we to do but to be in knavery up to the crowns?

Sam. O, that we had Sir Tophas, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth,—*et ecce autem,* "Will you see the Devil,"—

Enter Sir TOPHAS [*and* EPITON]

Top. Epi.

Epi. Here, sir.

Top. I brook not this idle humor of love; it tickleth not my liver, from whence the love-mongers in former age seemed to infer it should proceed.

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs; and I think it doth, and that is the cause you blow and are so pursy.

Top. Tush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epi. A poet; what's that?

Top. Dost thou not know what a poet is?

Epi. No.

Top. Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say—a poet. [*Seeing* DARES *and* SAMIAS] But soft, yonder be two wrens; shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads.

Top. Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

Epi. Larks! Are you blind? They are two little boys.

[1] Used as bait.

Top. Birds or boys, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast; therefore have at them, for their brains must as it were embroider my bolts.[1]

Sam. Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

Dar. Why, Sir Tophas, have you forgotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? *Nego argumentum.*

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Because *amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares.* Now, my pretty companions, you shall see how unequal you be to me; but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my half friends for reaching to my middle; so far as from the ground to the waist I will be your friend.

Dar. Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the crown?

Top. My children, *quod supra vos nihil ad vos;* you must think the rest immortal, because you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell ye my master is more than a man.

Dar. And thou less than a mouse.

Top. But what be you two?

Sam. I am Samias, page to Eumenides.

Dar. And I Dares, page to Endymion.

Top. Of what occupation are your masters?

Dar. Occupation, you clown! Why, they are honorable and warriors.

Top. Then are they my prentices.

Dar. Thine! And why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself given me for my arms a whole armory; and thus I go, as you see, clothed with artillery. It is not silks, milksops, nor tissues, nor the fine wool of Seres,[2] but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamor, blood, and ruin, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

Dar. Why so?

Top. Commonly my words wound.

Sam. What then do your blows?

Top. Not only [wound,][3] but also confound.

Sam. How darest thou come so near thy master, Epi? Sir Tophas, spare us.

[1] Blunt arrows. [2] China silk.
[3] Old edd. *confound.*

Top. You shall live:—you, Samias, because you are little; you, Dares, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon.

Sam. May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

Top. You shall. Here is a bird-bolt for the ugly beast the blackbird.

Dar. A cruel sight.

Top. Here is the musket for the untamed, or, as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mallard.[1]

Sam. O desperate attempt!

Epi. Nay, my master will match them.

Dar. Ay, if he catch them.

Top. Here is a spear and shield, and both necessary, the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him.

Sam. O wonderful war! [*aside*] Dares, didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

Dar. [*aside*] All the better; we shall have good sport hereafter, if we can get leisure.

Sam [*aside*] Leisure! I will rather lose my master's service than his company! Look how he struts. [*To* Sir Tophas] But what is this? Call you it your sword?

Top. No, it is my simitar; which I, by construction often studying to be compendious, call my smiter.

Dar. What, are you also learned, sir?

Top. Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

Sam. Nay, you are all mass and ass.

Top. Mock you me? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons as you shall make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump; is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass; is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

Sam. I pray, sir, hear us speak! We call you mass, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for *mas maris* is a man. Then *as* (as you know) is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a weight.

Top. The Latin hath saved your lives, the which a world of silver could not have

[1] Drake.

ransomed. I understand you, and pardon you.

Dar. Well, Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell, and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service.

Top. Samias, I thank you: Dares, I thank you: but especially I thank you 140 both.

Sam. [*aside*] Wisely. Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will be very dainty.

Dar. Come, let us see what our masters do; it is high time.

Exeunt [SAMIAS *and* DARES]

Top. Now will I march into the field, where, if I cannot encounter with my foul enemies, I will withdraw myself to the 150 river, and there fortify for fish, for there resteth no minute free from fight.

Exeunt [Sir TOPHAS *and* EPITON]

SCENA QUARTA

[*The Same*]

[*Enter, at one side,*] TELLUS, FLOSCULA, [*at the other*] DIPSAS

Tell. Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

Flos. Use your discretion; I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither 10 do I imagine anything more impossible.

Tell. Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion, what impieties will I not practise? Dipsas, whom as many honor for age as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to 20 stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets, or any practice, to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

Dip. Fair lady, you may imagine that these hoary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause. I can darken the sun by my skill and remove the 30 moon out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged and make hills without bottoms; there is nothing that I cannot do but that only which you would have me do: and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with 40 superstitious heats and extreme love.

Tell. Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art!

Dip. This I can: breed slackness in love, though never root it out. What is he whom you love, and what she that he honoreth?

Tell. Endymion, sweet Endymion is he that hath my heart; and Cynthia,—too, 50 too fair Cynthia,—the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the lady that he delights in, and dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

Dip. Would you have his love either by absence or sickness aslaked?[1] Would you that Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous of him without color?[2]

Tell. It is the only thing I crave, that, seeing my love to Endymion, unspotted, 60 cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia, though it be unspeakable, may be suspected.

Dip. I will undertake it, and overtake[3] him, that[4] all his love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate: but this will wear out with time that treadeth all things down but truth.

Tell. Let us go.

Dip. I follow. *Exeunt*

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*Gardens of the Palace*]

[*Enter* ENDYMION]

End. O fair Cynthia! O unfortunate Endymion! Why was not thy birth as high

[1] Abated. [2] Pretext. [3] Overcome. [4] So that.

as thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly; or why are not thine honors as rare as her beauty, or thy fortunes as great as thy deserts? Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? Will labors, patient of all extremities, obtain thy love? There is no mountain so steep that I will not climb, no monster so cruel that I will not tame, no action so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not-to-be-expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Wouldst thou have me vowed only to thy beauty and consume every minute of time in thy service? Remember my solitary life almost these seven years. Whom have I entertained but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wondered at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, only because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries been sweet to me, if thou vouchsafedst I should bear them? Have I not spent my golden years in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloak for mine affections, that others, seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might think it were for one that loveth me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection alloweth no companion nor comparison. In the midst of these distempered thoughts of mine thou art not only jealous of my truth, but careless, suspicious, and secure; which strange humor maketh my mind as desperate as thy conceits are doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish (thy fish,[1] Cynthia, in the flood Araris) which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, and at thy waning as black as deepest darkness. I am that Endymion, sweet Cynthia, that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagining ill as enterprising; that Endymion whose eyes never esteemed anything fair but thy face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous but thy government; yea, that Endymion, who, divorcing himself from the amiableness of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary cell to live, only by feeding on thy favor, accounting in the world—but thyself—nothing excellent, nothing immortal: thus mayest thou see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of my love, in which there is no flattery, nor deceit, error, nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I must turn my other face to her, like Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno.

Enter TELLUS, [FLOSCULA, *and* DIPSAS]

Tell. Yonder I espy Endymion. I will seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him, that seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I may learn the height of his dissembling. Floscula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our saluting. How now, Endymion, always solitary? No company but your own thoughts, no friend but melancholy fancies?

End. You know, fair Tellus, that the sweet remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence, my paradise; so that I am not alone when nobody is with me, and in heaven itself when thou art with me.

Tell. Then you love me, Endymion?

End. Or else I live not, Tellus.

Tell. Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?

End. Not, Tellus, unless I could make me a woman.

Tell. Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparable, as heat to fire, heaviness to earth, moisture to water, thinness to air?

End. No, but found in their sex as common as spots upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.

Tell. Do they all dissemble?

End. All but one.

Tell. Who is that?

End. I dare not tell; for if I should say you, then would you imagine my flattery to

[1] Called *scolopidus* by Lyly in *Euphues*, ed. Croll and Clemons, p. 74.

be extreme; if another, then you would think my love to be but indifferent.

Tell. You will be sure I shall take no vantage of your words. But in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremonies, is it not Cynthia?

End. You know, Tellus, that of the gods we are forbidden to dispute, because their deities come not within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities.

Tell. Why, she is but a woman.

End. No more was Venus.

Tell. She is but a virgin.

End. No more was Vesta.

Tell. She shall have an end.

End. So shall the world.

Tell. Is not her beauty subject to time?

End. No more than time is to standing still.

Tell. Wilt thou make her immortal?

End. No, but incomparable.

Tell. Take heed, Endymion, lest like the wrastler in Olympia, that striving to lift an impossible weight catched an incurable strain, thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach, fall into a disease without all recure.[1] But I see thou art now in love with Cynthia.

End. No, Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the elm, can ever get hold of the beams of the sun: Cynthia I honor in all humility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal, and virtues infinite. Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I would die with wondering. *Exeunt*

SCENA SECUNDA

[*The Same*]

[*Enter*] DARES, SAMIAS, SCINTILLA, *and* FAVILLA

Dar. Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

[1] Recovery.

Sam. Let them sigh, and let us sing. How say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

Scin. Their tongues, happily[1] are dipped to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce tipped on the side with constant desires.

Dar. How say you, Favilla, is not love a lurcher,[2] that taketh men's stomachs[3] away that they cannot eat, their spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, their eyes that they cannot sleep, and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers!

Fav. Away, peevish boy; a rod were better under thy girdle than love in thy mouth! It will be a forward cock that croweth in the shell.

Dar. Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

Scin. Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire.

Fav. And you, Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, though you would be esteemed a flame.

Sam. [*aside to Dares*] It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks.

Dar. [*to Samias*] Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

Scin. You are not angry, Favilla?

Fav. That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it.

Sam. That, that![4]

Scin. This it is to be matched with girls, who coming but yesterday from making of babies,[5] would before to-morrow be accounted matrons.

Fav. I cry your matronship mercy. Because your pantables[6] be higher with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps: you will be mine elder because you stand upon a stool and I am on the floor.

Sam. Good, good!

Dar. [*to Samias*] Let them alone, and see with what countenance they will become friends.

Scin. Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word.

Sam. [*to Dares*] Step between them lest they scratch. In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests; be friends. How say you?

[1] Haply. [2] Thief. [3] Appetites.
[4] Samias urges them on.
[5] Dressing of dolls. [6] Shoes.

Scin. I am not angry, but it spited me to see how short[1] she was.

Fav. I meant nothing till she would needs cross me.

Dar. Then, so let it rest. 70

Scin. I am agreed.

Fav. And I. Yet I never took anything so unkindly in my life. [*weeps*]

Scin. 'Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion. [*weeps*]

Dar. Excellent, and right[2] like a woman.

Sam. A strange sight to see water come out of fire.

Dar. It is their property to carry in their eyes fire and water, tears and torches, and 80 in their mouths honey and gall.

Scin. You will be a good one if you live —but what is yonder formal fellow?

Enter Sir TOPHAS, [EPITON *following*]

Dar. Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas, of whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him.

Fav. We will do our parts.

Dar. But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb,[3] for all consisteth in his gracing. 90

[*The four retire*]

Top. Epi.

Epi. At hand, sir.

Top. How likest thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies[4] fat?

Epi. Passing fat: and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all comparison, for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat. 100

Top. I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate, and so eager my unstaunched stomach.

Epi. [*aside to the ladies*] My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren; so warlike a thing he accompteth to take away life, though it be from a lark.

Top. Epi, I find my thoughts to swell 110 and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats.

[1] Ill-tempered. [2] Just. [3] Show his style.
[4] The Trout which Epi is carrying.

Fav. This passeth![1]
Scin. Why, is he not mad?
Sam. No, but a little vainglorious. } [*aside*]

Top. Epi.

Epi. Sir.

Top. I will encounter that black and cruel enemy that beareth rough and un- 120 tewed[2] locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature as a defence from all harms.

Epi. What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

Top. Honor inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

Epi. What is that monster? 130

Top. The monster *ovis*. I have said,—let thy wits work.

Epi. I cannot imagine it. Yet let me see,—a "black enemy" with "rough locks." It may be a sheep, and *ovis* is a sheep. His sire so strong: a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war. Horns he hath, and four legs,—so hath a sheep. Without doubt, this monster is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that you mean? 140

Top. Thou hast hit it: that monster will I kill and sup with.

Sam. [*aside*] Come let us take him off. [SAMIAS, DARES, FAVILLA, *and* SCINTILLA *come forward*] Sir Tophas, all hail.

Top. Welcome, children; I seldom cast mine eyes so low as to the crowns of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while.

Dar. No harm done. Here be fair 150 ladies come to wonder at your person, your valor, your wit,—the report whereof hath made them careless of their own honors,—to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours.

Top. Report cannot but injure me, for that not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises.

Scin. No, gentle knight, report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit, so much hath she 160 told,—yet no more than we now see.

Dar. [*aside*] A good wench.

Fav. If there remain as much pity toward women as there is in your courage against your enemies, then shall we be happy, who,

[1] Surpasseth.
[2] Uncombed.

hearing of your person, came to see it, and seeing it, are now in love with it.

Top. Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce it, Venus shall not paint on it.

Fav. A cruel saying.

Sam. [*aside*] There's a girl.

Dar. Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly.

Top. There cometh no soft syllable within my lips; custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous: that pelting[1] word love, how waterish it is in my mouth; it carrieth no sound; hate, horror, death, are speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey, but I care not for the bees; I delight in music, but I love not to play on the bagpipes; I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies I disdain it as a thing childish and fit for such men as can digest nothing but milk.

Scin. A hard heart! Shall we die for your love and find no remedy?

Top. I have already taken a surfeit.

Epi. Good master, pity them.

Top. Pity them, Epi? No, I do not think that this breast shall be pestered with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?

Epi. Why, it is a squirrel.

Top. A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money!

Dar. [*to the ladies*] Is not this gentleman over-wise?

Fav. I could stay all day with him, if I feared not to be shent.[2]

Scin. Is it not possible to meet again?

Dar. Yes, at any time.

Fav. Then let us hasten home.

Scin. Sir Tophas, the god of war deal better with you than you do with the god of love.

Fav. Our love we may dissemble, digest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will hamper you and help us.

Top. I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast: love is pap, and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible.

[*Exeunt* Sir Tophas *and* Epiton]

Dar. Indeed a black sheep is a perilous beast; but let us in till another time.

Fav. I shall long for that time.

Exeunt

[1] Paltry.
[2] Reproved.

SCENA TERTIA

[*A Grove*]

[*Enter*] Endymion, Dipsas [*and*] Bagoa [*in the background*]

End. No rest, Endymion; still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night! Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile myself with sleep, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by musing; that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savors, so my heart, which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew anything but lunary,[1] and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair. But what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise. But what availeth wisdom without honor? She was honorable, Endymion; belie her not. Ay, but how obscure is honor without fortune. Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty: thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it. No more, Endymion. Sleep or die. Nay, die, for to sleep, it is impossible;—and yet I know not how it cometh to pass, I feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every joint. It may be weariness, for when did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia! Ay, so;—I say, Cynthia! *He falls asleep*

Dip. [*advancing*] Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for hadst

[1] Moonwort.

thou placed thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now, instead of a mistress, thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that liest down with golden locks shalt not awake until they be turned to silver hairs; and that chin on which scarcely appeareth soft down shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom. Thou shalt sleep out thy youth and flowering time, and become dry hay before thou knowest thyself green grass; and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that wast youthful in the court when thou laid'st thee down to sleep. The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which if she could not have intreated of me by fair means, she would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our sorceries. [*To* Bagoa.] Fan with this hemlock over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with a leaf shall presently die, and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep forever.

Bag. Let me alone; I will be careful. [*Exit* Dipsas] What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands of Dipsas? O fair Endymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love! I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rue. But I hear Dipsas coming; I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage.

[*Re-*]*enter* Dipsas

Dip. How now, have you finished?

Bag. Yea.

Dip. Well then, let us in; and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you do, I will turn thy hairs to adders and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. *Exeunt*

A Dumb Show[1]

Music sounds. Three ladies enter: one with a knife and a looking-glass, who, by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps; but the third rings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares not. At last, the first lady looking in the glass, casts down the knife.

Exeunt [*the Three Ladies*]

Enters an ancient man with books with three leaves; offers the same twice. Endymion refuseth. He[2] *rendeth*[3] *two, and offers the third, where he stands awhile; and then Endymion offers to take it.*

Exit [*the Old Man*]

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*Gardens of the Palace, as before*]

[*Enter* Cynthia, Eumenides, Tellus, Semele, Corsites, Panelion, *and* Zontes]

Cynth. Is the report true, that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?

Eum. Too true, madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at.

Tell. As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good.

Cynth. What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short?[4] The time was Endymion only was.[5]

Eum. It is an old saying, madam, that a waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

Sem. It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heavy.

Eum. Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

Cynth. What, have we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts![6] I will tame your tongues and your thoughts, and make your speeches

[1] Not in the Q. Perhaps added later, and printed then in *Six Court Comedies*, 1632.
[2] The Old Man.
[3] Q. erroneously *readeth*.
[4] Sharp-tongued.
[5] Your only thought was Endymion.
[6] Impertinent wranglings.

answerable to your duties, and your conceits fit for my dignity, else will I banish you both my person and the world.

Eum. Pardon I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith to Endymion that whatsoever seemeth a needle to prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart.

Cynth. If you be so dear to him, how happeneth it you neither go to see him, nor search for remedy for him?

Eum. I have seen him to my grief, and sought recure[1] with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all men. Your highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command, though not in possession, may show yourself both worthy your sex, your nature, and your favor, if you redeem that honorable Endymion, whose ripe years foretell rare virtues, and whose unmellowed conceits[2] promise ripe counsel.

Cynth. I have had trial of Endymion, and conceive greater assurance of his age than I could hope of his youth.

Tell. But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a cammock,[3] and young it pricks that will be a thorn; and therefore he that began without care to settle his life, it is a sign without amendment he will end it.

Cynth. Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable displeasure. Corsites, carry her to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave.

Cors. Shall she work stories or poetries?

Cynth. It skilleth[4] not which. Go to in both; for she shall find examples infinite in either what punishment long tongues have. Eumenides, if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all the sages of the world, can find remedy, I will procure it; therefore, dispatch with all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you, Zontes, into Greece, because you are acquainted in Athens; you, Panelion, to Egypt; saying that Cynthia sendeth, and if you will, commandeth.

Eum. On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings on my legs, I fly for remedy.

[1] Remedy.
[2] Immature ideas.
[3] A crooked stick.
[4] Matters.

Zon. We are ready at your highness' command, and hope to return to your full content.

Cynth. It shall never be said that Cynthia, whose mercy and goodness filleth the heavens with joys and the world with marvels, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your Majesty's words have been always deeds, and your deeds virtues.

Exeunt

SCENA SECUNDA

[*Before a Castle*]

[*Enter*] Corsites [*and*] Tellus

Cors. Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must weave, till either time end your days, or Cynthia her displeasure. I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is honored in courts, should here wither in prison.

Tell. Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my body, of my thoughts she cannot; and therefore do I esteem myself most free, though I am in greatest bondage.

Cors. Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the malice of envy by the sweetness of imagination?

Tell. Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable than despair; and therefore the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find; for so vain were liberty, and so unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle than to be a prince in any other court.

Cors. A humor contrary to your years and nothing agreeable to your sex: the one commonly allured with delights, the other always with sovereignty.

Tell. I marvel, Corsites, that you being a captain, who should sound nothing but terror and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for that it agreeth not with your calling to use words so soft as that of love.

Cors. Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness; besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn, or of such knotty mettle, that

beauty cannot allure, and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

Tell. Good Corsites, talk not of love, but let me to my labor: the little beauty I have shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover.

Cors. Let us in, and what favor Corsites can show, Tellus shall command.

Tell. The only favor I desire is now and then to walk. *Exeunt*

SCENA TERTIA

[*Gardens of the Palace*]

[*Enter*] Sir TOPHAS *and* EPI[TON]

Top. Epi.

Epi. Here, sir.

Top. Unrig me. Heigho!

Epi. What's that?

Top. An interjection, whereof some are of mourning: as *eho, vah.*

Epi. I understand you not.

Top. Thou seest me.

Epi. Ay.

Top. Thou hearest me.

Epi. Ay.

Top. Thou feelest me.

Epi. Ay.

Top. And not understand'st me?

Epi. No.

Top. Then am I but three-quarters of a noun substantive. But alas, Epi, to tell thee the troth, I am a noun adjective.

Epi. Why?

Top. Because I cannot stand without another.

Epi. Who is that?

Top. Dipsas.

Epi. Are you in love?

Top. No; but love hath, as it were, milked my thoughts and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage; it worketh in my head like new wine, so as I must hoop my sconce[1] with iron, lest my head break, and so I bewray[2] my brains: but I pray thee first discover[3] me in all parts, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun and give me a gown: *Cedant arma togæ.*[4]

[1] Head.
[2] Expose.
[3] Undress.
[4] Cicero.

Epi. Here.

Top. Take my sword and shield and give me beard-brush and scissors—*Bella gerant alii, tu Pari semper ama.*[1]

Epi. Will you be trimmed, sir?

Top. Not yet; for I feel a contention within me whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush.[2] But take my pike and give me pen,—*Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor.*[3]

Epi. I will furnish you, sir.

Top. Now, for my bow and belts give me ink and paper, for my smiter a penknife; for

Scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli,
Sint semper studiis arma parata meis.

Epi. Sir, will you give over wars and play with that bauble called love?

Top. Give over wars? No, Epi, *Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*

Epi. Love hath made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fair.

Top. *Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.*

Epi. Nay, I must seek a new master if you can speak nothing but verses.

Top. *Quicquid conabar dicere, versus erat.*[4] Epi, I feel all Ovid *de Arte Amandi* lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. O what a fine, thin hair hath Dipsas! What a pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately nose! What little hollow eyes! What great and goodly lips! How harmless she is, being toothless, her fingers fat and short, adorned with long nails like a bittern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts like dugs and her paps to her waist like bags! What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waist! How virtuous is she like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!

Epi. Stay, master, you forget yourself.

Top. O Epi, even as a dish melteth by the fire, so doth my wit increase by love.

Epi. Pithily, and to the purpose! But what, begin you to nod?

Top. Good Epi, let me take a nap; for

[1] A reminiscence of Ovid.
[2] A pointed or spreading beard.
[3] Ovid.
[4] These three quotations are variously from Ovid also, a schoolbook in Lyly's age.

as some man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so divers shall be sleepy when they would fainest take rest. *He sleeps*

Epi. Who ever saw such a woodcock![1] Love Dipsas! Without doubt all the world will now account him valiant, that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here cometh two wags.

Enter Dares *and* Samias

Sam. Thy master hath slept his share.

Dar. I think he doth it because he would not pay me by board-wages.

Sam. It is a thing most strange: and I think mine will never return, so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners.

Epi. If you want masters, join with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more men, because he is toward marriage.

Sam. What, Epi, where's thy master?

Epi. Yonder, sleeping in love.

Dar. Is it possible?

Epi. He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower,[2] and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail bonnet[3] to beauty.

Sam. How is he attired?

Epi. Lovely.[4]

Dar. Whom loveth this amorous knight?

Epi. Dipsas.

Sam. That ugly creature? Why, she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite without favor.[5]

Epi. Tush, you be simple; my master hath a good marriage.

Dar. Good! As how?

Epi. Why, in marrying Dipsas he shall have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him: four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit.

Sam. As how, Epi?

Epi. For flesh these: woodcock, goose, bittern, and rail.[6]

Dar. Indeed, he shall not miss, if Dipsas be there.

[1] Simpleton; the woodcock was regarded a foolish bird.
[2] Come off his high horse (Baker).
[3] Take off his cap.
[4] As a lover.
[5] Good looks.
[6] Epi. plays on both the sound and meaning of these words.

Epi. For fish these: crab, carp, lump, and pouting.

Sam. Excellent, for of my word she is both crabbish, lumpish, and carping.

Epi. For fruit these: fretters, medlars,[1] hartichokes, and lady-longings. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a beggar.

Dar. Well, Epi, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep; let us have a song to wake this amorous knight.

Epi. Agreed.

Sam. Content.

The First Song[2]

Epi. Here snores Tophas,
That amorous ass,
Who loves Dipsas,
With face so sweet,
Nose and chin meet.
All three. { At sight of her each Fury skips
And flings into her lap their whips.
Dar. Holla, holla in his ear.
Sam. The witch, sure, thrust her fingers there.
Epi. Cramp him, or wring the fool by th' nose;
Dar. Or clap some burning flax to his toes.
Sam. What music's best to wake him?
Epi. Bow-wow, let bandogs[3] shake him!
Dar. Let adders hiss in's ear;
Sam. Else earwigs wriggle there.
Epi. No, let him batten;[4] when his tongue
Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.
All three. { But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes,
He may in time sleep himself wise.

Top. Sleep is a binding of the senses, love a loosing.

Epi. Let us hear him awhile.

Top. There appeared in my sleep a goodly owl, who, sitting upon my shoulder, cried, "Twit, twit"; and before mine eyes presented herself the express image of Dipsas. I marvelled what the owl said, till at the last I perceived,—"Twit, twit," "To it, to it,"—only, by contraction admonished by this vision to make account of my sweet Venus.

Sam. Sir Tophas, you have overslept yourself.

Top. No, youth, I have but slept over my love.

Dar. Love? Why, it is impossible that into so noble and unconquered a courage love should creep, having first a head as

[1] A small fruit which rots soon.
[2] The songs of Lyly's plays appear first in the collected edition.
[3] A fierce dog.
[4] Grow fat.

hard to pierce as steel, then to pass to a heart armed with a shirt of mail.

Epi. Ay, but my master yawning one day in the sun, Love crept into his mouth before he could close it, and there kept such a tumbling in his body that he was glad to untruss[1] the points[2] of his heart and entertain Love as a stranger.

Top. If there remain any pity in you, plead for me to Dipsas.

Dar. Plead! Nay, we will press her to it. [*aside to* SAMIAS] Let us go with him to Dipsas, and there shall we have good sport. But, Sir Tophas, when shall we go? For I find my tongue voluble, and my heart venturous, and all myself like myself.

Sam. [*aside to* DARES] Come, Dares, let us not lose him until we find our masters, for as long as he liveth, we shall lack neither mirth nor meat.

Epi. We will traverse. Will you go, sir?

Top. *I præ, sequar.*[3] *Exeunt*

SCENA QUARTA

[*A desert place, with a fountain*]

[*Enter*] EUMENIDES [*and*] GERON [*completing a song*]

Eum. Father, your sad music being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my mind that I wish to hang at your mouth's end till life end.

Ger. These tunes, gentleman, have I been accustomed with these fifty winters, having no other house to shroud myself but the broad heavens; and so familiar with me hath use made misery that I esteem sorrow my chiefest solace, and welcomest is that guest to me that can rehearse the saddest tale or the bloodiest tragedy.

Eum. A strange humor. Might I inquire the cause?

Ger. You must pardon me if I deny to tell it, for knowing that the revealing of griefs is, as it were, a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed therefore to conceal them, that I might not only feel the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despair of remedy. But whence are you? What fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

Eum. I am going to Thessaly, to seek remedy for Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty years, waxing old and ready for the grave, being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for recure travel far, for who so can clearly see the bottom of this fountain shall have remedy for anything.

Eum. That methinketh is unpossible. Why, what virtue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a faithful lover shall obtain anything he would. Read these words engraven about the brim.

Eum. Have you known this by experience, or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I only would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my misery; and then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides!

Ger. What lack you, gentleman; are you not well?

Eum. Yes, father, but a qualm that often cometh over my heart doth now take hold of me. But did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers; for often have I seen them weep, but never could I hear they saw the bottom.

Eum. Came there women also?

Ger. Some.

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept, that the fountain overflowed with tears, but so thick became the water with their tears that I could scarce discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

Eum. Be faithful lovers so scant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

Eum. Ah Eumenides, how art thou perplexed! Call to mind the beauty of thy sweet mistress and the depth of thy never-dying affections: how oft hast thou honored her, not only without spot, but suspicion of falsehood! And how hardly hath she rewarded thee without cause or color of despite. How secret hast thou been

[1] Untie.
[2] Laces by which the hose were fastened to the doublet.
[3] Terence.

these seven years, that hast not, nor once darest not to name her, for discontenting her. How faithful, that hast offered to die for her, to please her! Unhappy Eumenides!

Ger. Why, gentleman, did you once love?

Eum. Once? Ay, father, and ever shall.

Ger. Was she unkind and you faithful?

Eum. She of all women the most froward, and I of all creatures the most fond.

Ger. You doted then, not loved, for affection is grounded on virtue, and virtue is never peevish; or on beauty, and beauty loveth to be praised.

Eum. Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertain all that be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices, and their beauties deformities; for that love can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him that is most faithful but most fortunate.

Ger. I would you were so faithful that your tears might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this fountain, then may you swear it is but a mere mockery.

Ger. So saith every one yet that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die! Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve,[1] by weeping, into water.

[*He gazes into the fountain*]

Ger. This affection seemeth strange: if he see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth[2] for nothing shall draw me from the belief.

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottom, and there in white marble engraven these words: *Ask one for all, and but one thing at all.*

Ger. O fortunate Eumenides, (for so have I heard thee call thyself,) let me see. [*Looks into the fountain*] I cannot discern any such thing. I think thou dreamest.

Eum. Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

Ger. Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyself blessed.

Eum. Ask? So I will. And what shall I do but ask, and whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of comparison; whose golden locks seem most curious when they seem most careless; whose sweet looks seem most alluring when they are most chaste; and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted? I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light disgrace, lest embracing sweetness beyond measure, I take a surfeit without recure: let her practise her accustomed coyness that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fulness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and I shall perish by them before I possess them. Why do I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask.

What now, Eumenides! Whither art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty, care of Endymion, and the commandment of Cynthia? Shall he die in a leaden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dream? Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? Fond[1] Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a most disdainful lady be of more force than the rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common and of course; the friendship of man to man infinite and immortal. Tush! Semele doth possess my love. Ay, but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help Endymion. I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. Ay, but I shall find Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are embassadors of experience. Which shall I ask?

Ger. Eumenides, release Endymion, for all things, friendship excepted, are subject to fortune: love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing

[1] And let me dissolve.
[2] Is most successful.

[1] Foolish.

mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, colors and life, so great odds is there between love and friendship. Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs: believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colors to a fast friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship, of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is always sweet, and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Vain love, that, only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same or better in nature!

Eum. Father, I allow your reasons, and will therefore conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares on Athos,[1] bees in Hybla, fowls in the air; but friends to be found are like the phœnix in Arabia, but one; or the philadelphi[2] in Arays,[3] never above two. I will have Endymion. [*Looking again into the fountain*]. Sacred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the tears of unspotted thoughts, and therefore let me receive the reward you promise: Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfulest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or move him.

Ger. Dost thou see anything?

Eum. I see in the same pillar these words: *When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured; always one, yet never the same; still inconstant, yet never wavering; shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise, else never.* This is strange.

[1] Q. *in Atho.*
[2] A plant of which the plants grow only in pairs.
[3] Perhaps Aranjuez in Spain where there were famous gardens.

Ger. What see you else?

Eum. There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep thickness, for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded, or what difficult, nay impossible, thing is this?

Ger. Me thinketh it easy.

Eum. Good father, and how?

Ger. Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence,[1] never standing at one stay?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is she not always Cynthia, yet seldom in the same bigness; always wavering in her waxing or waning, that our bodies might the better be governed, our seasons the dailier give their increase; yet never to be removed from her course, as long as the heavens continue theirs?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose virtues being all divine must needs bring things to pass that be miraculous? Go, humble thyself to Cynthia; tell her the success, of which myself shall be a witness. And this assure thyself, that she that sent to find means for his safety will now work her cunning.

Eum. How fortunate am I, if Cynthia be she that may do it!

Ger. How fond[2] art thou, if thou do not believe it!

Eum. I will hasten thither that I may entreat on my knees for succor, and embrace in mine arms my friend.

Ger. I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia must I discover all my sorrows, who also must work in me a contentment.

Eum. May I now know the cause?

Ger. That shall be as we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take away the tediousness of our journey.

Eum. Let us go.

Ger. I follow. *Exeunt*

[1] In the astrological sense.
[2] Foolish.

ACTUS QUARTUS SCENA PRIMA

[*Before Corsites' Castle*]

[*Enter* TELLUS]

Tell. I marvel Corsites giveth me so much liberty,—all the world knowing his charge to be so high and his nature to be most strange,—who hath so ill intreated ladies of great honor that he hath not suffered them to look out of windows, much less to walk abroad. It may be he is in love with me, for (Endymion, hard-hearted Endymion excepted) what is he that is not enamored of my beauty? But what respectest thou the love of all the world? Endymion hates thee. Alas, poor Endymion, my malice hath exceeded my love, and thy faith to Cynthia quenched my affections. Quenched, Tellus? Nay, kindled them afresh; insomuch that I find scorching flames for dead embers, and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts instead of sweet parleys. Ah, that I might once again see Endymion! Accursed girl, what hope hast thou to see Endymion, on whose head already are grown gray hairs, and whose life must yield to nature, before Cynthia end her displeasure. Wicked Dipsas, and most devilish Tellus, the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable! Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries wherein were showed both examples and punishments of tattling tongues, and thou hast only embroidered the sweet face of Endymion, devices of love, melancholy imaginations, and what-not, out of thy work, that thou shouldst study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh Corsites. I must seem yielding and stout; full of mildness, yet tempered with a majesty; for if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean; if too froward, enjoy less liberty than I would. Love him I cannot, and therefore will practise that which is most customary[1] to our sex, to dissemble.

Enter CORSITES

Cor. Fair Tellus, I perceive you rise with the lark, and to yourself sing with the nightingale.

[1] Bond's emendation for *contrary*.

Tell. My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy; being barred of all company, I must question with myself, and make my thoughts my friends.

Cor. I would you would account my thoughts also your friends, for they be such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom; and some such as have esteemed your fortune too hard; and divers of that kind that offer to set you free, if you will set them free.

Tell. There are no colors so contrary as white and black, nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor anything so opposite as men's thoughts and their words.

Cor. He that gave Cassandra the gift of prophesying, with the curse that, spake she never so true, she should never be believed, hath I think poisoned the fortune of men, that uttering the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.

Tell. Well, Corsites, I will flatter myself and believe you. What would you do to enjoy my love?

Cor. Set all the ladies of the castle free, and make you the pleasure of my life: more I cannot do, less I will not.

Tell. These be great words, and fit your calling; for captains must promise things impossible. But will you do one thing for all?

Cor. Anything, sweet Tellus, that am ready for all.

Tell. You know that on the lunary bank sleepeth Endymion.

Cor. I know it.

Tell. If you will remove him from that place by force, and convey him into some obscure cave by policy, I give you here the faith of an unspotted virgin that you only shall possess me as a lover, and in spite of malice have me for a wife.

Cor. Remove him, Tellus! Yes, Tellus, he shall be removed, and that so soon as[1] thou shalt as much commend my diligence as my force. I go.

Tell. Stay, will yourself attempt it?

Cor. Ay, Tellus, as I would have none partaker of my sweet love, so shall none be partners of my labors. But I pray thee go at your best leisure, for Cynthia beginneth to rise, and if she discover our love,

[1] That.

we both perish, for nothing pleaseth her but the fairness of virginity. All things must be not only without lust but without suspicion of lightness.

Tell. I will depart, and go you to Endymion.

Cor. I fly, Tellus, being of all men the most fortunate. *Exit* [CORSITES]

Tell. Simple Corsites, I have set thee about a task, being but a man, that the gods themselves cannot perform, for little dost thou know how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune; but such shifts must women have to deceive men, and under color of things easy, entreat that which is impossible; otherwise we should be cumbered with importunities, oaths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary are most loathsome. I will in, and laugh with the other ladies at Corsites sweating. *Exit*

SCENA SECUNDA

[*Gardens of the Palace*]

[*Enter*] SAMIAS *and* DARES

Sam. Will thy master never awake?

Dar. No; I think he sleeps for a wager: but how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love that he pineth in his bed and cometh not abroad.

Sam. But here cometh Epi in a pelting chafe.[1]

[*Enter* EPITON]

Epi. A pox for all false proverbs, and were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears!

Sam. Why art thou angry?

Epi. Why? You know it is said, "The tide tarrieth no man."

Sam. True.

Epi. A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Dar. Alas! poor Epi!

Epi. Poor! No, no, you base-conceited[2] slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas.

Dar. Art thou out with him?

Epi. Ay, because I cannot get him a lodging with Endymion. He would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years.

Dar. A short sleep, considering our long life.

Sam. Is he still in love?

Epi. In love? Why he doth nothing but make sonnets.

Sam. Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

Epi. Ay, this is one:—

> The beggar, Love, that knows not where to lodge,
> At last within my heart, when I slept
> He crept,
> I waked, and so my fancies began to fodge.[1]

Sam. That's a very long verse.

Epi. Why, the other was short: the first is called from the thumb to the little finger; the second from the little finger to the elbow; and some he made to reach to the crown of his head, and down again to the sole of his foot. It is set to the tune of the black saunce;[2] *ratio est,* because Dipsas is a black saint.

Dar. Very wisely: but pray thee, Epi, how art thou complete; and being from thy master, what occupation wilt thou take?

Epi. Know,[3] my hearts, I am an absolute *Microcosmus,* a petty world of myself: my library is my head, for I have no other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body; my armory at my fingers' ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails; my treasure in my purse. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto.*[4]

Dar. Good!

Epi. Know,[5] sirs, my palace is paved with grass, and tiled with stars, for *Cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam,*[6] he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

Sam. A brave resolution! But how wilt thou spend thy time?

Epi. Not in any melancholy sort; for mine exercise I will walk horses.

Dar. Too bad!

Epi. Why, is it not said: "It is good walking when one hath his horse in his hand"?

Sam. Worse and worse! But how wilt thou live?

Epi. By angling. O, 'tis a stately occu-

[1] Bad humor. [2] Unimaginative.

[1] Move.
[2] The Black Sanctus, a hymn to St. Satan.
[3] Old edd. *No.*
[4] Cicero.
[5] Old edd. *Now.*
[6] Lucan.

pation to stand four hours in a cold morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost before his bait be mumbled with a fish.

Dar. A rare attempt! But wilt thou never travel?

Epi. Yes, in a western barge, when with a good wind and lusty pugs,[1] one may go ten miles in two days.

Sam. Thou art excellent at thy choice. But what pastime wilt thou use? None?

Epi. Yes, the quickest of all.

Sam. What, dice?

Epi. No, when I am in haste, one-and-twenty games at chess, to pass a few minutes.

Dar. A life for a little lord, and full of quickness.

Epi. Tush, let me alone! But I must needs see if I can find where Endymion lieth, and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, *Ego et magister meus erimus in tuto,* I and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three of four pailfuls to avoid the rheum of love that wambleth[2] in his stomach.

Enter [Master Constable *and Two*] Watch[men]

Sam. Shall we never see thy master, Dares?

Dar. Yes; let us go now, for to-morrow Cynthia will be there.

Epi. I will go with you;—but how shall we see for the Watch?

Sam. Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them. Masters, God speed you.

1 *Watch.* Sir boy, we are all sped already.

Epi. [*aside*] So methinks, for they smell all of drink, like a beggar's beard.

Dar. But I pray, sirs, may we see Endymion?

2 *Watch.* No, we are commanded in Cynthia's name, that no man shall see him.

Sam. No man! Why, we are but boys.

1 *Watch.* Mass, neighbors, he says true, for if I swear I will never drink my liquor by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

[1] Bargemen. [2] Rumbleth.

Dar. Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 *Watch.* Tush, tush, neighbors, take me with you.[1]

Sam. [*aside*] This will grow hot.

Dar. [*aside*] Let them alone.

2 *Watch.* If I say to my wife, "Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding," she puts in currants; small raisins are raisins, and boys are men: even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endymion.

Dar. Learnedly.

Epi. Let Master Constable speak; I think he is the wisest among you.

Mast. You know, neighbors, 'tis an old said saw,[2] 'Children and fools speak true.'

All. True.

Mast. Well, there you see the men be the fools, because it is provided from the children.

Dar. Good.

Mast. Then, say I, neighbors, that children must not see Endymion, because children and fools speak true.

Epi. O wicked application!

Sam. Scurvily brought about!

1 *Watch.* Nay, he says true, and therefore till Cynthia have been here, he shall not be uncovered. Therefore, away!

Dar. [*aside to Epi. and Sam.*] A watch, quoth you! A man may watch seven years for a wise word, and yet go without it. Their wits are all as rusty as their bills.[3] But come on, Master Constable, shall we have a song before we go?

Mast. With all my heart.

THE SECOND SONG

Watch. Stand! Who goes there?
We charge you appear
'Fore our constable here,
In the name of the Man in the Moon.
To us billmen relate
Why you stagger so late,
And how you come drunk so soon.
Pages. What are ye, scabs?[4]
Watch. The Watch:
This the Constable.
Pages. A patch.[5]
Const. Knock 'em down unless they all stand:
If any run away,
'Tis the old watchman's play,
To reach him a bill of his hand.
Pages. O gentlemen, hold,
Your gowns freeze[6] with cold.
And your rotten teeth dance in your head;

[1] Let me understand you.
[2] Saying.
[3] A halbert, the weapon of the watch.
[4] Rogues.
[5] Fool.
[6] With a play on frieze, the material.

Epi. Wine, nothing shall cost ye;
Sam. Nor huge fires to roast ye;
Dares. Then soberly let us be led.
Const. Come, my brown bills,[1] we'll roar, 180
Bounce loud at tavern door,
Omnes. And i' th' morning steal all to bed.

Exeunt

SCENA TERTIA

[*The Grove*]

CORSITES *solus.* [ENDYMION *lies asleep on the lunary bank*]

Cor. I am come in sight of the lunary bank. Without doubt Tellus doteth upon me, and cunningly, that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a task that is done before it is begun. Endymion, you must change your pillow, and if you be not weary of sleep, I will carry you where at ease you shall sleep your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapt, and so 10 incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who commonly setteth watch that Endymion have no wrong. [*He tries to lift Endymion*][2] What now, is your mastership so heavy, or are you nailed to the ground? Not stir one whit! Then use all thy force, though he feel it and wake! What, stone-still? Turned, I think, to earth with lying so long on the earth. Didst not thou, Corsites, before Cynthia, pull up a tree that 20 forty years was fastened with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not thou, with main force, pull open the iron gates which no ram or engine could move? Have my weak thoughts made brawn-fallen[3] my strong arms, or is it the nature of love, or the quintessence of the mind, to breed numbness or litherness,[4] or I know not what languishing in my joints and sinews, being but the base strings of 30 my body? Or doth the remembrance of Tellus so refine my spirits into a matter so subtle and divine that the other fleshy parts cannot work whilst they muse? Rest thyself, rest thyself; nay, rend thyself in pieces, Corsites, and strive, in spite of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulled body, heavier than dead and more senseless than death.

Enter Fairies

But what are these so fair fiends that 40 cause my hairs to stand upright and spirits to fall down? Hags, out!—alas, nymphs, I crave pardon. Ay me, out! what do I hear!

The Fairies dance, and with a song pinch him, and he falleth asleep. They kiss Endymion and depart.

THE THIRD SONG BY FAIRIES

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue,
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing. 50
1 *Fairy.* Pinch him blue,
2 *Fairy.* And pinch him black;
3 *Fairy.* Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addle head.
4 *Fairy.* For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,
Then to our midnight heidegyes.[1]

Exeunt leaving ENDYMION *and* CORSITES *sleeping*

CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, PANELION, ZONTES, PYTHAGORAS, [*and*] GYPTES

Cynth. You see, Pythagoras, what 60 ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another mind.

Pyth. Madam, I plainly perceive that the perfection of your brightness hath pierced through the thickness that covered my mind; insomuch that I am no less glad to be reformed than ashamed to remember my grossness.

Gypt. They are thrice fortunate that live in your palace, where truth is not in 70 colors but life, virtues not in imagination but execution.

Cynth. I have always studied to have rather living virtues than painted gods, the body of truth than the tomb. But let us walk to Endymion;[2] it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver him; as for Eumenides, I fear he is dead.

Pyth. I have alleged all the natural reasons I can for such a long sleep. 80

Gypt. I can do nothing till I see him.

[1] Bills were often browned, japanned, to keep them from rust; and were sometimes black with varnish.
[2] Q. *He lifts.*
[3] Weak in muscle.
[4] Languor.

[1] Dances, revels.
[2] They cross the stage to the bank of lunary.

Cynth. Come, Floscula; I am sure you are glad that you shall behold Endymion.

Flos. I were blessed, if I might have him recovered.

Cynth. Are you in love with his person?

Flos. No, but with his virtue.

Cynth. What say you, Semele?

Sem. Madam, I dare say nothing for fear I offend.

Cynth. Belike you cannot speak except you be spiteful; but as good be silent as saucy. Panelion, what punishment were fit for Semele, in whose speech and thoughts is only contempt and sourness?

Pan. I love not, madam, to give any judgment; yet, sith your highness commandeth, I think to commit her tongue close prisoner to her mouth.

Cynth. Agreed. Semele, if thou speak this twelvemonth, thou shall forfeit thy tongue. Behold Endymion! Alas, poor gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleep, that once vowed all to my service! Hollow eyes, gray hairs, wrinkled cheeks, and decayed limbs! Is it destiny or deceit that hath brought this to pass? If the first, who could prevent thy wretched stars? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruel enemy. I favored thee, Endymion, for thy honor, thy virtues, thy affections; but, to bring thy thoughts within the compass of thy fortunes, I have seemed strange that I might have thee staid, and now are thy days ended before my favor begin. But whom have we here? Is it not Corsites?

Zon. It is, but more like a leopard[1] than a man.

Cynth. Awake him. [ZONTES *awakens* CORSITES] How now, Corsites, what make you[2] here? How came you deformed? Look on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

Cor. Miserable wretch, and accursed! How am I deluded! Madam, I ask pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserveth pity.

Cynth. Speak on; thy offence cannot deserve greater punishment: but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

Cor. Madam, as it is no offence to be in love, being a man mortal, so I hope can it be no shame to tell with whom, my lady being heavenly. Your majesty committed to my charge the fair Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took my heart captive that I undertook to carry her body prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts between love and duty, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the conquest.

Cynth. In love? A thing far unfitting the name of a captain, and (as I thought) the tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsites. But forth!

Cor. Feeling this continual war, I thought rather by parley to yield than by certain danger to perish. I unfolded to Tellus the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be true and too false for one so fair, after a nice[1] denial, practised a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin, and carry him to some dark cave; which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

Cynth. How say you, my lords, is not Tellus always practising of some deceits? In sooth, Corsites, thy face is now too foul for a lover, and thine heart too fond for a soldier. You may see when warriors become wantons how their manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame, Corsites, that having lived so long in Mars his camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in Venus' cradle? Dost thou wear Cupid's quiver at thy girdle and make lances of looks? Well, Corsites, rouse thyself and be as thou hast been; and let Tellus, who is made all of love, melt herself in her own looseness.

Cor. Madam, I doubt not but to recover my former state, for Tellus' beauty never wrought such love in my mind as now her deceit hath despite; and yet to be revenged of a woman were a thing than love itself more womanish.

Gyp. These spots, gentleman, are to be worn out, if you rub them over with this lunary; so that in the place where you received this maim you shall find a medicine.

[1] Cf. above, "Spots o'er all his flesh shall run."
[2] What are you doing?

[1] Fastidious.

Cor. I thank you for that. The gods bless me from love and these pretty ladies[1] that haunt this green.

Flos. Corsites, I would Tellus saw your amiable face.

Zon. How spitefully Semele laugheth, that dare not speak.

Cynth. Could you not stir Endymion with that doubled strength of yours?

Cor. Not so much as his finger with all my force.

Cyth. Pythagoras and Gyptes, what think you of Endymion? What reason is to be given, what remedy?

Pyth. Madam, it is impossible to yield reason for things that happen not in compass of nature. It is most certain that some strange enchantment hath bound all his senses.

Cyth. What say you, Gyptes?

Gypt. With Pythagoras, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undo it, for that heaviness argueth a malice unremovable in the enchantress, and that no power can end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens show some means more than miraculous.

Flos. O Endymion, could spite itself devise a mischief so monstrous as to make thee dead with life, and living, being altogether dead? Where others number their years, their hours, their minutes, and step to age by stairs, thou only hast thy years and times in a cluster, being old before thou rememberest thou wast young.

Cynth. No more, Floscula; pity doth him no good: I would anything else might; and I vow by the unspotted honor of a lady he should not miss it. But is this all, Gyptes, that is to be done?

Gypt. All as yet. It may be that either the enchantress shall die or else be discovered; if either happen, I will then practise the utmost of my art. In the mean season, about this grove would I have a watch, and the first living thing that toucheth Endymion to be taken.

Cynth. Corsites, what say you, will you undertake this?

Cors. Good madam, pardon me! I was overtaken[2] too late. I should rather break into the midst of a main battle than again fall into the hands of those fair babies.[3]

[1] *I.e.*, the fairies. [2] Overcome. [3] Fairies.

Cynth. Well, I will provide others. Pythagoras and Gyptes, you shall yet remain in my court, till I hear what may be done in this matter.

Pyth. We attend.

Cynth. Let us go in. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUINTUS SCENA PRIMA

[*The Grove,* ENDYMION *sleeping as before*]

[*Enter*] SAMIAS, DARES

Sam. Eumenides hath told such strange tales as I may well wonder at them, but never believe them.

Dar. The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weep. Cynthia is so desirous to know the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to ease Endymion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the discourse but she made herself in a readiness to try the event.[1]

Sam. We will also see the event. But whist, here cometh Cynthia with all her train. Let us sneak in amongst them.

Enter CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, EUMENIDES, PANELION, [ZONTES, PYTHAGORAS, *and* GYPTES]

Cynth. Eumenides, it cannot sink into my head that I should be signified by that sacred fountain, for many things are there in the world to which those words may be applied.

Eum. Good madam, vouchsafe but to try; else shall I think myself most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress.[2]

Cynth. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Eum. Pardon me, good madam, for if Endymion awake, he shall; myself have sworn never to reveal it.

Cynth. Well, let us to Endymion. I will not be so stately, good Endymion, not to stoop to do thee good, and if thy liberty consist in a kiss from me, thou shalt have it; and although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, though to restore thy youth it be impossible, I will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man

[1] Outcome.
[2] *I.e.*, for my sweet mistress.

could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. *She kisseth him*

Eum. Madam, he beginneth to stir.

Cynth. Soft, Eumenides; stand still.

Eum. Ah, I see his eyes almost open. 40

Cynth. I command thee once again, stir not: I will stand behind him.

Pan. What do I see,—Endymion almost awake?

Eum. Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb, or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah, my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath been careless of his 50 own content? Speak, Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!

End. Endymion? I call to mind such a name.

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, by whose favor thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt 60 continue thy natural course.

Cynth. Endymion, speak, sweet Endymion! Knowest thou not Cynthia?

End. O heavens, whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

Cynth. I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

End. "Endymion"; what do I hear? What, a gray beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limbs, and all in one 70 night?

Eum. One night! Thou hast here slept forty years,[1]—by what enchantress as yet it is not known,—and behold, the twig to which thou laidest thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

End. Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy favor[2] I do not yet call to mind; only divine Cynthia, to whom 80 time, fortune, destiny, and death are subject, I see and remember, and in all humility I regard and reverence.

Cynth. You have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

End. Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lead my life, and in jousts, tourneys, and arms, to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion? 90

Eum. Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides: wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

End. Ah, sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion; but that this should be my body I doubt, for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hairs and my strong body to a dying weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing it. 100

Cynth. Well, Endymion, arise. [*Endymion, trying to rise, sinks back*] Awhile sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay[1] thee, and tell what hast thou seen in thy sleep all this while,—what dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes; for it is impossible but in so long a time thou shouldst see things strange.

End. Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what I have seen, humbly desiring that when 110 I exceed in length, you give me warning, that I may end; for to utter all I have to speak would be troublesome, although happily[2] the strangeness may somewhat abate the tediousness.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, begin.

End. Methought I saw a lady passing fair, but very mischievous, who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a 120 looking-glass, wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other damsels, one of which, with a stern countenance, and as it were with a settled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief; another, with visage sad, and constant only in sorrow, with her arms crossed, and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to pre- 130 vent the force. I started in my sleep, feeling my very veins to swell and my sinews to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

Cynth. A strange sight: Gyptes, at our better leisure, shall expound it.

End. After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger, and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine 140 majesty mingled with a sweet mildness that

[1] *Twenty* above. [2] Features.

[1] Sustain. [2] Haply.

I was ravished with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end; and so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmovable cruelty, the other a constant pity.

Cynth. Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

End. After her, immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves, and speaking, as I remember, these words: *Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures,* and with that he offered me the book, which I rejected; wherewith, moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I refused also; at which, bending his brows, and pitching his eyes fast to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth, and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf, and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether fear to offend or desire to know some strange thing moved me,—I took the book, and so the old man vanished.

Cynth. What didst thou imagine was in the last leaf?

End. There portrayed to life, with a cold quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see Ingratitude with an hundred eyes gazing for benefits, and with a thousand teeth gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred; Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in blood; Envy with a pale and meagre face (whose body was so lean that one might tell[1] all her bones, and whose garment was so tattered that it was easy to number every thread) stood shooting at stars, whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones or beetles—I know not how to term them—creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who, being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that vein that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so base should attempt a fact[1] so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloody,—and many other things, madam, the repetition whereof may at your better leisure seem more pleasing, for bees surfeit sometimes with honey, and the gods are glutted with harmony, and your highness may be dulled with delight.

Cynth. I am content to be dieted; therefore, let us in. Eumenides, see that Endymion be well tended, lest either eating immoderately or sleeping again too long, he fall into a deadly surfeit or into his former sleep. See this also be proclaimed: that whosoever will discover this practice[2] shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks and no small rewards.

[*Exeunt all except* ENDYMION, EUMENIDES, FLOSCULA *and* SEMELE]

Flos. Ah, Endymion, none so joyful as Floscula of thy restoring.

Eum. Yes, Floscula, let Eumenides be somewhat gladder, and dó not that wrong to the settled friendship of a man as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah, my dear friend Endymion, suffer me to die with gazing at thee.

End. Eumenides, thy friendship is immortal and not to be conceived; and thy good will, Floscula, better than I have deserved; but let us all wait on Cynthia. I marvel Semele speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if she do, she loseth her tongue.

End. But how prospereth your love?

Eum. I never yet spake a word since your sleep.

End. I doubt not but your affection is old and your appetite cold.

Eum. No, Endymion, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparks grown to flames and my fancies almost to frenzies: but let us follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large. *Exeunt*

SCENA SECUNDA

[*Gardens of the Palace*]

[*Enter*] Sir TOPHAS [*and*] EPITON

Top. Epi, Love hath justled my liberty from the wall,[3] and taken the upper hand of my reason.

[1] Count.

[1] Deed. [2] Expose this plot.
[3] Equal to overthrown, demolished.

Epi. Let me then trip up the heels of your affection and thrust your good will into the gutter.

Top. No, Epi, Love is a lord of misrule[1] and keepeth Christmas in my corps.

Epi. No doubt there is good cheer: what dishes of delight doth his lordship feast you with withal?

Top. First, with a great platter of plum porridge of pleasure, wherein is stewed the mutton of mistrust.

Epi. Excellent love-lap.[2]

Top. Then cometh a pie of patience, a hen of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet and some sour, which proveth love to be, as it was said of in old years, *Dulce venenum.*

Epi. A brave banquet!

Top. But, Epi, I pray thee feel on my chin; something pricketh me. What dost thou feel or see?

Epi. There are three or four little hairs.

Top. I pray thee call it my beard. How shall I be troubled when this young spring shall grow to a great wood!

Epi. O, sir, your chin is but a quiller[3] yet; you will be most majestical when it is full-fledged. But I marvel that you love Dipsas, that old crone.

Top. Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ;[4] I love the smoke of an old fire.

Epi. Why she is so cold that no fire can thaw her thoughts.

Top. It is an old goose, Epi, that will eat no oats; old kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much patching: I prefer an old coney[5] before a rabbit-sucker,[6] and an ancient hen before a young chicken-peeper.

Epi. [*aside*] *Argumentum ab antiquitate;* my master loveth antique work.

Top. Give me a pippin that is withered like an old wife!

Epi. Good, sir.

Top. Then,—*a contrario sequitur argumentum,*—give me a wife that looks like an old pippin.

Epi. [*aside*] Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat[7] scholarship.

[1] The officer chosen to preside over Christmas festivities.
[2] Love-gruel.
[3] An unfledged bird.
[4] Virgil. [5] Rabbit. [6] Suckling. [7] Mere.

Top. Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

Epi. Yes.

Top. And thou knowest that like will be like?

Epi. Ay.

Top. And thou knowest that Venus loved the best wine?

Epi. So.

Top. Then I conclude that Venus was an old woman in an old cup of wine, for *est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.*[1]

Epi. O lepidum caput, O madcap master! You were worthy to win Dipsas, were she as old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off and made it threadbare. But soft, who comes here?

Enter SAMIAS *and* DARES

Top. My solicitors.

Sam. All hail, Sir Tophas; how feel you yourself?

Top. Stately in every joint, which the common people term stiffness. Doth Dipsas stoop? Will she yield? Will she bend?

Dar. O, sir, as much as you would wish,—[*aside*] for her chin almost toucheth her knees.

Epi. Master, she is bent, I warrant you.

Top. What conditions doth she ask?

Sam. She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less than she.

Top. How many hath she?

Dar. One.

Epi. That goeth hard, master, for then you must have none.

Top. A small request, and agreeable to the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charnel-house? The turtle[2] true hath ne'er a tooth.

Sam. [*aside*] Thy master is in a notable vein, that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle.

Epi. [*aside*] Let him lose his tongue, too; I care not.

Dar. Nay, you must also have no nails, for she long since hath cast hers.

Top. That I yield to. What a quiet life shall Dipsas and I lead when we can neither

[1] Ovid. [2] Dove.

bite nor scratch! You may see, youths, how age provides for peace.

Sam. [*aside*] How shall we do to make him leave his love, for we never spake to her?

Dar. [*aside*] Let me alone. [*to* Sir TOPHAS] She is a notable witch, and hath turned her maid Bagoa to an aspen tree, for bewraying[1] her secrets.

Top. I honor her for her cunning, for now when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some goodly ass, and help me to four.

Dar. Nay, then I must tell you the troth: her husband, Geron, is come home, who this fifty years hath had her to wife.

Top. What do I hear? Hath she an husband? Go to the sexton and tell him desire is dead, and will him to dig his grave. O heavens, an husband! What death is agreeable[2] to my fortune?

Sam. Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a young lady.

Top. I love no grissels;[3] they are so brittle they will crack like glass, or so dainty that if they be touched they are straight of the fashion of wax; *animus majoribus instat,*[4] I desire old matrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hair were as orient as the pearl, whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet[5] that they shall stain the truest turquoise, whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle, whose eyes shall be environed about with redness exceeding the deepest coral, and whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness! Such a one if you can help me to, I will by piecemeal curtal[6] my affections towards Dipsas, and walk my swelling thoughts till they be cold.

Epi. Wisely provided. How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

Sam. Most willingly.

Dar. If we speed him[7] not shortly, I will burn my cap. We will serve him of the spades, and dig an old wife out of the grave that shall be answerable to his gravity.

[1] Betraying.
[2] Agrees with my fortune.
[3] Young girls.
[4] Ovid.
[5] Light blue.
[6] Shorten.
[7] Aid him.

Top. Youths, adieu; he that bringeth me first news, shall possess mine inheritance. [*Exit Sir* TOPHAS]

Dar. What, is thy master landed?

Epi. Know you not that my master is *liber tenens?*

Sam. What's that?

Epi. A freeholder. But I will after him.

Sam. And we to hear what news of Endymion for the conclusion.

Exeunt

SCENA TERTIA

[*The Same*]

[*Enter*] PANELION [*and*] ZONTES

Pan. Who would have thought that Tellus, being so fair by nature, so honorable by birth, so wise by education, would have entered into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious!

Zon. If Bagoa had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words are of force to corrupt the strongest men, and therefore able to work silly women like wax.

Pan. I marvel what Cynthia will determine in this cause.

Zon. I fear as in all causes—hear of it in justice, and then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be that she that is unwilling to punish her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge injuries of her train with death.

Pan. That old witch, Dipsas, in a rage, having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poor Bagoa to an aspen tree. But let us make haste and bring Tellus before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us.

Zon. Let us go. *Exeunt*

[*Enter*] CYNTHIA, SEMELE, FLOSCULA, DIPSAS, ENDYMION, EUMENIDES, [GERON, PYTHAGORAS, GYPTES, *and* Sir TOPHAS]

Cynth. Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more in number than commonly nature doth afford or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty years practised that detested wickedness of witchcraft? Wast thou, so simple as for to

know the nature of simples, of all creatures to be most sinful? Thou hast threatened to turn my course awry and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternal gods, but know thou, Dipsas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia, being placed for light on earth, is also protected by the powers of heaven. Breathe out thou mayest words; gather 40 thou mayest herbs; find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art; yet of no force[1] to appal my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant persuasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteem as weak as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman, Geron,—once thy husband but now thy mortal hate,—didst thou procure to live in a desert, almost desperate; 50 Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by art, before thou wouldst suffer him to flourish by nature.

Dip. Madam, things past may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor anything so wished for as death; yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented[2] and ran- 60 sacked thoughts as that in the prime of my husband's youth I divorced him by my devilish art; for which if to die might be amends, I would not live till to-morrow; if to live and still be more miserable would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be oldest and ugliest.

Ger. Dipsas, thou hast made this difference between me and Endymion, that being both young, thou hast caused me to wake 70 in melancholy, losing the joys of my youth, and him to sleep, not remembering youth.

Cynth. Stay, here cometh Tellus; we shall now know all.

[*Re-enter* Panelion *and* Zontes, *with* Corsites *and* Tellus]

Cor. I would to Cynthia thou couldst make as good an excuse in truth as to me thou hast done by wit.

Tell. Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not study for an excuse.

Cynth. Is it possible, Tellus, that so 80

[1] Yet all will be of no force. [2] Torn.

few years should harbor so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne, because it is a thing that beauty maketh blameless, which the more it exceedeth fairness in measure, the more it stretcheth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Corsites I smile at, for that wits, the sharper they are, the shrewder[1] they are; but this unacquainted[2] and most unnatural practice[3] with a vile enchantress against so noble a gentleman 90 as Endymion I abhor as a thing most malicious, and will revenge as a deed most monstrous. And as for you, Dipsas, I will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts, and try whether you can cast lions, tigers, boars, and bears into as dead a sleep as you did Endymion, or turn them to trees, as you have done Bagoa. But tell me, Tellus, what was the cause of this cruel part,[4] far unfitting thy sex, in which 100 nothing should be but simpleness, and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to be but softness.

Tell. Divine Cynthia, by whom I receive my life and am content to end it, I can neither excuse my fault without lying, nor confess it without shame; yet were it possible that in so heavenly thoughts as yours there could fall such earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be 110 pardoned without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without great marvel.

Cynth. Say on, Tellus; I cannot imagine anything that can color such a cruelty.

Tell. Endymion, that Endymion, in the prime of his youth, so ravished my heart with love, that to obtain my desires I could not find means, nor to resist them reason. What was she that favored not Endymion, being young, wise, honorable, and vir- 120 tuous; besides, what metal was she made of (be she mortal) that is not affected with the spice, nay infected with the poison of that not-to-be-expressed yet always-to-be-felt love, which breaketh the brains and never bruiseth the brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin, and maketh a deep scar to be seen before any wound at all be felt. My heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury, yielded 130 to love. Madam, I, not without blushing to confess, yielded to love.

[1] More mischievous.
[2] Unheard of. [3] Plot. [4] Rôle.

Cynth. A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate. How say you, Endymion? All this was for love.

End. I say, madam, then the gods send me a woman's hate.

Cynth. That were as bad, for then by contrary you should never sleep. But on, Tellus; let us hear the end. 140

Tell. Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels and a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the inward fire, but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparks, divers judged of my scalding flames. Endymion, as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, (in which he might see almost his own,) my sighs, (by which he might ever hear his name sounded,) 150 aimed at my heart, in which he was assured his person was imprinted, and by questions wrung out that which was ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, he swore that mine in respect of his were as fumes to Ætna, valleys to Alps, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beauty but his love and eternity. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe that (which all 160 of our sex willingly acknowledge) I was beautiful, and to wonder (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his sex should be faithful.

Cynth. Endymion, how will you clear yourself?

End. Madam, by mine own accuser.

Cynth. Well, Tellus, proceed; but briefly, lest taking delight in uttering thy love, thou offend us with the length of it. 170

Tell. I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continual increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds than the entering into it, I could find no means to ease my grief but to follow Endymion, and continually to have him in the object of mine eyes who had me slave and subject to his love; but in the moment that I feared his 180 falsehood and fried[1] myself most in mine affections, I found—ah, grief, even then I lost myself!—I found him in most melancholy and desperate terms cursing his stars, his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of—

Cynth. Of whom? Tellus, speak boldly.

Tell. Madam, I dare not utter, for fear to offend.

Cynth. Speak, I say; who dare take 190 offence, if thou be commanded by Cynthia?

Tell. For the love of Cynthia.

Cynth. For my love, Tellus? That were strange. Endymion, is it true?

End. In all things, madam, Tellus doth not speak false.

Cynth. What will this breed to in the end? Well, Endymion, we shall hear all.

Tell. I, seeing my hopes turned to mishaps, and a settled dissembling towards 200 me, and an immovable desire to Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell into this unnatural hate; for knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be immortal, I could not have an imagination[1] to withdraw him; and finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not carry the mind[2] that any else should possess what I had pursued; for though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and dignity, I always humbled and yielded my- 210 self to Cynthia, yet in affections I esteemed myself equal with the goddesses, and all other creatures, according to their states, with myself; for stars to[3] their bigness have their lights, and the sun hath no more, and little pitchers, when they can hold no more, are as full as great vessels that run over. Thus, madam, in all truth, have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the cause of my hate, yielding wholly to that 220 divine judgment which never erred for want of wisdom or envied for too much partiality.

Cynth. How say you, my lords, to this matter? But what say you, Endymion; hath Tellus told truth?

End. Madam, in all things but in that she said I loved her and swore to honor her.

Cynth. Was there such a time whenas for my love thou didst vow thyself to 230 death, and in respect of it loathed thy life? Speak, Endymion; I will not revenge it with hate.

End. The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be, that I honored your highness above all the world, but to stretch it so far

[1] Burned.

[1] The expectation.
[2] Bear to believe.
[3] According to.

as to call it love I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted mine ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia, and here I stand ready to die, if it please Cynthia. Such a difference hath the gods set between our states that all must be duty, loyalty, and reverence; nothing (without it vouchsafe your highness) be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my languishing body, my discontented life, let them obtain by princely favor that which to challenge they must not presume, only wishing of impossibilities; with imagination of which I will spend my spirits, and to myself, that no creature may hear, softly call it love, and if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honor. From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged thoughts than ever I did in my youthful actions.

Cynth. Endymion, this honorable respect of thine shall be christened love in thee, and my reward for it, favor. Persevere, Endymion, in loving me, and I account more strength in a true heart than in a walled city. I have labored to win all, and study to keep such as I have won; but those that neither my favor can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their treacheries with justice. Endymion, continue as thou hast begun and thou shalt find that Cynthia shineth not on thee in vain.

[ENDYMION *is here restored to youth*]

End. Your highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth; methinks I feel my joints strong and these mouldy hairs to moult, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Cynth. What, young again! Then it is pity to punish Tellus.

Tell. Ah, Endymion, now I know thee and ask pardon of thee; suffer me still to wish thee well.

End. Tellus, Cynthia must command what she will.

Flos. Endymion, I rejoice to see thee in thy former state.

End. Good Floscula, to thee also am I in my former affections.

Eum. Endymion, the comfort of my life, how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress.

Cynth. Endymion, you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

End. Semele, madam.

Cynth. Semele, Eumenides? It is Semele, the very wasp of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth?

Eum. It is Semele, Cynthia, the possessing of whose love must only prolong my life.

Cynth. Nay, sith Endymion is restored, we will have all parties pleased. Semele, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecy, such unspotted love, to take Eumenides? Why speak you not? Not a word?

End. Silence, madam, consents; that is most true.

Cynth. It is true, Endymion. Eumenides, take Semele; take her, I say.

Eum. Humble thanks, madam; now only do I begin to live.

Sem. A hard choice, madam, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word. Yet do I rather choose to have my tongue cut out than my heart distempered: I will not have him.

Cynth. Speaks the parrot! She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue, nay her head, that having a servant of honorable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be persuaded.

Sem. He is no faithful lover, madam, for then would he have asked his mistress[1].

Ger. Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost[2] his friend and mistress.

Eum. Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele, witness against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? And as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tongue ransom hers.

Cynth. Thy tongue, Eumenides! What, shouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the beauty of Semele! Well, Semele, I will not command love, for it cannot be enforced; let me entreat it.

[1] For his mistress.
[2] Would have lost.

Sem. I am content your highness shall command, for now only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my sake; yet loath, because it should do me better service. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

Cynth. I thank you, Semele.

Eum. Ah, happy Eumenides, that hast a friend so faithful and a mistress so fair! 350 With what sudden mischief will the gods daunt this excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die as thou wilt.

Cynth. What shall become of Tellus? Tellus, you know Endymion is vowed to a service from which death cannot remove him. Corsites casteth still a lovely[1] look towards you. How say you, will you have your Corsites, and so receive pardon for all that is past? 360

Tell. Madam, most willingly.

Cynth. But I cannot tell whether Corsites be agreed.

Cor. Ay, madam, more happy to enjoy Tellus than the monarchy of the world.

Eum. Why, she caused you to be pinched with fairies.

Cor. Ay, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Cynth. Well, enjoy thy love. But what 370 have you wrought in the castle, Tellus?

Tell. Only the picture of Endymion.

Cynth. Then so much of Endymion as his picture cometh to, possess and play withal.

Cor. Ah, my sweet Tellus, my love shall be as thy beauty is, matchless.

Cynth. Now it resteth,[2] Dipsas, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, Geron hath promised again to re- 380 ceive thee; otherwise, if thou be wedded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

Dip. Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade, vowing to the gods continual penance, and to your highness obedience.

Cynth. How say you, Geron; will you admit her to your wife?

Ger. Ay, with more joy than I did the 390 first day, for nothing could happen to make me happy but only her forsaking that lewd[3] and detestable course. Dipsas, I embrace thee.

[1] Loving. [2] Remains. [3] Base.

Dip. And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first follies.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart: thou hast my favor; Tellus her friend; Eumenides in Paradise with his Semele; Geron content 400 with Dipsas.

Sir Top. Nay, soft; I cannot handsomely go to bed without Bagoa.

Cynth. Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for I awaked Endymion, and at my words he waxed young; I will try whether I can turn this tree[1] again to thy true love.

Top. Turn her to a true love or false, so she be a wench I care not.

Cynth. Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard fortunes, for, being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee again, if in my power be the effect of truth.

[BAGOA *becomes herself again*]

Top. Bagoa, a bots[2] upon thee!

Cynth. Come, my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes and Pythagoras, if you cannot content yourselves in our court, to fall from vain follies of philosophers to such virtues as are here practised, you shall be en- 420 tertained according to your deserts, for Cynthia is no stepmother to strangers.

Pythag. I had rather in Cynthia's court spend ten years than in Greece one hour.

Gyp. And I choose rather to live by the sight of Cynthia than by the possessing of all Egypt.

Cynth. Then follow.

Eum. We all attend. *Exeunt*

THE EPILOGUE[3]

A MAN walking abroad, the Wind and Sun strove for sovereignty, the one with his blast, the other with his beams. The Wind blew hard; the man wrapped his garment about him harder: it blustered more strongly; he then girt it fast to him. I cannot prevail, said the Wind. The Sun, casting her crystal beams, began to warm the

[1] Bagoa had been turned into an aspen. How the transformation was managed on the stage is a nice question.

[2] Plague.

[3] This Epilogue is made from the third of the fables of Avienus, usually printed as Æsop's.

man; he unloosed his gown: yet it shined brighter; he then put it off. I yield, said the Wind, for if thou continue shining, he will also put off his coat.

Dread Sovereign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats, do but stiffen our thoughts, and make them sturdier in storms; but if your highness vouchsafe with your favorable beams to glance upon us, we shall not only stoop, but with all humility lay both our hands and hearts at your majesty's feet.

NOTE: For the following translations of the Latin passages occurring in this play we are indebted to our colleague, Professor Walton Brooks McDaniel.

P. 96. 34- 35 Let arms yield to the toga (*i.e.*, the symbol specifically of the civic life of peace).
38- 39 Let others wage wars, do you, Paris, ever devote yourself to love.
44- 45 Love has bidden me write what I was ashamed to say (what it was a shame to say).
50- 51 Let pen-knife, pens, ink, paper and books, be ever at hand (ready) the implements (*i.e.*, the equipment) for my studies.
54- 55 Every lover is a soldier (serves as a soldier), and Cupid has a camp of his own (his own camp).
58- 59 Ulysses was not handsome but he was eloquent.
62- 63 Whatever I tried to say, turned out verse.
64 Ovid's Art of Making Love. (Treatise on Courtship)
P. 98. 203 You take the lead (go first), I'll follow.
P. 102. 45 The reason is . . .
51 World in miniature.
57- 58 I carry thus all my things with me.
61- 62 He who lacks a cinerary urn has the sky to cover him.
P. 103. 97- 98 My master and I shall be in safety.
P. 109. 20- 21 A sweet poison. (It can mean "an agreeable love potion".)
34 I recognize the scars (relics, vestiges) of an old flame.
44 An argument (drawn) from antiquity.
(*Argumentum* can mean "proof", "evidence", "a theme". . . . derived from ancient sources.)
49- 50 The argument follows contrariwise.
64- 65 In wines there is Venus, there was fire in fire.
(*I.e.*, wine fires the passion of love. In the fire of the wine there was the fire of love.)
66 *caput* "head", here means "person"; *lepidus* means "charming, agreeable". "O delightful person".
P. 110. 130-131 My heart pursues those of greater years,—my desire pursues older women. It amounts to: "My taste is for older women".
151 *liber tenens* "a free man holding the property" (merely a legal term, I presume, with no background in Classical literature). The relationship of "freeholder" to "*fee*", I must leave to my lawyer friend.

THE TRAGICALL History of D. Faustus.

As it hath bene Acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham his seruants.

Written by Ch. Marl.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON
Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell. 1604.

General agreement assigns the first performance of *Doctor Faustus* to the winter of 1588-89, following the second part of *Tamburlaine*. *Faustus* enjoyed extraordinary popularity with Edward Alleyn in the title rôle, being acted, on the evidence of Henslowe, twenty-four times between September, 1594, and January, 1597. On January 7, 1601, "a book called the play of *Doctor Faustus*" was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company, but no copy bearing so early a date survives. The earliest edition extant is the quarto of 1604, which exists in but a single copy, that of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. This, the present edition follows as that, in all likelihood, nearest the text of the author, although it seems curtailed, incomplete and "debased by a dozen years of theatrical manipulation and by careless printing," as Tucker Brooke puts it. Eight later quartos followed this, between 1609 and 1663, those of 1616 to 1631 displaying a text both amplified and recast, and also corrupted. It is unlikely that these later quartos add any word which was Marlowe's. The source of this play is the German *Faustbuch* of 1587, which Marlowe doubtless read in an English translation, although none of so early a date is extant.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

CHORUS
DOCTOR FAUSTUS
WAGNER, *his Servant*
GOOD, *and* EVIL ANGEL
VALDES *and* CORNELIUS, *Conjurors*
Three Scholars
MEPHISTOPHILIS, *a Devil*
THE CLOWN
BALIOL, BELCHER, LUCIFER, BELZEBUB
and Other Devils
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS
THE POPE
CARDINAL OF LORRAIN
FRIARS
ROBIN, *the Hostler*
RAFE
A VINTNER
THE EMPEROR
A KNIGHT *and Attendants*
SPIRITS OF ALEXANDER *and his* PARAMOUR
A HORSE-COURSER
THE DUKE *of* VANHOLT *and his* DUCHESS
AN OLD MAN
The Spirit of HELEN OF TROY

SCENE: Mainly the Study of Doctor Faustus; otherwise a Grove, the Pope's Privy-Chamber at Rome, the Courts of the Emperor and the Duke of Vanholt and elsewhere.]

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Christopher Marlowe

Enter Chorus

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Trasimene,
Where Mars did mate[1] the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturned;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen—we must perform
The form[2] of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad;
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,[3]
And speak for Faustus in his infancy. 10
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;[4]
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas[5] his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism[6] graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology; 19
Till swollen with cunning,[7] of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspired his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits!

Exit

[SCENE I]

Enter Faustus *in his Study*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;[1]
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end[2] of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics,[3] 'tis thou hast ravished me,
[*Reads*]
Bene dissere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attained the end; 10
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν[4] farewell; Galen come,
Seeing *Ubi desinit philosophus ibi incipit medicus;*[5]
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure.
[*Reads*]
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?[6]
Are not thy bills[7] hung up as monuments, 20
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eased?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Wouldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell.—Where is Justinian?
[*Reads*]
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc.[8]
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads*]
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi, etc.[9] 30

[1] Fight to a stand.
[2] Outline.
[3] For applause.
[4] Rhoda near Jena.
[5] Where.
[6] Scholarship.
[7] Knowledge.

[1] Claim to know.
[2] Aim at perfection in.
[3] Logic.
[4] Aristotle's being and not being.
[5] Where the philosopher ends, the physician begins.
[6] Maxims of practice.
[7] Prescriptions.
[8] If one and the same thing is willed to two, one gets the thing, the other the value of it.
[9] The father can not disinherit a son, unless——

Such is the subject of the Institute
And universal body of the law.[1]
His[2] study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible,[3] Faustus, view it well.
[*Reads*]
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium,* etc.
The reward of sin is death. That's hard.
[*Reads*]
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die.
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera sera,*
What will be, shall be?[4] Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly:
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters:
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds[5] in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man,
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.
Wagner!

Enter WAGNER

Commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;[6]
Request them earnestly to visit me.

[1] Justinian codified Roman law in the *Code, Pandects and Institutes.*
[2] Its.
[3] The Vulgate.
[4] The modern use of *will* and *shall* was unknown to Marlowe.
[5] Excels.
[6] Valdes is unknown; Cornelius Agrippa was a famous scholar.

Wag. I will, sir. *Exit*
Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labors, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter the Good Angel *and the* Evil Angel

G. Ang. O Faustus! lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.
E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contained:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.
Exeunt [Angels]
Faust. How am I glutted with conceit[1] of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,[2]
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg,
I'll have them fill the public schools[3] with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,[4]
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,[5]
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

[1] The thought.
[2] *Ocean* and *India* are trisyllabic.
[3] Fill the universities with wealth.
[4] The Netherlands which Parma reconquered for Spain.
[5] A device used against Parma by the Dutch in 1585.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy
That will receive no object;[1] for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with concise syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus,[2] when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows[3] made all Europe honor him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canònize us.
As Indian Moors[4] obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters[5] with their horsemen's staves[6]
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live; therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enriched with tongues, well seen[1] in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faus. Nothing, Cornelius! O, this cheers my soul!
Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,[2]
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learned,
Faustus may try his cunning[3] by himself,

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity[4] thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure tho' I die therefore.

Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*Before Faustus' House*]

Enter two Scholars

1 *Schol.* I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo?*[5]

[1] Brooke no objection. [2] Virgil, *Æneid,* vi, 667.
[3] Shades raised by necromantic power.
[4] American Indians. [5] German cavalry. [6] Lances.

[1] Thoroughly versed.
[2] Roger Bacon; either Abano, or perhaps Albertus Magnus.
[3] Knowledge.
[4] Detail.
[5] Thus, I prove it, a phrase of scholastic discussion.

2 *Schol.* That shall we know, for see here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER

1 *Schol.* How now sirrah! Where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows!

2 *Schol.* Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know. But that follows not.

1 *Schol.* Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon't: therefore acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2 *Schol.* Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

1 *Schol.* Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2 *Schol.* Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?*[1] then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty feet of the place of execution,[2] although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian,[3] and begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren. *Exit*

1 *Schol.* Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 *Schol.* Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

[1] *Corpus naturale sou mobile,* the scholastic phrase describing physics.
[2] The dining-room of Faustus.
[3] Puritan.

1 *Schol.* O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 *Schol.* Yet let us try what we can do.

Exeunt

[SCENE III]

Enter FAUSTUS *to conjure* [*in a grove*]

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth
Longing to view Orion's drizzling[1] look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatized,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct[2] to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring[3] stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.

Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgate Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris?[4] *per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*[5]

Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS,] *a Devil*

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

Exit DEVIL

[1] Perhaps dazzling.
[2] Every star.
[3] Wandering stars, planets.
[4] *Q Quod tumeraris.*
[5] Be propitious to me; ye gods of Acheron! Strong be the triple divinity of Jehova! Hail, spirits of fire, of the air, of water! Belzebub, Prince of the East, sovereign of the burning lower regions and Demogorgon, we propitiate you that Mephistophilis may appear and arise. Why dost thou delay? By Jehova, by Gehenna and the holy water which I now sprinkle, and by the sign of the cross which I now make, and by our prayers, may Mephistophilis, now summoned by us, arise.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words; 30
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
Now Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.[1]

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS [*like a Franciscan Friar*]

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me to do?
Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command, 40
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.
Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.
Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.
Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.
Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*
For when we hear one rack the name of God,[2] 50
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.
Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub, 60
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium;[3]
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

[1] For indeed thou rulest in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis.
[2] Abuse, misuse.
[3] He is indifferent to heaven or hell.

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?
Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.
Faust. How comes it then that he is prince of devils? 70
Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.
Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.
Faust. Where are you damned?
Meph. In hell.
Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it: 80
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.
Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate[1]
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess. 90
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends, 100
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve[2] me of thy master's mind.
Meph. I will, Faustus. *Exit*
Faus. Had I as many souls as there be stars,

[1] So moved. [2] Inform.

I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men: 110
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtained what I desire,
I'll live in speculation[1] of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again. *Exit*

[SCENE IV]

[*Before* FAUSTUS' *house*]

Enter WAGNER *and* Clown

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pick-adevaunts[2] as I have; boy, quotha.

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villain is 10 bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw.

Clown. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By'rlady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll 20 make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*[3]

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.[4]

Clown. How, how, Knave's acre![5] Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

[1] Consideration.
[2] A pointed beard.
[3] The first words of W. Lyly's *Ad discipulos carmen de moribus.*
[4] A remedy for lice.
[5] A low street in London.

Clown. Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why 30 then belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years,[1] or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars,[2] and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labor: they are too familiar with me 40 already: swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money*]

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but in the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do 50 with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you 60 again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils! Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop[3]—he has killed the 70 devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils: *the* Clown *runs up and down crying*

Wag. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away! *Exeunt* [Devils]

Clown. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails!

[1] The usual period of apprenticeship.
[2] Spirits that possess one.
[3] Wide breeches.

There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me. 80

Clown. But, do you hear—if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, 90 that I may be here and there and everywhere. O, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How! Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain—call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily[1] fixed 100 upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.*[2] [*Exit*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him: I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit*

[SCENE V]

Enter FAUSTUS *in his Study*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damned, and canst thou not be saved:
What boots it then to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair:
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub;
Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God?—— He loves thee not— 10
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub;
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

[1] For diametrically.
[2] As if to step in my tracks.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven.

E. Ang. Rather, illusions—fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven, and heavenly things. 20

E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honor and of wealth. *Exeunt* [Angels]

Faust. Of wealth!
Why the signiory of Embden[1] shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis;
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS

Now tell me, what says Lucifer, thy lord? 30

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what good
Will my soul do thy lord.

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom. 40

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*[2]

Faust. Why, have you any pain that tortures others?

[1] A town at the mouth of the Ems river.
[2] 'Tis a solace to the miserable to have had companions in sorrow.

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.
Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.
Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.
Faust. [*stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper[1] blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.
Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.
Faust. Ay, so I will. [*Writes*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.
Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. *Exit*
Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul. Ah, there it stayed.
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals*

Meph. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.
Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes*]
Meph. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul. [*Aside*]
Faust. *Consummatum est:* this bill[2] is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge![1] Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ
Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.
Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. *Exit*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* Devils, *giving crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *and dance, and then depart*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?
Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to show thee what magic can perform.
Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?
Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.
Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.
Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.
Faust. Then hear me read them: *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis: and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul,*

[1] Own. [2] Deed is completed.

[1] Man, fly!

flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me,

John Faustus.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't!

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens. 120

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain for ever;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable. 130

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damned?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too; but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond[1] to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damnèd, and am now in hell. 140

Faust. How! now in hell?
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damnèd here;
What? walking, disputing, etc.?
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How—a wife?

[1] Foolish.

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, 150 fetch me one, for I will have one.

Meph. Well—thou wilt have one. Sit there till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name. [*Exit*]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* Devil *dressed like a woman, with fireworks*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans, 160
And bring them every morning to thy bed;
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
And as wise as Saba,[1] or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives a book*]
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself, 170
And men in armor shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are, in this book.

There turn to them

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets[2] of the heavens, that I might know their 180 motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too.

Turn to them

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more—and then I have done—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee.

Turn to them. [*Exeunt*]

[1] Queen of Sheba.
[2] The characters of all the planets.

[SCENE VI]

Enter FAUSTUS *in his Study, and* MEPHISTOPHILIS

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.
Meph. Why, Faustus,
Think'st thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.
Faust. How prov'st thou that?
Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.
Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me; 10
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.
E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.
Faust. Who buzzeth in my ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me if I repent.
E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent. *Exeunt* [Angels]
Faust. My heart's so hardened I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears 20
"Faustus, thou art damned!" Then swords and knives,
Poison, gun, halters, and envenomed steel
Are laid before me to dispatch myself,
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes[1]
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis? 30

[1] Amphion.

Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolved: Faustus shall ne'er repent—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?[1]
Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus, 40
All jointly move upon one axle-tree
Whose terminine[2] is termed the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feigned, but are erring stars.
Faust. But tell me, have they all one motion both, *situ et tempore?*[3]
Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac. 50
Faust. Tush!
These slender trifles Wagner can decide;
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finished in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years;
Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun,
Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, 60 hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*
Meph. Ay.
Faust. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?
Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.
Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in 70 some years we have more, in some less?
Meph. Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.[4]
Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

[1] According to the old Ptolemaic astronomy.
[2] Extremity.
[3] In direction and in time.
[4] Because of their unequal motion with respect to the whole.

Meph. I will not.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.
Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.
Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?
Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.
Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.
Meph. Remember this.[1] [*Exit*
Faust. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell.
'Tis thou hast damned distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel

E. Ang. Too late.
G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.
E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.
G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. *Exeunt* [Angels]
Faust. Ah, Christ my Saviour,
Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.
Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?
Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.
Faust. O Faustus! they are come to fetch away thy soul!
Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;
Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil.
Belz. And his dam, too.
Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.
Luc. Do so and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.
Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam the first day
Of his creation.
Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show: talk of the Devil, and nothing else: come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.
Faust. What art thou—the first?
Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea:[1] I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.
Faust. What art thou—the second?
Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag; and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold!
Faust. What art thou—the third?
Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case[2] of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.
Faust. What art thou—the fourth?
Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world,

[1] *I.e.*, that thou art damned.

[1] A lascivious poem really of the Middle Ages.
[2] Pair.

that all might die, and I live alone! then thou should'st see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal! What art thou—the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers[1]—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother was a Hogshead of Claret wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas-beef;[2] O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the Devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou—the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who, I, sir? I am the one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish;[3] and the first letter of my name begins with L.[4]

Luc. Away to hell, to hell! *Exeunt the Sins.* Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Mephistophilis.

Exeunt omnes

Enter WAGNER *solus*[1]

Wag. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day[2] is highly solemnized.

Exit Wagner

[SCENE VII]

[*The Privy-Chamber of the Pope*]

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,[3]
Environed round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:

[1] Refreshment between meals.
[2] Salt dried beef.
[3] Dried codfish.
[4] Qq. read *Lechery.*

[1] Later editions assign this passage to the Chorus and insert thirteen lines.
[2] Today.
[3] Treves.

There saw we learned Maro's[1] golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time:
But tell me, now, what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command, 21
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive 30
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts:
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge called Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are, 40
And double cannons[2] framed of carved brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramides,[3]
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away. 50

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass them some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, Mephistophilis, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *charms him*]

Meph. So, Faustus, now 60
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

Sound a sennet.[1] *Enter the* POPE *and the* CARDINAL *of* LORRAIN *to the banquet, with* Friars *attending*

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, wilt please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you an[2] you spare!

Pope. How now! Who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish 70 was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. *Snatches it*

Pope. How now! Who's that which snatched the meat from me? Will no man look? My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't.

[*Snatches the dish*]

Pope. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace. 80

[*Snatches the cup*]

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my lord, fall to.

The POPE *crosseth himself*

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself? Well, use that trick no more I would advise you.

Cross again

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third,

[1] Virgil, who was reputed a magician, was buried at Naples.
[2] Perhaps merely large cannon.
[3] Pronounced in four syllables.

[1] The sounding of a series of notes on the trumpet to denote a particular person.
[2] If.

I give you fair warning. 90

Cross again, and FAUSTUS *hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away*

Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not. We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle—candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Enter all the Friars *to sing the Dirge*

Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion. *Sing this*

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! *Maledicat Dominus!*[1] 100
Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! *Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti! Amen!* 110

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS] *beat the* Friars, *and fling fireworks among them: and so exeunt*

Enter CHORUS

Chorus. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends, and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air, 121
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answered with such learnèd skill,
As they admired and wondered at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold—your eyes shall see performed. *Exit*

[1] The Lord curse him!

[SCENE VIII]

[*An Inn-yard*]

Enter ROBIN *the Ostler with a book in his hand*

Robin. Oh, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark-naked before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RAFE *calling* ROBIN

Rafe. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and 10 he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismembered, Rafe: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Rafe. Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou can'st not read. 20

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Rafe. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Rafe. Can'st thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily 30 with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras[1] at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Rafe. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

[1] A sweetened wine.

Robin. True, Rafe; and more, Rafe, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Rafe. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'd feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Rafe: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IX]

[*The Same*]

Enter Robin *and* Rafe *with a silver goblet*

Robin. Come, Rafe, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *ecce signum,* here's a simple purchase[1] for horse-keepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Rafe. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull[2] him supernaturally.

Enter Vintner

Drawer, I hope all is paid: God be with you; come, Rafe.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I, a goblet, Rafe; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a, etc.[3] I, a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favor. [*Searches him*]

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow. You, sir!

Rafe. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [*Vintner searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, t'one[4] of you hath this goblet about you.

[1] Gain.
[2] Fool.
[3] The abuse is extempore.
[4] The one.

Robin. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me. [*Aside*]—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men—stand by—I'll scour you for a goblet!—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Rafe.

[*Aside to* Rafe]

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book*] *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet, Rafe. [*Aside to* Rafe]

[*Reads*] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, etc.*

Enter Mephistophilis, *sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about*

Vint. O nomine Domini! what meanest thou Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Rafe. Peccatum peccatorum.[1] Here's thy goblet, good Vintner.

[*Gives the goblet to Vintner, who exit*]

Robin. Misericordia pro nobis! What shall I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Enter to them Mephistophilis

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms!
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Robin. How, from Constantinople! You have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so begone. *Exit*

Robin. How, into an ape; that's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Rafe. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I'faith thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. *Exeunt*

[1] Sin of sins.

[SCENE X]

[*The Court*]

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, *and a* Knight *with* Attendants

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic; they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported; and here I swear to thee by the honor of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith he looks much like a conjuror. *Aside*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable[1] to the honor of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometimes solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honor of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms
As[2] we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority;
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his[3] reflecting beams,
As[4] when I hear but motion[5] made of him
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If therefore thou by cunning of thine art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entombed this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my spirit, I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith that's just nothing at all. *Aside*

Faust. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. *Aside*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace in that manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently.[1]

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I'faith that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag!

Faust. No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns for you. Mephistophilis, begone. *Exit* MEPH.

Knight. Nay an[2] you go to conjuring, I'll begone. *Exit Knight*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord.

[1] In no wise equal to. [2] That. [3] Its. [4] So that. [5] Mention.

[1] At once. [2] If.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* [Spirits *in the shape of*] ALEXANDER *and his Paramour*

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she lived had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [*Exeunt* Spirits]

Faust. Will't please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth!
[*Exit* Attendant]

Enter the Knight *with a pair of horns on his head*

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir; there's no haste; but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him; he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS *removes the horns*] Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward.
Exit Emperor

[SCENE XI]

[*A Green, then* FAUSTUS' *house*
Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS]

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That Time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horse-back or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-Courser

Horse-C. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, Horse-Courser! You are well met.

Horse-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-C. Alas, sir, I have no more.—I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money. [Horse-Courser *gives* FAUSTUS *the money*] My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.[1]

Horse-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O, yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-C. Well, sir.—Now am I made man[2] for ever: I'll not leave my horse for twice forty: if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as

[1] Under any circumstances.
[2] A made man.

siick as an eel. [*Aside*] Well, God buy, 40 sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark you, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is?

Faust. Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

Exit Horse-Courser

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemned to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross; 51
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

Sleep in his chair

Re-enter Horse-Courser, *all wet, crying*

Horse-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus[1] was never such a doctor. Has given me a purgation has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had had some 60 rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle[2] of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse![3]—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you 70 hear? you hey-pass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

Horse-C. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time.

Horse-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights. 80

Horse-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks I'll speak with him.

[1] This allusion to Dr. Lopez, hanged on the charge of conspiracy to murder Elizabeth, in 1594, is not Marlowe's.

[2] Bundle.

[3] *I.e.*, to him.

Meph. See where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-C. Ay, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian!—Forty dollars, forty 97 dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-C. So-ho, ho!—so-ho ho! (*Hollas in his ear*) No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. (*Pulls him by the leg, and pulls it away*) Alas, I am undone! What shall I do? 90

Faust. O, my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers. My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

Meph. Where be they? 100

Horse-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry[1] and I'll give them you.

Meph. Begone quickly.

Horse-Courser *runs away*

Faust. What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labor. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER

How now, Wagner, what's the news with thee? 110

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honorable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. *Exeunt*

[SCENE XII]

[*Court of the Duke*]

Enter the DUKE *and the* DUCHESS, [FAUSTUS, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS]

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

[1] Inn, ostlery.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with the grapes*

Here they be, madam; wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means of a swift spirit that I have I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam; be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward. *Exeunt*

[SCENE XIII]

[FAUSTUS' *Study*]

Enter WAGNER *solus*

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods;
And yet, methinks, if that death were [so] near,
He would not banquet, and carouse and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come! belike the feast is ended.

Enter FAUSTUS, *with two or three* Scholars [*and* MEPHISTOPHILIS]

1 *Schol.* Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeignèd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty,
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds and HELEN *passeth over the stage*

2 *Schol.* Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3 *Schol.* No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

1 *Schol.* Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,

Enter an Old Man

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell—the same I wish to you.

Exeunt Scholars [*and* WAGNER]

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.
Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus! come! thine hour is [almost] come!"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger*

Old Man. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.
Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words do comfort my distressèd soul.
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.
Old Man I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

[*Exit*]

Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt,[1] or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

[1] Turn back from repentance.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption.
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Do it then quickly, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

[FAUSTUS *stabs his arm and writes on a paper with his blood*]

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,[1]
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.
Meph. His faith is great: I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt desire
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

Enter HELEN

Faust. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless[2] towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

[*Kisses her*]

Her lips suck[3] forth my soul; see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;

[1] The old man. [2] Tallest. [3] Q. reads *sucks*.

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele:
More lovely than the monarch of the sky 110
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms: [1]
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!
Exeunt

Enter the Old Man

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter Devils

Satan begins to sift [2] me with his pride:
As in this furnace [3] God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn! 120
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.
Exeunt

[SCENE XIV]

[*The Same*]

Enter FAUSTUS *with the* Scholars

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

1 *Schol.* What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he not?

2 *Schol.* What means Faustus?

3 *Schol.* Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

1 *Schol.* If it be so, we'll have physi- 10 cians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

Faustus. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

2 *Schol.* Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven: remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and 20 tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and 30 must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends! what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

3 *Schol.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blas- 35 phemed! Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears! Yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up 40 my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning! [1]

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eter- 50 nal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill [2] with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

1 *Schol.* Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so: but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity: 60 and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

2 *Schol.* O, what shall we do to [save] Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3 *Schol.* God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

1 *Schol.* Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there 70 pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

[1] Perhaps: more lovely than the blue sky mirrored in a spring.
[2] See *Luke*, xxii, 31.
[3] Suggested by *Daniel*, iii.

[1] Learning.
[2] I sealed a deed.

2 *Schol.* Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning I'll visit you: if not——Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell. 80

Exeunt Scholars

The clock strikes eleven

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi![1] 90
The stars move still,[2] time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul—half a drop: ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me, 100
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! O, no, it will not harbor me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths, 110
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven,

The watch strikes [the half hour]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon!
O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand, and—at last—be saved!
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast? 121
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis![1] were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still[2] to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself; curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven. 130

The clock striketh twelve

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder and lightning

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.
My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!

Enter Devils

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt with him*]

Enter Chorus

Cho. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,

[1] Gently, gently run, ye horses of the night. Ovid, *Amores*, i, 13.
[2] Ever.

[1] The doctrine of the transmigration of souls, ascribed to Pythagoras.
[2] Eternally.

And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough, 140
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at[1] unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits. *Exit*

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.[1]

[1] Merely to wonder at, not practise.

[1] The hour ends the day. The author completes his work.

THE HONORABLE HISTORIE of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

As it was plaid by her Maiesties seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene* Maister of Arts.

LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun. 1594.

This comedy of the dealings of the celebrated Friar [Roger] Bacon with what was called "white magic"—the variety of converse with the supernatural world which escaped perdition of soul—was written, about 1589, in what seems a direct rivalry with Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, the subject of which is "black magic." Henslowe, to whom the play apparently belonged, records a revival of *Friar Bacon* in February 1592 by Lord Strange's company, and another by the Queen's and Sussex' men combined in April 1594. Middleton wrote a prologue and an epilogue for a still later performance at court by the Admiral's men, Christmas 1602. *Friar Bacon* was registered for publication May 14, 1594, and the quarto appeared in that year with "made by Robert Greene Maister of Arts" on the title. A second quarto followed in 1630 and a third in 1655. Greene's immediate source is a prose-tract entitled *The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*, which belonged originally to Greene's own day, though apparently no earlier quarto of it than that of 1627 now exists.

Robert Greene lived between 1558 and 1592. He boasted degrees from both Cambridge, whither he went first, and Oxford, leaving the latter in 1588. His autobiographical pamphlets declare a varied and ungoverned life at home and abroad; and he enjoyed a great reputation for a species of work which swung from mere journalism (as it would have been called later) to successful fiction. About 1587 Greene turned to the stage with *Alphonsus of Arragon*, an imitation of Marlowe. He is best in romantic comedies such as *James IV of Scotland*, and in fresh English scenes such as those of *Friar Bacon* or *George a Greene*, if this be really his. Greene died prematurely and disreputably, leaving behind him the notorious pamphlet, *A Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance*, famous as containing the first allusion in print to Shakespeare.

The most recent edition of the plays of Greene is that of T. H. Dickinson, Mermaid Series, 1912. It contains this play.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

KING HENRY THE THIRD
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son*
EMPEROR OF GERMANY
KING OF CASTILE
LACY, *Earl of Lincoln*
WARREN, *Earl of Sussex*
ERMSBY, *a gentleman*
RALPH SIMNELL, *the King's Fool*
FRIAR BACON
MILES, *his poor scholar*
FRIAR BUNGAY
JAQUES VANDERMAST, *a German*
BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT } *Doctors of Oxford*
LAMBERT, SERLSBY } *gentlemen*
TWO SCHOLARS, *their sons*
THE KEEPER OF FRESSINGFIELD
A FRIEND OF THE KEEPER AND HIS DAUGHTER
THOMAS, RICHARD } *farmers' sons*
CONSTABLE
A POST
Lords, Country Clowns, &c.
ELINOR, *daughter to the King of Castile*
MARGARET, *the Keeper's daughter of Fressingfield*
JOAN, *a country wench*
HOSTESS OF THE BELL AT HENLEY
A BRAZEN HEAD
A DEVIL
Spirit in the shape of HERCULES
A dragon shooting fire

SCENE: Framlingham; Friar Bacon's cell at Brazenose; Harleston Fair; the Court; sundry places in Oxford; Fressingfield.]

THE HONORABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

Robert Greene

[SCENE I]

[*Framlingham*]

Enter Prince Edward *malcontented,*[1] *with* Lacy, Warren, Ermsby, *and* Ralph Simnell

Lacy. Why looks my lord like to a troubled sky
When heaven's bright shine is shadowed with a fog?
Alate[2] we ran the deer, and through the lawns
Stripped[3] with our nags the lofty frolic bucks
That scudded 'fore the teasers[4] like the wind.
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield
So lustily pulled down by jolly mates,
Nor shared the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt, this hundred years before;
Nor have I seen my lord more frolic in the chase,
And now—changed to a melancholy dump!

War. After the prince got to the Keeper's lodge,
And had been jocund in the house awhile,
Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content,
Or else the bonny damsel filled[5] us drink,
That seemed so stately in her stammel[6] red,
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,—
But straight he fell into his passions.

Erms. Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your master?
Shall he thus all amort[7] live malcontent?

Ralph. Hearest thou, Ned?—Nay, look if he will speak to me!

P. Edw. What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph. I prithee tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the Keeper's daughter?

P. Edw. How if I be, what then?

[1] Melancholy.
[2] Of late.
[3] (Out-)stripped.
[4] Hounds that roused the game.
[5] *I.e.*, who filled.
[6] Coarse cloth of linen and wool.
[7] Spiritless.

Ralph. Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive Love.

P. Edw. How, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword; and so thou shalt be my fool.

P. Edw. And what of this?

Ralph. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love is such a proud scab,[1] that he will never meddle with fools nor children. Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?

P. Edw. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,
How lively[2] in her country weeds she looked?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield.
All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such.

Ralph. Sirrah, Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

Erms. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. He says all England hath no such, and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

War. How provest thou that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and hath read many books, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench? Yes, I warrant thee, by his whole grammar.

Erms. A good reason, Ralph.

P. Edw. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair;
Her bashful white, mixed with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks;
Her front[3] is beauty's table,[4] where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites,[5]
Richly enclosed with ruddy coral cliffs.
Tush, Lacy, she is Beauty's over-match,

[1] Rogue.
[2] Q. 3, *lovely*.
[3] Brow.
[4] Tablet.
[5] Pearls.

If thou survey'st her curious imagery.[1]
Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield; 70
But in the court be quainter[2] dames than she,
Whose faces are enriched with honor's taint,[3]
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of Fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the Courts of Love.
P. Edw. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watched her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.
Erms. Why, how watched you her, my lord?
P. Edw. Whenas she swept like Venus through the house,
And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,
Into the milk-house went I with the maid, 81
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine
As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery.
She turned her smock over her lily arms,
And dived them into milk to run her cheese;
But, whiter than the milk, her crystal skin,
Checkèd with lines of azure, made[4] her blush
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
Ermsby, if thou hadst seen, as I did note it well,
How Beauty played the huswife, how this girl,
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the work, 91
Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome and all
To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.
Ralph. Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have her?
P. Edw. Ay, Ralph.
Ralph. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head; thou shalt have her already.
P. Edw. I'll give thee a new coat, an [thou] learn[5] me that.
Ralph. Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to Friar Bacon. O, he is a brave scholar, sirrah; they say he is a brave necromancer, 102 that he can make women of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers.
P. Edw. And how then, Ralph?
Ralph. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to him; and because[6] thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall turn me into thee; and I'll to the court, and I'll prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock. 111
P. Edw. But how shall I have the maid?
Ralph. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken purse full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when she comes into a great press of people, for fear of the cutpurse, on a sudden she'll swap[1] thee into her plackerd;[2] then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for yourself.
Erms. Excellent policy! 121
P. Edw. But how if I be a wrought smock?
Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll put thee on; and at night when you go to bed, then being turned from a smock to a man, you may make up the match.
Lacy. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.
P. Edw. Ralph shall have a new coat. 130
Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my back, Ned.
P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot;
For-why[3] our country Margaret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,[4]
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells
And charms of art that must enchain her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girl.
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn, 140
And post to Oxford to this jolly friar;
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed.
War. Content, my lord; and that 's a speedy way
To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.
P. Edw. I am unknown, not taken for the prince;
They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game;
Therefore I have devised a policy.
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint James',[5]
And then the country flocks to Harleston fair;
Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there,
And over-shine the troop of all the maids 152
That come to see and to be seen that day.

[1] Rare quality of her appearance. (Gayley).
[2] More exquisite.
[3] Tint.
[4] Would have made.
[5] If (you) teach.
[6] So that.

[1] *Swape*, dial. for sweep.
[2] Placket.
[3] Because.
[4] Points of honor.
[5] Saint James' Day.

Haunt thee disguised among the country swains,
Feign thou 'rt a farmer's son, not far from thence,
Espy her loves, and who she liketh best;
Cote[1] him, and court her, to control[2] the clown;
Say that the courtier tirèd all in green,
That helped her handsomely to run her cheese,
And filled her father's lodge with venison, 160
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair
Affords no jewel fitting for the maid.
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush;
O, then she loves: but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
As if that Lacy were in love with her. 170

P. Edw. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news.

Ralph. And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand thousand million of fine bells.

Lacy. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him; and so within three or four days I will send word to his father Harry that his son and my master Ned is become Love's morris-dance.

P. Edw. Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy charge, 181
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
That he by art and thou by secret gifts
Mayst make me lord of merry Fressingfield.

Lacy. God send your honor your heart's desire.

Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*Friar Bacon's cell at Brazenose*]

Enter Friar Bacon, *with* Miles *his poor Scholar, with books under his arm; with them* Burden, Mason, *and* Clement, *three Doctors*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor.*

[1] Observe. [2] Overcome.

Bacon. *Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?*

Miles. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare libros in unum!*[1]

Bacon. Now, masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,
Spending your time in depth of learnèd skill, 11
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stalled[2] in Brazen-nose?
Say what 's your mind, that I may make reply.

Burd. Bacon, we hear that[3] long we have suspect,
That thou art read in magic's mystery;
In pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell, by hydromatic, ebbs and tides;
By aeromancy to discover doubts,[4]
To plain out[5] questions, as Apollo did. 20

Bacon. Well, Master Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes: that which is above us pertains nothing to us.

Burd. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Thou 'rt making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy; 31
And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st, ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, master! Why, he doth speak mystically; for he knows, if your skill fail to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters' strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper nose. 40

Clem. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill,
But joying that our acadèmy yields
A man supposed the wonder of the world;
For if thy cunning work these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brass,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Eternize Friar Bacon for his art.

[1] Here I am, most learned and reverend doctor.—Have you brought us my books of necromancy?—See how good and pleasant it is to have books together in one place.
[2] (In-)stalled. [4] Clear up difficulties.
[3] That which. [5] Ex-plain.

Mason. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.
Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you,[1] doctors, Bacon can by books
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him or his fiends
Bow to the force of his pentagonon.[2]
What art can work, the frolic friar knows;
And therefore will I turn my magic books,
And strain out[3] necromancy to the deep.
I have contrived and framed a head of brass
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff),
And that by art shall read philosophy;
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars lived and reigned in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain,
They should not touch a grass of English ground.
The work that Ninus neared at Babylon,
The brazen walls framed by Semiramis,
Carved out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strand
From Dover to the market-place of Rye.
Burd. Is this possible?
Miles. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.
Burd. What be those?
Miles. Marry, sir, three or four as honest devils and good companions as any be in hell.
Mason. No doubt but magic may do much in this;
For he that reads but mathematic rules
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the common sense of men.
Burd. But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,[4]
And tells of more than magic can perform,
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Have I not passed as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? Yet to think
That heads of brass can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deep philosophy,—
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.
Bacon. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting thus;
Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies.
But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certain questions I shall move to thee.
Burd. I will: ask what thou can.

[1] Be assured.
[2] Q. *pentageron.* The five-rayed star, or pentagram, used in magic.
[3] Sift out fully.
[4] Shoots at random with a bow beyond his control.

Miles. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack,[1] to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.
Bacon. Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at Henley upon the Thames?
Burd. I was; what then?
Bacon. What book studied you there on all night?
Burd. I! none at all; I read not there a line.
Bacon. Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows naught.
Clem. What say you to this, Master Burden? Doth he not touch you?
Burd. I pass not of[2] his frivolous speeches.
Miles. Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere he hath done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.
Bacon. Masters, for that learned Burden's skill is deep,
And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,[3]
I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft:
Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,
To multiply with secret spells of art;
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight
The book he keeps at Henley for himself.
Miles. Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take heed.
Bacon. Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll show you but his book. *Here he conjures*
Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

Enter a Woman with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a Devil

Miles. O master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all; for here 's a she-devil come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit. You have marred the devil's supper; but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.[4]
Hostess. O, where am I, or what 's become of me?
Bacon. What art thou?
Hostess. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell.
Bacon. How camest thou here?

[1] Pick-a-back, shoulders.
[2] Care not for.
[3] Mystic art.
[4] Better it.

Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,
Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guests,
A motion[1] moved me to look forth of door.
No sooner had I pried into the yard, 140
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.
As in a trance, I thought nor fearèd naught,
Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am nor what these persons be.
Bacon. No? Know you not Master Burden?
Hostess. O, yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.—
What, Master Burden! 't was but yesternight
That you and I at Henley played at cards.
Burd. I know not what we did.—A pox of all conjuring friars! 151
Clem. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book
That Burden is so careful to look on?
Bacon. It is.—But, Burden, tell me now,
Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such post?[2]
Miles. I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford. 161
Mason. Burden,
What, are you mated[3] by this frolic friar?—
Look how he droops; his guilty conscience
Drives him to bash,[4] and makes his hostess blush.
Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have you missed,
You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests
'Fore supper gin.—Burden, bid her adieu;
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes.—
Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home. 170
Hostess. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley?
Exeunt Hostess *and* Devil
Burd. The devil take thee and Henley too.
Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?
Bacon. What 's that?
Miles. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper, conjure up another spirit, and send Doctor Burden flying after.

[1] Impulse.
[2] Haste.
[3] Confounded.
[4] (Be a-)bash(-ed).

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;
And as the college callèd Brazen-nose 181
Is under him, and he the master there,
So surely shall this head of brass be framed,
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass.
Miles. So be it *et nunc et semper*, amen.
Exeunt

[SCENE III]

[*Harleston Fair*]

Enter MARGARET, *the fair maid of Fressingfield, and* JOAN; THOMAS, [RICHARD,] *and other* Clowns; *and* LACY *disguised in country apparel*

Thom. By my troth, Margaret, here 's a weather is able to make a man call his father whoreson; if this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at Harleston will bear no price.
Mar. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair
Count not to make a cope[1] for dearth of hay;
When we have turned our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,
Then let our fathers price it as they please. 10
We country sluts[2] of merry Fressingfield
Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank[3] this day,
And court us with such fairings[4] as they can.
Phœbus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,
Swearing the peddlers shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen[5] buy.
Lacy. But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries, 20
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shows all his glories for to court yourself.
Mar. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your scoff's[6] too broad before.—[7]
Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield.

[1] Bargain.
[2] Girls.
[3] Generous.
[4] Gifts.
[5] Shoppers.
[6] Jest (is).
[7] "Barefaced."

Joan. Margaret, a farmer's daughter for a farmer's son:
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.
But, Thomas, what's the news? What, in a dump?
Give me your hand, we are near a peddler's shop;
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.

Thom. Faith, Joan, and shall. I'll bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

All this while LACY *whispers* MARGARET *in the ear*

Mar. Whence are you, sir? Of Suffolk? For your terms
Are finer than the common sort of men.

Lacy. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbor not above six miles from hence,
A farmer's son, that never was so quaint[1]
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge
From him that revelled in your father's house,
And filled his lodge with cheer and venison,
Tirèd in green. He sent you this rich purse,
His token that he helped you run your cheese,
And in the milk-house chatted with yourself.

Mar. To me? You forget yourself.

Lacy. Women are often weak in memory.

Mar. O, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man.
'T were little manners to refuse his gift;
And yet I hope he sends it not for love,
For we have little leisure to debate of that.

Joan. What, Margaret! blush not; maids must have their loves.

Thom. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if she were angry.

Rich. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth Goodman Cob? My father bought a horse of him.—I'll tell you, Margaret, a were good to be a gentleman's jade, for of all things the foul hilding[2] could not abide a doong-cart.

Mar. [*aside*] How different is this farmer from the rest
That erst as yet have pleased my wand'ring sight!
His words are witty, quickened with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;
Facile and debonair in all his deeds,
Proportioned as was Paris, when, in grey,[1]
He courted Œnon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love,—
Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield?—
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
Passeth the proudest that hath pleased mine eye.
But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And show as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love;
Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To show the grief wherein thy heart doth burn.—
Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair?—
You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

Lacy. Not whilst I may have such quaint[2] girls as you.

Mar. Well, if you chance to come by Fressingfield,
Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.

Lacy. Gramercies, Peggy; look for me ere long. *Exeunt*

[1] Fastidious.
[2] Worthless creature.

[1] Hodden grey was the Shepherd's garb.
[2] Rare.

[SCENE IV]

[*Hampton Court*]

Enter [KING] HENRY THE THIRD, *the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, *his daughter, and* VANDERMAST, *a German*

K. Hen. Great men of Europe, monarchs of the west,
Ringed with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is[3] like the battlements
That compassed high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings,
To England's shore, whose promontory cliffs
Show Albion is another little world;
Welcome says English Henry to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
Who dared for Edward's sake cut through the seas,

[3] Qq. *surges*.

And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep,
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.
K. of Cast. England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;
But, hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dared to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Æolus. 19
Then may fair England welcome her the more.
Elin. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discoursèd of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolution,
Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links
To like so of the English monarch's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake. 30
Emp. Where is the prince, my lord?
K. Hen. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer;
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-house,
We hear the prince is ridden with his lords
To Oxford, in the acadèmy there
To hear dispute amongst the learnèd men.
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford to the court. 40
Emp. Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your acadèmy yields.
From Hapsburg have I brought a learnèd clerk
To hold dispute with English orators.
This doctor, surnamed Jaques Vandermast,
A German born, passed into Padua,
To Florence and to fair Bolonia,[1]
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans, 50
And, talking there with men of art, put down
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,[2]
In magic, and the mathematic rules;
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.
K. Hen. He shall, my lord; this motion likes me well.
We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our acadèmy brings.—
And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me.
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar
Called Friar Bacon, England's only flower: 60
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst,[1] then, we set[2] to Oxford with our troops,
Let 's in and banquet in our English court.
Exeunt

[1] Four syllables. [2] Principles.

[SCENE V]

[A Street in Oxford]

Enter Ralph Simnell *in* [Prince] Edward's *apparel; and* [Prince] Edward, Warren, *and* Ermsby, *disguised*

Ralph. Where be these vagabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?
P. Edw. If it please your honor, we are all ready at an inch.[3]
Ralph. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse to ride on: I'll have another fetch.[4]
Erms. I pray you, how is that, my lord?
Ralph. Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip- 10 cord. Now upon their backs will I have a fair field-bed with a canopy; and so, when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will be easy.
War. Your honor hath said well; but shall we to Brazen-nose College before we pull off our boots?
Erms. Warren, well motioned; we will to the friar
Before we revel it within the town.—
Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a prince. 20
Ralph. Wherefore have I such a company of cutting[5] knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? Have you not good swords and bucklers?

[1] Until.
[2] Set out in a particular direction. (*NED*). Qq. *fit, sit*.
[3] On the spot.
[4] Dodge.
[5] Ruffling.

Enter [FRIAR] BACON *and* MILES

Erms. Stay, who comes here?

War. Some scholar; and we'll ask him where Friar Bacon is.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make thee good scholar? Doth not all the town cry out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizar[1] is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? Why, thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles. No, sir? yes. What is this else? *Ego sum tuus homo*, "I am your man": I warrant you, sir, as good Tully's phrase[2] as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come on, sirrah; what part of speech is *Ego?*

Miles. *Ego*, that is "I"; marry, *nomen substantivo.*

Bacon. How prove you that?

Miles. Why, sir, let him prove himself an a will; I can be heard, felt, and understood.

Bacon. O gross dunce! *Beats him*

P. Edw. Come, let us break off this dispute between these two.—Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose College?

Miles. Not far from Coppersmith's Hall.

P. Edw. What, dost thou mock me?

Miles. Not I, sir; but what would you at Brazen-nose?

Erms. Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Erms. Marry, scholar, here's our master.

Ralph. Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows; mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparel?[3]

Miles. Then here's good game for the hawk; for here's the master-fool and a covey of cox-combs. One wise man, I think, would spring you all.

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Warren, kill him.

War. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

Erms. Nor I mine. 'Swounds, Ned, I think I am bewitched.

Miles. A company of scabs! The proudest of you all draw your weapon, if he can.—[*Aside*]
See how boldly I speak, now my master is by.

P. Edw. I strive in vain; but if my sword be shut
And conjured fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain, here is my fist.
Strikes MILES *a box on the ear*

Miles. O, I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-fingered!

Ralph. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honor.

Bacon. What means the English prince to wrong my man?

P. Edw. To whom speak'st thou?

Bacon. To thee.

P. Edw. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,
That Friar Bacon was not far from hence?
Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguised cannot conceal thyself.
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.
Thou com'st in post from merry Fressingfield,
Fast-fancied[1] to the Keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succor of the jolly friar;
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left
To treat[2] fair Margaret to allow thy loves;
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;
The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

War. Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

Erms. Apollo could not utter more than this.

P. Edw. I stand amazed to hear this jolly friar
Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts.—
But, learned Bacon, since thou know'st the cause
Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margaret to myself,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

War. Good friar, help the prince in this.

Ralph. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it? Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

Erms. What, doctor, in a dump? Tush, help the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

[1] A student who received free board and tuition in return for menial services.
[2] As good Cicero.
[3] For ap-parel.

[1] The opposite of fancy-free.
[2] Left off entreating.

Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells;
For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield, 120
And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They'll be betrothèd each to other fast.
But come with me; we'll to my study straight,
And in a glass prospective[1] I will show
What's done this day in merry Fressingfield.
P. Edw. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite[2] thy pain.
Bacon. But send your train, my lord, into the town;
My scholar shall go bring them to their inn.
Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.
P. Edw. Warren, leave me; and Ermsby, take the fool; 130
Let him be master, and go revel it,
Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile.
War. We will, my lord.
Ralph. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou comest. I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black-pots[3] in Oxford. *Exeunt*

[SCENE VI]

[*Friar Bacon's Cell*]

FRIAR BACON *and* [PRINCE] EDWARD *go into the study*[4]

Bacon. Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell;
Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory-court,
Wherein the devils plead homage to his words.
Within this glass prospective thou shalt see
This day what's done in merry Fressingfield
'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.
P. Edw. Friar, thou glad'st me. Now shall Edward try
How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord.
Bacon. Stand there and look directly in the glass. 10

Enter MARGARET *and* FRIAR BUNGAY[5]

What sees my lord?
P. Edw. I see the Keeper's lovely lass appear,
As brightsome[1] as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.
Bacon. Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye.[2]
Mar. But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true
That this fair courteous country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?
Bun. Peggy, 't is true, 't is Lacy for my life, 20
Or else mine art and cunning both doth fail,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves;
For he in green, that holp[3] you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.
Mar. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust.
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth quite him with courtesy. 29
Bun. Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?
Mar. His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well avouch to shadow Helen's scape:[4]
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime:
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice, to me he's England's paramour.
Bun. Hath not each eye that viewed thy pleasing face
Surnamèd thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?
Mar. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earl 40
Had that in *esse* that so many sought.
Bun. Fear not, the friar will not be behind
To show his cunning to entangle love.
P. Edw. I think the friar courts the bonny wench;
Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.
Bacon. Now look, my lord.

Enter LACY [*disguised as before*]

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!
Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.

[1] A crystal globe.
[2] (Re-)quite.
[3] Leathern wine-jugs.
[4] Probably the inner stage.
[5] The scenes in the glass probably took place on the outer stage.

[1] Qq. *bright sunne.*
[2] Edward does not hear the conversation of the characters seen in the glass.
[3] Helped.
[4] Excuse Helen's escapade. Gayley's emendation. Qq. *cape.*

Bun. Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside awhile. *They withdraw*
Lacy. Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast, 51
And locked him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust:
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?
Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man. 60
Honor bids thee control him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass.
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;
For better die than see her live disgraced.
Mar. Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps.— [*Comes forward*]
How cheer you, sir? A penny for your thought!
You're early up, pray God it be the near.[1]
What, come from Beccles in a morn so soon? 70
Lacy. Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep.
I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair
My mind hath felt a heap of passions.
Mar. A trusty man, that court it for your friend!
Woo you still for the courtier all in green?
I marvel that he sues not for himself.
Lacy. Peggy,
I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eyes surveyed your beauteous looks, 80
Love, like a wag, straight dived into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.
Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.
Mar. You are very hasty; for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring;
Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely[2] ripe is rotten too-too soon.
Bun. [*coming forward*] *Deus hic;*[3] room for a merry friar!

[1] (Your thought) be the nearer.
[2] Prematurely. [3] God be here.

What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass? 90
'T is well; but tell me, hear you any news?
Mar. No, friar. What news?
Bun. Hear you not how the pursuivants do post
With proclamations through each country-town?
Lacy. For what, gentle friar? Tell the news.
Bun. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of these news?
Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguisèd like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery, 100
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have,
Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.
Lacy. The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad.
It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.
The Earl of Lincoln! Why, it cannot be.
Mar. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he:
The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your jailer once.
P. Edw. How familiar they be, Bacon! 110
Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves.
Lacy. Then am I double prisoner to thyself.
Peggy, I yield. But are these news in jest?
Mar. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For-why[1] these wrongs do wring me at the heart.
Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth
Flatter and feign to forge[2] poor women's ill!
Lacy. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln Earl;
I not deny but, tirèd thus in rags,
I lived disguised to win fair Peggy's love. 120
Mar. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
Lacy. I meant, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife.
Mar. I little think that earls will stoop so low.
Lacy. Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?

[1] Because.
[2] Contrive.

Mar. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself;
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.
Lacy. The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so;
I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss.
P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss!
I'll stab them. 130
Bacon. O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass!
P. Edw. Choler to see the traitors gree so well
Made me think the shadows substances.
Bacon. 'T were a long poniard, my lord, to reach between
Oxford and Fressingfield; but sit still and see more.
Bun. Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up[1] the match.
I'll take my portace[2] forth and wed you here:
Then go to bed and seal[3] up your desires. 140
Lacy. Friar, content!—Peggy, how like you this?
Mar. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.
Bun. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.
Bacon. What sees my lord now?
P. Edw. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,
The friar ready with his portace there
To wed them both: then am I quite undone.
Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic served;
Help, Bacon! Stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice, 150
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.
Bacon. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar
For[4] mumbling up[5] his orisons this day.
Lacy. Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book.
Bungay is mute, crying "Hud, hud"
Mar. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught?
Reft[6] of thy senses, Bungay? Show by signs,
If thou be dumb, what passions holdeth thee.

[1] Tie up.
[2] An out-door breviary.
[3] Q. *scale.*
[4] As to. (Gayley).
[5] *I.e.*, to a finish.
[6] (Be-)reft.

Lacy. He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease
Or apoplexy hath possessed his lungs. 160
But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,
We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.
Mar. Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.
P. Edw. Why stands Friar Bungay so amazed?
Bacon. I have struck him dumb, my lord; and, if your honor please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
P. Edw. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.
Lacy. Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him 170
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance.
Mar. Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a Devil, *and carries off* BUNGAY *on his back*

O, help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back!
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad.
Exeunt
P. Edw. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear.
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose, 180
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere 't be long.
Bacon. So be it, my lord; but let us to our dinner;
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose.
Exeunt

[SCENE VII]

[*The Regent-house at Oxford*]

Enter three doctors, BURDEN, MASON, *and* CLEMENT

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the Regent-house,

It fits us talk about the king's repair,[1]
For he, troopèd with all the western kings,
That lie alongst the Dantzic seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany,
The Almain monarch, and the Saxon duke,
Castile and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their gests[2] resolved for Oxford town.
Burd. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius 10
Vaunted before the Roman emperors,
To welcome all the western potentates.
Clem. But more; the king by letters hath foretold
That Frederick, the Almain emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,
Skilful in magic and those secret arts.
Mason. Then must we all make suit unto the friar,
To Friar Bacon, that he vouch[3] this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill 20
The German; else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.
Burd. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do.
The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him.
Clem. Indeed, Mas doctor, he pleasurèd you,
In that he brought your hostess with her spit
From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.
Burd. A vengeance on the friar for his pains!
But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight, 30
To see if he will take this task in hand.
Clem. Stay, what rumor[4] is this? The town is up in a mutiny. What hurly-burly is this?

Enter a Constable, *with* Ralph Simnell, Warren, Ermsby, [*all three disguised as before*], *and* Miles

Cons. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer your misdemeanor.
Burd. What's the matter, fellow?
Cons. Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers, that, drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl, and almost killed the 40 vintner.
Miles. *Salve*, Doctor Burden!
This lubberly lurden,[5]
Ill-shaped and ill-facèd,
Disdained and disgracèd,

[1] Visit. [2] Deeds.
[3] Guarantee. [4] Noise.
[5] Heavy head.

What he tells unto *vobis*
Mentitur de nobis.
Burd. Who is the master and chief of this crew?
Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi* 50
Fugura[1] *rotundi*,[2]
Neat, sheat,[3] and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine.
Burd. What are you?
Ralph. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bell-wether of this company; these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.
Clem. Are you Edward, the king's son?
Ralph. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and, I warrant,[60] when they see how soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 't was done by no less man than a prince.
Mason. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.
War. And why so, sir?
Mason. For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman.
War. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?
Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth? 71
Erms. Whose face, shining with many a sugared smile,
Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.
Miles. And yet, master doctor,
To speak like a proctor,
And tell unto you
What is veriment and true;
To cease of this quarrel,
Look but on his apparel;
Then mark but my talis, 80
He is great Prince of Walis,
The chief of our *gregis*,
And *filius regis*;
Then 'ware what is done,
For he is Henry's white[4] son.
Ralph. Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the nini- 90 versity with a fair wind to the Bankside in Southwark.—How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall I not do it?
War. Yes, my good lord; and if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old

[1] *Figura*. (Grosart).
[2] Lo, the beast of the world, round in shape.
[3] Trim. (*NED*). [4] Darling.

pantofles,[1] and with the cork[2] make you a pinnace of five-hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord.

Erms. And I, my lord, will have pioners[3] to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer-walks.

Miles. And I, with *scientia*
And great *diligentia*,
Will conjure and charm,
To keep you from harm;
That *utrum horum mavis*,
Your very great *navis*,
Like Bartlet's ship,[4]
From Oxford do skip
With colleges and schools,
Full-loaden with fools.
Quid dicis ad hoc,
Worshipful *Domine* Dawcock?

Clem. Why, hare-brained courtiers, are you drunk or mad,
To taunt us up with such scurrility?
Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
To bring us such a fop for Henry's son?—
Call out the beadles and convey them hence
Straight to Bocardo:[5] let the roisters lie
Close clapped in bolts, until their wits be tame.

Erms. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

Ralph. What sayest, Miles, shall I honor the prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no; out with your blades,
And hamper these jades;
Have a flurt[6] and a crash,
Now play revel-dash,
And teach these sacerdos
That the Bocardos,
Like peasants and elves,
Are meet for themselves.

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.

War. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me
With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
And this, attirèd like the Prince of Wales,
Is Ralph, King Henry's only lovèd fool;
I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby,
One of the privy-chamber to the king;
Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,
Have revelled it in Oxford as you see.

[1] Slippers.
[2] From the soles.
[3] Diggers.
[4] Barclay's *Ship of Fools*.
[5] The prison in the old north gate of Oxford.
[6] Flourish.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were;
But courtiers may make greater scapes[1] than these.
Will 't please your honor dine with me to-day?

War. I will, Master doctor, and satisfy the vintner for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Ralph. And upon that I will lead the way; only I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty. *Exeunt*

[SCENE VIII]

[*Fressingfield*]

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *with his poniard in his hand*, LACY, *and* MARGARET

P. Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
As Lynceus from the shores of Græcia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,
And, joining hand in hand, had married you,
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb,
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? Is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make reply:
At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye surveyed her curious[2] shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the center of my heart,
Love taught me that your honor did but jest,
That princes were in fancy[3] but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

P. Edw. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephæstion?
Did I unfold the passions of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?

[1] Escapades.
[2] Rare.
[3] Love.

Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break 30
Th' enchainèd fetters of such private friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corrival[1] with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I dined,
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.
Mar. 'T was I, my lord, not Lacy stepped awry:
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still wooed for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I loved; 40
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitched loved Lacy with my looks;
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher out by signs,
But that I loved Lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favors will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Are not of force to bury thoughts of friends. 50
P. Edw. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves;
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret
In frigates bottomed with rich Sethin[2] planks,
Topped with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemmed and incased with burnished ivory,
An over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas[3] in the purple streams;
Sirens, with harps and silver psalteries, 60
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Margaret with their lays.
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee;
Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.
Mar. Pardon, my lord: if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danaë;
If Phœbus, tirèd[4] in Latona's webs,
Came courting from the beauty of his lodge; 70
The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,—
Not all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.

[1] Equal.
[2] Shittim.
[3] An old Italian dance.
[4] (At-)tired.

P. Edw. I have learned at Oxford, then, this point of schools:
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus.[1]
Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English prince,—
Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl. 80
Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.
Mar. Brave Prince of Wales, honored for royal deeds,
'T were sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood;
Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesy.
Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
For so both you and he do cease your loves.
P. Edw. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.
Lacy. I have deserved it, Edward; act it well. 90
Mar. What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?
P. Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.
Mar. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love
Hangs in th' uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.
Lacy. If aught betides to lovely Margaret
That wrongs or wrings her honor from content, 100
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.[2]
Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.
Mar. Rid[3] me, and keep a friend worth many loves.
Lacy. Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.
Mar. An if thy mind be such as fame hath blazed,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage.
Banish thou fancy and embrace revenge,
And in one tomb knit both our carcases, 110
Whose hearts were linkèd in one perfect love.

[1] By removing the cause the effect is removed.
[2] Live after (her).
[3] Get rid of.

P. Edw. [*aside*] Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?
And shall thy plumes be pulled by Venus down?
Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues,
To part such friends as glory in their loves?
Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves;
So in subduing fancy's passion, 120
Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest spoil.——
Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand.
The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yields unto the earl.
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;
Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.
Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right, 130
And riched me with the Albion diadem.
Mar. And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacy?
P. Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.
Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,
Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspasia unto Cyrus'-self, 140
Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.
P. Edw. Gramercy, Peggy. Now that vows are passed,
And that your loves are not to be revolt,[1]
Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post
To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife;
I pray God I like her as I loved thee.
Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute 150
'Twixt Friar Bacon and learnèd Vandermast.
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.
Mar. As it please Lord Lacy; but love's foolish looks

[1] Overturned.

Think footsteps miles and minutes to be hours.
Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return.——
But please your honor go unto the lodge,
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
And yesterday I brought for Margaret
A lusty bottle of neat claret wine;
Thus can we feast and entertain your grace. 160
P. Edw. 'T is cheer, Lord Lacy, for an emperor,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let us in; for I will all this night
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell.

Exeunt

[SCENE IX]

[*Oxford*]

Enter KING HENRY, *the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, VANDERMAST, *and* BUNGAY

Emp. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river-side:
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,
The battling[1] pastures lade[2] with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art.——
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?
Van. That lordly are the buildings of the town, 9
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;
But for the doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.
Bun. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,
None read so deep as Oxenford contains.
There are within our academic state
Men that may lecture it in Germany
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.
K. Hen. Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vandermast,
And I will use thee as a royal king.
Van. Wherein darest thou dispute with me? 20
Bun. In what a doctor and a friar can.
Van. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth
The doubtful question unto Vandermast.

[1] Fattening. [2] Laden.

Bun. Let it be this,—Whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in magic?
Van. I say, of pyromancy.
Bun. And I, of geomancy.
Van. The cabalists that write of magic spells,
As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras, 30
Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity
Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought
To be a *punctum* squarèd to[1] the rest;
And that the compass of ascending elements
Exceed in bigness as they do in height;
Judging the concave circle of the sun
To hold the rest in his circumference.
If, then as Hermes says, the fire be great'st,
Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits,
Then must these dæmonès that haunt that place 40
Be every way superior to the rest.
Bun. I reason not of elemental shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
Noting their essence nor their quality,
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,
And of the vigor of the geomantic fiends.
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground,
And those strange necromantic spells,
That work such shows and wondering in the world,
Are acted by those geomantic spirits 50
That Hermes calleth *terræ filii.*
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;
But earthly fiends, closed in the lowest deep,
Dissever mountains, if they be but charged,
Being more gross and massy[2] in their power.
Van. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remain;
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The spirits and angels that did sin with him, 60
Retained their local essence as their faults,
All subject under Luna's continent.
They which offended less hung in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air;
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends
Were thrown into the centre of the earth,
Having less understanding than the rest,
As having greater sin and lesser grace.
Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
For jugglers, witches, and vile sorcerers; 70

[1] An atom compared to.
[2] Heavy.

Whereas the pyromantic genii
Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power.
But grant that geomancy hath most force:
Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do.
Bun. I will.
Emp. Now, English Harry, here begins the game;
We shall see sport between these learnèd men.
Van. What wilt thou do?
Bun. Show thee the tree, leaved with refinèd gold, 80
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
That watched the garden called Hesperides,
Subdued and won by conquering Hercules.
Van. Well done!

Here BUNGAY *conjures, and the tree appears with the dragon shooting fire*

K. Hen. What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?
Van. Each scholar in the necromantic spells
Can do as much as Bungay hath performed.
But as Alcmena's bastard razed this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he lived, 90
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,
And tear the branches piecemeal from the root.—
Hercules! *Prodi, prodi,*[1] Hercules!

HERCULES *appears in his lion's skin*

Her. *Quis me vult?*[2]
Van. Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Hercules,
Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.
Her. *Fiat.*[3] *Begins to break the branches*
Van. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic charm
The fiend appearing like great Hercules 100
From pulling down the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.
Bun. I cannot.
Van. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge.—
Mighty commander of this English isle,
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learned enough to be a friar;
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells

[1] Come forth. [2] Who wishes me?
[3] Let it be done.

To find a man to match him in his art. 110
I have given non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam,
Frankfort, Lutetia,[1] and Orleans.
And now must Henry, if he do me right,
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter BACON

Bacon. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute!—
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amazed?
What, hath the German acted more than thou? 120
Van. What art thou that questions thus?
Bacon. Men call me Bacon.
Van. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learned;
Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows.
K. Hen. Now, monarchs, hath the German found his match.
Emp. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain.
Van. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?
Bacon. No, 130
Unless he were more learned than Vandermast;
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?
Van. Raised Hercules to ruinate that tree
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.
Bacon. Set Hercules to work.
Van. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task;
Pull off the golden branches from the root.
Her. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?
Van. By all the thrones, and dominations,
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies, 141
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.
Her. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.
K. Hen. How now, Vandermast! Have you met with your match?
Van. Never before was't known to Vandermast
That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail. 150

[1] Paris. Qq. *Lutrech.*

Emp. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome?—
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.
Bacon. I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast;
I came to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose;
And, for this German troubles but the place,
And holds this audience with a long suspense,
I'll send him to his acadèmy hence.—— 159
Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
That he may learn by travail, 'gainst[1] the spring,
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree; and thou, away with him!

Exit the spirit [*of* HERCULES] *with* VANDERMAST *and the tree*

Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?
Bacon. To Hapsburg; there your highness at return
Shall find the German in his study safe.
K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honored England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art;
I will be English Henry to thyself. 170
But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?
Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gracious as the morning-star of heaven.

Exit

Enter [PRINCE] EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY

Emp. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
How martial is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with amorets.[2]
K. Hen. Ned, where hast thou been?
P. Edw. At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks
If they could scape the teasers or the toil.[3] 180
But hearing of these lordly potentates
Landed, and progressed up to Oxford town,
I posted to give entertain to them:
Chief, to the Almain monarch; next to him,

[1] By.
[2] Love-kindling looks.
[3] The dogs or the trap.

And joint with him, Castile and Saxony
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
Thus for the men; but see, Venus appears,
Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape!
Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once, 190
Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

Elin. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
I liked thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

K. of Cast. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree, 200
If love may creep into their wanton eyes;
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
Without suspense, as my adopted son.

K. Hen. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
And glory in these honors done to Ned,
Yield thanks for all these favors to my son,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES *with a cloth and trenchers and salt*

Miles. *Salvete, omnes reges,*
That govern your *greges*
In Saxony and Spain, 210
In England and in Almain!
For all this frolic rabble
Must I cover the table
With trenchers, salt, and cloth;
And then look for your broth.

Emp. What pleasant fellow is this?

K. Hen. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

Miles. [*aside*] My master hath made me sewer[1] of these great lords; and, God knows, 220 I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree. 'Tis no matter; their cheer shall not be great, and therefore what skills[2] where the salt stand, before or behind? [*Exit*]

K. of Cast. These scholars know more skill in axioms,
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover[3] courtly for a king.

[1] A servant who sets the table.
[2] Matters.
[3] Lay the table.

Re-enter MILES *with a mess of pottage and broth; and after him* BACON

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried twopenny chop[1] before in my life?——
By your leave, *nobile decus,* 230
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus,*
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire[2] not if your cheer be this,
For we must keep our academic fare;
No riot where philosophy doth reign;
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.[3]

Emp. Presumptuous friar! What, scoff'st thou at a king?
What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasant's fare, 240
And give us cates[4] fit for country swains?——
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with[5] a pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long.

K. Hen. By Henry's honor, and the royal faith
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleased he entertains you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, Frederick, for I showed the cates,
To let thee see how scholars use to feed; 250
How little meat refines our English wits.——
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry, sir, I will.
This day shall be a festival-day with me;
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. *Exit*

Bacon. I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty,
As Bacon will present to Frederick.
The basest waiter that attends thy cups 260
Shall be in honors greater than thyself;
And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,[6]
Fetched by carvels[7] from Egypt's richest straits,
Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
Shall royalize the table of my king;
Wines richer than th' Egyptian courtesan

[1] Chopped meat in broth (?) (*NED*).
[2] Wonder.
[3] Dainties.
[4] Possibly dissyllabic.
[5] Qq. *with such.*
[6] Spices.
[7] Small, fast ship. (*NED*).

Quaffed to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
Shall be caroused in English Henry's feast;
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes;
Persia, down her Volga by canoes, 270
Send down the secrets of her spicery;
The Afric dates, myrobalans[1] of Spain,
Conserves and suckets[2] from Tiberias,
Cates from Judæa, choicer than the lamp[3]
That firèd Rome with sparks of gluttony,
Shall beautify the board for Frederick;
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE X]

[*Fressingfield*]

Enter two gentlemen, LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY, *with the Keeper*

Lam. Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
Whose table spread hath ever venison
And jacks[4] of wine to welcome passengers,[5]
Know I'm in love with jolly Margaret,
That overshines our damsels as the moon
Dark'neth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies:
I'll make thy daughter jointer[6] of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife;
And I can spend five hundred marks a year. 10
Ser. I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,
By copy all thy living lies in me;
Laxfield did never see me raise my due;
I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire.
Keep. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keeper's girl
Hath pleased the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdued your thoughts,
'T is doubtful to decide the question.
It joys me that such men of great esteem 20
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you.
But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,[7]
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,

[1] A kind of plums.
[2] Sweetmeats.
[3] Lamprey (?) (Ward).
[4] Pitchers.
[5] Travelers.
[6] Jointure or jointress.
[7] Estate.

Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her choice. *Exit*
Lam. Content, Keeper; send her unto us.
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passèd over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out? 30
Ser. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her;
The grave ends and begins a married state.

Enter MARGARET

Lam. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
Whose beauty, tempered with her huswifery,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!
Ser. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves; 40
But this believe me: Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a year,
And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all.
I cannot flatter; try me, if thou please.
Mar. Brave neighboring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,
A keeper's daughter is too base in gree[1]
To match with men accounted of such worth;
But might I not displease, I would reply.
Lam. Say, Peggy; naught shall make us discontent. 50
Mar. Then, gentles, note that love hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancy's motion:
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while[2] I have debated with myself,
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.[3]
Ser. Let it be me; and trust me, Margaret,
The meads environed with the silver streams,
Whose battling pastures fatt'neth all my flocks, 59
Yielding forth fleeces stapled with[4] such wool
As Leominster[5] cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burnished heads,
With strouting[6] dugs that paggle[7] to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy, if thou wed with me.

[1] (De-)gree.
[2] Until.
[3] (To) like.
[4] Averaging.
[5] Qq. *Lempster* (the pronunciation).
[6] Swelling.
[7] Dangle.

Lam. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields;
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroidered silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-attire;
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.
Mar. Content you, gentles, you have proffered fair,
And more than fits a country maid's degree;
But give me leave to counsel me[1] a time,
For fancy blooms not at the first assault;
Give me but ten days' respite, and I will reply,
Which or to whom myself affectionates.
Ser. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate;
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire:
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.
Lam. Think'st thou with wealth to overreach me?
Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves.
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier, single in the field.
Ser. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouched.——
Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve.
Exit
Lam. I'll follow.—Peggy, farewell to thyself;
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love. *Exit*
Mar. How Fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Helen in my froward[2] fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
Before the term of ten days be expired,
Whenas they look for answer of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,
And end their fancies and their follies both;
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a Post *with a letter and a bag of gold*

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Fressingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?
Mar. Your way is ready, and this path is right;
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield,
And if the Keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter; may I know the cause?
Post. Lovely, and once belovèd of my lord,—
No marvel if his eye was lodged so low,
When brighter beauty is not in the heavens,—
The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,
And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.
Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.
Mar. The scrolls that Jove sent Danaë,
Wrapped in rich closures of fine burnished gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,
Lives Lacy well? How fares my lovely lord?
Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.
Mar. (*reads*) *The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies hæmeræ,*[1] *fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the dew; fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely*[2] *loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my folly, who at Fressingfield loved that which time hath taught me to be but mean dainties. Eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honorable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for thy dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds; and ever assure thee of my favor, which shall avail thee and thine much.*
Farewell. *Not thine, nor his own,*
EDWARD LACY.
Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wraps proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birth-day with such stars
As lightened mischief from their infancy?
If heavens had vowed, if stars had made decree,
To show on me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but loved, heavens, hell, and all
Could not have wronged the patience of my mind.

[1] Consider. [2] Untoward. Qq. *forward*.

[1] Ephemeræ.
[2] Premature.

Post. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is forced
To love the lady by the king's command.
Mar. The wealth combined within the English shelves,[1]
Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have moved the love of Peggy from her lord.
Post. What answer shall I return to my lord?
Mar. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I loved,—
Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought!—
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent,
For Margaret's resolution craves no dower.
The world shall be to her as vanity;
Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair:
For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.
Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,
For those be hateful unto Margaret,
But for thou'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.
Post. What I have heard, what passions I have seen,
I'll make report of them unto the earl.[2]
Mar. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
And prays that his misfortune may be hers.
Exeunt [*severally*][3]

[SCENE XI]

[*Friar Bacon's cell*]

Enter FRIAR BACON *drawing the curtains with a white stick, a book in his hand, and a lamp lighted by him; and the* Brazen Head, *and* MILES *with weapons by him*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?
Miles. Here, sir.
Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?
Miles. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture?[4] I warrant you, sir, I have so armed myself that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.
Bacon. Miles,
Thou knowest that I have divèd into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends;
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneelèd at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-formed Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,[1]
When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have framed out a monstrous head of brass,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watched these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest.
If Argus lived, and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch Phobetor's night.[2]
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honor and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God,
That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now, for thy life,
Be watchful, and— *Here he falleth asleep*
Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon; and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and fifty days. Now this is the night, and 'tis my task, and no more. Now, Jesus bless me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare*; but here's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos autem populare* for the people of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me, if I chance to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would call you out of your *memento*[3] . . . *He sits down,* [*nods*], *and knocks his head.* Passion o' God, I have almost broke my pate! Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bill[4] in your hand; here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.

[1] Cliffs.
[2] Qq. s.d. *Exit Post.*
[3] Qq. *Exit.*
[4] Equipment.

[1] Hollow sphere. (Ward).
[2] Son of Morpheus.
[3] Ward suggests inferring *mori,* as on a Death's head.
[4] Pike.

With this a great noise. The Head *speaks*
The Brazen Head. Time is!

Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazen-head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, "Time is"? Is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about "Time is"? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon. Well, I'll watch you as narrowly as ever you were watched, and I'll play with you as the nightingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. [*Nods and falls forward on his pike*] Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed myself! [*A great noise*] Up, Miles; list how they rumble.

The Brazen Head. Time was!

Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you spent your seven-years' study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, "Time was." Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while[1] your arse ache, and[2] your head speak no better. Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp. [*A great noise*] What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

Here the Head *speaks, and a lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the* Head *with a hammer*

The Brazen Head. Time is past!

Miles. Master, master, up! Hell's broken loose! Your head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come. O, passing[3] warily watched!
Bacon will make thee next himself in love.
When spake the head?

Miles. When spake the head! Did not you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

Bacon. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

Bacon. As how?

[1] Until. [2] If.
[3] (Sur-)passing(-ly).

Miles. Marry, sir, the first time he said "Time is," as if Fabius Cumentator[1] should have pronounced a sentence; [the second time] he said, "Time was"; and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, "Time is past."

Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.—
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruined down,
Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave
That watched, and would not when the head did will.—
What said the head first?

Miles. Even, sir, "Time is."

Bacon. Villain, if thou hadst called to Bacon then,
If thou hadst watched, and waked the sleepy friar,
The Brazen Head had uttered aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brass:
But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,
And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.
Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,
Fiends frowned to see a man their overmatch;
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast.
But now the braves of Bacon hath an end,
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end:
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,
I will appoint thee to some fatal end.
Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight!
Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

Bacon. My service, villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

Miles. 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb,—The more the fox is cursed,[2] the better he fares. God be with you, sir. I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap[3] on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

[1] For Cunctator.
[2] With a pun on *coursed*.
[3] Corner cap. (Ward).

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick[1] to hell;
For Bacon shall have never merry day,— 160
To lose the fame and honor of his Head!

Exeunt

[SCENE XII]

[*At Court*]

Enter the EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, KING HENRY, ELINOR, PRINCE EDWARD, LACY, *and* RALPH [SIMNELL]

Emp. Now, lovely prince, the prime[2] of Albion's wealth,
How fare the Lady Elinor and you?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivalence?
Will 't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?
P. Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fettered in fair Helen's looks?
Or Phœbus scape those piercing amorets[3]
That Daphne glancèd at his deity?
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze, 10
Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree.[4]
K. Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?
Elin. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,
I come not, trooped with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate
As[5] Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.
K. of Cast. A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love:
Men must have wives, and women will be wed. 20
Let's haste the day to honor up the rites.
Ralph. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?
K. Hen. Ay, Ralph; how then?
Ralph. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel: send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and her with his necromancy, that they shall love together like pig and lamb whilst they live.

[1] Alive.
[2] Qq. *prince.*
[3] Love looks.
[4] (A-)gree.
[5] That.

K. of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady? 30
Ralph. Ay, so she will promise me two things.
K. of Cast. What's that, Ralph?
Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me.—Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing unpossible.
K. Hen. What's that, Ralph?
Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? No; but when egg-pies grow on apple-trees, then will thy grey mare prove a 40 bag-piper.
Emp. What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?
K. of Cast. I stand, my lord, amazèd at his talk,
How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnamed, for beauty's excellence,
The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield.
K. Hen. 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear; 50
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Lacy and Ned hath told me miracles.
K. of Cast. What says Lord Lacy? Shall she be his wife?
Lacy. Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live.—
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove in true appearance at the court
What I have vouchèd often with my tongue.
K. Hen. Lacy, go to the 'querry of my stable, 60
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn;
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass;
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.
Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy;
Your highness may command a greater boon;
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day.
P. Edw. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord, 70
As he that's second to myself in love.[1]
Ralph. You love her?—Madam Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

[1] *I.e.*, "because he loves Margaret almost as well as I love you." (Gayley)

Elin. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for he loved the fair maid of Fressingfield once out of all ho.[1]—Nay, Ned, never wink upon me; I care not, I.

K. Hen. Ralph tells all; you shall have a good secretary of him.—

But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.

Lacy. I go, my lord. *Exit*

Emp. How shall we pass this day, my lord?

K. Hen. To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport. *Exeunt*

[SCENE XIII]

[Friar Bacon's cell]

Enter FRIAR BACON *with* FRIAR BUNGAY *to his cell*

Bun. What means the friar that frolicked it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell
As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?

Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head is spoiled,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!
The fame of Bacon, bruited through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.

Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.

Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall tide[2] me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I guess.
My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.[3]

Enter two Scholars, *sons to Lambert and Serlsby* *[They] knock*

Bacon. Who's that knocks?

Bun. Two scholars that desire to speak with you.

[1] Beyond recall. [2] (Be-)tide.
[3] Qq. give this line to Bungay.

Bacon. Bid them come in.—
Now, my youths, what would you have?

First Schol. Sir, we are Suffolk-men and neighboring friends;
Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;
Their lands adjoin: in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as friends.

Bacon. To what end is all this?

Second Schol. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glass prospective, wherein men might see
Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

Bacon. My glass is free for every honest man.
Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how
Or in what state your friendly fathers live.
Meanwhile, tell me your names.

First Schol. Mine Lambert.

Second Schol. And mine Serlsby.

Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy.

Enter LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *with rapiers and daggers*[1]

Lam. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man:
Thou 'rt worthy of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proof of thy affection
And for thy mistress' favor, prize[2] thy blood.
Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,
Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook:
Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die.

Ser. Thou see'st I single [meet] thee [in] the field,
And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword.
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
An if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall,
Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.

Lam. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine.
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.

[1] As in the glass; *i.e.*, on the outer stage.
[2] Risk.

Bacon. Now, lusty younkers, look within the glass,
And tell me if you can discern your sires.
First Schol. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.
Second Schol. Lambert, thou liest, my father's is th' abuse, 60
And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.[1]
Bun. How goes it, sirs?
First. Schol. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield.
Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.[2]
Lam. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? Doubt'st thou of thy life?
A veney,[3] man! fair Margaret craves so much.
Ser. Then this for her.
First Schol. Ah, well thrust!
Second Schol. But mark the ward.

[LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY] *fight and kill each other*

Lam. O, I am slain! 70
Ser. And I,—Lord have mercy on me!
First Schol. My father slain!—Serlsby, ward that.
Second Schol. And so is mine!—Lambert, I'll quite thee well.
The two Scholars *stab one another* [*and die*]
Bun. O strange stratagem!
Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead!—
Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:
This glass prospective worketh many woes;
And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,[4]
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magic and thine art at once. 80
The poniard that did end the fatal[5] lives,
Shall break the cause efficient of their woes.
So fade the glass, and end with it the shows
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.
Breaks the glass
Bun. What means learned Bacon thus to break his glass?
Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night

[1] Come to harm.
[2] Outcome.
[3] Bout.
[4] Britons, braves. (*NED*).
[5] Fated.

Of papers full of necromantic charms, 90
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,
With stole and alb and strange pentagonon;
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Soter, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are instances[1] that Bacon must be damned
For using devils to countervail his God.—
Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair:
Sins have their salves, repentance can do much: 100
Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,
Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,
And make thee as a new-born babe from sin.—
Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost.
Exeunt

[SCENE XIV]

[*Fressingfield*]

Enter MARGARET *in nun's apparel, the* Keeper, *her father, and their* Friend

Keeper. Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows:
O, bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgo his lovely Margaret.
Mar. Ah, father, when the harmony of heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world 10
Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I lovèd once,—Lord Lacy was my love;
And now I hate myself for that I loved,
And doted more on him than on my God;
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents.
But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens;
That beauty used for love is vanity:
The world contains naught but alluring baits,
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts. 20

[1] Reasons.

To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maids to learn of me
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.
Friend. And will you, then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all?
Mar. Now farewell world, the engine of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ! 30
Adieu to dainty robes! This base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God
Than all the show of rich habiliments.
Love—O love! and, with fond love, farewell
Sweet Lacy, whom I lovèd once so dear!
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

Enter LACY, WARREN, *and* ERMSBY, *booted and spurred*

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge.
Here have I oft walked in the watery meads, 40
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.
War. Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?
Lacy. 'Tis the same.
Erm. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton[1] to him: a nun, my lord.
Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? Holla, man, what cheer?
How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?
Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peggy!
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham; 50
She leaves the world because she left your love.
O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!
Lacy. Why, how now, Margaret! What, a malcontent?
A nun? What holy father taught you this,
To task yourself to such a tedious life
As die a maid? 'T were injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.
Mar. Lord Lacy, thinking of thy former miss,
How fond[2] the prime of wanton years were spent
In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit, 60
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),

[1] A bad woman.
[2] Foolishly.

I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to Him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of Him.
Lacy. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands.
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows. 70
Mar. Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?
Lacy. 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?
Mar. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?
Lacy. Why, then, Margaret will be shorn a nun?
Mar. Margaret hath made a vow which may not be revoked.
War. We cannot stay, my lord; and if she be so strict,
Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh. 80
Erms. Choose you, fair damsel; yet the choice is yours:
Either a solemn nunnery or the court,
God or Lord Lacy. Which contents you best,
To be a nun or else Lord Lacy's wife?
Lacy. A good motion.—Peggy, your answer must be short.
Mar. The flesh is frail: my lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his enchanting face,
Whatsoe'er betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham, 90
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.
Lacy. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.[1]
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee.—
How say'st thou, Keeper? Art thou glad of this?
Keep. As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me. 10
Erm. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?
War. To see the nature of women: that

[1] Perhaps trisyllabic. (Grosart)

be they never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's arms.

Lacy. What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied
And posted all this night to Fressingfield.

Mar. Butter and cheese, and umbles[1] of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.

Lacy. And not a bottle of wine?

Mar. We'll find one for my lord.

Lacy. Come, Sussex, let us in: we shall have more,
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.

Exeunt

[SCENE XV]

[*Friar Bacon's cell*]

Enter a Devil *to seek* MILES

Dev. How restless are the ghosts of hellish spirits,
When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold-trenchèd Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scour the earth in post
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath raised me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones
For careless watching of his Brazen Head.
See where he comes. O, he is mine!

Enter MILES *with a gown and a corner-cap*

Miles. A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker when I was made a scholar; for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster; no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me dunce; another saith my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal. Thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunts me. —Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him.—What, Master Plutus,[2] how cheer you?

Dev. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! Why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

Dev. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord Master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute.[1]—I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see: mark you, masters, here's a plain honest man, without welt or guard.[2] But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

Dev. Ay, marry: how then?

Miles. Faith, 't is a place I have desired long to see. Have you not good tippling-houses there? May not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair[3] of cards, a swing[e]ing[4] piece of chalk,[5] and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat[6] on a cup of good drink?

Dev. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dev. Yes, a thousand. What wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Dev. Thou shalt.

Miles. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 't is a long journey, and I have never a horse.

Dev. Thou shalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself.—But I pray you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Dev. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Dev. An amble.

Miles. 'Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot: but 'tis no matter, I'll prevent it.

Dev. What dost?

Miles. Marry, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop; I'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Dev. Get up upon my back.

[MILES *mounts on the* Devil's *back*]

Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back!

Exeunt, [*the devil*] *roaring*

[1] Entrails.
[2] For Pluto.

[1] Against gaudy dress.
[2] Trimmings or facings.
[3] Pack.
[4] Huge.
[5] To chalk up the bill.
[6] Collar of froth.

[SCENE XVI]

[*The Court*]

Enter the EMPEROR *with a pointless sword; next the* KING OF CASTILE *carrying a sword with a point;* LACY *carrying the globe;* PRINCE EDWARD; WARREN *carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it;* ERMSBY *with a crown and scepter; the* QUEEN; [PRINCESS ELINOR] *with the Fair Maid of Fressingfield on her left hand;* KING HENRY; BACON; *with other* Lords *attending*

P. Edw. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favors, on his martial sword
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honors unto Elinor.
K. Hen. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceivèd joys,
And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,
The wealth of England, or due honors done 10
To Elinor, may quite[1] his favorites.
But all this while what say you to the dames
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?
Emp. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.
Mar. 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaid to this state,
Brought from her homely cottage to the court, 20
And graced with kings, princes, and emperors;
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.
P. Elin. Thou martial man that wears the Almain crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl,
Attends on Elinor,—gramercies, lord, for her,— 30
'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.
K. Hen. Seeing the marriage is solèmnizèd,
Let's march in triumph to the royal feast.—
But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?

[1] [Re-]quitè.

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that this royal marriage
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.
K. Hen. Why, Bacon, 40
What strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?
Bacon. I find by deep prescience of mine art,
Which once I tempered in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.[1]
Till then Mars shall be master of the field, 50
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turned to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favors plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladded wandering Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbor in these leaves
That gorgeous beautifies this matchless flower;
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall vail[2] her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up, 60
And Pallas' bay shall bash[3] her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation, in consòrt with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.
K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical.——
But, glorious commanders of Europa's love,
That make fair England like that wealthy isle
Circled with Gihon and [swift][4] Eùphrates,
In royalizing Henry's Albion
With presence of your princely mightiness,—
Let's march: the tables all are spread, 70
And viands, such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
It rests[5] to furnish up this royal feast,
Only[6] your hearts be frolic; for the time
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west.

Exeunt omnes

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.[7]

[1] The inevitable praise of the reigning queen.
[2] Lower. [3] Abate. [5] Remains.
[4] Dyce's emendation. Q. *first.* [6] Only that.
[7] He has won every vote who has mingled profit with pleasure. Greene's favorite motto.

THE Old Wiues Tale.

A pleasant conceited Comedie, played by the Queenes Maiesties players.

Written by *G. P.*

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to be sold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*. 1595.

"A booke or interlude, intituled a pleasant Conceipte called the owlde wifes tale," finds entry in the Stationers' Register under date April 16, 1595. The quarto of that year appears with the added information "played by the Queenes Maiesties players. Written by G. P." There was apparently no other edition. It is doubtful if the play was acted more than a couple of years before the date of publication. This comedy is best considered not only as an extravaganza but as a satire on contemporary heroical and romantic stage plays. The employment of English folk lore with a novel confidence and abandon was new to the drama of the time; and it is generally accepted that Milton in his *Comus* was indebted not a little to this fantastic tale of Peele.

George Peele was born about 1558, the son of a clerk of Christ's Hospital. He was educated at Oxford, where he appeared as an amateur actor and translated one of the *Iphigenias* of Euripides. Peele's first dramatic effort, *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, followed the example of Lyly's drama of the court but with the emphasis on the poetry. But he soon gravitated to the popular stage of Tarlton and experimented in a variety of dramatic forms, imitating Marlowe in the Tamburlaine-like *Battle of Alcazar* and the chronicle history in *Edward I*. Peele often rises to the heights of beautiful poetry and is notable for his metrical experiments and success, among the latter his musical blank verse. His life appears to have been irregular, and he died prematurely in 1587, worn out by disease.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

SACRAPANT, *a magician*
FIRST BROTHER, *named* CALYPHA
SECOND BROTHER, *named* THELEA
EUMENIDES, *a wandering knight*
ERESTUS, *an old man*
LAMPRISCUS, *a countryman*
HUANEBANGO, *a braggart*
COREBUS, *or* BOOBY, *the clown*
WIGGEN, *fellow of* COREBUS
STEVEN LOACH, *a churchwarden*
SEXTON, [*or Parish*]
GHOST OF JACK
A VOICE

FRIAR
Harvest-men and women
Furies, Fiddlers, &c.

DELIA, *sister to* CALYPHA *and* THELEA
VENELIA, *betrothed to* ERESTUS
ZANTIPPA } *daughters to* LAMPRISCUS
CELANTA }
HOSTESS

ANTIC }
FROLIC } *pages*
FANTASTIC }
CLUNCH, *a smith*
MADGE, *his wife*

SCENE: A Wood, then Clunch's Cottage.]

THE OLD WIVES TALE

George Peele

Enter Antic, Frolic, *and* Fantastic

Ant. How now, fellow Frolic![1] What, all amort?[2] Doth this sadness become thy madness? What though we have lost our way in the woods, yet never hang the head as though thou hadst no hope to live till to-morrow; for Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night for twenty in the hundred.[3]

Fro. Antic and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion,[4] never in all my life was I so dead slain. What! To lose our way in the wood, without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable! *O cœlum! O terra! O Maria!* O Neptune!

Fan. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath sworn to serve?

Fro. What resteth, then, but we commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of "O man in desperation"?

Ant. Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark; but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb:

"Three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be we;
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the tree."

Fan. Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden[5] dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of the White Horse had called me up to bed.

Fro. Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village,

Enter [Clunch] *a smith, with a lantern and candle*

which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a glow-worm, a candle, or a cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny! In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art.

[1] Q. *Franticke.* [2] Spiritless.
[3] Ironical. The usurer's rate.
[4] A gay, reckless fellow.
[5] *Wood*, also mad.

Smith. What am I? Why, I am Clunch the smith. What are you? What make you[1] in my territories at this time of the night?

Ant. What do we make, dost thou ask? Why, we make faces for fear; such as if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side slops,[2] smith.

Fro. And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest. Good Vulcan, for Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayst; and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever.

Smith. Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood; in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Smith. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so.

[*They come to a cottage*] *A dog barks* [*within*]

Hark! this is Ball, my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language. Come! Take heed for stumbling on the threshold.—Open door, Madge; take in guests.

Enter [Madge, *an*] *old woman*

Madge.[3] Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all, that come with my good-man. For my good-man's sake, come on, sit down. Here is a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own making.

Ant. Thanks, gammer; a good example for the wives of our town.

Fro. Gammer, thou and thy good-man sit lovingly together; we come to chat, and not to eat.

Smith. Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away. Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to

[1] What are you doing? [2] Wide breeches.
[3] The speech-tags throughout Q. read *Old Woman.*

roast for lamb's-wool.[1] What, shall we have a game at trump[2] or ruff[2] to drive away the time? How say you?

Fan. This smith leads a life as merry as a king with Madge his wife. Sirrah Frolic, I am sure thou art not without some round or other; no doubt but Clunch can bear his part.

Fro. Else think you me ill brought up; so set to it when you will. *They sing*

SONG

Whenas the rye reach to the chin, 90
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And school-boys playing in the stream;
Then O, then O, then O, my true-love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

Ant. This sport does well; but methinks, gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly. Come, I am sure you are not without a score. 100

Fan. I'faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long were as good as an hour's sleep.

Fro. Look you, gammer, of the giant and the king's daughter,[3] and I know not what. I have seen the day, when I was a little one, you might have drawn me a mile after you with such a discourse.

Madge. Well, since you be so importunate, my good-man shall fill the pot and get him 109 bed; they that ply their work must keep to good hours. One of you go lie with him; he is a clean-skinned man, I tell you, without either spavin or wind-gall: so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives' winter's tale.

Fan. No better hay in Devonshire![4] O' my word, gammer, I'll be one of your audience.

Fro. And I another, that's flat.

Ant. Then must I to bed with the good-man. *Bona nox*,[5] gammer. Good night, Frolic.

Smith. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take 120 thy unnatural[6] rest with me.

Exeunt ANTIC *and the smith*

Fro. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof extempore.

Madge. Now this bargain, my masters, must I make with you, that you will say hum and ha to my tale; so shall I know you are awake.

Both. Content, gammer, that will we do.

Madge. Once upon a time, there was a 130 king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was, as white as snow and as red as blood; and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away; and he sent all his men to seek out his daughter; and he sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land.

Fro. Who dressed his dinner, then?

Madge. Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss my tail. 140

Fan. Well said! On with your tale, gammer.

Madge. O Lord, I quite forgot! There was a conjurer, and this conjurer could do any thing; and he turned himself into a great dragon, and carried the king's daughter away in his mouth to a castle that he made of stone; and there he kept her I know not how long, till at last all the king's men went out so long that her two brothers went to seek her. O, I forget! she—he, I would say,—turned a proper[1] 150 young man to a bear in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps[2] by a cross[3] that parts three several ways; and he made his lady run mad,—God's me[4] bones, who comes here?

Enter the Two Brothers

Fro. Soft, gammer, here some come to tell your tale for you.[5]

Fan. Let them alone; let us hear what they will say.

1 *Bro.* Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion
We are arrivèd now with tedious toil; 160
And compassing the wide world round about,
To seek our sister, to seek fair Delia forth,
Yet cannot we so much as hear of her.

2 *Bro.* O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind!
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister,
Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance!
Soft! who have we here?

Enter Senex [ERESTUS] *at the cross, stooping to gather*

1 *Bro.* Now, father, God be your speed! What do you gather there?

Erest.[6] Hips and haws, and sticks and 170

[1] Hot spiced ale mixed with the pulp of roasted (crab-) apples.
[2] Popular card games.
[3] A version of *Childe Roland?* (Gummere).
[4] "Nothing better!"
[5] Good night.
[6] For natural.

[1] Good-looking.
[2] [He] dwells.
[3] A cross-roads monument.
[4] God bless my.
[5] The play within a play was a comparatively new device in Peele's time.
[6] The speech-tags throughout Q. read *Old Man*.

straws, and things that I gather on the ground, my son.

1 *Bro.* Hips and haws, and sticks and straws! Why, is that all your food, father?

Erest. Yea, son.

2 *Bro.* Father, here is an alms-penny for me; and if I speed in that I go for, I will give thee as good a gown of grey as ever thou didst wear.

1 *Bro.* And, father, here is another alms- 180 penny for me; and if I speed in my journey, I will give thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a scallop-shell[1] of beaten gold.

Erest. Was she fair?[2]

2 *Bro.* Ay, the fairest for white, and the purest for red, as the blood of the deer, or the driven snow.

Erest. Then hark well, and mark well, my old spell:
Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside at every danger; 190
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then comes[3] your wishes well about.
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

1 *Bro.* Brother, heard you not what the old man said?
"Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside for every danger;
Things that seem are not the same; 200
Blow a blast at every flame.
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood."

2 *Bro.* Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the white bear of England's wood!

Exeunt [*the* Two Brothers]

Erest. Now sit thee here, and tell a heavy tale.
Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer,
Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In Thessaly I lived in sweet content, 210
Until that fortune wrought my overthrow;
For there I wedded was unto a dame,
That lived in honor, virtue, love, and fame.
But Sacrapant, that cursèd sorcerer,
Being besotted with my beauteous love,
My dearest love, my true betrothèd wife,
Did seek the means to rid me of my life.
But worse than this, he with his chanting spells
Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear;
And when the sun doth settle in the west, 220
Then I begin to don my ugly hide.
And all the day I sit, as now you see,
And speak in riddles, all inspired with rage,
Seeming an old and miserable man;
And yet I am in April of my age.

Enter VENELIA, *his lady, mad; and goes in again*

See where Venelia, my betrothèd love,
Runs madding, all enraged, about the woods,
All by his cursèd and enchanting spells.

Enter LAMPRISCUS *with a pot of honey*

But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented neighbor. How now, neighbor? You look 230 toward the ground as well as I; you muse on something.

Lamp. Neighbor, on nothing but on the matter I so often moved to you. If you do anything for charity, help me; if for neighborhood or brotherhood, help me; never was one so cumbered as is poor Lampriscus. And to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey, to mend your fare.

Erest. Thanks, neighbor, set it down; 240 honey is always welcome to the bear. And now, neighbor, let me hear the cause of your coming.

Lamp. I am, as you know, neighbor, a man unmarried; and lived so unquietly with my two wives that I keep every year holy the day wherein I buried them both. The first was on Saint Andrew's day, the other on Saint Luke's.

Erest. And now, neighbor, you of this 250 country say, your custom is out. But on with your tale, neighbor.

Lamp. By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me alive, and sounded in my ears like the clapper of a great bell, whose talk was a continual torment to all that dwelt by her or lived nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

Erest. True, neighbor.

Lamp. She it is that afflicts me with her 260 continual clamors, and hangs on me like a bur. Poor she is, and proud she is; as poor as a sheep new-shorn, and as proud of her hopes as a peacock of her tail well-grown.

Erest. Well said, Lampriscus! You speak it like an Englishman.

[1] Emblem of a palmer.
[2] He knows their errand without being told.
[3] A common form of the third plural.

Lamp. As curst[1] as a wasp, and as froward as a child new-taken from the mother's teat; she is to my age as smoke to the eyes or as vinegar to the teeth. 270

Erest. Holily praised, neighbor. As much for the next.

Lamp. By my other wife I had a daughter so hard-favored, so foul and ill-faced, that I think a grove full of golden trees, and the leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a dowry answerable to her deformity.

Erest. Well, neighbor, now you have spoke, hear me speak. Send them to the well for the water of life; there shall they find their 280 fortunes unlooked for. Neighbor, farewell.

Exit

Lamp. Farewell, and a thousand! And now goeth poor Lampriscus to put in execution this excellent counsel. *Exit*

Fro. Why, this goes round without a fiddling stick. But, do you hear, gammer, was this the man that was a bear in the night and a man in the day?

Madge. Ay, this is he; and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt upon 290 a green. But soft! who comes here? O, these are the harvest-men; ten to one they sing a song of mowing.

Enter the Harvest-men *a-singing, with this song double repeated*

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me.
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Exeunt

Enter Huanebango *with his two-hand sword, and* [*Corebus*] Booby, *the clown*

Fan. Gammer, what is he?

Madge. O, this is one that is going to the 300 conjurer. Let him alone; hear what he says.

Huan. Now, by Mars and Mercury, Jupiter and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honor of my house, Polimackeroeplacidus, it is a wonder to see what this love will make silly fellows adventure, even in the wane of their wits and infancy of their discretion. Alas, my friend! what fortune calls thee forth to seek thy fortune among brazen gates, 310 enchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning? Beauty, I tell thee, is peerless, and she precious whom thou affectest.[1] Do off these desires, good countryman; good friend, run away from thyself; and, so soon as thou canst, forget her, whom none must inherit but he that can monsters tame, labors achieve, riddles absolve, loose enchantments, murder magic, and kill conjuring,—and that is the great and mighty Huanebango. 320

Cor. Hark you, sir, hark you. First know I have here the flurting[2] feather, and have given the parish the start for the long stock.[3] Now, sir, if it be no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and "riddle me, riddle me, what's this?" I'll have the wench from the conjurer, if he were ten conjurers.

Huan. I have abandoned the court and honorable company, to do my devoir against this sore sorcerer and mighty magician. If 330 this lady be so fair as she is said to be, she is mine, she is mine. *Meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium grammaticorum.*

Cor. *O falsum Latinum!*
The fair maid is *minum,*
Cum apurtinantibus gibletis and all.

Huan. If she be mine, as I assure myself the heavens will do somewhat to reward my worthiness, she shall be allied to none of the meanest gods, but be invested in the most 340 famous stock of Huanebango Polimackeroeplacidus, my grandfather; my father, Pergopolineo; my mother, Dionora de Sardinia: famously descended.

Cor. Do you hear, sir? Had not you a cousin that was called Gusteceridis?

Huan. Indeed, I had a cousin that sometime followed the court infortunately, and his name Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. O Lord, I know him well! He is the 350 knight of the neat's-feet.

Huan. O, he loved no capon better! He hath oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner;[4] that was his fault, good Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. Come, shall we go along?

[*Enter* Erestus *at the cross*]

Soft! here is an old man at the cross; let us ask him the way thither.—Ho, you gaffer!

[1] Cross, shrewish.

[1] Lovest.
[2] Nodding, flirting.
[3] The nether stock, stocking.
[4] *I.e.*, by eating it all.

I pray you tell where the wise man the conjurer dwells.

Huan. Where that earthly goddess keep- 360
eth her abode, the commander of my thoughts, and fair mistress of my heart.

Erest. Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering, son.

Huan. I will follow my fortune after mine own fancy, and do according to mine own discretion.

Erest. Yet give something to an old man before you go.

Huan. Father, methinks a piece of this 370
cake might serve your turn.

Erest. Yea, son.

Huan. Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms; ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars.—Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosom, I would buckler[1] thee, haratantara! *Exit*

Cor. Father, do you see this man? You little think he'll run a mile or two for such a cake, or pass for[2] a pudding. I tell you, 380
father, he has kept such a begging of me for a piece of this cake! Whoo! he comes upon me with "a superfantial[3] substance, and the foison[4] of the earth," that I know not what he means. If he came to me thus, and said, "My friend Booby," or so, why, I could spare him a piece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched me above other fellows with a cake, why, he makes me blind and deaf at once. Yet, father, here is a piece of 390
cake for you, as hard as the world goes.[5]

[*Gives cake*]

Erest. Thanks, son, but list to me:
He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see.
Farewell, my son; things may so hit,
Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit.

Cor. Farewell, father, farewell; for I must make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone before. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter SACRAPANT *in his study*

Sac. The day is clear, the welkin bright and grey,
The lark is merry and records[6] her notes; 400
Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky,
But only I, whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant.

[1] Protect.
[2] Care for.
[3] A coined word.
[4] Plenty.
[5] However hard the times may be. (Neilson).
[6] Flutes.

In Thessaly was I born and brought up;
My mother Meroe hight,[1] a famous witch,
And by her cunning I of her did learn
To change and alter shapes of mortal men.
There did I turn myself into a dragon,
And stole away the daughter to the king,
Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart; 410
And brought her hither to revive the man
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,
And yet is agèd, crookèd, weak, and numb.
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive
Those that behold and look upon my face;
But well may I bid youthful years adieu.

Enter DELIA *with a pot in her hand*

See where she comes from whence my sorrows grow!
How now, fair Delia! where have you been?

Del. At the foot of the rock for running water, and gathering roots for your dinner, 420
sir.

Sac. Ah, Delia, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder far than steel or adamant!

Del. Will it please you to sit down, sir?

Sac. Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou wilt,
Thou shalt have it brought into thy lap.

Del. Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the best meat from the King of England's table, and the best wine in all France, brought in 430
by the veriest knave in all Spain.

Sac. Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant.
Well, sit thee down.—
Spread, table, spread,
Meat, drink, and bread,
Ever may I have
What I ever crave,
When I am spread,
For meat for my black cock,
And meat for my red. 440

Enter a Friar *with a chine of beef and a pot of wine*

Here, Delia, will ye fall to?

Del. Is this the best meat in England?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What is it?

Sac. A chine of English beef, meat for a king and a king's followers.

Del. Is this the best wine in France?

Sac. Yea.

Del. What wine is it?

[1] Was called.

Sac. A cup of neat wine of Orleans, that never came near the brewers in England.
Del. Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?[1]
Sac. Yea.
Del. What, is he a friar?
Sac. Yea, a friar indefinite, and a knave infinite.
Del. Then, I pray ye, sir friar, tell me before you go, which is the most greediest Englishman?
Fri. The miserable and most covetous usurer.
Sac. Hold thee there, friar. (*Exit* Friar) But, soft!
Who have we here? Delia, away, be gone!

Enter the Two Brothers

Delia, away! for beset are we.—
But heaven nor[2] hell shall rescue her from[3] me.
[*Exeunt* DELIA *and* SACRAPANT]
1 *Bro.* Brother, was not that Delia did appear,
Or was it but her shadow that was here?
2 *Bro.* Sister, where art thou? Delia, come again!
He calls, that of thy absence doth complain.—
Call out, Calypha, that she may hear,
And cry aloud, for Delia is near.
Echo. Near.
1 *Bro.* Near! O, where? Hast thou any tidings?
Echo. Tidings.
2 *Bro.* Which way is Delia, then; or that, or this?
Echo. This.
1 *Bro.* And may we safely come where Delia is?
Echo. Yes.
2 *Bro.* Brother, remember you the white bear of England's wood:
"Start not aside for every danger,
Be not afeard of every stranger;
Things that seem are not the same."
1 *Bro.* Brother,
Why do we not, then, courageously enter?
2 *Bro.* Then, brother, draw thy sword and follow me.

Re-enter [SACRAPANT] *the Conjurer; it lightens and thunders; the* Second Brother *falls down*

1 *Bro.* What, brother, dost thou fall?
Sac. Ay, and thou too, Calypha.

[1] At the moment the Spaniard was the enemy, therefore the accepted butt.
[2] Q. *or*.
[3] Q. *for*.

The First Brother *falls*. *Enter* Two Furies

Adeste, dæmones![1] Away with them!
Go carry them straight to Sacrapanto's cell,
There in despair and torture for to dwell.
These are Thenores' sons of Thessaly,
That come to seek Delia their sister forth;
But, with a potion I to her have given,
My arts have made her to forget herself.
Removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass
See here the thing which doth prolong my life;
With this enchantment I do anything.
And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,
And never none shall break this little glass,
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maid.
Then cheer thyself; this is thy destiny,
Never to die but by a dead man's hand.
Exeunt

Enter EUMENIDES, *the wandering knight, and* [ERESTUS] *the old man at the cross*

Eum. Tell me, Time,
Tell me, just Time, when shall I Delia see?
When shall I see the lodestar of my life?
When shall my wand'ring course end with her sight,
Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight?
[*Seeing Erestus*]
Father, God speed! If you tell fortunes,
I pray good father, tell me mine.
Erest. Son, I do see in thy face
Thy blessèd fortune work apace.
I do perceive that thou hast wit;
Beg of thy fate to govern it,
For wisdom governed by advice,
Makes many fortunate and wise.
Bestow thy alms, give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at thy call.
Farewell, my son! Dream of no rest,
Till thou repent that thou didst best. *Exit*
Eum. This man hath left me in a labyrinth:
He biddeth me give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at my call;
He biddeth me dream of no rest,
Till I repent that I do best.
[*Lies down and sleeps*]

Enter WIGGEN, COREBUS, Churchwarden, *and* Sexton

Wig. You may be ashamed, you whoreson scald[2] Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shameless faces of yours, to let a poor man lie so long above ground un-

[1] Come hither, demons!
[2] Scurvy.

buried. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone!

Church.[1] What, would you have us to bury him, and to answer it ourselves to the parish?

Sex. Parish me no parishes; pay me my fees, and let the rest run on in the quarter's accounts, and put it down for one of your good deeds, o' God's name! for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits.

Cor. You whoreson, sodden-headed sheep's-face, shall a good fellow do less service and more honesty to the parish, and will you not, when he is dead, let him have Christmas[2] burial?

Wig. Peace, Corebus! As sure as Jack was Jack, the frolic'st franion amongst you, and I, Wiggen, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals, or some of them shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once.[3]

Church. Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou dar'st answer.

Wig. Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this.

Sex. Help, help, help! *Wiggen sets upon the parish*[4] *with a pike-staff.*

EUMENIDES *awakes and comes to them*

Eum. Hold thy hands, good fellow.

Cor. Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack?

Eum. Why, what was that Jack?

Cor. Who, Jack, sir? Who, our Jack, sir? As good a fellow as ever trod upon neat's-leather.

Wig. Look you, sir; he gave fourscore and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him. Was not this good dealing?

Church. O Lord, sir, how he lies! He was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny; and now his fellows, his drunken companions, would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel. He shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard[5] about the church-yard, for Steven Loach.

Wig. *Sic argumentaris, Domine*[6] Loach? "An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel!" In good time, sir, and hang yourselves in the bell-ropes when you have done. *Domine, opponens præpono tibi hanc quæstionem,*[1] whether will you have the ground broken or your pates broken first? For one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine,[2] I'll seal it upon your coxcomb.

Eum. Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow; be not too hasty.

Cor. You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse; then you are in worse taking[3] than Jack.

Eum. Faith, and he is bad enough. This fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend. How much will bury him?

Wig. Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

Eum. Here, hold it, then. [*aside*] And I have left me but one poor three half-pence. Now do I remember the words the old man spake at the cross: "Bestow all thou hast," and this is all, "till dead men's bones come at thy call."—Here, hold it [*gives money*]; and so farewell.

Wig. God, and all good, be with you, sir! [*Exit* EUMENIDES] Nay, you cormorants, I'll bestow one peal of[4] Jack at mine own proper costs and charges.

Cor. You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-blade[5] crossed not your coxcomb.—Well, we'll to the church-stile[6] and have a pot, and so trill-lill. [*Exit with* WIGGEN]

Church. } *Sex.* } Come, let's go. *Exeunt*

Fan. But, hark you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a great sway in the parish.

Madge. O, this Jack was a marvellous fellow! he was but a poor man, but very well beloved. You shall see anon what this Jack will come to.

Enter the Harvest-men *singing, with women in their hands*

Fro. Soft! who have we here? Our amorous harvesters.[7]

[1] Q. *Simon.* [2] For Christian.
[3] *I.e.*, "once and for all."
[4] Servant of the Parish.
[5] A lively dance.
[6] Do you argue thus, master?

[1] Master, I counter you with this counter-question.
[2] Open the argument for my side. (Bullen).
[3] Plight.
[4] On.
[5] Swords from Bilbao were noted for temper and elasticity.
[6] Where the ale-house often stood. (Neilson).
[7] Q. *harvest starres.*

Fan. Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone.

Here they begin to sing, the song doubled

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

Exeunt the Harvest-men

Enter HUANEBANGO[1]

Fro. Soft! who have we here?

Madge. O, this is a choleric gentleman! All you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword. Now goes he to the conjurer.

Fan. Methinks the conjurer should put the fool into a juggling-box.[2]

Huan. Fee, fa, fum,
Here is the Englishman,
Conquer him that can;
Come for his lady bright,
To prove himself a knight,
And win her love in fight.

[*Enter* COREBUS, *capering*][3]

Cor. Whoa-haw![4] Master Bango, are you here? Hear you, you had best sit down here, and beg an alms with me.

Huan. Hence, base cullion![5] Here is he that commandeth ingress and egress with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary, whosoever saith no.

A voice and flame of fire; HUANEBANGO *falleth down*

Voice. No.

Madge. So with that they kissed, and spoiled the edge of as good a two-hand sword as ever God put life in. Now goes Corebus in, spite of the conjurer.

Enter [SACRAPANT] the Conjurer *and* [Two Furies]

Sac. Away with him into the open fields,
To be a ravening prey to crows and kites:
[HUAN. *is carried out by the* Two Furies]
And for this villain, let him wander up and down,
In naught but darkness and eternal night.

Strikes COREBUS *blind*

[1] Q. *and* Corebus, *the clown.*
[2] Magic box.
[3] Bullen's placing of this entrance.
[4] Addressing imaginary horses.
[5] Rascal.

Cor. Here hast thou slain Huan, a slashing knight,
And robbèd poor Corebus of his sight. *Exit*

Sac. Hence, villain, hence!—Now I have unto Delia
Given a potion of forgetfulness,
That, when she comes, she shall not know her brothers.
Lo, where they labor, like to country-slaves,
With spade and mattock, on this enchanted ground!
Now will I call her by another name;
For never shall she know herself again,
Until that Sacrapant hath breathed his last.
See where she comes.

Enter DELIA

Come hither, Delia, take this goad; here hard
At hand two slaves do work and dig for gold:
Gore them with this, and thou shalt have enough. *He gives her a goad*

Del. Good sir, I know not what you mean.

Sac. [*aside*] She hath forgotten to be Delia,
But not forgot the same she should forget;
But I will change her name.—
Fair Berecynthia,—so this country calls you—,
Go ply[1] these strangers, wench; they dig for gold. *Exit*

Del. O heavens, how
Am I beholding to this fair young man[2]!
But I must ply these strangers to their work:
See where they come.

Enter the Two Brothers *in their shirts, with spades, digging*

1 *Bro.* O brother, see where Delia is!

2 *Bro.* O Delia,
Happy are we to see thee here!

Del. What tell you me of Delia, prating swains?
I know no Delia, nor know I what you mean.
Ply you your work, or else you are like to smart.

1 *Bro.* Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy brothers here?
We come from Thessaly to seek thee forth;
And thou deceivest thyself, for thou art Delia.

Del. Yet more of Delia? Then take this, and smart. [*Pricks them with the goad*]
What, feign you shifts for to defer your labor?

[1] Urge on, keep at.
[2] The conjurer.

Work, villains, work; it is for gold you dig.
2 *Bro.* Peace, brother, peace: this vild[1] enchanter
Hath ravished Delia of her senses clean,
And she forgets that she is Delia.
1 *Bro.* Leave, cruel thou, to hurt the miserable.—
Dig, brother, dig, for she is hard as steel.

Here they dig, and descry the light [*in a glass*] *under a little hill*

2 *Bro.* Stay, brother; what hast thou descried?
Del. Away, and touch it not; it is something that
My lord hath hidden there.
She covers it again

Re-enter SACRAPANT

Sac. Well said![2] thou plyest these pioners[3] well.— 700
Go, get you in, you laboring slaves.
[*Exeunt the* Two Brothers]
Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,
And hear the nightingale record her notes.
Exeunt

Enter ZANTIPPA, *the curst daughter, to the Well* [*of Life*], *with a pot in her hand*

Zan. Now for a husband, house, and home! God send a good one or none, I pray God! My father hath sent me to the well for the water of life, and tells me if I give fair words I shall have a husband. But here comes

Enter [CELANTA], *the foul wench, to the Well for water with a pot in her hand*

Celanta, my sweet sister. I'll stand by and hear what she says. 710
Cel. My father hath sent me to the well for water, and he tells me if I speak fair I shall have a husband, and none of the worst. Well, though I am black,[4] I am sure all the world will not forsake me; and, as the old proverb is, though I am black, I am not the devil.
Zan. Marry-gup with a murrain,[5] I know wherefore thou speakest that; but go thy ways home as wise as thou camest, or I'll set thee home with a wanion.[6] 721

[1] Vile.
[2] Well done.
[3] Diggers.
[4] Dark, unprepossessing.
[5] By St. Mary of Egypt, plague take you! (*NED*).
[6] Bad luck to you! Literally, in a waning moon. (*NED*).

Here she strikes her pitcher against her sister's, and breaks them both, and goes her way

Cel. I think this be the curstest quean in the world. You see what she is, a little fair, but as proud as the devil, and the veriest vixen that lives upon God's earth. Well, I'll let her alone, and go home and get another pitcher, and, for all this, get me to the well for water. *Exit*

Enter two Furies *out of the Conjurer's cell and lay* HUANEBANGO *by the Well of Life* [*and then exeunt.*] *Re-enter* ZANTIPPA *with a pitcher to the well*

Zan. Once again for a husband; and, in faith, Celanta, I have got the start of you. Belike husbands grow by the well-side. Now my father says I must rule my tongue. 731
Why, alas, what am I, then? A woman without a tongue is as a soldier without his weapon. But I'll have my water, and be gone.

Here she offers to dip her pitcher in, and a Head *speaks in the well*

Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smooth, and comb my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.[1]
Zan. What is this? 740
"Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread"?
"Cockell" callest thou it, boy? Faith, I'll give you cockell-bread.

She breaks her pitcher upon the Head. Then it thunders and lightens, and HUANEBANGO *rises up. He is deaf and cannot hear*

Huan. Philida, phileridos, pamphilida, florida, flortos;
Dub dub-a-dub bounce, quoth the guns, with a sulphurous huff-snuff;
Walked[2] with a wench, pretty peat, pretty love, and my sweet pretty pigsnie,[3]
Just by thy side shall sit surnamèd great Huanebango;
Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat Mars or thunder Olympus.[4] 750
Zan. [*aside*] Foh, what greasy groom have we here? He looks as though he crept

[1] Bread moulded into a love-charm. (*NED*).
[2] Q. *wakte*.
[3] Pig's eye, darling.
[4] These and the following nonsense hexameters are a take-off on the contemporary fashion of writing hexametres, especially illustrated in Harvey and Stanyhurst.

out of the backside of the well, and speaks like a drum perished at the west end.

Huan. O, that I might,—but I may not; woe to my destiny therefore!—[1]
Kiss that I clasp! but I cannot. Tell me, my destiny, wherefore?

Zan. [*aside*] Whoop! now I have my dream. Did you never hear so great a wonder as this? Three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle. 760

Huan. [*aside*] I'll now set my countenance, and to her in prose; it may be, this rim-ram-ruff[2] is too rude an encounter.—Let me, fair lady, if you be at leisure, revel with your sweetness, and rail upon that cowardly conjurer, that hath cast me, or congealed me rather, into an unkind sleep, and polluted my carcass.

Zan. [*aside*] Laugh, laugh, Zantippa; thou hast thy fortune: a fool and a husband under one. 771

Huan. Truly, sweet-heart, as I seem, about some twenty years, the very April of mine age.

Zan. [*aside*] Why, what a prating ass is this!

Huan. Her coral lips, her crimson chin,
Her silver teeth so white within,
Her golden locks, her rolling eye,
Her pretty parts,—let them go by—,
Heigh-ho, hath wounded me, 780
That I must die this day to see!

Zan. By Gog's bones, thou art a flouting knave. "Her coral lips, her crimson chin"! ka,[3] wilshaw![4]

Huan. True, my own, and my own because mine, and mine because mine, ha, ha! Above a thousand pounds in possibility, and things fitting thy desire in possession.

Zan. [*aside*] The sot thinks I ask of his lands. Lob[5] be your comfort, and cuckold 790 be your destiny!—Hear you, sir; an if you will have us, you had best say so betime.

Huan. True, sweet-heart, and will royalize thy progeny with my pedigree. *Exeunt*

Enter EUMENIDES, *the wandering knight*

Eum. Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate,
Envied by fortune and forlorn by fate,

[1] See footnote 4, p. 189.
[2] Alliterative bombast. Dyce's copy *rude*.
[3] Quoth a.
[4] Qy. "Will ich ha(ve)." (Gayley).
[5] "Lob's pound" meant "the thralldom of a henpecked married man." (Bullen).

Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides,
Die in the spring, the April of my age!
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done:
I would to God that it were ne'er begun! 800

Enter [*the* GHOST OF] JACK

[*G. of*] *Jack.* You are well overtaken, sir.

Eum. Who's that?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* You are heartily well met, sir.

Eum. Forbear, I say; who is that which pincheth me?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as all your friends were at the making hereof,[1] God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, 810 about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, make your mastership's shoes as black as ink? How say you, sir?

Eum. Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my pretty boy; my state is so bad.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I'll be as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know 820 not me. Are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes flies with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady as white as snow and as red as blood?[2] Ha, ha! have I touched you now?

Eum. [*aside*] I think this boy be a spirit. —How knowest thou all this?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Tut, are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that gave all the 830 money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three half-pence left in your purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is flat.

Eum. Well, my lad, since thou art so impor[tu]nate, I am content to entertain thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my journey. But whither shall we go? for I have not any money more than one bare three half-pence. 840

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Well, master, content yourself, for if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alehouse we come to; for, master, I know you are passing hungry; therefore I'll go before and provide dinner

[1] A play on a common formula for concluding a letter. See *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, IV, v, 63ff.
[2] Cf. ll. 130ff.

until that you come; no doubt but you'll come fair and softly after.

Eum. Ay, go before; I'll follow thee.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* But do you hear, master? Do you know my name?

Eum. No, I promise thee, not yet.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Why, I am Jack. *Exit*

Eum. Jack! Why, be it so, then.

Enter the Hostess *and* Jack, *setting meat on the table; and Fiddlers come to play.* Eumenides *walketh up and down, and will eat no meat*

Host. How say you, sir? Do you please to sit down?

Eum. Hostess, I thank you, I have no great stomach.

Host. Pray, sir, what is the reason your master is so strange? Doth not this meat please him?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats; therefore, a reckoning, good hostess.

Host. Marry, shall you, sir, presently.[1] *Exit*

Eum. Why, Jack, what dost thou mean? Thou knowest I have not any money; therefore, sweet Jack, tell me, what shall I do?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Well, master, look in your purse.

Eum. Why, faith, it is a folly, for I have no money.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Why, look you, master; do so much for me.

Eum. [*looking into his purse*] Alas, Jack, my purse is full of money!

[*G. of*] *Jack.* "Alas," master! does that word belong to this accident? Why, methinks I should have seen you cast away your cloak, and in a bravado dance a galliard round about the chamber. Why, master, your man can teach you more wit than this.

[*Re-enter* Hostess]

Come, hostess, cheer up my master.

Host. You are heartily welcome; and if it please you to eat of a fat capon, a fairer bird, a finer bird, a sweeter bird, a crisper bird, a neater bird, your worship never eat of.

Eum. Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* But hear you, master, one word by the way. Are you content I shall be halves in all you get in your journey?

Eum. I am, Jack; here is my hand.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Enough, master, I ask no more.

[1] At once.

Eum. Come, hostess, receive your money; and I thank you for my good entertainment. [*Gives money*]

Host. You are heartily welcome, sir.

Eum. Come, Jack, whither go we now?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Marry, master, to the conjurer's presently.

Eum. Content, Jack.—Hostess, farewell. *Exeunt*

Enter Corebus [*blind*], *and* Celanta, *the foul wench, to the Well for water*

Cor. Come, my duck, come. I have now got a wife. Thou art fair, art thou not?

Cel. My Corebus, the fairest alive; make no doubt of that.

Cor. Come, wench, are we almost at the well?

Cel. Ay, Corebus, we are almost at the well now. I'll go fetch some water; sit down while I dip my pitcher in.

Voice. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.

A Head *comes up with ears of corn, and she combs them in*[*to*] *her lap*

Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

[*Sec. Head.*] Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maid, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree.

A [Second] Head *comes up full of gold: she combs it into her lap*

Cel. O, see, Corebus, I have combed a great deal of gold into my lap, and a great deal of corn!

Cor. Well said, wench! now we shall have just enough. God send us coiners to coin our gold. But come, shall we go home, sweetheart?

Cel. Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead you.

Cor. So, Corebus, things have well hit;
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit.
Exeunt

Enter [*the* Ghost of] Jack *and* [Eumenides] *the wandering knight*

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Come away, master, come.

Eum. Go along, Jack, I'll follow thee,

Jack, they say it is good to go cross-legged, and say his prayers backward[1]; how sayest thou?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Tut, never fear, master; let me alone.[2] Here sit you still; speak not a word; and because you shall not be enticed with his enchanting speeches, with this same wool I'll stop your ears: and so, master, sit still, for I must to the conjurer. *Exit*

Enter [SACRAPANT] *the Conjurer to the wandering knight*

Sac. How now! What man art thou that sits so sad?
Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees 940
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?
What, not a word but mum? Then, Sacrapant,
Thou art betrayed.

Re-enter [*the* GHOST OF] JACK *invisible, and takes off* SACRAPANT'S *wreath from his head, and his sword out of his hand*

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant?
What hateful Fury doth envy my happy state?
Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days.
Alas, my veins are numbed, my sinews shrink,
My blood is pierced,[3] my breath fleeting away,
And now my timeless date is come to end!
He in whose life his actions hath been so foul, 950
Now in his death to hell descends his soul.
He dieth

[*G. of*] *Jack.* O, sir, are you gone? Now I hope we shall have some other coil.—Now, master, how like you this? The conjurer he is dead, and vows never to trouble us more. Now get you to your fair lady, and see what you can do with her.—Alas, he heareth me not all this while; but I will help that.

He pulls the wool out of his ears

Eum. How now, Jack! What news?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Here, master, take this 960 sword, and dig with it at the foot of this hill.

He digs, and spies a light [*in a glass*]

Eum. How now, Jack! What is this?

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Master, without this the conjurer could do nothing; and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his art endure; and this being out, then doth his art decay.

[1] As a protection against the Conjurer.
[2] Leave it to me. [3] Penetrated, chilled.

Eum. Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out this light.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Ay, master, how?

Eum. Why, with a stone I'll break the 970 glass, and then blow it out.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* No, master, you may as soon break the smith's anvil as this little vial; nor the biggest blast that ever Boreas blew cannot blow out this little light; but she that is neither maid, wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen.

He winds the horn. Here enters VENELIA, *and breaks the glass, and blows out the light, and goeth in again*

So, master, how like you this? This is she that ran madding in the woods, his betrothed love that keeps the cross; and now, this light 980 being out, all are restored to their former liberty. And now, master, to the lady that you have so long looked for.

He draweth a curtain, and there DELIA *sitteth asleep*

Eum. God speed, fair maid, sitting alone! —there is once. God speed, fair maid!—there is twice. God speed, fair maid!—that is thrice.

Del. Not so,[1] good sir, for you are by.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Enough, master, she hath spoke; now I will leave her with you. [*Exit*

Eum. Thou fairest flower of these west- 990
ern parts,
Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight
As doth a crystal mirror in the sun;
For thy sweet sake I have crossed the frozen Rhine;[2]
Leaving fair Po, I sailed up Danuby
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians;
These have I crossed for thee, fair Delia:
Then grant me that which I have sued for long.

Del. Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good 1000
To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee.

Eum. Thanks, gentle madam; but here comes Jack; thank him, for he is the best friend that we have.

Re-enter [*the* GHOST OF] JACK, *with a head in his hand*

How now, Jack! What hast thou there?

[1] *I.e.*, not alone.
[2] *Cf.* Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, ll. 73–6.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Marry, master, the head of the conjurer.

Eum. Why, Jack, that is impossible; he was a young man. 1010

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Ah, master, so he deceived them that beheld him! But he was a miserable, old, and crooked man, though to each man's eye he seemed young and fresh; for, master, this conjurer took the shape of the old man that kept the cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer. But now, master, wind your horn.

He winds his horn. Enter VENELIA, *the* Two Brothers, *and* [ERESTUS] *he that was at the cross*

Eum. Welcome, Erestus! welcome, fair Venelia!
Welcome, Thelea and Calypha both! 1020
Now have I her that I so long have sought;
So saith fair Delia, if we have your consent.

1 *Bro.* Valiant Eumenides, thou well deservest
To have our favors; so let us rejoice
That by thy means we are at liberty.
Here may we joy each in other's sight,
And this fair lady have her wandering knight.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* So, master, now ye think you have done; but I must have a saying to you. You know you and I were partners, I to 1030 have half in all you got.

Eum. Why, so thou shalt, Jack.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Why, then, master, draw your sword, part your lady, let me have half of her presently.

Eum. Why, I hope, Jack, thou dost but jest. I promised thee half I got, but not half my lady.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* But what else, master? Have you not gotten her? Therefore divide her 1040 straight, for I will have half; there is no remedy.

Eum. Well, ere I will falsify my word unto my friend, take her all. Here, Jack, I'll give her thee.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Nay, neither more nor less, master, but even[1] just half.

Eum. Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend, I will divide her. Jack, thou shalt have half. 1050

1 *Bro.* Be not so cruel unto our sister, gentle knight.

2 *Bro.* O, spare fair Delia! She deserves no death.

Eum. Content yourselves; my word is passed to him.—Therefore prepare thyself, Delia, for thou must die.

Del. Then farewell, world! Adieu, Eumenides!

EUMENIDES *offers to strike, and* [*the* GHOST OF] JACK *stays him*

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Stay, master; it is sufficient[1] I have tried your constancy. Do you now 1060 remember since you paid for the burying of a poor fellow?

Eum. Ay, very well, Jack.

[*G. of*] *Jack.* Then, master, thank that good deed for this good turn; and so God be with you all! *Jack leaps down in the ground*

Eum. Jack, what, art thou gone? Then farewell, Jack!—
Come, brothers, and my beauteous Delia,
Erestus, and thy dear Venelia,
We will to Thessaly with joyful hearts 1070

All. Agreed: we follow thee and Delia.
Exeunt

Fan. What, gammer, asleep?

Madge. By the mass, son, 't is almost day; and my windows shut at the cock's-crow!

Fro. Do you hear, gammer? Methinks this Jack bore a great sway amongst them.

Madge. O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury; and that makes him to help the wandering knight so much. But come, let us in[2]: we 1080 will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so depart.[3]

Fan. Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer?

Madge. Yes, faith: when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way; and so shall you have, too, before you go, to[4] your breakfast. [*Exeunt*]

[1] Exactly.

[1] Sc. that.
[2] They have been wandering in imagination.
[3] Part.
[4] For.

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward *the second, King of* England: with the tragicall *fall of proud* Mortimer:

As it was sundrie times publiquely acted *in the honourable citie of London, by the* right honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants.

Written by Chri. Marlow *Gent.*)

Imprinted at London for *William Ione*, dwelling neere Holbourne conduit at the *signe of the Gamme*, 1594

Four quarto editions of *Edward II* survive: of 1594, 1598, 1612 and 1622. It seems that an earlier quarto, bearing date 1593, once existed (Tucker Brooke, *Marlowe*, 308); but it has perished. Except for *The Massacre at Paris, Edward II* is Marlowe's latest play. It was acted, as the title page of the quartos declare, by the Earl of Pembroke's men, and probably first in 1591 or in the earlier months of 1592. As Pembroke's men were Henslowe's rivals, no mention of Marlowe's tragedy occurs in the celebrated *Diary;* though it is not impossible that "*the Spencers*", for which £6 was paid, in March, 1589, to Chettle and Porter, may have had some relation to Marlowe's play. In September, 1602, Henslowe expended money on properties for "the play of Mortymore." And there is a small fragment of *The Fall of Mortimer* in the Jonson folio of 1641. The text follows that of the quarto of 1594, which is not only the best for this play, but the fullest and clearest of any of Marlowe's. As "the best preserved of the poet's tragedies," for its place in the history of the chronicle play, and for its direct inspiration of Shakespeare, Marlowe's *Edward II* demands attention. It was *Edward II* that first found print, after two editions of *Tamburlaine*, in the lifetime of the author.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

PIERS GAVESTON, *Favorite of the King*
KING EDWARD II
EARL OF LANCASTER
MORTIMER SENIOR
ROGER MORTIMER, *his Nephew*
EDMUND, Earl of Kent, *the King's Brother*
GUY, Earl of Warwick
PEMBROKE
BISHOP OF COVENTRY
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
ISABELLA, *Edward's Queen*
BEAUMONT
SPENCER FILIUS, *"Earl of Gloucester"*
BALDOCK, *a Scholar*
A LADY, *Niece of King Edward*
LORD ARUNDEL
HUGH SPENCER, *"Earl of Wiltshire"*
LEVUNE, *a Frenchman*
PRINCE EDWARD, *later* EDWARD III
SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT
RICE AP HOWELL
LEICESTER
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
TRUSSELL
BERKELEY
MATRAVIS, GURNEY, LIGHTBORN } *Murderers*

Poor Men, Posts, Guards, Ladies, James and Servants, Herald, Abbot and Monks, Mower, Soldiers, Champion, Lords.

SCENE: London, Westminster; Tynemouth Castle, Boroughbridge, Harwich, Bristol, the Abbey of Neath, Killingworth (Kenilworth), and the Vicinities of these; one scene in Paris.]

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF EDWARD THE SECOND

Christopher Marlowe

[ACT I, SCENE I]

[*London, a Street*]

Enter Gaveston, *reading on a letter that was brought him from the King*

Gav. 'My father is deceased. Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.'
Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And, like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes 10
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men,
But that it harbors him I hold so dear—
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,[1]
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, that are but sparks, 20
Raked up in embers of their poverty;—
Tanti;[2] I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
But how now, what are these?

[1] Q. reads *die*.
[2] So much for them.

Enter three Poor Men

Poor Men. Such as desire your worship's service.
Gav. What canst thou do?
1 *P. M.* I can ride.
Gav. But I have no horses. What art thou?
2 *P. M.* A traveller.
Gav. Let me see—thou would'st do well 30
To wait at my trencher and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.
And what art thou?
3 *P. M.* A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.
Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as you;
I have no war, and therefore, sir, begone.
3 *P. M.* Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That would'st reward them with an hospital.
Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose should play the porpentine,[1] 40
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [*Aside*]
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not viewed my lord the king;
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.
All. We thank your worship.
Gav. I have some business. Leave me to myself.
All. We will wait here about the court. *Exeunt*
Gav. Do. These are not men for me: 50

[1] Porcupine.

I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.[1] 60
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
One like Actæon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And running in the likeness of an hart
By yelping hounds pulled down, and seem to die: 70
Such things as these best please his majesty.
Here comes my lord the king, and the nobles
From the parliament. I'll stand aside. [*Retires*]

Enter the KING, LANCASTER, MORTIMER *Senior,* MORTIMER *Junior,* EDMUND, *Earl of Kent,* GUY, *Earl of Warwick,* [PEMBROKE *and* Attendants]

Edw. Lancaster!
Lan. My lord.
Gav. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside*]
Edw. Will you not grant me this?—In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased. [*Aside*]
E. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston. 80
Gav. That villain Mortimer! I'll be his death. [*Aside*]
Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armor up.
Gav. Mort Dieu! [*Aside*]
Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words. 91
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.
Gav. Well done, Ned! [*Aside*]
Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honor you, 100
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester—
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.
Kent. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Percy of the north, being highly moved, 110
Braved Moubery[1] in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness loved him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
The undaunted spirit of Percy was appeased,
And Moubery and he were reconciled.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face.
Brother,[2] revenge it, and let these their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.
War. O, our heads!

[1] A country dance.

[1] This old spelling for Mowbray indicates the pronunciation.
[2] Kent was half-brother to the king.

Edw. Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant— 120
War. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.
Mor. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.—
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.
Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.
E. Mor. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.
War. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.
Lan. And northward Gaveston hath many friends.[1]
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind, 130
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing[2] head of thy base minion thrown.

Exeunt Nobiles [*except* KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON *and* Attendants]

Edw. I cannot brook these haughty menaces;
Am I a king, and must be overruled?
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy[3] with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.
Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord. [*Comes forward*]
Edw. What, Gaveston! welcome!—Kiss not my hand— 140
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why should'st thou kneel? know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.
Gav. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.
Edw. I know it.—Brother, welcome home my friend.
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,

[1] These two lines are ironical.
[2] Flattering.
[3] Contend.

And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster: 150
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.
Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.
Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.
Edw. Cease, brother: for I cannot brook these words. 160
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more; for, but to honor thee,
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.[1]
Fear'st thou thy person?[2] thou shalt have a guard:
Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury:
Wouldst thou be loved and feared? receive my seal;
Save or condemn, and in our name command
Whatso thy mind affects, or fancy likes. 170
Gav. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY

Edw. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?
Bish. To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston returned?
Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.
Gav. 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes, 180
Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.
Bish. I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaimed,
As then I did incense the parliament,

[1] Rule.
[2] Fearest for thy safety.

So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.
Gav. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.
Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel[1] christen him anew.
Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome. 190
Gav. Let him complain unto the see of hell;
I'll be revenged on him for my exile.
Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.
Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.
Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.
Bish. For this offence, be thou accurst of God!
Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower. 200
Bish. True, true.
Edw. But, in the meantime, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.
Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may [best] beseem his holiness.
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II]

[*Westminster*]

Enter [*on one side*] *both the* MORTIMERS; [*on the other,*] WARWICK *and* LANCASTER

War. 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.
Lan. What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursèd Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless[2] sepulchre or mine.
Mor. Well, let that peevish[3] Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof he shall die.
E. Mor. How now! why droops the Earl of Lancaster?
Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent? 10
Lan. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.
E. Mor. An earl!
War. Ay, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.
E. Mor. We may not, nor we will not suffer this.
Mor. Why post we not from hence to levy men?
Lan. "My Lord of Cornwall," now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet,[1] one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march: 20
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.
War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods and scorns and smiles at those that pass.
E. Mor. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?
Lan. All stomach[2] him, but none dare speak a word.
Mor. Ah, that bewrays[3] their baseness, Lancaster!
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up,
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us. 32

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY [*and an* Attendant]

War. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.
Lan. His countenance bewrays he is displeased.
Arch. First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next

[1] Gutter. [2] Untimely. [3] Silly.

[1] Taking off his hat as a mark of respect.
[2] Are angered at him.
[3] Betrays.

Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized:
This certify the Pope;—away, take horse.
[*Exit* Attend.]
Lan. My lord, will you take arms against the king?
Arch. What need I? God himself is up in arms, 40
When violence is offered to the church.
Mor. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?
Arch. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;
The bishopric of Coventry is his.

Enter Queen Isabella

Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?
Isab. Unto the forest,[1] gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now, my lord, the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston. 50
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."
E. Mor. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitched?
Mor. Madam, return unto the court again.
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be revenged at full. 60
Arch. But yet lift not your swords against the king.
Lan. No; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.
War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.[2]
Isab. Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppressed with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.
Arch. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent 70
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.
Mor. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.
War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?
Arch. At the New Temple.
Mor. Content.
Arch. And, in the meantime, I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.
Lan. Come then, let's away.
Mor. Madam, farewell! 80
Isab. Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.
Mor. Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must. *Exeunt*

[1] Away from the world. [2] Forever.

[SCENE III]

[*London, a Street*]

Enter Gaveston *and the* Earl of Kent

Gav. Edmund, the mighty Prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth—there let them remain. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE IV]

[*The New Temple*]

Enter Nobiles, Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke, *the* Elder Mortimer, Young Mortimer, *the* Archbishop of Canterbury *and* Attendants]

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.
Arch. Give me the paper.
[*He subscribes, as do the others after him*]

Lan. Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.
War. But I long more to see him banished hence.
Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

Enter KING EDWARD, GAVESTON, [*and* KENT]

Edw. What, are you moved that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure; we will have it so.
Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.
E. Mor. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
Quam male conveniunt![1]
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!
Pem. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
War. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!
Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be faced and overpeered,[2]
Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
E. Mor. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?
War. We know our duties—let him know his peers.
Edw. Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.
E. Mor. We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.
Gav. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!
Were I a king——
Mor. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?
Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.
Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.—
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston!

[1] How ill they agree! [2] Outrivaled.

E. Mor. And with the Earl of Kent that favors him.
[Attendants *remove* KENT *and* GAVESTON]
Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king.
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne:
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown:
Was ever king thus overruled as I?
Lan. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.
Mor. What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain.
War. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?
Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.
Arch. Why are you moved? be patient,[1] my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.
Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.
Edw. Meet you for this, proud overdaring peers?
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet[2] upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.
Arch. You know that I am legate to the Pope;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.
Mor. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him and elect another king.
Edw. Ay, there it goes! but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.
Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.
Arch. Remember how the bishop was abused!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.
Edw. It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair: [*Aside*]
The legate of the Pope will be obeyed.
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of our fleet;

[1] Trisyllabic. [2] Float.

Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy, 70
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

Arch. Nothing shall alter us—we are resolved.

Lan. Come, come, subscribe.

Mor. Why should you love him whom the world hates so?

Edw. Because he loves me more than all the world.

Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that be noble-born should pity him. 80

War. You that are princely-born should shake him off:
For shame subscribe, and let the lown[1] depart.

E. Mor. Urge him, my lord.

Arch. Are you content to banish him the realm?

Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears.
[*Subscribes*]

Mor. The king is lovesick for his minion.

Edw. 'Tis done—and now, accursèd hand, fall off!

Lan. Give it me—I'll have it published in the streets.

Mor. I'll see him presently[2] dispatched away. 90

Arch. Now is my heart at ease.

War. And so is mine.

Pem. This will be good news to the common sort.

E. Mor. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobiles

Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,
For these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce 100
The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!
With slaughtered priests make Tiber's channel swell,
And banks raised higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter Gaveston

Gav. My lord, I hear it whispered everywhere,
That I am banished, and must fly the land.

Edw. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—O! were it false!
The legate of the Pope will have it so, 109
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed.
But I will reign to be revenged of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,
I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.

Gav. Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?

Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.

Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston; 119
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains:
For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine;
O, might I keep thee here as I do this,
Happy were I! but now most miserable!

Gav. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king. 130

Edw. Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

Gav. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

Edw. Kind words and mutual talk makes our grief greater:

[1] Worthless fellow. [2] At once.

Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.
Gav. For every look, my lord, drops down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.
Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill:
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way. 140
Gav. The peers will frown.
Edw. I pass[1] not for their anger.—Come, let's go;
O, that we might as well return as go.

Enter Queen Isabella

Isab. Whither goes my lord?
Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone!
Isab. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?
Gav. On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.
Isab. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston;
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord, 150
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honor thus in question?
Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exiled;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.
Isab. Your highness knows it lies not in my power.
Edw. Away then! touch me not—Come, Gaveston.
Isab. Villain! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord. 160
Gav. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.
Edw. Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.
Isab. Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.
Edw. And witness heaven how dear thou art to me:
There weep: for till my Gaveston be repealed,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.
Exeunt Edward *and* Gaveston
Isab. O miserable and distressèd queen!
Would, when I left sweet France and was embarked, 171
That charming Circe walking on the waves,
Had changed my shape, or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twined about my neck
I had been stifled, and not lived to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doted Jove on Ganymede 180
So much as he on cursèd Gaveston:
But that will more exasperate his wrath;
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair;
And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston;
And so am I for ever miserable.

Enter the Nobles *to the Queen*

Lan. Look where the sister of the King of France,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!
War. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.
Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint. 190
Mor. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.
E. Mor. Why, he is gone.
Mor. Madam, how fares your grace?
Isab. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth.
And he confesseth that he loves me not.
Mor. Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him.
Isab. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.
Lan. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,

[1] Care not.

His wanton humor will be quickly left.
Isab. O, never, Lancaster! I am enjoined
To sue upon you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banished from his highness' presence.
Lan. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwrecked body.
War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.
Mor. But, madam, would you have us call him home?
Isab. Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restored,
The angry king hath banished me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.
Mor. What! would ye have me plead for Gaveston?
E. Mor. Plead for him that will, I am resolved.
Lan. And so am I, my lord: dissuade the queen.
Isab. O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.
War. Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.
Isab. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.
Pem. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.
Mor. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo,[1] Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.
Isab. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight
As[2] thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.
Mor. It is impossible; but speak your mind.
Isab. Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.
[*Talks to* MORTIMER *apart*]

[1] The electric eel. [2] That.

Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?
E. Mor. Not I, against my nephew.
Pem. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.
War. No? do but mark how earnestly she pleads!
Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial!
War. She smiles; now for my life his mind is changed!
Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.
Mor. Well, of necessity it must be so.—
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
I hope your honors make no question,
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail;
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.
Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonor not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.
Mor. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.[1]
Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.
Isab. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.
War. All that he speaks is nothing; we are resolved.
Mor. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?
Pem. I would he were!
Mor. Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.
E. Mor. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.
Mor. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As[2] he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas[3] he shall live and be beloved,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.
War. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.
Mor. But were he here, detested as he is,

[1] Reason. [2] That. [3] Where.

How easily might some base slave be suborned
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague!
Pem. He saith true. 271
Lan. Ay, but how chance this was not done before?
Mor. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon.
Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail[1] the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.
E. Mor. But how if he do not, nephew?
Mor. Then may we with some color[2] rise in arms; 279
For, howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king;
So we shall have the people of our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushrump,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack, 290
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.
Lan. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.
War. And so will Pembroke and I.
E. Mor. And I.
Mor. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.
Isab. And when this favor Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandoned and forlorn.
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new returned; this news will glad him much; 300
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston; would he love me
But half so much, then were I treble-blessed!

[1] Lower. [2] Reason, excuse.

Enter KING EDWARD, *mourning*

Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
And could my crown's revénue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gained, having bought so dear a friend.
Isab. Hark! how he harps upon his minion. 310
Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly scepter struck me dead,
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!
Lan. Diablo! What passions call you these?
Isab. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.
Edw. That you have parleyed with your Mortimer! 320
Isab. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repealed.
Edw. Repealed! the news is too sweet to be true.
Isab. But will you love me, if you find it so?
Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?
Isab. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.
Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston;
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck, 330
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.
Isab. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth 330
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury—
O, how a kiss revives poor Isabel!
Edw. Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.
Isab. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,

That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.
Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king!
And, as gross vapors perish by the sun, 340
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.
Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.
Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.
War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.
Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king. 350
Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.
Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.
Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.
Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserves no common place, nor mean reward; 360
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.
E. Mor. In this your grace hath highly honored me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.
Isab. Now is the King of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renownèd peers.
Edw. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth
For Gaveston to Ireland:

[*Enter* BEAUMONT *with warrant*]

Beaumont, fly
As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury. 370
Bea. It shall be done, my gracious lord. [*Exit*]
Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemnized.
For wot you not that I have made him sure[1]
Unto our cousin,[2] the Earl of Gloucester's heir?
Lan. Such news we hear, my lord.
Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake, 380
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.
War. In this, or aught your highness shall command us.
Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel.

Exeunt. Manent MORTIMERS

E. Mor. Nephew, I must go to Scotland; thou stayest here.
Leave now t'oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander loved Hephestion; 391
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped.
And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully loved Octavius;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys. 400
Mor. Uncle, his wanton humor grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favor grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revènue on his back,
And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk; 411

[1] Betrothed him. [2] Here niece.

He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he
From out a window laugh at such as we.
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this makes me impatient.
E. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is changed.
Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him service. 420
But, whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind; come, uncle, let's away. *Exeunt*

[ACT II, SCENE I]

[*Gloucester's House*]

Enter SPENCER *and* BALDOCK

Bald. Spencer,
Seeing that our lord the Earl of Gloucester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?
Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side;
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favor of a king,
May with one word advance us while we live:
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man 10
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.
Bald. What, mean you then to be his follower?
Spen. No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferred me to the king.
Bald. But he is banished; there's small hope of him.
Spen. Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repealed, and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king; 20
And as she read she smiled, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.
Bald. 'Tis like enough; for, since he was exiled
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had changed her mind.
Spen. Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.
Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferred,
Having read unto her since she was a child.
Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off, 31
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-caped cloak, faced before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs[1] to a nobleman,
Or looking downward with your eyelids close,[2]
And saying, 'Truly, an't may please your honor,' 40
Can get you any favor with great men;
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.
Bald. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord whiles he lived was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pin's heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough, 50
And apt for any kind of villainy.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod.*[3]
Spen. But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem,*[4]
And hath a special gift to form a verb.[5]
Bald. Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

[1] Bows.
[2] Slyly.
[3] Because.
[4] Since.
[5] Say the correct thing.

Enter the Lady, [KING EDWARD'S NIECE]

Lady. The grief for his exile was not so much,
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston:
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself? 60
I know thou could'st not come and visit me: [*Reads*]
'I will not long be from thee, though I die.'
This argues the entire love of my lord; [*Reads*]
'When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart.'
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
[*Puts the letter into her bosom*]
Now to the letter of my lord the king.—
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston? why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?
Who's there? Baldock! 70
See that my coach be ready, I must hence.
Bald. It shall be done, madam.
Lady. And meet me at the park-pale presently. *Exit* [BALDOCK]
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.
Spen. I knew the king would have him home again.
Lady. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.
Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship. 81
Lady. Come, lead the way; I long till I am there. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*Before Tynemouth Castle*]

Enter [KING] EDWARD, *the* QUEEN, LANCASTER, [Young] MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *and* Attendants

Edw. The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
I fear me he is wrecked upon the sea.
Isab. Look, Lancaster, how passionate[1] he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!
Lan. My lord—
Edw. How now! what news? is Gaveston arrived?
Mor. Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.
Edw. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please. 10
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.
Edw. Pray thee, let me know it.
Mor. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me[1] up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem.*[2] 20
Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?
Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it; this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*[3]
Edw. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign? 30
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds!
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?
Isab. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.
Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses[4] that will pull you down;

[1] Sorrowful.

[1] The ethical dative.
[2] Justly at last.
[3] On all sides, death.
[4] The strap fastening a hawk's legs to the falconer's leash.

And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry 41
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.
Mor. If in his absence thus he favors him,
What will he do whenas he shall be present?
Lan. That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

Enter GAVESTON

Edw. My Gaveston! 50
Welcome to Tynemouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop and pine away;
For, as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was locked up in a brazen tower,
Desired her more, and waxed outrageous,
So did it fare[1] with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.
Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,
Yet have I words left to express my joy: 60
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.
Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?
Lan. Salute him? yes; welcome, Lord Chamberlain!
Mor. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!
War. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!
Pem. Welcome, Master Secretary!
Kent. Brother, do you hear them?
Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus. 70
Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.
Isab. Ay, me, poor soul, when these begin to jar. [*Aside*]
Edw. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.
Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;

[1] Q. reads *sure*.

And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.
Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you.
[*Draws his sword and offers to stab* GAVESTON]
Edw. Treason! treason! where's the traitor? 80
Pem. Here! here!
Edw. Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.
Gav. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.
Mor. Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim. [*Wounds* GAVESTON]
Isab. Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?
Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain.
[*Exit* GAVESTON *with* Attendants]
Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live;
Dear shall you both aby[1] this riotous deed.
Out of my presence! come not near the court.
Mor. I'll not be barred the court for Gaveston. 90
Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.
Edw. Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.
War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.
Kent. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.
Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.
Exeunt the KING, [QUEEN ISABELLA, *and* KENT]
War. Let's to our castles, for the king is moved. 100
Mor. Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath!
Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,

[1] Abide.

He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To persecute that Gaveston to the death.
Mor. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!
War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.
Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.
Lan. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king; 110
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter a Post[1]

Mor. Letters! from whence?
Post. From Scotland, my lord.
Lan. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?
Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Lan. We'll have him ransomed, man; be of good cheer.
Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.
Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.
War. Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself 120
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.[2]
Mor. About it, then, and we will follow you.
Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.
War. I warrant you.
[*Exit with* Pembroke]
Mor. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.
Lan. Content, I'll bear my part—Holla! who's there?

[*Enter* Guard]

Mor. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.
Lan. Lead on the way. 130
Guard. Whither will your lordships?
Mor. Whither else but to the king.

[1] Messenger. [2] Levy troops.

Guard. His highness is disposed to be alone.
Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.
Guard. You may not in, my lord.
Mor. May we not?

[*Enter* King Edward *and* Kent]

Edw. How now!
What noise is this? who have we there? is't you?
[*Going*]
Mor. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edw. Then ransom him.
Lan. 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him. 140
Mor. And you shall ransom him, or else——
Kent. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,[1]
To gather for him throughout the realm.
Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.
Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
'Twould levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.
Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus? 150
Mor. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.
Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
Mor. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons overstretchèd hath.[2]
Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.

[1] Letters patent to gather money for a particular purpose.
[2] All this hath overstretched.

The wild O'Neill, with swarms of Irish kerns,[1] 160
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,[2]
And unresisted drive away rich spoils.
Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships unrigged.
Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?
Mor. Who loves thee, but a sort[3] of flatterers?
Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,[4]
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those 170
That make a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love:
Libels are cast again[5] thee in the street:
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.
Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.
Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once. And then thy soldiers marched like players,
With garish robes, not armor; and thyself,
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest, 181
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favors hung like labels down.
Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig.[6]
Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
For your lemans[7] *you have lost at Bannocksbourn*[8]
With a heave and a ho!
What weeneth the King of England,
So soon to have won Scotland? 190
With a rombelow!
Mor. Wigmore shall fly,[1] to set my uncle free.
Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.
If ye be moved, revenge it as you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread. *Exeunt* Nobiles
Edw. My swelling heart for very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be revengèd, for their power is great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger. 201
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.
Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you;
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.
Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?
Kent. Ay, and it grieves me that I favored him.
Edw. Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer. 210
Kent. So will I rather than with Gaveston.
Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!
Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.
Edw. Away! *Exit* [KENT]
Poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me,
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here,
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?—
Here cometh[2] she that's cause of all these jars. 220

Enter the QUEEN, three Ladies, [GAVESTON,] BALDOCK *and* [Young] SPENCER

Isab. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

[1] Irregular foot soldiers.
[2] Inroad.
[3] Set.
[4] Isabella was really Valois' cousin.
[5] Against.
[6] Satirical verse.
[7] Lovers.
[8] Bannockburn came later.

[1] Mortimer's castle.
[2] Qq. read *comes.*

Edw. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favor 'em.
Isab. Thus do you still suspect me without cause?
Lady. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.
Gav. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.
Edw. Pardon me, sweet, I [had] forgot myself.
Isab. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.
Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.
Gav. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?
Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well.
Gav. Why, then we'll have him privily made away.
Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both caroused
A bowl of poison to each other's health!
But let them go, and tell me what are these.
Lady. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd—
May't please your grace to entertain them now.
Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born? what is thine arms?
Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.
Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.
Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.
Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?
Gav. Ay, my lord;
His name is Spencer, he is well allied;
For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.
Edw. Then, Spencer, wait upon me; for his sake
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.
Spen. No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favored of your majesty!
Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast.
And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceased.
Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach[1] me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.
Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favor shall be great.
Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their 'complices!
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE III]

[*Near Tynemouth Castle*]

Enter LANCASTER, [Young] MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, [*and others*]

Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land
I come to join with you and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the first that shall adventure life.
Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy,[2]
To undermine us with a show of love.
War. He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast[3] the worst, and doubt of your revolt.
Kent. Mine honor shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.
Mor. Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.
Pem. But what's the reason you should leave him now?
Kent. I have informed the Earl of Lancaster.
Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arrived,
And here in Tynemouth frolics[4] with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.
Mor. I'll give the onset.
War. And I'll follow thee.
Mor. This tottered ensign[5] of my ancestors,

[1] Be angered at me.
[2] Out of craft.
[3] Suspect.
[4] Revels.
[5] Tattered flag.

Which swept the desert shore of that Dead Sea
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,[1]
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!
Lan. None be so hardy as to touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*The Same*]

Enter the KING *and* [Young] SPENCER, *to them* GAVESTON, [*the* QUEEN, *Lady and Others*]

Edw. O, tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?
Spen. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.
Edw. No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.
Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold;[2]
Take shipping and away to Scarborough;
Spencer and I will post away by land.
Gav. O, stay, my lord, they will not injure you.
Edw. I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!
Gav. Farewell, my lord.
Edw. Lady, farewell.
Lady. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.
Isab. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?
Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.
Exeunt omnes, manet ISABELLA [*and Lady*]
Isab. Heaven can witness I love none but you.
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O, that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part!

Enter the Barons, *alarums*

Lan. I wonder how he scaped!
Mor. Who's this? the queen!
Isab. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tired with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?
Isab. What would you with the king? is't him you seek?
Lan. No, madam, but that cursèd Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign.
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.
Isab. He's gone by water into Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.
War. Forslow[1] no time, sweet Lancaster; let's march.
Mor. How comes it that the king and he is parted?
Isab. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force: and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppressed; therefore be gone.
Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;[2]
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.
Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.
Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle here.
Isab. No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.

[1] *De mortuo mari.* [2] Stronghold, keep.

[1] Delay. [2] Small ship.

Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.
Isab. You know the king is so suspicious,
As[1] if he hear I have but talked with you,
Mine honor will be called in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.
Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.
[*Exeunt all except* ISABELLA *and Lady*]
Isab. So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,
As[1] Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fixed on none but Gaveston.
Yet once more I'll impórtune him with prayer:
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robbed me of his love:
But yet, I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessèd day be slain.
Exeunt

[SCENE V]

[*Open Country*]

Enter GAVESTON, *pursued*

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits;
And though divorcèd from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurprised,[2]
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado*[3] all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king,)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles, WARWICK, LANCESTER, PEMBROKE, Young MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES, *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.
Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king; cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and, were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonor to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.
Lan. Monster of men!
That, like the Greekish strumpet,[1] trained[2] to arms
And bloody wars so many valiant knights;
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.
War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?
Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword,
His head shall off: Gaveston, short warning
Shall serve thy turn: it is our country's cause,
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person. Hang him at a bough.
Gav. My lord!—
War. Soldiers, have him away—
But for[3] thou wert the favorite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honor at our hands—
Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive,
That heading is one,[4] and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter ARUNDEL

Lan. How now, my lord of Arundel?
Arun. My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.
War. Arundel, say your message.
Arun. His majesty,
Hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies; for why,[5] he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.
War. How now?
Gav. Renownèd Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!
War. No, it needeth not;
Arundel, we will gratify the king

[1] That.
[2] Not captured.
[3] Despite (Ital.).

[1] Helen of Troy.
[2] Lured.
[3] Because.
[4] *I.e.*, honorable.
[5] Because.

In other matters; he must pardon us in this.
Soldiers, away with him!
Gav. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant King Edward this.
Mor. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant? Soldiers, away with him:
Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets 50
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.
Lan. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him than he hath ever earned.
Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And in the honor of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.
War. When? can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents[1]
For Gaveston, will, if he sees[2] him once, 60
Violate any promise to possess him.
Arun. Then, if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.
Mor. 'Tis honorable in thee to offer this;
But, for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so, to make away
A true man for a thief.
Gav. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? that is over-base.
Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown!
Question with thy companions and mates. 70
Pem. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honor undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel
Will join with me.
War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?

[1] Extremities.
[2] Q. reads *zease*, perhaps seize, possess.

Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough 80
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on 'had I wist,'[1] and let him go?
Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your honors,
But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath, I will return him back.
Arun. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?
Lan. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.
Pem. And you, Lord Mortimer?
Mor. How say you, my lord of Warwick?
War. Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 'twill prove.
Pem. Then give him me.
Gav. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.
War. Yet not, perhaps, 91
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside*]
Mor. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you;
Return him on your honor. Sound, away!
Manent PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL, GAVESTON, *and* PEMBROKE'S *men, four Soldiers*
Pem. My lord of Arundel, you shall go with me.
My house is not far hence; out of the way
A little, but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to balk their lips.
Arun. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke; 100
Your honor hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.
Pem. So, my lord. Come hither, James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge: be gone.
Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?
Exit cum servis Pem.
Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham. *Exeunt ambo*

[1] Had I known, the phrase of those who repent a folly (Dyce).

[ACT III, SCENE I]

[*Open Country*]

Enter GAVESTON *mourning,* [JAMES, *and others,*] *the Earl of* PEMBROKE'S *men*

Gav. O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.
James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.
Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
O! must this day be period of my life?
Center of all my bliss! An ye be men,
Speed to the king.

Enter WARWICK *and his Company*

War. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer—I will have that Gaveston.
James. Your lordship does dishonor to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honorable friend.
War. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away.
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watched it well.
Come, let thy shadow[1] parley with King Edward.
Gav. Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?
War. The King of Heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away!

Exeunt WARWICK *and his men with* GAVESTON. *Manent James cum cœteris*

James. Come, fellows, it booted not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our lord.

Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*Near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire*]

Enter KING EDWARD *and* Young SPENCER, [BALDOCK, *and* Nobles *of the* KING'S *side, and* Soldiers] *with drums and fifes*

Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is marked to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce, my Gaveston again!
The barons overbear me with their pride.
Spen. Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrolled
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech:
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,[1]
Did you regard the honor of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuffed[2] of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles!
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.
Edw. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it[3] on their crest, and poll[4] their tops.
Bald. This haught[5] resolve becomes your majesty
Not to be tied to their affection,[6]
As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be awed and governed like a child.

Enter HUGH SPENCER,[7] *with his truncheon and Soldiers*

Hugh. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward—

[1] Ghost.

[1] Greatness of spirit.
[2] Literally hit back at by.
[3] Try it with our swords.
[4] Crop.
[5] Bold.
[6] Humor.
[7] Q. adds *an Old Man*, father to the young Spencer.

In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!
Edw. Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art.
Hugh. Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills[1] and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly, 40
For favors done, in him, unto us all.
Edw. Thy father, Spencer?
Spen. True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.
Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favor, 50
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand[2] withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the barons:
And, Spencer, spare them not, lay it on.
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!
Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter the QUEEN *and her son,* [PRINCE EDWARD,] *and* LEVUNE, *a Frenchman*

Edw. Madam, what news?
Isab. News of dishonor, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words, 60
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seizèd Normandy into his hands.
These be the letters, this the messenger.

[1] Halberds. [2] In negotiation.

Edw. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib,[1] if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.—
But to my Gaveston; shall I never see,
Never behold thee now?—Madam, in this matter,
We will employ you and your little son; 70
You shall go parley with the King of France.—
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.
Prince. Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.
Isab. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not marked to many days on earth. 80
Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipped,
And this our son; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence.
Choose of our lords to bear you company;
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.
Isab. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;
God end them once! My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.
[*Exit with* PRINCE EDWARD]

Enter LORD ARUNDEL

Edw. What, Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?
Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead. 90
Edw. Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?
Arun. Neither, my lord; for, as he was surprised,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,

[1] Gossip, equal to *dear;* hardly an abbreviation of Isabel.

I did your highness' message to them all;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honor of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him 90
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.
Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?
Spen. Proud recreants!
Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all.
Arun. I found them at the first inexorable;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least: and, when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive my pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake:
'My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe returned, 110
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him re-delivered to your hands.'
Edw. Well, and how fortunes it that he came not?
Spen. Some treason, or some villainy was the cause.
Arun. The Earl of Warwick seized him on his way;
For, being delivered unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death; and in a trench
Strake off his head, and marched unto the camp. 120
Spen. A bloody part, flatly against law of arms!
Edw. O, shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!
Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons; hearten up your men;
Let them not unrevenged murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.
Edw. (*kneels and saith*) By earth, the common mother of us all,
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
By this right hand, and by my father's sword, 130
And all the honors 'longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers!— [*Rises*]
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same;
That so my bloody colors may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally 140
On your accursèd traitorous progeny,
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston!
And in this place of honor and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here:
And merely[1] of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.
Spen. My lord, here's a messenger from the barons
Desires access unto your majesty.
Edw. Admit him near.[2] 150

Enter the Herald *from the* Barons *with his coat of arms*

Her. Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!
Edw. So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his complices,
A ranker rout of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.
Her. The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood
You will this grief have ease and remedy, 160
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem,
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,

[1] Simply because of. [2] To our presence.

And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honors, and their lives, 170
Are to your highness vowed and consecrate.
Spen. Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?
Edw. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce
[*Embraces* SPENCER]
Spencer from me.—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston; hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels. 180
[*Exit* Herald]
My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away!
Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat [*sounded, within*]

[SCENE III]

[*The Same*]

[*Re-*]*enter the* KING, SPENCER, *the father,* SPENCER, *the son, and the* Noblemen *of the* KING'S *side*

Edw. Why do we sound retreat? Upon them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.
Spen. I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.
Hugh. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and dust
All choked well near, begin to faint for heat;
And this retire[1] refresheth horse and man.
Spen. Here come the rebels. 10

Enter the Barons MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *cum cæteris*

Mor. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward
Among his flatterers.
Lan. And there let him be
Till he pay dearly for their company.
War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.
Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?
Mor. No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.
Lan. They'd best betimes forsake thee, and their trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.
Spen. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!
Pem. Away, base upstart, bravest thou nobles thus? 20
Spen. A noble attempt, and honorable deed,
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king!
Edw. For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,
To appease the wrath of their offended king.
Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?
Edw. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be braved,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones, 30
And plows to go about our palace gates.
War. A desperate and unnatural resolution!
Alarum!—to the fight!
St. George for England, and the barons' right.
Edw. Saint George for England, and King Edward's right.
[*Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally*]

[1] Retreat. [2] Plots.

[SCENE IV]

[*The Same*]

Enter KING EDWARD [*and his followers,*] *with the* Barons [*and* KENT,] *captives*

Edw. Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vailed[1] is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
But we'll advance them,[2] traitors; now 'tis time
To be avenged on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favorite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.
Kent. Brother, in regard of[3] thee, and of thy land, 10
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.
Edw. So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our presence! [*Exit* KENT]
Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watched the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed[4] him 'gainst law of arms?
For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.
War. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces; 21
It is but temporal[5] that thou canst inflict.
Lan. The worst is death, and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.
Edw. Away with them, my lord of Winchester![6]
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly—off with both their heads!

[1] Lowered.
[2] Raise them (on pikes).
[3] With respect to.
[4] Beheaded.
[5] Supply *punishment*.
[6] Perhaps a slip for Wiltshire: see above, III, ii, 49.

Away!
War. Farewell, vain world!
Lan. Sweet Mortimer, farewell. 30
Mor. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed!
Edw. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
There see him safe bestowed; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.
Begone!
Mor. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.
[*The captive* Barons *are led off*]
Edw. Sound drums and trumpets! March with me, my friends, 40
Edward this day hath crowned him king anew.
Exeunt. Manent
Young SPENCER, LEVUNE, *and* BALDOCK
Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of King Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danae, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son, 50
And step into his father's regiment.[1]
Levune. That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long levelled at.
Bald. Yea, but Levune, thou seest
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.
Levune. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so close[2]
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,

[1] Rule. [2] Contrive so secretly.

And France shall be obdúrate with her tears.
Spen. Then make for France, amain—Levune, away! 60
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.
Exeunt omnes

[ACT IV, SCENE I]

[*Near the Tower, London*]

Enter KENT

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France; blow, gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arrived for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.
A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongèd queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noblemen
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape: stand gracious, gloomy night, 10
To his device.

Enter Young MORTIMER, *disguised*

Mor. Holla! who walketh there?
Is't you, my lord?
Kent. Mortimer, 'tis I;
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?
Mor. It hath, my lord; the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?
Kent. Fear it not. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II]

[*Paris*]

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA *and her son* [PRINCE EDWARD]

Isab. Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in France:
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?
Prince. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
A[1] loves me better than a thousand Spencers.
Isab. Ah, boy, thou art deceived, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tuned together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois! 10
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, O! whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT

Sir J. Madam, what cheer?
Isab. Ah! good Sir John of Hainault,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.
Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness;
But droop not, madam; noble minds contemn
Despair; will your grace with me to Hainault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And share of[2] all our fortunes equally? 20
Prince. So pleaseth the queen, my mother, me it likes:
The King of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head.
Sir J. Well said, my lord.
Isab. O, my sweetheart, how do I moan thy wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet Sir John! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais, 30
We will with thee to Hainault—so we will:—
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.
But who are these?

[1] He.
[2] Qq. read *shake of* (Brooke's emendation).

Enter KENT *and* Young MORTIMER

Kent. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!
Isab. Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.
Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserved for better hap, 40
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives t'advance your standard, good my lord.
Prince. How mean you, an[1] the king, my father, lives?
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.[2]
Isab. Not, son! why not? I would it were no worse.
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.
Mor. Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news—
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath showed himself; but, madam, right makes room 50
Where weapons want; and, though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction;
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed[3] for our foes.
Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaimed
For England's honor, peace, and quietness.
Mor. But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserved;[4]
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers. 60
Sir J. My lords of England, sith[5] th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressèd queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Hainault; doubt ye not,

[1] If.
[2] I'll not advance against my father, I assure you.
[3] Equipped to meet.
[4] Earned. [5] Since.

We will find comfort, money, men and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.[1]
How say'st, young prince? What think you of the match?
Prince. I think King Edward will outrun us all.
Isab. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid. 70
Kent. Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woeful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.
Isab. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John.
Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.
Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen, and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restored and comforted.
Sir J. Madam, along, and you, my lords, with me, 81
That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III]

[*The Palace, London*]

Enter the KING, ARUNDEL, *the two* SPENCERS, *with others*

Edw. Thus, after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends;
And triumph, Edward, with his friends uncontrolled!
My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?
Spen. What news, my lord?
Edw. Why, man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?
Arun. From the Lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

[1] Challenge as at the game of prisoners' base.

Edw. I pray let us see it. [*Takes the note*] What have we there? 10
Read it, Spencer.
[*Hands the note to*
Young] SPENCER, [*who*] *reads their names*
Why, so; they barked apace a month ago:
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester, I trow
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As[1] Isabella gets no aid from thence.
What now remains? have you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them[2] can bring in Mortimer?
Spen. My lord, we have; and if he be in England,
A[3] will be had ere long, I doubt it not. 20
Edw. 'If,' dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death
He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.
Enter a Post

How now, what news with thee? from whence come these?
Post. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France—
To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.
Edw. Read.
Spen. *Reads the letter*
'My duty to your honor premise, etc., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his 30 lords, and effected, that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone; whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Edmund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them. 40 This is all the news of import.
Your honor's in all service, LEVUNE.'

Edw. Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escaped?
With him is Edmund gone associate?

[1] That. [2] Them that can. [3] He.

And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?[1]
Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you and all your rout.
Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desirèd day, 51
When we may meet these traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me, but[2] my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Bristow,[3] there to make us strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth!
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE IV]

[*Near Harwich*]

Enter the QUEEN, *her son*, PRINCE EDWARD, KENT, MORTIMER, *and* SIR JOHN [*of* HAINAULT]

Isab. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds!
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive[4]
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
Misgoverned kings are cause of all this wrack;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil, 11
Who made the channels[5] overflow with blood
Of thine own people; patron shouldst thou be,
But thou—

[1] Circle, group.
[2] Except that.
[3] Bristol.
[4] Broadsword.
[5] Gutters.

Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.
Lords,
Sith that we are by sufferance of heaven
Arrived, and armèd in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honors; and withal
We may remove these flatterers from the king,
That havocs[1] England's wealth and treasury.
Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.
Edward will think we come to flatter him.
Kent. I would he never had been flattered more! [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE V]

[*Near Bristol*]

Enter the KING, BALDOCK, *and* SPENCER, *flying about the stage*

Spen. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-strong;
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.
Edw. What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, and let's r'inforce[2] our troops:
And in this bed of honor die with fame.
Bald. O, no, my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time; away! we are pursued. [*Exeunt*]

[*Enter*] KENT *alone, with sword and target*

Kent. This way he fled, but I am come too late.

[1] Bring to wreck. [2] Encourage.

Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,[1]
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life!
O, fly him, then! But, Edmund, calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect.[2]
Proud Mortimer pries near unto thy walks.[3]

Enter the QUEEN, MORTIMER, *the young Prince and* SIR JOHN *of* HAINAULT

Isab. Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right and fear his wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevailed,
Thanks be heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-belovèd son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates
Have made his father so infortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.
Kent. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?
Prince. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?
Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

[1] Of all the most unnatural.
[2] Be not found alone lest you be suspected.
[3] Spies on thy doings.

Mor. My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposèd of.—
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund,
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.
[*Aside to the* QUEEN]
Isab. My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows our mind.
Mor. Yea, madam, and they scape not easily
That fled the field.
Isab. Baldock is with the king.
A goodly chancellor is he not, my lord?
Sir J. So are the Spencers, the father and the son.
Kent. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter RICE AP HOWEL, *and the Mayor of Bristow, with* SPENCER, *the father*

Rice. God save Queen Isabel, and her princely son!
Madam, the Mayor and citizens of Bristow,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Reveled in England's wealth and treasury.
Isab. We thank you all.
Mor. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favors and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?
Rice. Spencer the son, created Earl of Gloucester,
Is with that smooth-tongued scholar Baldock gone,
And shipped but late for Ireland with the king.
Mor. Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink them all!— [*Aside*]
They shall be started thence,[1] I doubt it not.
Prince. Shall I not see the king my father yet?
Kent. Unhappy Edward, chased from England's bounds. [*Aside*]
Sir J. Madam, what resteth, why stand you in a muse?

[1] Routed out from there.

Isab. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!
Care of my country called me to this war.
Mor. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint;
Your king hath wronged your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.
Hugh. Rebel is he that fights against the prince;
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.
Mor. Take him away, he prates;
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with the* Elder SPENCER]
You, Rice ap Howel,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE VI]

[*The Abbey of Neath*]

Enter the Abbot, Monks, EDWARD, SPENCER, *and* BALDOCK [*the three latter disguised*]

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
As silent and as careful will we be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.
Edw. Father, thy face should harbor no deceit.
O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierced deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom[1] I was, powerful and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?
Come, Spencer; come, Baldock, come, sit down by me;
Make trial now of that philosophy,

[1] Once.

That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven. 20
O, that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chased; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonor they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.
Monk. Your grace may sit secure,[1] if none but we
Do wot of your abode.
Spen. Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead[2] below,
A[3] gave a long look after us, my lord; 30
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.
Bald. We were embarked for Ireland, wretched we!
With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.
Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care. 40
O, might I never open these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!
Spen. Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good; here even we are betrayed.

Enter, with Welsh hooks, Rice ap Howel, *a* Mower, *and the* Earl of Leicester

Mow. Upon my life, those be the men ye seek.
Rice. Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray be short,
A fair commission warrants what we do.
Leices. The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer;
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen? 50
Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen
To escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.[1]
But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I do arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey the arrest;
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.
My lord, why droop you thus? 60
Edw. O day the last of all my bliss on earth!
Center of all misfortune! O my stars,
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name
To take my life, my company from me?
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends!
Rice. Away with them!
Spen. It may become thee yet
To let us take our farewell of his grace.
Abbot. My heart with pity earns[2] this sight, 70
A king to bear these words and proud commands. [*Aside*]
Edw. Spencer, ah, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?
Spen. We must, my lord, so will the angry heavens.
Edw. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.
Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.
Edw. In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet;
And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us? 80
Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.[3]
Edw. Must! it is somewhat hard, when kings must go.
Leices. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

[1] In safety. [2] Meadow. [3] He.

[1] He whom the dawn sees proud, the dying day beholds prostrate. Seneca, *Thyestes*, 613
[2] Yearns. [3] Kenilworth.

Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
Edw. A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,
For friends hath Edward none but these,
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.
Rice. My lord, be going; care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.
Edw. Well, that shall be, shall be: part we must!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence feignèd weeds![1] unfeignèd are my woes; [*Throws off his disguise*]
Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

Exeunt EDWARD *and* LEICESTER

Spen. O! Is he gone? Is noble Edward gone?
Parted from hence? never to see us more?
Rend, sphere of heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.
Bald. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are deprived the sunshine of our life:
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hands to heaven's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.
Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments till you come to the place appointed. You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England; will your lordships away?
Mow. Your worship, I trust, will remember me?
Rice. Remember thee, fellow! what else? Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt*]

[1] Clothes.

[ACT V, SCENE I]

[*Within Killingworth Castle*]

Enter the KING, LEICESTER, *with the* BISHOP [*of* WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL] *for the crown*

Leices. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.
Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As[1] with the wings of rancor and disdain,
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,
To plain[2] me to the gods against them both.
But, when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment[3] is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown, but am controlled by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;

[1] That.
[2] Make my complaint.
[3] Rule.

Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still[1] attends,
To company[2] my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?
Winch. Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.
Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,[3]
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vine be perishèd,
But Edward's name survives, though Edward dies.
Leices. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer; will you yield your crown?
Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extreme my mind here murdered is.
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honor due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd[4] right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
Stand still you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!

[1] Ever.
[2] Accompany.
[3] *Æneid*, vi, 571.
[4] Coveted.

But day's bright beams doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wishèd[1] crown.
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly[2] led;
They pass[3] not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seeks to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments,
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.
Trus. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?
The KING *rageth*
Edw. I'll not resign, but whilst I live be king.
Traitors, be gone! and join you with Mortimer!
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will—
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries!
Winch. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.
[*Going with* TRUSSEL]
Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.
Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.
Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.
Winch. If he be not, let him choose.
Edw. O would I might! but heavens and earth conspire
To make me miserable! Here, receive my crown;
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murderer of a king,

[1] Coveted.
[2] Foolishly.
[3] Care.

Take it. What, are you moved? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! [*Gives the crown*]
Now, sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronizèd in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes, 110
Or if I live, let me forget myself.
Winch. My lord—
Edw. Call me not lord; away—out of my sight:
Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect[1] my son;
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs; [*Gives a handkerchief*]
If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
Return it back and dip it in my blood. 120
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgressed,
Unless it be with too much clemency?
Trus. And thus most humbly do we take our leave.
Edw. Farewell;
[*Exeunt the* Bishop *of* Winchester *and* Trussel]
I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;
To wretched men, death is felicity.

Enter Berkeley,[2] [*who gives a paper to* Leicester]

Leices. Another post! what news brings he?
Edw. Such news as I expect—come, Berkeley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast. 130
Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villainous
Can harbor in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,[3]
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.
Leices. My lord, the council of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.
Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?
Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord—so 'tis decreed.
Edw. [*taking the paper*] By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rend his name that rends my heart! 140
[*Tears it*]
This poor revenge has something eased my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!
Berk. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.
Edw. Whither you will; all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.
Leices. Favor him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.
Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him.
Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now removed. 150
Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?
Edw. I know not; but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!
Leices. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. *Exeunt omnes*

[SCENE II]

[*The Palace, London*]

Enter Mortimer *and* Queen Isabel

Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;
The proud corrupters of the light-brained king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any case take heed of childish fear,

[1] Become Protector.
[2] Q. reads *Bartley*.
[3] Duty.

For now we hold an old wolf[1] by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being griped himself.
Think therefore, madam, that[2] imports us much 10
To erect your son[3] with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him;
For our behoof will bear the greater sway
Whenas[4] a king's name shall be under writ.
Isab. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe. 20
Mor. First would I hear news that he were deposed,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger

Letters! from whence?
Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.
Isab. How fares my lord the king?
Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.
Isab. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

Enter [*the* Bishop *of*] Winchester *with the crown*

Thanks, gentle Winchester: [*To the* Messenger] Sirrah, begone.
[*Exit* Messenger]
Winch. The king hath willingly resigned his crown.
Isab. O happy news! send for the prince, my son.
Winch. Further, or[5] this letter was sealed, Lord Berkeley came, 30
So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free; no more but so.
The lord of Berkeley is so[6] pitiful
As Leicester that had charge of him before.
Isab. Then let some other be his guardian.
Mor. Let me alone, here is the privy seal.
[*Exit the* Bishop *of* Winchester]

[1] That is, the king.
[2] That it.
[3] Crown him king.
[4] When.
[5] Perhaps *e'er*.
[6] As.

Who's there?—Call hither Gurney and Matrevis.
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,[1]
Berkeley shall be discharged, the king removed, 40
And none but we shall know where he lieth.
Isab. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?
Mor. Speak, shall he presently be dispatched and die?
Isab. I would he were, so 'twere not by my means.

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney

Mor. Enough.—
Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name. 50
Mat. It shall be done, my lord.
Mor. Gurney.
Gur. My lord.
Mor. As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.
Gur. I warrant you, my lord.
Mor. And this above the rest: because we hear
That Edmund casts[2] to work his liberty,
Remove him still[3] from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth, 60
And then from thence to Berkeley back again;
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.
Mat. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.
Mor. So now away; post thitherwards amain.

[1] Plot.
[2] Plots.
[3] Constantly.

Isab. Whither goes this letter? to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labor all in vain 70
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.
[*Gives a ring*]
Mat. I will, madam.
Exeunt MATREVIS *and* GURNEY
Mor. Finely dissembled. Do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.
Isab. Something he whispers in his childish ears.
Mor. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dashed.
Isab. Use Edmund friendly as if all were well.

Enter the young PRINCE, *and* KENT *talking with him. Manent* ISABEL *and* MORTIMER

Mor. How fares my honorable lord of Kent? 80
Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?
Isab. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.
Kent. I hear of late he hath deposed himself.
Isab. The more my grief.
Mor. And mine.
Kent. Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside*]
Isab. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.
Mor. Thou being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector over the prince.
Kent. Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life? I mean the queen.
Prince. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown: 90
Let him be king—I am too young to reign.
Isab. But be content, seeing it is his highness' pleasure.
Prince. Let me but see him first, and then I will.
Kent. Ay, do, sweet nephew.
Isab. Brother, you know it is impossible.
Prince. Why, is he dead?
Isab. No. God forbid.
Kent. I would those words proceeded from your heart.
Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favor him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?
Kent. The more cause have I now to make amends. 100
Mor. I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.
[*Aside to* ISABEL]
My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.
Prince. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.
Isab. Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.
Prince. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.
Mor. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.
Prince. Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me. 110
Isab. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.
Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.
Isab. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.
Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrongèd me!—
Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle,
And rescue agèd Edward from his foes,
To be revenged on Mortimer and thee.
[*Aside*]
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE III]

[*An Outhouse of Killingworth Castle*]

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY [*and* Soldiers] *with the* KING

Mat. My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;
Men are ordained to live in misery,
Therefore come—dalliance dangereth our lives.

Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast, 10
And give my heart to Isabel and him;
It is the chiefest mark they level at.[1]
Gur. Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge
To keep your grace in safety;
Your passions make your dolors to increase.
Edw. This usage makes my misery to increase.
But can my air of life[2] continue long
When all my senses are annoyed with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starved for want of sustenance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs, 21
That almost rents[3] the closet of my heart;
Thus lives old Edward[4] not relieved by any,
And so must die, though pitièd by many.
O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!
Mat. Here's channel[5] water, as our charge is given;
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.
Edw. Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water? 30
Gur. No; but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known and so be rescuèd.
Mat. Why strive you thus? your labor is in vain!
Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.
They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his beard away
Immortal powers! that knows the painful cares
That waits upon my poor distressèd soul,
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrongs their liege and sovereign, England's king! 40
O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wronged,
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.
Mat. 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.
Come, come away; now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter KENT

Gur. How now, who comes there?
Mat. Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of Kent. 50
Edw. O gentle brother, help to rescue me!
Mat. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.
Kent. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.
Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.
Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors! yield the king!
Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.
Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?
Gur. Bind him and so convey him to the court.
Kent. Where is the court but here? here is the king;
And I will visit him; why stay you me? 60
Mat. The court is where Lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honor go; and so farewell.
Exeunt MATREVIS *and* GURNEY, *with* KING EDWARD. *Manent* KENT *and the Soldiers*
Kent. Oh, miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are locked in prison!
Sol. Wherefore stay we? On, sirs, to the court!

[1] Aim at. [2] Breath of life. [3] Rends.
[4] Edward was forty-three, at this time.
[5] Gutter.

Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be released.
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE IV]

[*The Palace, London*]

Enter MORTIMER *alone*

Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down;
The commons now begin to pity him:
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
"*Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est.*
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die."
But read it thus, and that's another sense: 10
"*Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est.*
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst."
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That, being dead,[1] if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caused it to be done.
Within this room is locked the messenger
That shall convey it, and perform the rest:
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.— 20
Lightborn, come forth!

Enter LIGHTBORN

Art thou so resolute as thou wast?
Light. What else, my lord? and far more resolute.
Mor. And hast thou cast[2] how to accomplish it?
Light. Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.
Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.
Light. Relent, ha! ha! I use much to relent.
Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

[1] The king being dead. [2] Arranged.

Light. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have killed a man. 30
I learned in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn[1] thrust down the throat;
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears:
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.
And yet I have a braver way than these.
Mor. What's that?
Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my tricks.
Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied. 40
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.
[*Gives letter*]
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this [*Gives money*]: away! and never see me more.
Light. No!
Mor. No; unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.
Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit*]
Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congè to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass;
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will. 50
Feared am I more than loved—let me be feared,
And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire.
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,[2]
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum;*[3] 60
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam*[4] as they term it;
And to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure: the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rules us.

[1] Rag.
[2] Unequalness to the task.
[3] "A very heavy burden."
[4] "I have undertaken that office."

Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command who dare control?
Major sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere.[1]
And that this be the coronation day,
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen. 70
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

Enter the Young KING, [ARCH]BISHOP, Champion, Nobles, QUEEN

Arch. Long live King Edward, by the grace of God,
King of England and Lord of Ireland!
Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dare but affirm that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.
Mor. None comes, sound trumpets.
Edw. Third. Champion, here's to thee. [*Gives a purse*]
Isab. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers, *with the Earl of* KENT *prisoner*

Mor. What traitor have we there with blades and bills? 80
Sol. Edmund, the Earl of Kent.
Edw. Third. What hath he done?
Sol. A would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.
Mor. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.
Kent. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.
Mor. Strike off his head! He shall have martial law.
Kent. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee!
Edw. Third. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.
Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die. 90
Kent. Stay, villains!

[1] "I am too great for Fortune to hurt me." Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vi, 195.

Edw. Third. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.
Isab. Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.
Edw. Third. Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.
Mor. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.—
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?
Kent. Art thou king? must I die at thy command? 101
Mor. At our command.—Once more away with him.
Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them[1] thirst for Edmund's blood:
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?
They hale KENT *away, and carry him to be beheaded*
Edw. Third. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?
Isab. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death. 110
Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.
Edw. Third. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?
Isab. He is a traitor; think not on him; come. *Exeunt omnes*

[SCENE V]

[*Within Berkeley Castle*]

Enter MATR[EVIS] *and* GURNEY

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels[2] of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king brought up so tenderly.
Gur. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,

[1] Neither of them. [2] Drains.

And I was almost stifled with the savor.
Mat. He hath a body able to endure 10
More than we can inflict: and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.
Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.
Mat. But stay, who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN

Light. My Lord Protector greets you. [*Gives letter*]
Gur. What's here? I know not how to construe it.
Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;[1]
"Edwardum occidere nolite timere,"
That's his meaning.
Light. Know ye this token? I must have the king. [*Gives token*]
Mat. Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer straight. 20
This villain's sent to make away the king. [*Aside*]
Gur. I thought as much. [*Aside*]
Mat. And when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labor.
Pereat iste![2] Let him have the king. [*Aside*]
What else? Here is the key, this is the lock;[3]
Do as you are commanded by my lord.
Light. I know what I must do. Get you away.
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot. 30
Mat. Very well.
Gur. Need you anything besides?
Light. What else? A table and a feather-bed.
Gur. That's all?
Light. Ay, ay; so, when I call you, bring it in.
Mat. Fear not you that.
Gur. Here's a light, to go into the dungeon. [*Gives a light, and then exit with* MATREVIS][4]
Light. So, now

[1] On purpose.
[2] He must die.
[3] Q. reads *lake*.
[4] A curtain doubtless drawn, disclosing the king.

Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.
Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart! 40
Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state? 50
Edw. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me.
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. O villains!
Edw. And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum. 60
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed;
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.
Light. O, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart. 70
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
Edw. These looks of thine can harbor nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand.
And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood, 80
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this. [*Giving jewel*]
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harborest murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king: O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive? 90
Light. You're overwatched,[1] my lord; lie down and rest.
Ed. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O, wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Light. If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.
Edw. No, no, for if thou means't to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay. [*Sleeps*]
Light. He sleeps.
Edw. [*waking*] O let me not die yet! O stay a while! 100
Light. How now, my lord?
Edw. Something still[2] buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Light. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come!

[1] Worn out with waking.
[2] Ever.

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist—
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!
Light. Run for the table.
Edw. O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice. 110
Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.
[KING EDWARD *is murdered*]
Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore, let us take horse and away.
Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Gur. Excellent well; take this for thy reward.
Then GURNEY *stabs* LIGHTBORN
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:
Away! *Exeunt* [*with the bodies*]

[SCENE VI]

[*The Palace, London*]

Enter MORTIMER *and* MATREVIS

Mor. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?
Mat. Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone!
Mor. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.
Mat. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.
Mor. Fly to the savages!
Mat. I humbly thank your honor. [*Exit*]
Mor. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree,[1] 10
And others are but shrubs compared to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

[1] The oak.

Enter the QUEEN

Isab. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news
His father's dead, and we have murdered him!
Mor. What if he have? the king is yet a child.
Isab. Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be revenged upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succor of his peers. 20
Ay me! see where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the KING *with the* LORDS

Lords. Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.
Edw. Third. Villain!
Mor. How now, my lord!
Edw. Third. Think not that I am frighted with thy words!
My father's murdered through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interred. 30
Isab. Weep not, sweet son!
Edw. Third. Forbid me not to weep; he was my father;
And, had you loved him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer.
Lords. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?
Mor. Because I think it scorn to be accused.
Who is the man dares say I murdered him?
Edw. Third. Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murder'dst him. 40
Mor. But hath your grace no other proof than this?
Edw. Third. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
[*Showing letter*]
Mor. False Gurney hath betrayed me and himself. [*Aside*]
Isab. I feared as much; murder cannot be hid. [*Aside*]
Mor. It is my hand; what gather you by this?
Edw. Third. That thither thou didst send a murderer.
Mor. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.
Edw. Third. Ah, Mortimer, thou knowest that he is slain;
And so shalt thou be too.—Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle,[1] drag him forth; 50
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up;
But bring his head back presently[2] to me.
Isab. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.
Mor. Madam, entreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.
Edw. Third. Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!
Mor. Base Fortune, now I see that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touched,
And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher, 60
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?—
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.
Edw. Third. What! suffer you the traitor to delay?
[MORTIMER *is taken away*]
Isab. As thou receivedest thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!
Edw. Third. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.
Isab. I spill his blood? No. 70
Edw. Third. Ay, madam, you; for so the rumor runs.
Isab. That rumor is untrue; for loving thee,
Is this report raised on poor Isabel.
Edw. Third. I do not think her so unnatural.

[1] A crate or boxing put about a criminal on his way to execution.
[2] At once.

Lord. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.
Edw. Third. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower
Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful. 80
Isab. Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived,
Whenas[1] my son thinks to abridge my days.
Edw. Third. Away with her, her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.
Isab. Shall I not mourn for my belovèd lord,
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?
Lord. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.
Isab. He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his mother.
Lords. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.
Isab. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief. [Exit] 90

[*Re-enter* Lord, *with the head of* Mortimer]

Lord. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.
Edw. Third. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes.
Accursèd head,
Could I have ruled thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'st not hatched this monstrous treachery!—
Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.

[*Enter* Attendants *with the hearse and funeral robes*]

Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocency. 100
[*Exeunt*]

[1] When.

THE

Pleasant Comedie of

Old Fortunatus.

As it was plaied before the Queenes *Maiestie this Christmas, by the Right* Honourable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Admirall of England his Seruants.

LONDON

Printed by *S. S.* for William Aspley, dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Tygers head. 1600.

This popular play was printed in four quartos, 1600, 1603, 1622, and 1624, which differ little in text. The version which we have is clearly that which was dressed for court, doubtless not only by a new prologue and epilogue, but by the "additions" of the scenes in which Virtue and Vice appear. These, which, fine as they are, somewhat mar the unity of the play, were handsomely paid for by Henslowe, on his own statement, towards the end of 1599. The revised play was acted before the queen during the Christmas festivities of that year and registered for publication the following February. As to the earlier version, Henslowe records the performance of *The Whole History of Fortunatus* by the Admiral's men at the Rose in February, 1596; and this would seem to indicate a still earlier date for the original staging of the play: 1590 has been surmised. Dekker found his ultimate source for *Old Fortunatus* in the old German *Volksbuch* of the story, printed in 1509, but whether through some English intermediary, now lost, is not certain. Dekker was not unacquainted with Dutch. The story is a universal one and of Eastern origin, and a dramatic version, which seems to have no touch with Dekker's, had appeared in Germany by Hans Sachs in 1553. I have followed the text of the quarto of 1600.

Thomas Dekker was born in London about 1572 and appears to have been of Dutch extraction. He is first heard of in Henslowe's Diary as writing for the Admiral's men in 1598, and may well have been at work for them three or four years earlier. Dekker was an exceedingly busy collaborator up to 1602, writing for various companies and with several coadjutors. He took part in the "war of the theaters," writing *Satiromastix* for the Chamberlain's men and Paul's boys in 1601. His after career is one of incessant writing for the stage and production of that species of ephemeral literature known as the pamphlet. An important later collaboration of Dekker was that with Middleton, in which he produced *The Honest Whore*, 1605 and other plays. *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, 1599, is, with the play of the text, Dekker's best effort. Other excellent works in which he shared are *The Virgin Martyr* with Massinger, *The Sun's Darling* with Ford and *The Witch of Edmonton* with Ford and William Rowley. Dekker is lost sight of about 1632.

Dekker's plays have not been reprinted entire since the unsatisfactory *Pearson Reprint*, 4 vols., 1873. Several plays are reprinted by E. Rhys in the *Mermaid Series*, 1887.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Chorus
Two Old Men
Fortunatus, *an Old Man*
Echo, *a Voice*
Fortune, *a Goddess*
A Shepherd, a Carter, a Tailor, a Monk; Four Kings
Ampedo } *Sons of Fortunatus*
Andelocia }
Shadow, *their Servant*
Virtue } *Goddesses*
Vice }
A Priest
The Soldan of Babylon *and his Nobles*
The Three Destinies
A Company of Satyrs
Orleans, *a French Nobleman*
Galloway, *a Scottish Noble*
A Boy
The Prince of Cyprus
Agripyne, *a Princess, daughter of King Athelstane*
Cornwall } *English Nobles*
Chester }
Longaville, *a French Noble*
Lincoln, *an English Courtier*
Athelstane, *King of England*
Insultado, *a Spanish Lord*
Attendants, Ladies
Montrose, *a Scottish courtier*

Scene: Cyprus, Babylon, England.]

THE PROLOGUE AT COURT

Enter Two Old Men

1 *Old.* Are you then travelling to the temple of Eliza?

2 *Old.* Even to her temple are my feeble limbs travelling. Some call her Pandora:[1] some Gloriana, some Cynthia: some Delphœbe, some Astræa: all by several names to express several loves: yet all those names make but one celestial body, as all those loves meet to create but one soul.

1 *Old.* I am one of her own country, and we adore her by the name of Eliza.

2 *Old.* Blessed name, happy country: your Eliza makes your land Elysium: but what do you offer? 10

1 *Old.* That which all true subjects should: when I was young, an armed hand; now I am crooked, an upright heart: but what offer you?

1 *Old.* That which all strangers do: two eyes struck blind with admiration: two lips proud to sound her glory: two hands held up full of prayers and praises: what not, that may express love? what not, that may make her beloved?

1 *Old.* How long is't since you last beheld her?

2 *Old.* A just year: yet that year hath seemed to me but one day, because her glory hath been my hourly contemplation, 20 and yet that year hath seemed to me more than twice seven years, because so long I have been absent from her. Come therefore, good father, let's go faster, lest we come too late: for see, the tapers of the night are already lighted, and stand brightly burning in their starry candlesticks: see how gloriously the moon shines upon us. *Both kneel*

1 *Old.* Peace, fool: tremble, and kneel: the moon, say'st thou?
Our eyes are dazzled by Eliza's beams,
See (if at least thou dare see) where she sits:
This is the great Pantheon of our goddess, 30
And all those faces which thine eyes thought stars,
Are nymphs attending on her deity.
Prithee begin, for I want power to speak.

2 *Old.* No, no, speak thou, I want words to begin. *Weeps*

1 *Old.* Alack, what shall I do? com'st thou with me,
And weep'st now thou behold'st this majesty?

2 *Old.* Great landlady of hearts,[2] pardon me.
Blame not mine eyes, good father; in these tears
My pure love shines, as thine doth in thy fears:
I weep for joy to see so many heads 40
Of prudent ladies, clothed in the livery
Of silver-handed age, for serving you
Whilst in your eyes youth's glory doth renew:

[1] Lyly in *The Woman in the Moon.*
[2] A phrase already used by Greene, *Tritameron.*

I weep for joy to see the sun look old,
To see the moon mad at her often change,
To see the stars only by night to shine,
Whilst you are still[1] bright, still one, still divine:
I weep for joy to see the world decay,
Yet see Eliza flourishing like May:
O pardon me your pilgrim, I have measured
Many a mile to find you: and have brought
Old Fortunatus and his family,
With other Cypriots, my poor countrymen,
To pay a whole year's tribute: O vouchsafe,
Dread Queen of Fairies, with your gracious eyes,
T'accept theirs and our humble sacrifice.
1 *Old.* Now I'll beg for thee too: and yet I need not:
Her sacred hand hath evermore been known,
As soon held out to strangers as her own.
2 *Old.* Thou dost encourage me: I'll fetch them in,
They have no princely gifts, we are all poor,
Our offerings are true hearts, who can wish more? *Exeunt*

THE PROLOGUE

Of Love's sweet war our timorous Muse doth sing,
And to the bosom of each gentle dear,
Offers her artless tunes, borne on the wing
Of sacred poesy. A benumbing fear,
That your nice[2] souls, cloyed with delicious sounds,
Will loath her lowly notes, makes her pull in
Her fainting pinions, and her spirit confounds,
Before the weak voice of her song begin.
Yet since within the circle of each eye,
Being like so many suns in his round sphere,
No wrinkle yet is seen, she'll dare to fly,
Borne up with hopes, that as you oft do rear
With your fair hands, those who would else sink down,
So some will deign to smile, where all might frown:
And for[3] this small circumference must stand,
For the imagined surface of much land,
Of many kingdoms, and since many a mile
Should here be measured out, our Muse entreats
Your thoughts to help poor art, and to allow
That I may serve as Chorus to her scenes;
She begs your pardon, for she'll send me[4] forth,
Not when the laws of poesy do call,
But as the story needs; your gracious eye
Gives life to Fortunatus' history. *Exit*

[1] Ever.
[2] Fastidious.
[3] Inasmuch as.
[4] *I.e., me,* the prologue.

THE COMEDY OF OLD FORTUNATUS

Thomas Dekker

[ACT I, SCENE I]

[*A Forest in Cyprus*]

Enter Fortunatus *meanly attired; he walks about, ere he speak, cracking nuts*

Fort. So, ho, ho, ho, ho.
Echo [*within*] Ho, ho, ho, ho.
Fort. There, boy.
Echo. There, boy.
Fort. An thou be'st a good fellow, tell me how thou call'st this wood.
Echo. This wood.
Fort. Ay, this wood, and which is my best way out.
Echo. Best way out.
Fort. Ha, ha, ha, that's true, my best way out is my best way out, but how that out will come in, by this maggot I know not. I see by this we are all worms' meat. Well, I am very poor and very patient; Patience is a virtue: would I were not virtuous, that's to say, not poor, but full of vice, that's to say, full of chinks.[1] Ha, ha, so I am, for I am so full of chinks, that a horse with one eye may look through and through me. I have sighed long, and that makes me windy; I have fasted long, and that makes me chaste; marry, I have prayed little, and that makes me[2] I still dance in this conjuring circle; I have wandered long, and that makes me weary. But for my weariness, anon I'll lie down, instead of fasting I'll feed upon nuts, and instead of sighing will laugh and be lean, Sirrah Echo.
Echo. Sirrah Echo.
Fort. Here's a nut.
Echo. Here's a nut.
Fort. Crack it.
Echo. Crack it.
Fort. Hang thyself.
Echo. Hang thyself.
Fort. Th'art a knave, a knave.
Echo. A knave, a knave.

[1] Money, holes. [2] Supply *that.*

Fort. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Echo. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Fort. Why so, two fools laugh at one another, I at my tittle tattle gammer[1] Echo, and she at me. Shortly there will creep out in print some filthy[2] book of the old hoary wandering knight, meaning me: would I were that book, for then I should be sure to creep out from hence. I should be a good soldier, for I traverse my ground rarely; marry I see neither enemy nor friends, but popinjays,[3] and squirrels, and apes, and owls, and daws, and wagtails, and the spite is that none of these grass-eaters can speak my language, but this fool that mocks me, and swears to have the last word, in spite of my teeth, ay, and she shall have it because she is a woman, which kind of cattle are indeed all echo, nothing but tongue, and are like the great bell of St. Michael's in Cyprus, that keeps most rumbling when men would most sleep. Echo, a pox on thee for mocking me.
Echo. A pox on thee for mocking me.
Fort. Why so, snip snap, this war is at an end, but this wilderness is world without end. To see how travel can transform: my teeth are turned into nut-crackers, a thousand to one I break out shortly, for I am full of nothing but waxen kernels, my tongue speaks no language but an almond for [a] parrot, and crack me this nut.[4] If I hop three days more up and down this cage of cuckoos' nests, I shall turn wild man sure, and be hired to throw squibs among the commonalty upon some terrible day. In the meantime, to tell truth, here will I lie. Farewell, fool!
Echo. Farewell, fool.
Fort. Are not these comfortable words to a wise man? All hail, signor tree, by your leave I'll sleep under your leaves. I pray bow to me, and I'll bend to you, for your back and my brows must, I doubt, have a

[1] Gossip. [2] Wretched. [3] Parrots.
[4] Popular titles of the moment.

game or two at noddy ere I wake again: down, great heart, down. Hey, ho, well, well. *He lies down and sleeps*

Enter a SHEPHERD, *a* CARTER, *a* TAILOR,[1] *and a* MONK, *all crowned; a* NYMPH *with a globe, another with* FORTUNE'S *wheel; then* FORTUNE. *After her, four* KINGS *with broken crowns and scepters, chained in silver gyves and led by her. The foremost come out singing.* FORTUNE *takes her chair, the* KINGS *lying at her feet, she treading on them as she goes up.*

THE SONG

Fortune smiles, cry holiday,
Dimples on her cheeks do dwell,
Fortune frowns, cry welladay,[2]
Her love is heaven, her hate is hell:
Since heaven and hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes do lower.
Since heaven and hell her power obey,
When she smiles, cry holiday.
Holiday with joy we cry
And bend, and bend, and merrily
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity,
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity.

All. Let us sing, merrily, merrily, merrily,
With our song let heaven resound,
Fortune's hands our heads have crowned; 99
Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

1 *King.* Accursèd Queen of Chance, what had we done,
Who having sometimes like young Phaetons,
Rid in the burnished chariot of the sun,
And sometimes been thy minions, when thy fingers
Weaved wanton love-nets in our curlèd hair,[3]
And with sweet juggling kisses warmed our cheeks:
O how have we offended thy proud eyes,
That thus we should be spurned and trod upon,
Whilst those infected limbs of the sick world,
Are fixed by thee for stars in that bright sphere, 110
Wherein our sun-like radiance did appear.

[1] Qq. read *a Gardener, a Smith* for these two.
[2] Alas.
[3] Actual dandified fashion.

All the Kings. Accursèd Queen of Chance, damned sorceress!
Most powerful Queen of Chance, dread sovereignness!

Fortune. No more: curse on! your cries to me are music,
And fill the sacred rondure[1] of mine ears
With tunes more sweet than moving of the spheres.
Curse on: on our celestial brows do sit
Unnumbered smiles, which then leaps from their throne,
When they see peasants dance and monarchs groan. 119
Behold you not this globe, this golden bowl,
This toy called world, at our imperial feet?
This world is Fortune's ball, wherewith she sports.
Sometimes I strike it up into the air,
And then create I emperors and kings:
Sometimes I spurn it, at which spurn[2] crawls out
That wild beast Multitude. Curse on, you fools,—
'Tis I that tumble princes from their thrones,
And gild false brows with glittering diadems.
'Tis I that tread on necks of conquerors,
And when, like semi-gods, they have been drawn 130
In ivory chariots to the capitol,
Circled about with wonder of all eyes,
The shouts of every tongue, love of all hearts,
Being swollen with their own greatness, I have pricked
The bladder of their pride, and made them die,
As water-bubbles, without memory.
I thrust base cowards into Honor's chair,
Whilst the true-spirited soldier stands by
Bare-headed, and all bare, whilst at his scars
They scoff, that ne'er durst view the face of wars. 140
I set an idiot's cap[3] on Virtue's head,
Turn Learning out of doors, clothe Wit in rags,
And paint ten thousand images of loam[4]
In gaudy silken colors. On the backs
Of mules and asses I make asses ride,
Only for sport, to see the apish world

[1] Sinuosity.
[2] Spurning.
[3] The coxcomb.
[4] Brown clay.

Worship such beasts with sound[1] idolatry.
This Fortune does, and when [all] this is done,
She sits and smiles to hear some curse her name,
And some with adoration crown her fame. 150
Monk. True center of this wide circumference,
Sacred commandress of the destinies,
Our tongues shall only sound thy excellence.
The Rest. Thy excellence our tongues shall only sound.
2 *King.* Thou painted strumpet, that with honeyed smiles,
Openest the gates of heaven and criest, "Come in";
Whose glories being seen, thou with one frown,
In pride, lower than hell tumblest us down.
All Kings. Ever, for ever, will we ban thy name.
Fortune. How sweet your howlings relish in mine ears! 160
She comes down
Stand by! now rise,—behold, here lies a wretch.
To vex your souls, this beggar I'll advance
Beyond the sway of thought; take instruments.
And let the raptures of choice harmony,
Th[o]rough the hollow windings of his ear,
Carry their sacred sounds, and wake each sense,
To stand amazed at our bright eminence.[2]
Music awhile and he waketh
Fort. O, how am I transported? Is this earth?
Or blest Elysium?
Fortune. Fortunatus, rise. 170
Fort. Dread goddess, how should such a wretch as I
Be known to such a glorious deity?
O pardon me: for to this place I come,
Led by my fate, not folly; in this wood
With weary sorrow have I wanderèd,
And three times seen the sweating sun take rest,
And three times frantic Cynthia naked ride
About the rusty[3] highways of the skies
Stuck full of burning stars, which lent her light
To court her negro paramour grim Night. 180

[1] Profound. [2] Sublimity. [3] Russety.

Fortune. This travel now expires: yet from this circle,
Where I and these with fairy troops abide,
Thou canst not stir, unless I be thy guide.
I the world's empress am, Fortune my name,
This hand hath written in thick leaves of steel
An everlasting book of changeless fate,
Showing who's happy, who unfortunate.
Fort. If every name, dread queen, be there writ down
I am sure mine stands in characters of black;
Though happiness herself lie in my name, 190
I am Sorrow's heir, and eldest son to Shame.
The Kings. No, we are sons to Shame, and Sorrow's heirs.
Fortune. Thou shalt be one of Fortune's minions:
Behold these four chained like Tartarian slaves,[1]
These I created emperors and kings,
And these are now my basest underlings:
This sometimes was a German emperor,
Henry the Fifth,[2] who being first deposed,
Was after thrust into a dungeon
And thus in silver chains shall rot to death.
This Frederick Barbarossa,[3] Emperor 201
Of Almaine once: but by Pope Alexander
Now spurned and trod on when he takes his horse,
And in these fetters shall he die his slave.
This wretch once wore the diadem of France,
Lewis the meek,[4] but through his children's pride,
Thus have I caused him to be famishèd.
Here stands the very soul of misery,
Poor Bajazet,[5] old Turkish Emperor,
And once the greatest monarch in the East;
Fortune herself is sad to view thy fall, 211
And grieves to see thee glad to lick up crumbs
At the proud feet of that great Scythian swain,
Fortune's best minion, warlike Tamburlaine:
Yet must thou in a cage of iron be drawn

[1] The giants who attempted the dethroning of Jupiter.
[2] More likely Henry IV, dead in 1106.
[3] His grandson humiliated by Pope Alexander III.
[4] Lewis I, son of Charlemagne, 880.
[5] Defeated by Tamburlaine (Timur) in 1402, and caged.

In triumph at his heels, and there in grief
Dash out thy brains.
4 *King.* O miserable me!
Fortune. No tears can melt the heart of destiny:
These have I ruined and exalted those. 220
These hands have conquered Spain, these brows fill up
The golden circle of rich Portugal,—
Viriat[1] a monarch now, but born a shepherd;
This Primislaus,[2] a Bohemian king,
Last day a carter; this monk, Gregory,[3]
Now lifted to the Papal dignity;—
Wretches,[4] why gnaw you not your fingers off,
And tear your tongues out, seeing yourselves trod down,
And this Dutch botcher[5] wearing Munster's crown,
John Leyden,[6] born in Holland poor and base, 230
Now rich in empery and Fortune's grace?
As these I have advanced, so will I thee.
Six gifts I spend upon mortality,
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life and riches,
Out of my bounty: one of these is thine,—
Choose then which likes thee best.
Fort. O most divine!
Give me but leave to borrow wonder's eye,
To look amazed at thy bright majesty!
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life and riches. 240
Fortune. Before thy soul at this deep lottery
Draw forth her prize, ordained by destiny,
Know that here's no recanting a first choice.
Choose then discreetly for the laws of Fate,
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate.
Fort. Daughters of Jove and the unblemished Night,
Most righteous Parcae,[7] guide my genius right!
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches.
Fortune. Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me speak;

[1] An Iberian chief of B.C. 40.
[2] A Bohemian adventurer.
[3] Gregory VII, Hildebrand, who died an exile, in 1080.
[4] Addressed to the Kings.
[5] Tailor.
[6] Leader of the Anabaptists, at Munster, d. 1530.
[7] The Fates.

If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine, 250
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou like Phœbus shalt speak oracle.[1]
Thy heaven-inspired soul, on Wisdom's wings,
Shall fly up to the Parliament of Jove,
And read the statutes of eternity,
And see what's past and learn what is to come.
If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown: as kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery.[2]
Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof 260
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting,
Be ever merry, ever revelling.
Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee.
Are thy desires long life?—thy vital thread
Shall be stretched out, thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies and see those children die 270
Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie.
If through gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine,
Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run,
To warm their tender[3] bodies in the sun,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet;
As those are, so shall these be infinite.
Awaken then thy soul's best faculties,
And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of Fate,
Which strives to bless thy name of Fortunate. 280
The Kings. Old man, take heed, her smiles will murder thee.
The Others. Old man, she'll crown thee with felicity.
Fort. O, whither am I rapt beyond myself?

[1] Oracularly. [2] Empire. [3] Q. *slender.*

More violent conflicts fight in every thought,
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.[1]
Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?
Then I lose riches: and a wise man poor,
Is like a sacred book that's never read,—
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool, 290
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.
I will be strong: then I refuse long life,
And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
The greatest strength expires with loss of breath;
The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.
Then take long life, or health: should I do so
I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
Of months and years, much misery may enroll.
Therefore I'll beg for beauty; yet I will not, 300
That fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The wisdom of this world is idiotism,[2]
Strength a weak reed: health sickness' enemy,
And it at length will have the victory.
Beauty is but a painting, and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation.[3]
Therefore, dread sacred Empress, make me rich, *Kneels down*
My choice is store of gold; the rich are wise. 310
He that upon his back rich garments wears,
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears.
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world,
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine,
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative,
O therefore make me rich: not as the wretch,
That only serves lean banquets to his eye,

[1] Paris and his "judgment."
[2] Idiocy.
[3] *Tedious* is disyllabic; *tribulation* has five syllables.

Has gold, yet starves, is famished in his store:
No, let me ever spend, be never poor. 320
Fort. Thy latest words confine[1] thy destiny,
Thou shalt spend ever, and be never poor:
For proof receive this purse: with it this virtue,
Still[2] when thou thrusts thy hand into the same,
Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,
Current in any realm where then thou breathest;
If thou canst dribble out the sea by drops,
Then shalt thou want: but that can ne'er be done,
Nor this grow empty.
Fort. Thanks, great deity. 330
Fortune. The virtue ends when thou and thy sons end.
This path leads thee to Cyprus, get thee hence;
Farewell, vain covetous fool, thou wilt repent,
That for the love of dross thou hast despised
Wisdom's divine embrace, she would have borne thee
On the rich wings of immortality;
But now go dwell with cares and quickly die.
The Kings. We dwell with cares, yet cannot quickly die.
Exeunt all singing, manet FORTUNATUS
Fort. But now go dwell with cares and quickly die? How quickly? if I die to- 340 morrow, I'll be merry to-day: if next day, I'll be merry to-morrow. Go dwell with cares? Where dwells Care? Hum ha, in what house dwells Care, that I may choose an honester neighbor? In princes' courts? No. Among fair ladies? Neither: there's no care dwells with them, but care how to be most gallant. Among gallants then? Fie, fie, no! Care is afraid sure of a gilt rapier, the scent of musk is her poison,[3] 350 tobacco chokes her, rich attire presseth her to death. Princes, fair ladies and gallants, have amongst you then, for this wet-eyed wench Care dwells with wretches: they are wretches that feel want, I shall feel none if

[1] Determine. [2] Ever. [3] Q. reads *prison.*

I be never poor; therefore, Care, I cashier[1] you my company. I wonder what blind gossip this minx is that is so prodigal; she should be a good one by her open dealing: her name's Fortune: it's no matter what she is, so she does as she says. "Thou shalt spend ever, and be never poor." Mass,[2] yet I feel nothing here to make me rich:—here's no sweet music with her silver sound. Try deeper: ho! God be here: ha, ha, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten, good, just ten. It's gold sure, it's so heavy, try again, one, two, &c. Good again, just ten, and just ten. Ha, ha, ha, this is rare: a leather mint, admirable: an Indian mine in a lamb's skin, miraculous! I'll fill three or four bags full for my sons, but keep this for myself. If that lean tawny face tobacconist Death, that turns all into smoke, must turn me so quickly into ashes, yet I will not mourn in ashes, but in music, hey, old lad, be merry. Here's riches, wisdom, strength, health, beauty, and long life—if I die not quickly. Sweet purse, I kiss thee; Fortune, I adore thee; Care, I despise thee; Death, I defy thee.

Exit

[SCENE II]

[*Outside the House of Fortunatus*]

Enter Ampedo, Shadow *after him, both sad;* Andelocia *after them*

Andel. 'Sheart,[3] why how now: two knights of the post.[4]

Shad. Ay, master, and we are both forsworn, as all such wooden knights be, for we both took an oath—marry it was not corporal, you may see by our cheeks—that we would not fast twenty-four hours to amend, and we have tasted no meat since the clock told two dozen.[5]

Andel. That lacks not much of twenty-four, but I wonder when that half-faced moon of thine will be at the full.

Shad. The next quarter, not this, when the sign is in Taurus.

Andel. Ho! that's to say, when thou eat'st bull beef. But, Shadow, what day is to-day?

Shad. Fasting day.

Andel. What day was yesterday?

Shad. Fasting day too.

Andel. Will to-morrow be so too?

Shad. Ay, and next day too.

Andel. That will be rare, you slave: For a lean diet makes a fat wit.

Shad. I had rather be a fool and wear a fat pair of cheeks.

Andel. Now am I prouder of this poverty, which I know is mine own, than a waiting gentlewoman is of a frizzled groatsworth of hair, that never grew on her head. Sirrah Shadow, now we can all three swear like Puritans[1] at one bare word: this want makes us like good bowlers, we are able to rub[2] out and shift in every place.

Shad. That's not so, we have shifted ourselves in no place this three months: marry, we rub out in every corner, but here follows no amendment either of life or of livery.

Andel. Why, brother Ampedo, art thou not yet tired with riding post?[3] Come, come, 'light from this loggerheaded jade, and walk afoot, and talk with your poor friends.

Shad. Nay, by my troth, he is like me: if his belly be empty, his heart is full.

Andel. The famine of gold gnaws his covetous stomach, more than the want of good victuals: thou hast looked very devilishly ever since the good angel[4] left thee: come, come, leave these broad-brim[5] fashions; because the world frowns upon thee, wilt not thou smile upon us?

Amp. Did but the bitterness of mine own fortunes
Infect my taste, I could paint o'er my cheeks
With ruddy-colored smiles: 'tis not the want
Of costly diet or desire of gold
Enforce this rupture in my wounded breast.
O no, our father—if he live—doth lie
Under the iron foot of misery,
And, as a dove gripped in a falcon's claw,
There pant'th for life being most assured of death.
Brother, for him my soul thus languisheth.

[1] Banish, discharge.
[2] By the Mass.
[3] God's heart.
[4] Sharpers.
[5] The Italian mode still of telling time.

[1] The Puritan forswore swearing.
[2] Fail because of the rub or unevenness in the court.
[3] Riding fast and also cheating.
[4] The usual pun on the gold coin so called.
[5] Puritan.

Shad. 'Tis not for my old master that I languish.

Amp. I am not enamored of this painted idol,
This strumpet World; for her most beauteous looks
Are poisoned baits, hung upon golden hooks:
When fools do swim in wealth, her Cynthian beams
Will wantonly dance on the silver streams;
But when this squint-eyed age sees Virtue poor,
And by a little spark sits shivering,
Begging at all, relieved at no man's door,
She smiles on her, as the sun shines on fire,
To kill that little heat, and, with her frown,
Is proud that she can tread poor Virtue down:
Therefore her wrinkled brow makes not mine sour,
Her gifts are toys, and I deride her power.

Shad. 'Tis not the crab-tree faced World neither that makes mine sour.

Andel. Her gifts toys! Well, brother Virtue, we have let slip the ripe plucking of those toys so long, that we flourish like apple-trees in September, which, having the falling sickness,[1] bear neither fruit nor leaves.

Shad. Nay, by my troth, master, none flourish in these withering times, but ancient-bearers[2] and trumpeters.

Andel. Shadow, when thou provest a substance, then the tree of virtue and honesty, and such fruit of heaven, shall flourish upon earth.

Shad. True, or when the sun shines at midnight, or women fly—and yet they are light enough.

Andel. 'Twas never merry world with us, since purses and bags were invented, for now men set lime-twigs[3] to catch wealth: and gold, which riseth like the sun out of the East Indies, to shine upon every one, is like a cony[4] taken napping in a pursenet,[5] and suffers his glistening yellow-face deity to be lapped up in lambskins, as if the innocency of those leather prisons should dispense with the cheveril[1] consciences of the iron-hearted jailors.

Shad. Snudges[2] may well be called jailors: for if a poor wretch steal but into a debt of ten pound, they lead him straight to execution.

Andel. Doth it not vex thee, Shadow, to stalk up and down Cyprus, and to meet the outside of a man, lapped[3] all in damask, his head and beard as white as milk, only with conjuring in the snowy circles of the field argent,[4] and his nose as red as scarlet, only with kissing the ruddy lips of angels, and such an image to wear on his thumb, three men's livings in the shape of a seal ring, whilst my brother Virtue here,—

Shad. And you his brother Vice!

Andel. Most true, my little lean Iniquity—whilst we three, if we should starve, cannot borrow five shillings of him neither in word nor deed: does not this vex thee, Shadow?

Shad. Not me; it vexes me no more to see such a picture, than to see an ass laden with riches, because I know when he can bear no longer, he must leave his burthen to some other beast.

Andel. Art not thou mad, to see money on goldsmiths' stalls, and none in our purses?

Shad. It mads[5] not me, I thank the destinies.

Andel. By my poverty, and that's but a thread-bare oath, I am more than mad to see silks and velvets lie crowding together in mercers' shops, as in prisons, only for fear of the smell of wax—they cannot abide to see a man made out of wax,[6] for these satin commodities have such smooth consciences that they'll have no man give his word for them or stand bound for their coming forth, but vow to lie till they rot in those shop counters, except Monsieur Money bail them. Shadow, I am out of my little wits to see this.

Shad. So is not Shadow: I am out of my wits, to see fat gluttons feed all day long, whilst I that am lean fast every day: I am out of my wits, to see our Famagosta

[1] Anemia.
[2] Ensigns.
[3] A method of trapping small birds.
[4] Rabbit.
[5] A net with a string to draw it close.

[1] Kid skin used for gloves and easily stretched.
[2] Misers.
[3] Wrapped.
[4] Argent was in heraldry white; gold was red.
[5] Angers.
[6] Pink of perfection.

fools turn half a shop of wares into a suit of gay apparel, only to make other idiots laugh, and wise men to cry, who's the fool now? I am mad, to see soldiers beg, and cowards brave:[1] I am mad, to see scholars in the broker's shop, and dunces in the mercer's: I am mad, to see men that have no more fashion in them than poor Shadow, yet must leap thrice a day into three orders of fashions: I am mad, to see many things, but horn-mad,[2] that my mouth feels nothing.

Andel. Why now, Shadow, I see thou hast a substance: I am glad to see thee thus mad.

Amp. The sons of Fortunatus had not wont
Thus to repine at others' happiness:
But fools have always this loose garment wore,
Being poor themselves, they wish all others poor.
Fie, brother Andelocia, hate this madness,
Turn your eyes inward, and behold your soul,
That wants more than your body; burnish that
With glittering virtue, and make idiots grieve
To see your beauteous mind in wisdom shine,
As you at their rich poverty repine.

Enter FORTUNATUS, *gallant*[3]

Andel. Peace, good Virtue; Shadow, here comes another shadow.

Shad. It should be a chameleon: for he is all in colors.

Amp. O, 'tis my father. With these tears of joy,
My love and duty greet your fair return!
A double gladness hath refreshed my soul;
One, that you live, and one, to see your fate
Looks freshly howsoever poor in state.

Andel. My father Fortunatus, and thus brave?

Shad. 'Tis no wonder to see a man brave, but a wonder how he comes brave.

Fort. Dear Andelocia and son Ampedo,
And my poor servant Shadow, plume your spirits
With light-winged mirth; for Fortunatus' hand
Can now pour golden showers into their laps
That sometimes scorned him for his want of gold.
Boys, I am rich, and you shall ne'er be poor;
Wear gold, spend gold, we all in gold will feed,
Now is your father Fortunate indeed.

Andel. Father, be not angry, if I set open the windows of my mind: I doubt for all your bragging, you'll prove like most of our gallants in Famagosta, that have a rich outside and a beggarly inside, and like mules wear gay trappings, and good velvet foot-cloths[1] on their backs, yet champ on the iron bit of penury—I mean, want coin. You gild our ears with a talk of gold, but I pray dazzle our eyes with the majesty of it.

Fort. First will I wake your senses with the sound
Of gold's sweet music: tell me what you hear?

Amp. Believe me, sir, I hear not any thing.

Andel. Ha, ha, ha. 'Sheart, I thought as much; if I hear any jingling, but of the purse strings that go flip flap, flip flap, flip flap, would I were turned into a flip-flap,[2] and sold to the butchers!

Fort. Shadow, I'll try thine ears; hark, dost rattle?

Shad. Yes, like three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle bladder, rattle: your purse is like my belly, th' one's without money, th' other without meat.

Fort. Bid your eyes blame the error of your ears:
You misbelieving pagans, see, here's gold—
Ten golden pieces: take them, Ampedo.
Hold, Andelocia, here are ten for thee.

Amp. Shadow, there's one for thee, provide thee food.

Fort. Stay, boy: hold, Shadow, here are ten for thee.

Shad. Ten, master? then defiance to fortune, and a fig for famine.

Fort. Now tell me, wags, hath my purse gold or no?

[1] Well dressed.
[2] Outrageously mad.
[3] Richly dressed.

[1] Housings for a horse.
[2] A flap on the end of a stick for killing flies.

Andel. We the wags have gold, father; but I think there's not one angel more wagging in this sacred temple. Why, this is 230 rare: Shadow, five will serve thy turn, give me th' other five.

Shad. Nay, soft, master, liberality died long ago. I see some rich beggars are never well, but when they be craving: my ten ducats are like my ten fingers, they will not jeopard[1] a joint for you. I am yours, and these are mine; if I part from them, I shall never have part of them.

Amp. Father, if heaven have blest you once again, 240
Let not an open hand disperse that store,
Which gone, life's gone; for all tread down the poor.

Fort. Peace, Ampedo, talk not of poverty.
Disdain, my boys, to kiss the tawny cheeks
Of lean Necessity: make not inquiry
How I came rich; I am rich, let that suffice.
There are four leathern bags trussed full of gold:
Those spent, I'll fill you more. Go, lads, be gallant:
Shine in the streets of Cyprus like two stars,
And make them bow their knees that once did spurn you; 250
For, to effect such wonders, gold can turn you.
Brave it in Famagosta, or elsewhere;
I'll travel to the Turkish Emperor,
And then I'll revel it with Prester John,[2]
Or banquet with great Cham[3] of Tartary,
And try what frolic court the Soldan keeps.
I'll leave you presently.[4] Tear off these rags;
Glitter, my boys, like angels,[5] that the world
May, whilst our life in pleasure's circle roams,
Wonder at Fortunatus and his sons. 260

Andel. Come, Shadow, now we'll feast it royally.

Shad. Do, master, but take heed of beggary. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

[*A Wood in Cyprus*]

Music sounds. Enter VICE *with a gilded face, and horns on her head; her garments long, painted before with silver half-moons, increasing by little and little till they come to the full; in the midst of them, in capital letters, this written,* "Crescit Eundo"; *her garment painted behind with fools' faces and devils' heads; and underneath it, in the midst, this written,* "Ha, Ha, He." *She, and others wearing gilded vizards and attired like devils, bring out a fair tree of gold with apples on it. After her comes* VIRTUE, *a coxcomb on her head, all in white before, and this written about the middle,* "Sibi sapit"[1]; *her attire behind painted with crowns and laurel garlands, stuck full of stars held out by hands thrust out of bright clouds, and among them written,* "Dominabitur astris."[2] *She and other nymphs, all in white with coxcombs on their heads, bring a tree with green and withered leaves mingled together, and little fruit on it; after her* FORTUNE, *one bearing her wheel, another her globe; and last, the Priest*

Fortune. You ministers of Virtue, Vice, and Fortune,
Tear off this upper garment of the earth,
And in her naked bosom stick these trees.

Virtue. How many kingdoms have I measured,
Only to find a climate, apt to cherish
These withering branches? But no ground can prove
So happy; ay me, none do Virtue love.
I'll try this soil; if here I likewise fade,
To heaven I'll fly, from whence I took my birth,
And tell the gods, I am banished from the earth. 10

Vice. Virtue, I am sworn thy foe: if there thou plant,
Here, opposite to thine, my tree shall flourish,
And as the running wood-bine spreads her arms,
To choke thy withering boughs in their embrace,
I'll drive thee from this world: were Virtue fled,
Vice as an angel should be honorèd.

[1] Risk.
[2] The supposed Christian king of a vast eastern empire.
[3] Khan. [4] At once. [5] Gold pieces.

[1] See p. 215. [2] Be ruled by the stars.

Fortune. Servants of this bright devil and that poor saint,
Apply your task whilst you are laboring:
To make your pains seem short our priest shall sing.

The song: whilst he sings, the rest set the trees into the earth

Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines, 20
O pity, pity, and alack the time,
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.
Vice hath golden cheeks, O pity, pity,
She in every land doth monarchize.
Virtue is exiled from every city,
Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.
O pity, pity, Virtue weeping dies.
Vice laughs to see her faint,—alack the time.
This sinks; with painted wings the other flies: 30
Alack that best should fall, and bad should climb.
O pity, pity, pity, mourn, not sing,
Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling.
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.

Fortune. Flourish or wither, Fortune cares not which,
In either's fall or height our eminence
Shines equal to the sun: the Queen of chance
Both virtuous souls and vicious doth advance.
These shadows of yourselves shall, like yourselves, 40
Strive to make men enamored of their beauties;
This grove shall be our temple, and henceforth
Be consecrated to our deities.
Virtue. How few will come and kneel at Virtue's shrine?
Vice. This contents Virtue, that she is called divine.
Fortune. Poor Virtue, Fortune grieves to see thy looks
Want cunning to entice: why hang these leaves,
As loose as autumn's hair which every wind
In mockery blows from his rotten brows?
Why like a drunkard art thou pointed at? 50
Why is this motley-scorn[1] set on thy head?
Why stands thy court wide open, but none in it?
Why are the crystal pavements of thy temple,
Not worn, not trod upon? All is for this,
Because thy pride is to wear base attire,
Because thine eyes flame not with amorous fire.
Virtue. Virtue is fairest in a poor array.
Fortune. Poor fool, 'tis not this badge of purity,
Nor *Sibi sapit,* painted on thy breast,
Allures mortality to seek thy love. 60
No: now the great wheel of thy globe hath run
And met this first point of creation.
On crutches went this world but yesterday,
Now it lies bed-rid, and is grown so old,
That it's grown young; for 'tis a child again,
A childish soul it hath, 'tis a mere fool:
And fools and children are well pleased with toys.
So must this world, with shows it must be pleased.
Then, Virtue, buy a golden face like Vice,
And hang thy bosom full of silver moons, 70
To tell the credulous world, As those increase,
As the bright moon swells in her pearlèd sphere,
So wealth and pleasures them to heaven shall rear.
Virtue. Virtue abhors to wear a borrowed face.
Vice. Why hast thou borrowed, then, that idiot's hood?
Virtue. Fools placed it on my head that knew me not,
And I am proud to wear the scorn of fools.
Fortune. Mourn in that pride and die, all the world hates thee.
Virtue. Not all, I'll wander once more through the world:
Wisdom I know hath with her blessèd wings 80
Fled to some bosom: if I meet that breast,
There I'll erect my temple, and there rest.
Fortune nor Vice shall then e'er have the power
By their loose eyes to entice my paramour.
Then will I cast off this deformity,
And shine in glory, and triumph to see

[1] Coxcomb.

You conquered at my feet, that tread on me.
Fortune. Virtue begins to quarrel: Vice, farewell.
Vice. Stay, Fortune, whilst within this grove we dwell,
If my angelical and saint-like form
Can win some amorous fool to wanton here,
And taste the fruit of this alluring tree,
Thus shall his saucy brows adornèd be,
To make us laugh. *Makes horns*
Fortune. It will be rare: adieu.
Virtue. Foul, hell-bred fiend, Virtue shall strive with you,
If any be enamored of thine eyes,
Their love must needs beget deformities.
Men are transformed to beasts, feasting with sin;
But if in spite of thee their souls I win,
To taste this fruit, though thou disguise their head,
Their shapes shall be re-metamorphosèd.
Vice. I dare thee do thy worst.
Virtue. My best I'll try.
Fortune. Fortune shall judge who wins the sovereignty. *Exeunt*

[ACT II]

Enter Chorus

Chorus. The world to the circumference of heaven
Is as a small point in geometry,
Whose greatness is so little, that a less
Cannot be made: into that narrow room,
Your quick imaginations we must charm,
To turn that world: and turned, again to part it
Into large kingdoms, and within one moment
To carry Fortunatus on the wings
Of active thought, many a thousand miles.
Suppose then, since you last beheld him here,
That you have sailed with him upon the seas,
And leapt with him upon the Asian shores,
Been feasted with him in the Tartar's palace,
And all the courts of each barbarian king:
From whence, being called by some unlucky star,—
For happiness never continues long,—
Help me to bring him back to Arragon,
Where for his pride—riches make all men proud—
On slight quarrel, by a covetous Earl
Fortune's dear minion is imprisonèd.
There think you see him sit with folded arms,
Tears dropping down his cheeks, his white hairs torn,
His legs in rusty fetters, and his tongue
Bitterly cursing that his squint-eyed soul
Did not make choice of wisdom's sacred lore.[1]
Fortune, to triumph in inconstancy,
From prison bails him: liberty is wild,
For being set free, he like a lusty eagle
Cuts with his vent'rous feathers through the sky,
And lights[2] not till he find the Turkish court.
Thither transport your eyes, and there behold him,
Reveling with the Emperor of the East,
From whence, through fear, for safeguard of his life,
Flying into the arms of ugly Night,
Suppose you see him brought to Babylon;
And that the sun clothed all in fire hath rid
One quarter of his hot celestial way
With the bright morning, and that in this instant,
He and the Soldan meet, but what they say,
Listen you—the talk of kings none dare bewray.
Exit

[SCENE I]

[*The Court at Babylon*]

Enter the Soldan, *his* Noblemen, *and* Fortunatus

Sold. Art thou that Fortunatus, whose great name,
Being carried in the chariot of the winds,
Hast filled the courts of all our Asian kings
With love and envy, whose dear presence ties
The eyes of admiration to thine eyes?
Art thou that Jove that in a shower of gold
Appeared'st before the Turkish Emperor?
Fort. I am that Fortunatus, mighty Soldan.

[1] Q. *love.* [2] Alights.

Sold. Where is that purse which threw abroad such treasure?
Fort. I gave it to the Turkish Soliman, 10
A second I bestowed on Prester John,[1]
A third the great Tartarian Cham received:
For with these monarchs have I banqueted,
And rid with them in triumph through their courts,
In crystal chariots drawn by unicorns.
England, France, Spain, and wealthy Belgia,
And all the rest of Europe's blessed daughters,
Have made my covetous eye rich in th' embrace
Of their celestial beauties; now I come
To see the glory of fair Babylon. 20
Is Fortunatus welcome to the Soldan?
For I am like the sun, if Jove once chide,
My gilded brows from amorous heaven I hide.
Sold. Most welcome, and most happy are mine arms
In circling such an earthly deity;
But will not Fortunatus make me blessed
By sight of such a purse?
Fort. Ere I depart,
The Soldan shall receive one at my hands:
For I must spend some time in framing it, 30
And then some time to breathe that virtuous spirit
Into the heart thereof, all which is done
By a most sacred inspiration.
Sold. Welcome, most welcome to the Soldan's court;
Stay here and be the King of Babylon:
Stay here, and I will more amaze thine eyes
With wondrous sights, than can all Asia.
Behold yon tower, there stands mine armory,
In which are corselets forged of beaten gold,
To arm ten hundred thousand fighting men,
Whose glittering squadrons when the sun beholds, 41
They seem like to ten hundred thousand Joves,
When Jove on the proud back of thunder rides,
Trapped all in lightning flames: there can I show thee
The ball of gold that set all Troy on fire;[2]

[1] See above, I, ii, 254.
[2] The apple of Até.

There shalt thou see the scarf of Cupid's mother,
Snatched from the soft moist ivory of her arm,
To wrap about Adonis' wounded thigh;
There shalt thou see a wheel of Titian's car,[1]
Which dropped from heaven when Phaeton fired the world: 50
I'll give thee, if thou wilt, two silver doves
Composed by magic to divide[2] the air,
Who, as they fly, shall clap their silver wings,
And give strange music to the elements;
I'll give thee else the fan of Proserpine,
Which in reward for a sweet Thracian song
The black-browed empress threw to Orpheus,
Being come to fetch Eurydice from hell.
Fort. Hath ever mortal eye beheld these wonders?
Sold. Thine shall behold them, and make choice of any, 60
So thou wilt give the Soldan such a purse.
Fort. By Fortune's blessèd hand, who christened me,
The mighty Soldan shall have such a purse,
Provided I may see these priceless wonders.
Sold. Leave us alone: never was mortal ear *Exeunt Nobles*
Acquainted with the virtue of a jewel,
Which now I'll show, out-valuing all the rest.
Fort. It is impossible.
Sold. Behold this casket, *Draws a curtain*
Fettered in golden chains, the lock pure gold, 70
The key of solid gold, which myself keep,
And here's the treasure that's contained in it. *Takes out the hat*
Fort. A coarse felt hat? is this the precious jewel?
Sold. I'll not exchange this for ten diadems.
On pain of death, none listen to our talk.
Fort. What needs this solemn conjuration!
Sold. O, yes, for none shall understand the worth
Of this inestimable ornament,
But you: and yet not you, but that you swear

[1] Q. *care.* [2] Cleave.

By her white hand, that lent you such a name,
To leave a wondrous purse in Babylon.
Fort. What I have sworn, I will not violate,
But now uncover the virtues of this hat.
Sold. I think none listen; if they do, they die.
Fort. None listen: tell, what needs this jealousy?[1]
Sold. You see 'tis poor in show: did I want jewels,
Gold could beget them, but the wide world's wealth
Buys not this hat: this clapped upon my head,
I, only with a wish, am through the air
Transported in a moment over seas
And over lands to any secret place;
By this I steal to every prince's court,
And hear their private counsels and prevent[2]
All dangers which to Babylon are meant;
By help of this I oft see armies join,
Though when the dreadful alvarado[3] sounds,
I am distant from the place a thousand leagues.
O, had I such a purse and such a hat,
The Soldan were, of all, most fortunate.
Fort. O, had I such a hat, then were I brave.
Where's he that made it?
Sold. Dead, and the whole world
Yields not a workman that can frame the like.
Fort. No, does?[4]—By what trick shall I make this mine? *Aside*
Methinks, methinks, when you are borne o'er seas,
And over lands, the heaviness thereof
Should weigh you down, drown you, or break your neck.
Sold. No, 'tis more light than any hat beside:
Your hand shall peise[5] it.
Fort. O, 'tis wondrous heavy.
Sold. Fie, y'are deceived: try it upon your head.

[1] Suspicion.
[2] Anticipate.
[3] Call to battle.
[4] Fortunatus breaks off in what he is saying to think, in the aside, how to get the hat.
[5] Weigh, poise.

Fort. Would I were now in Cyprus with my sons. *Exit*
Sold. Stay! Fortunatus, stay! I am undone.
Treason, lords, treason, get me wings, I'll fly
After this damnèd traitor through the air.

[*Re-*]*enter* Nobles

Nobles. Who wrongs the mighty King of Babylon?
Sold. This Fortunatus, this fiend, wrongs your king.
Nobles. Lock the court gates, where is the devil hid?
Sold. No gates, no grates of iron imprison him,
Like a magician breaks he through the clouds,
Bearing my soul with him, for that jewel gone,
I am dead, and all is dross in Babylon.
Fly after him!—'tis vain: on the wind's wings,
He'll ride through all the courts of earthly kings.
Nobles. What is the jewel that your grace hath lost?
Sold. He dies that troubles me: call me not king;
For I'll consume my life in sorrowing.
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II]

[*Outside the House of* Fortunatus]

Enter Andelocia, *very gallant,*[1] *and* Shadow

Andel. Shadow? what have I lost to-day at dice?
Shad. More than you will win again in a month.
Andel. Why, sir, how much comes it to?
Shad. It comes to nothing, sir, for you have lost your wits; and when a man's wits are lost, the man is like twenty pounds' worth of tobacco, which mounts into th' air, and proves nothing but one thing.
Andel. And what thing is that, you ass?
Shad. Marry, sir, that he is an ass that melts so much money in smoke.
Andel. 'Twere a charitable deed to hang thee a smoking.

[1] Handsomely dressed.

Shad. I should never make good bacon, because I am not fat.

Andel. I'll be sworn thy wit is lean.

Shad. It's happy I have a lean wit: but, master, you have none; for when your money tripped away, that went after it, and ever since you have been mad. Here comes your brother.

Enter AMPEDO

Borrow a dram of him, if his be not mouldy: for men's wits in these days are like the cuckoo, bald once a year, and that makes motley so dear, and fools so good cheap.[1]

Andel. Brother, all hail.

Shad. There's a rattling salutation.

Andel. You must lend me some more money. Nay, never look so strange, and you will come off, so; if you will bar me from square play, do. Come, come, when the old traveller my father comes home, like a young ape, full of fantastic tricks, or a painted parrot stuck full of outlandish feathers, he'll lead the world in a string, and then like a hot shot I'll charge and discharge all.

Shad. I would be loth, master, to see that day: for he leads the world in a string that goes to hanging.

Andel. Take heed I turn not that head into the world, and lead you so.
Brother wilt be? Ha' ye any ends of gold or silver?

Amp. Thus wanton revelling breeds beggary.
Brother, 'twere better that you still lived poor.
Want would make wisdom rich: but when your coffers
Swell to the brim, then riot sets up sails,
And like a desperate unskilled mariner
Drives your unsteady fortunes on the point
Of wreck inevitable. Of all the wealth
Left by our father, when he left us last,
This little is unspent, and this being wasted,
Your riot ends; therefore consume it all.
I'll live, or dying, find some burial.

Andel. Thanks for my crowns.[2] Shadow, I am villainous hungry, to hear one of the seven wise masters talk thus emptily.

Shad. I am a villain, master, if I am not hungry.

[1] Very cheap.
[2] Q. assigns these words to Ampedo.

Andel. Because I'll save this gold, sirrah Shadow, we'll feed ourselves with paradoxes.

Shad. O rare: what meat's that?

Andel. Meat, you gull: 'tis no meat: a dish of paradoxes is a feast of strange opinion, 'tis an ordinary[1] that our greatest gallants haunt nowadays, because they would be held for statesmen.

Shad. I shall never fill my belly with opinions.

Andel. In despite of sway-bellies,[2] gluttons, and sweet-mouthed epicures, I'll have thee maintain a paradox in commendations of hunger.

Shad. I shall never have the stomach[3] to do't.

Andel. See'st thou this crusado?[4] do it, and turn this into a feast.

Shad. Covetousness and lechery are two devils, they'll tempt a man to wade through deep matters: I'll do't though good cheer conspire my death, for speaking treason against her.

Andel. Fall to it then with a full mouth.

Shad. O famine, inspire me with thy miserable reasons. I begin, master.

Amp. O miserable invocation.

Andel. Silence!

Shad. There's no man but loves one of these three beasts, a horse, a hound, or a whore; the horse by his goodwill has his head ever in the manger; the whore with your ill will has her hand ever in your purse; and a hungry dog eats dirty puddings.

Andel. This is profound; forward: the conclusion of this now.

Shad. The conclusion is plain: for since all men love one of these three monsters, being such terrible eaters, therefore all men love hunger.

Amp. A very lean argument.

Shad. I can make it no fatter.

Andel. Proceed, good Shadow; this fats me.

Shad. Hunger is made of gunpowder.

Andel. Give fire to that opinion.

Shad. Stand by, lest it blow you up. Hunger is made of gunpowder, or gunpowder of hunger, for they both eat through

[1] Eating house.
[2] Potbellies.
[3] Playing upon the two meanings, appetite and courage.
[4] A Portuguese coin worth about 2s. 6d.

stone walls; hunger is a grindstone, it sharpens wit; hunger is fuller of love than Cupid, for it makes a man eat himself; hunger was the first that ever opened a cook-shop; cooks the first that ever made sauce, sauce being liquorish, licks up good meat; good meat preserves life: hunger therefore preserves life.

Amp. By my consent thou shouldst still live by hunger.

Shadow. Not so, hunger makes no man mortal: hunger is an excellent physician, for he dares kill any body. Hunger is one of the seven liberal sciences.

Andel. O learned! Which of the seven?

Shad. Music, for she'll make a man leap at a crust; but as few care for her six sisters, so none love to dance after her pipe. Hunger, master, is hungry and covetous; therefore the crusado.

Andel. But hast thou no sharper reasons than this?

Shad. Yes, one: the dagger in Cyprus had never stabbed out such six penny pies, but for hunger.

Andel. Why, you dolt, these pies[1] are but in their minority.

Shad. My belly and my purse have been twenty times at dagger's drawing, with parting the little urchins.

Enter FORTUNATUS

Amp. Peace, idiot, peace, my father is returned.

Fort. Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air; let none speak to me, till you have marked me well.

Shad. (*Chalking* FORTUNATUS' *back*) Now speak your mind.

Amp. Villain, why hast thou chalked my father's back?

Shad. Only to mark him, and to try what color air is of.

Fort. Regard him not, Ampedo: Andelocia, Shadow, view me, am I as you are, or am I transformed?

Andel. I thought travel would turn my father madman or fool.

Amp. How should you be transformed? I see no change.

Shad. If your wits be not planet stricken, if your brains lie in their right place, you are well enough; for your body is little mended by your fetching[1] vagaries.

Andel. Methinks, father, you look as you did, only your face is more withered.

Fort. That's not my fault; age is like love, it cannot be hid.

Shad. Or like gunpowder a-fire, or like a fool, or like a young novice new come to his lands: for all these will show of what house they come. Now, sir, you may amplify.

Fort. Shadow, turn thy tongue to a shadow, be silent! Boys, be proud, your father hath the whole world in this compass, I am all felicity, up to the brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon, I have been this half-hour in Famagosta.

Andel. How? in a minute, father? Ha, ha, I see travellers must lie.

Shad. 'Tis their destiny: the Fates do so conspire.

Fort. I have cut through the air like a falcon; I would have it seem strange to you.

Shad. So it does, sir.

Fort. But 'tis true. I would not have you believe it neither.

Shad. No more we do not, sir.

Fort. But 'tis miraculous and true. Desire to see you, brought me to Cyprus. I'll leave you more gold, and go visit more countries.

Shad. Leave us gold enough, and we'll make all countries come visit us.

Amp. The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,
And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years,
Death needs must marry you: those short-lived[2] minutes,
That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travel: rest in Cyprus then.
Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die;
And bitter is the sweet that's reaped thereby.

Andel. Faith, father, what pleasure have you met by walking your stations?[3]

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I have revelled with kings, danced with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen

[1] Q. reads *pipes*.

[1] Wandering. [2] Q. *lines*. [3] Journeying about.

fantasticos,[1] conversed with humorists,[2] been ravished with divine raptures of Doric, 210
Lydian and Phrygian harmonies.[3] I have spent the day in triumphs, and the night in banqueting.

Andel. O rare: this was heavenly.

Shad. Methinks 'twas horrible.

Andel. He that would not be an Arabian phœnix[4] to burn in these sweet fires, let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these 220
vanities?

Fort. Vanities? Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous to mount up to the incomprehensible glory that travel lifts men to.

Shad. My old master's soul is cork and feathers, and being so light doth easily mount up.

Andel. Sweeten mine ears, good father, with some more. 230

Fort. When in the warmth of mine own country's arms
We yawned like sluggards, when this small horizon
Imprisoned up my body, then mine eyes
Worshipped these clouds as brightest; but, my boys,
The glist'ring beams which do abroad appear
In other heavens,—fire is not half so clear.

Shad. Why, sir, are there other heavens in other countries?

Andel. Peace; interrupt him not upon thy life.

Fort. For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorned to crowd among the muddy[5] throng 240
Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath,
Like to condensèd fogs, do choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No, I still boldly stept into their courts,
For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine;
There shall you see faces angelical,
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose star-like eyes have power, might they still shine,
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroës,[1] 250
White-headed counsellors and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubims to guard
The monarch, who in god-like glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers-by being the fair workmanship.

Andel. O, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven.

I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.

Shad. Then Shadow must die among knaves; and yet why so? In a bunch of 260
cards, knaves wait upon the kings.

Andel. When I turn king, then shalt thou wait on me.

Shad. Well, there's nothing impossible: a dog has his day, and so have you.

Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all courts
Beheld such glory, so majestical
In all perfection, no way blemishèd?

Fort. In some courts shall you see ambition
Sit piecing Dedalus' old waxen wings, 270
But being clapped on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction:
For since the heaven's strong arms teach kings to stand,
Angels are placed about their glorious throne,
To guard it from the strokes of trait'rous hands.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Fantastic compliment stalks up and down,
Tricked in outlandish feathers, all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous, 281
All apish, childish, and Italianate.[2]

Enter FORTUNE [*in the background*]: *after her* [*The*] THREE DESTINIES,[3] *working*

Shad. I know a medicine[4] for that malady.

[1] Dandies. [2] Wits.
[3] The various scales on which Greek music was written.
[4] It lived unparalleled 500 years and dying out of its ashes came the new phoenix. [5] Common.

[1] Trisyllabic. [3] Fates.
[2] Affected. [4] Dissyllabic.

Fort. By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Andel. And these are sights for none but gods and kings.
Shad. Yes, and for Christian creatures, if they be not blind.
Fort. In these two hands do I grip all the world.
This leather purse, and this bald woollen hat
Make me a monarch. Here's my crown and scepter!
In progress will I now go through the world.
I'll crack your shoulders, boys, with bags of gold
Ere I depart; on Fortune's wings I ride,
And now sit in the height of human pride.
Fortune. [*Coming forward*] Now! fool, thou liest; where thy proud feet do tread,
These shall throw down thy cold and breathless head.
Fort. O sacred deity, what sin is done,
That Death's iron fist should wrestle with thy son? *All kneel*
Fortune. Thou art no son of Fortune, but her slave:
Thy cedar hath aspired[1] to his[2] full height.
Thy sun-like glory hath advanced herself
Into the top of pride's meridian,
And down amain it comes. From beggary
I plumed thee like an ostrich, like that ostrich
Thou hast eaten metals, and abused my gifts,
Hast played the ruffian, wasted that in riots
Which as a blessing I bestowed on thee.
Fort. Forgive me, I will be more provident.
Fortune. No, endless follies follow endless wealth.
Thou hadst thy fancy, I must have thy fate,
Which is, to die when th'art most fortunate.
This inky thread, thy ugly sins have spun,
Black life, black death; faster! that it were done.
Fort. O, let me live, but till I can redeem.
Fortune. The Destinies deny thee longer life.
Fort. I am but now lifted to happiness.
Fortune. And now take I most pride to cast thee down.

[1] Grown. [2] Its.

Hadst thou chosen wisdom, this black had been white,
And Death's stern brow could not thy soul affright.
Fort. Take this again! [*Offering the purse*] Give wisdom to my sons.
Fortune. No, fool, 'tis now too late: as death strikes thee,
So shall their ends sudden and wretched be.
Jove's daughters—righteous Destinies—make haste!
His life hath wasteful been, and let it waste.
Exeunt [FORTUNE *and The Three Destinies*]
Andel. Why the pox dost thou sweat so?
Shad. For anger to see any of God's creatures have such filthy[1] faces as these sempsters[2] had that went hence.
Andel. Sempsters? why, you ass, they are Destinies.
Shad. Indeed, if it be one's destiny to have a filthy[3] face, I know no remedy but to go masked and cry, "Woe worth the Fates."
Amp. Why droops my father? these are only shadows,
Raised by the malice of some enemy,
To fright your life, o'er which they have no power.
Shad. Shadows? I defy their kindred.[4]
Fort. O Ampedo, I faint; help me, my sons.
Andel. Shadow, I pray thee run and call more help.
Shad. If that desperate Don Dego Death hath ta'en up the cudgels once, here's never a fencer in Cyprus dare take my old master's part.
Andel. Run, villain, call more help.
Shad. Bid him thank the Destinies for this. *Exit*
Fort. Let me[5] shrink down, and die between your arms,
Help comes in vain. No hand can conquer fate.
This instant is the last of my life's date.
This goddess, if at least she be a goddess,
Names herself Fortune: wand'ring in a wood,
Half famished, her I met. I have, quoth she,
Six gifts to spend upon mortality,

[1] Ugly.
[2] Seamstresses.
[3] Ugly.
[4] Possibly: Shadows, I defy; they're kindred.
[5] Q. *him.*

Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life and riches.
Out of my bounty one of these is thine.
Amp. What benefit did from your choice arise?
Fort. Listen, my sons! in this small compass lies
Infinite treasure: this she gave to me,
And gave to this,[1] this virtue, Take, quoth she,
So often as from hence thou draw'st thy hand,
Ten golden pieces of that kingdom's coin,
Where'er thou liv'st; which plenteous sure shall last,
After thy death, till thy sons' lives do waste.
Andel. Father, your choice was rare, the gift divine.
Fort. It had been so, if wisdom[2] had been mine.
Amp. But hath this golden virtue never failed?
Fort. Never.
Andel. O admirable: here's a fire
Hath power to thaw the very heart of death,
And give stones life; by this most sacred breath,[3]
See brother, here's all India in my hand.
Fort. Inherit you, my sons, that golden land.
This hat I brought away from Babylon,
I robbed the Soldan of it, 'tis a prize,
Worth, twenty empires[4] in this jewel lies.
Andel. How, father? jewel? call you this a jewel? it's coarse wool, a bald fashion, and greasy to the brim; I have bought a better felt for a French crown forty times: of what virtuous block[5] is this hat, I pray?
Fort. See it upon thy head, and with a wish,
Thou in the moment, on the wind's swift wings,
Shalt be transported into any place.
Andel. A wishing hat, and a golden mine?
Fort. O Andelocia, Ampedo! now Death
Sounds his third summons, I must hence! These jewels
To both I do bequeath; divide them not,
But use them equally: never bewray
What virtues are in them; for if you do,
Much shame, much grief, much danger follows you.
Peruse this book; farewell! behold in me
The rotten strength of proud mortality. *Dies*
Amp. His soul is wandering to the Elysian shades.
Andel. The flower that's fresh at noon, at sunset fades.
Brother, close you down his eyes, because you were his eldest; and with them close up your tears, whilst I, as all younger brothers do, shift for myself: let us mourn, because he's dead, but mourn the less, because he cannot revive. The honor we can do him, is to bury him royally; let's about it then, for I'll not melt myself to death with scalding sighs, nor drop my soul out at mine eyes, were my father an emperor.
Amp. Hence, hence, thou stop'st the tide of my true tears.
True grief is dumb, though it hath open ears.
Andel. Yet God send my grief a tongue, that I may have good utterance for it: sob on, brother mine, whilst you sigh there, I'll sit and read what story my father has written here.

They both fall asleep. FORTUNE *and a company of Satyrs enter with music, and, playing about* FORTUNATUS' *body, take him away. They gone,* SHADOW *enters running*

Shad. I can get none, I can find none: where are you, master? Have I ta'en you napping? and you too? I see sorrow's eyelids are made of a dormouse skin, they seldom open, or of a miser's purse, that's always shut. So ho, master.[1]
Andel. Shadow, why how now? what's the matter?
Shad. I can get none, sir, 'tis impossible.
Amp. What is impossible? what canst not get?
Shad. No help for my old master.
Andel. Hast thou been all this while calling for help?
Shad. Yes, sir: he scorned all Famagosta when he was in his huffing,[2] and now he lies puffing for wind, they say they scorn him.

[1] In addition to this.
[2] Q. *riches.*
[3] Q. misprints *death.*
[4] The worth of twenty empires.
[5] Valuable shape.

[1] The cry of the hunter finding a hare.
[2] Swaggering prosperity.

Amp. The poison of their scorn infects not him;
He wants no help. See where he breathless lies:
Brother, to what place have you borne his body?
Andel. I bear it? I touched it not.
Amp. Nor I: a leaden slumber pressed mine eyes.
Shad. Whether it were lead or latten[1] that hasped down those winking casements, 430
I know not, but I found you both snorting.
Amp. And in that sleep, methought, I heard the tunes
Of sullen passions apt for funerals,
And saw my father's lifeless body borne
By Satyrs: O I fear that deity
Hath stolen him hence!—that snudge,[2] his destiny.
Andel. I fear he's risen again; didst not thou meet him?
Shad. I, sir? do you think this white and red durst have kissed my sweet cheeks, if they had seen a ghost? But, master, if 440 the Destinies, or Fortune, or the Fates, or the Fairies have stolen him, never indict them for the felony: for by this means the charges of a tomb is saved, and you being his heirs, may do as many rich executors do, put that money in your purses, and give out he died a beggar.
Andel. Away, you rogue, my father die a beggar!
I'll build a tomb for him of massy gold.
Shad. Methinks, master, it were better 450 to let the memory of him shine in his own virtues, if he had any, than in alabaster.[3]
Andel. I shall mangle that alabaster face, you whoreson virtuous vice.
Shad. He has a marble heart, that can mangle a face of alabaster.
Andel. Brother, come, come, mourn not; our father is but stepped to agree with Charon for his boat hire to Elysium. See, 460 here's a story of all his travels; this book shall come out with a new addition: I'll tread after my father's steps; I'll go measure the world, therefore let's share these jewels, take this, or this!
Amp. Will you then violate our father's will?

[1] A base metal. [2] Niggard.
[3] Material used for the images on tombs.

Andel. A Puritan!—keep a dead man's will? Indeed in the old time, when men were buried in soft churchyards, that their ghosts might rise, it was good; but, 470 brother, now they are imprisoned in strong brick and marble, they are fast. Fear not: away, away, these are fooleries, gulleries, trumperies; here's this or this, or I am gone with both!
Amp. Do as you please, the sin shall not be mine.
Fools call those things profane that are divine.
Andel. Are you content to wear the jewels by turns? I'll have the purse for a year, you the hat, and as much gold as 480 you'll ask; and when my pursership ends, I'll resign, and cap you.
Amp. I am content to bear all discontents. *Exit*
Andel. I should serve this bearing ass rarely now, if I should load him, but I will not. Though conscience be, like physic, seldom used, for so it does least hurt, yet I'll take a dram of it. This for him, and some gold: this for me; for having this 490 mint about me, I shall want no wishing cap. Gold is an eagle, that can fly to any place, and, like death, that dares enter all places. Shadow, wilt thou travel with me?
Shad. I shall never fadge[1] with the humor because I cannot lie.
Andel. Thou dolt, we'll visit all the kings' courts in the world.
Shad. So we may, and return dolts home, but what shall we learn by travel? 500
Andel. Fashions.[2]
Shad. That's a beastly disease: methinks it's better staying in your own country.
Andel. How? In my own country—like a cage-bird, and see nothing?
Shad. Nothing? yes, you may see things enough, for what can you see abroad that is not at home? The same sun calls you up in the morning, and the same man in the moon lights you to bed at night; our 510 fields are as green as theirs in summer, and their frosts will nip us more in winter: our birds sing as sweetly and our women are as fair: in other countries you shall have one drink to you; whilst you kiss your hand,

[1] Agree.
[2] Popularly used for *farcy*, a disease of horses.

and duck,[1] he'll poison you: I confess you shall meet more fools, and asses, and knaves abroad than at home, yet God be thanked we have pretty store of all, but for punks,[2] we put them down.

Andel. Prepare thy spirits, for thou shalt go with me.
To England shall our stars direct our course;
Thither the Prince of Cyprus, our king's son,
Is gone to see the lovely Agripyne.
Shadow, we'll gaze upon that English dame,
And try what virtue gold has to inflame.
First to my brother, then away let's fly;
Shadow must be a courtier ere he die.
Exit

Shad. If I must, the Fates shall be served: I have seen many clowns courtiers, then why not Shadow? Fortune, I am for thee. *Exit*

[ACT III, SCENE I]

[*London. The Court of Athelstane*]

Enter ORLEANS *melancholic,* GALLOWAY *with him; a* BOY *after them with a lute*

Orle. Begone: leave that with me, and leave me to myself; if the king ask for me, swear to him I am sick, and thou shalt not lie; pray thee leave me.

Boy. I am gone, sir. *Exit*

Orle. This music makes me but more out of tune.
O, Agripyna.

Gall. Gentle friend, no more.
Thou sayest love is a madness, hate it then,
Even for the name's sake.

Orle. O, I love that madness,
Even for the name's sake.

Gall. Let me tame this frenzy,
By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
By telling thee she's daughter to a king,
By telling thee the King of Cyprus' son
Shines like a sun, between her looks and thine,
Whilst thou seem'st but a star to Agripyne:
He loves her.

Orle. If he do: why so do I.

Gall. Love is ambitious, and loves majesty.

[1] Row. [2] Dissolute women.

Orle. Dear friend, thou art deceived, love's voice doth sing
As sweetly in a beggar as a king.

Gall. Dear friend, thou art deceived: O bid thy soul
Lift up her intellectual eyes to heaven,
And in this ample book of wonders read,
Of what celestial mould, what sacred essence,
Herself is formed, the search whereof will drive
Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,
And in sweet tune set that which none inherits.

Orle. I'll gaze on heaven if Agripyne be there:
If not: fa, la, la, sol, la, etc.

Gall. O, call this madness in; see, from the windows
Of every eye derision thrusts out cheeks,
Wrinkled with idiot laughter; every finger
Is like a dart shot from the hand of scorn,
By which thy name is hurt, thine honor torn.

Orle. Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway?

Gall. Even at thee.

Orle. Ha, ha, I laugh at them, are not they mad
That let my true true sorrow make them glad?
I dance and sing only to anger Grief,
That in that anger, he might smite life down
With his iron fist. Good heart, it seemeth then,
They laugh to see grief kill me: O, fond[1] men,
You laugh at others' tears; when others smile,
You tear yourselves in pieces: vile, vile, vile!
Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of fools,
Crowding together to be counted wise,
I laugh because sweet Agripyne's not there,
But weep because she is not anywhere,
And weep because whether she be or not,
My love was ever, and is still, forgot:
Forgot, forgot, forgot.

Gall. Draw back this stream, why should my Orleans mourn?

Orle. Look yonder, Galloway, dost thou see that sun?

[1] Foolish.

Nay, good friend, stare upon it, mark it well,
Ere he be two hours elder, all that glory
Is banished heaven, and then for grief this sky,
That's now so jocund,[1] will mourn all in black,
And shall not Orleans mourn? Alack, alack!
O what a savage tyranny it were
T'enforce Care laugh, and Woe not shed a tear!
Dead is my love, I am buried in her scorn,
That is my sunset, and shall I not mourn?
Yes, by my troth I will.

Gall. Dear friend, forbear,
Beauty, like sorrow, dwelleth everywhere.
Rase out this strong idea[2] of her face,
As fair as hers shineth in any place.

Orle. Thou art a traitor to that white and red,
Which, sitting on her cheeks, being Cupid's throne,
Is my heart's sovereign: O, when she is dead,
This wonder, beauty, shall be found in none.
Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
In love with nothing but deformity.
O fair Deformity, I muse[3] all eyes
Are not enamored of thee: thou didst never
Murder men's hearts, or let them pine like wax,
Melting against the sun of destiny;[4]
Thou art a faithful nurse to chastity;
Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,
For cares, and age, and sickness hers deface,
But thine's eternal. O Deformity,
Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's,
For, dead,[5] her beauty will no beauty have,
But thy face looks most lovely in the grave.

Enter [*the*] PRINCE OF CYPRUS *and* AGRIPYNE

Gall. See where they come together, hand in hand.

Orle. O watch, sweet Galloway, when their hands do part,
Between them shalt thou find my murdered heart.

[1] Joyous. [2] Image. [3] Wonder.
[4] Swinburne suggests *thy disdain.*
[5] Q. *dread.*

Cypr. By this then it seems a thing impossible, to know when an English lady loves truly.[1]

Agrip. Not so, for when her soul steals into her heart, and her heart leaps up to her eyes, and her eyes drop into her hands, then if she say, Here's my hand! she's your own,—else never.

Cypr. Here's a pair of your prisoners, let's try their opinion.

Agrip. My kind prisoners, well encountered; the Prince of Cyprus here and myself have been wrangling about a question of love: my lord of Orleans, you look lean, and likest a lover—Whether is it more torment to love a lady and never enjoy her, or always to enjoy a lady whom you cannot choose but hate?

Orle. To hold her ever in mine arms whom I loath in my heart, were some plague,[2] yet the punishment were no more than to be enjoined to keep poison in my hand, yet never to taste it.

Agrip. But say you should be compelled to swallow the poison?

Orle. Then a speedy death would end a speeding misery. But to love a lady and never enjoy her, O, it is not death, but worse than damnation; 'tis hell, 'tis——

Agrip. No more, no more, good Orleans; nay, then, I see my prisoner is in love too.

Cypr. Methinks, soldiers cannot fall into the fashion of love.

Agrip. Methinks a soldier is the most faithful lover of all men else; for his affection stands not upon compliment. His wooing is plain home-spun stuff; there's no outlandish thread in it, no rhetoric. A soldier casts no figures[3] to get his mistress' heart; his love is like his valor in the field, when he pays downright blows.

Gall. True, madam, but would you receive such payment?

Agrip. No, but I mean, I love a soldier best for his plain dealing.

Cypr. That's as good as the first.

Agrip. Be it so, that goodness I like: for what lady can abide to love a spruce silken-face courtier, that stands every morning two or three hours learning how to look

[1] Note the drop into prose.
[2] Something of a plague.
[3] Makes no astrological calculations.

by his glass, how to speak by his glass, how to sigh by his glass, how to court his mistress by his glass? I would wish him no other plague, but to have a mistress as brittle as glass.

Gall. And that were as bad as the horn plague.[1]

Cypr. Are any lovers possessed with this madness?

Agrip. What madmen are not possessed with this love? Yet by my troth, we poor women do but smile in our sleeves to see all this foppery: yet we all desire to see our lovers attired gallantly, to hear them sing sweetly, to behold them dance comely and such like. But this apish monkey fashion of effeminate niceness,[2] out upon it! O, I hate it worse than to be counted a scold.

Cypr. Indeed, men are most regarded, when they least regard themselves.

Gall. And women most honored, when they show most mercy to their lovers.

Orle. But is't not a miserable tyranny, to see a lady triumph in the passions of a soul languishing through her cruelty?

Cypr. Methinks it is.

Gall. Methinks 'tis more than tyranny.

Agrip. So think not I; for as there is no reason to hate any that love us, so it were madness to love all that do not hate us; women are created beautiful, only because men should woo them; for 'twere miserable tyranny to enjoin poor women to woo men: I would not hear of a woman in love, for my father's kingdom.

Cypr. I never heard of any woman that hated love.

Agrip. Nor I: but we had all rather die than confess we love; our glory is to hear men sigh whilst we smile, to kill them with a frown, to strike them dead with a sharp eye, to make you this day wear a feather, and to-morrow a sick nightcap. O, why this is rare! there's a certain deity in this, when a lady by the magic of her looks, can turn a man into twenty shapes.

Orle. Sweet friend, she speaks this but to torture me.

Gall. I'll teach thee how to plague her: love her not.

Agrip. Poor Orleans how lamentably he looks: if he stay, he'll make me surely love him for pure pity. I must send him hence, for of all sorts of love, I hate the French; I pray thee, sweet prisoner, entreat Lord Longaville to come to me presently.

Orle. I will, and esteem myself more than happy, that you will employ me. *Exit*

Agrip. Watch him, watch him for God's sake, if he sigh not or look not back.

Cypr. He does both; but what mystery lies in this?

Agrip. Nay, no mystery, 'tis as plain as Cupid's forehead: why this is as it should be.—'And esteem myself more than happy, that you will employ me.' My French prisoner is in love over head and ears.

Cypr. It's wonder how he scapes drowning.

Gall. With whom, think you?

Agrip. With his keeper, for a good wager: Ah, how glad he is to obey! And how proud am I to command in this empire of affection! Over him and such spongy-livered youths, that lie soaking in love, I triumph more with mine eye, than ever he did over a soldier with his sword. Is't not a gallant victory for me to subdue my father's enemy with a look? Prince of Cyprus, you were best take heed, how you encounter an English lady.

Cypr. God bless me from loving any of you, if all be so cruel.

Agrip. God bless me from suffering you to love me, if you be not so formable.[1]

Cypr. Will you command me any service, as you have done Orleans?

Agrip. No other service but this, that, as Orleans, you love me, for no other reason, but that I may torment you.

Cypr. I will: conditionally, that in all company I may call you my tormentor.

Agrip. You shall: conditionally, that you never beg for mercy. Come, my Lord of Galloway.

Gall. Come, sweet madam.

Exeunt, manet [*the* PRINCE OF] CYPRUS

Cypr. The ruby-colored portals of her speech
Were closed by mercy: but upon her eye,
Attired in frowns, sat murdering cruelty.

[*Re-*]*enter* AGRIPYNE *and listens*

She's angry, that I durst so high aspire.
O, she disdains that any stranger's breast

[1] Jealousy. [2] Fastidiousness.

[1] Conformable.

Should be a temple for her deity:
She's full of beauty, full of bitterness.
Till now, I did but[1] dally with love's fire:
And when I thought to try his flames indeed,
I burnt me even to cinders. O, my stars,
Why from my native shore did your beams guide me,
To make me dote on her that doth deride me? 249

[AGRIPYNE] *kneels:* [CYPRUS] *walks musing*

Agrip. Hold him in this mind, sweet Cupid, I conjure thee. O, what music these hey-hos make! I was about to cast my little self into a great love-trance for him, fearing his heart had been flint: but since I see 'tis pure virgin wax, he shall melt his bellyful: for now I know how to temper him.

Exit; [as she goes, CYPRUS] *spies her*

Cypr. Never beg mercy? yet be my tormentor.
I hope she heard me not: doubtless she did,
And now will she insult upon my passions,[2]
And vex my constant love with mockeries.
Nay, then, I'll be mine own physician, 262
And outface love, and make her think that I
Mourned thus, because I saw her standing by.

Enter CORNWALL

What news, my Lord of Cornwall?

Corn. This fair prince,
One of your countrymen, is come to court,
A lusty gallant brave, in Cyprus' isle,
With fifty bard[3] horses, prancing at his heels
Backed by as many strong-limbed Cypriots,
All whom he keeps in pay: whose offered service, 271
Our king with arms of gladness hath embraced.

Cypr. Born in the isle of Cyprus? what's his name?

Corn. His servants call him Fortunatus' son.

Cypr. Rich Fortunatus' son! Is he arrived?

[1] Q. *not.*
[2] Feelings.
[3] Richly comparisoned, originally armored.

Enter LONGAVILLE, GALLOWAY, *and* CHESTER *with jewels*

Long. This he bestowed on me.

Chest. And this on me.

Gall. And this his bounteous hand enforced me take.

Long. I prize this jewel at a hundred marks,[1]
Yet would he needs bestow this gift on me.

Cypr. My lords, whose hand hath been thus prodigal? 281

Gall. Your countryman, my lord, a Cypriot.

Long. The gallant sure is all compact[2] of gold,
To every lady hath he given rich jewels,
And sent to every servant in the court
Twenty fair English angels.[3]

Cypr. This is rare.

Enter LINCOLN

Linc. My Lords, prepare yourselves for revelling,
'Tis the king's pleasure that this day be spent
In royal pastimes, that this golden lord, 290
For so all that behold him, christen him,
May taste the pleasures of our English court.
Here comes the gallant, shining like the sun.

Trumpets sound

Enter ATHELSTANE, ANDELOCIA, AGRIPYNE, ORLEANS, *Ladies, and Other Attendants,* INSULTADO, *a Spanish Lord. Music sounds within*

Andel. For these your royal favors done to me,
Being a poor stranger, my best powers shall prove,
By acts of worth, the soundness of my love.

Athel. Herein your love shall best set out itself,
By staying with us: if our English isle
Hold any object welcome to your eyes,
Do but make choice, and claim it as your prize. 300

[1] A considerable sum; a mark was about 13s. 4d. but varied. No English coin was so called.
[2] Made up.
[3] About $30 or $40.

Andel. I thank your grace. [*The* KING *and* CYPRUS *confer aside*] Would he durst keep his word,
I know what I would claim. Tush, man, be bold,
Were she a saint, she may be won with gold.
Cypr. 'Tis strange, I must confess, but in this pride
His father Fortunatus, if he live,
Consumes his life in Cyprus: still he spends,
And still his coffers with abundance swell,
But how he gets these riches none can tell.
The KING *and* AGRIPYNE *confer aside*
Athel. Hold him in talk: come hither, Agripyne.
Cypr. But what enticed young Andelocia's soul
To wander hither?
Andel. That which did allure
My sovereign's son, the wonder of the place.
Agrip. This curious heap of wonders, which an Empress
Gave him, he gave me, and by Venus' hand,
The warlike Amorato needs would swear,
He left his country Cyprus for my love.
Athel. If by the sovereign magic of thine eye,
Thou canst enchant his looks to keep the circles
Of thy fair cheeks, be bold to try their charms,
Feed him with hopes, and find the royal vein,
That leads this Cypriot to his golden mine.
Here's music spent in vain, lords, fall to dancing.
Cypr. My fair tormentor, will you lend a hand?
Agrip. I'll try this stranger's cunning[1] in a dance.
Andel. My cunning is but small, yet who'll not prove
To shame himself for such a lady's love?
Orle. These Cypriots are the devils that torture me.
He courts her, and she smiles, but I am born
To be her beauty's slave, and her love's scorn.
Andel. I shall never have the face to ask the question twice.

[1] Skill

Agrip. What's the reason? Cowardliness or pride?
Andel. Neither: but 'tis the fashion of us Cypriots, both men and women, to yield at first assault, and we expect others should do the like.
Agrip. It's a sign, that either your women are very black,[1] and are glad to be sped,[2] or your men very fond,[3] and will take no denial.
Andel. Indeed our ladies are not so fair as you.
Agrip. But your men more venturous at a breach than you, or else they are all dastardly soldiers.
Andel. He that fights under these sweet colors, and yet turns coward, let him be shot to death with the terrible arrows of fair ladies' eyes.
Athel. Nay, Insultado, you must not deny us.
Insul. Mi corazon es muy pesado, mi anima muy atormentada. No, por los Cielos! El pie (de) español no hace musica en tierra ingles[a].[4]
Cypr. Sweet Insultado, let us see you dance.
I have heard the Spanish dance is full of state.
Insul. Verdad, señor: la danza española es muy alta, majestica y para monarcas: vuestra inglesa, baja, fantastica, y muy humilde.[5]
Agrip. Doth my Spanish prisoner deny to dance? He has sworn to me by the cross of his pure Toledo,[6] to be my servant: by that oath, my Castilian prisoner, I conjure you to show your cunning; though all your body be not free, I am sure your heels are at liberty.
Insul. No lo quiero contradecir: vuestro ojo hace conquisto a su prisionero: Oireis la pavana[7] *española; sea vuestra musica y gravidad, y majestad: Paje dame tabaco, toma mi capa, y mi espada. Más*

[1] Dark in complexion.
[2] Betrothed.
[3] Foolish.
[4] "My heart is heavy, my spirit much vexed. No, by heaven, a Spanish foot makes no music on English soil."
[5] "In truth, sir, the Spanish dance is very dignified, majestic, and therefore suitable for monarchs; your English (dance) is vulgar, fantastic, and very humble."
[6] By the hilt of his Toledo blade.
[7] A stately dance.

alta, más alta: Desviaos, desviaos, compañeros, más alta, más alta.

He dances

Athel. Thanks, Insultado.

Cypr. 'Tis most excellent.

Agrip. The Spaniard's dance is as his deeds be, full of pride.

Athel. The day grows old, and what remains unspent,
Shall be consumed in banquets. Agripyne,
Leave us awhile, if Andelocia please,
Go bear our beauteous daughter company.

And. Fortune, I thank thee: now thou smil'st on me.

Exeunt AGRIPYNE, ANDELOCIA, *and Ladies*

Athel. This Cypriot bears a gallant princely mind.
My lord, of what birth is your countryman?
Think not, sweet prince, that I propound this question
To wrong you in your love to Agripyne:
Our favors grace him to another end.
Nor let the wings of your affection droop,
Because she seems to shun love's gentle lure.
Believe it on our word, her beauty's prize
Only shall yield a conquest to your eyes.
But tell me what's this Fortunatus' son?

Cypr. Of honorable blood, and more renowned
In foreign kingdoms, whither his proud spirit,
Plumed with ambitious feathers, carries him,
Than in his native country; but last day[2]
The father and the sons were, through their riots,
Poor and disdained of all, but now they glister
More bright than Midas;[3] if some damnèd fiend
Fed not his bags, this golden pride would end.

Athel. His pride we'll somewhat tame, and curb the head
Of his rebellious prodigality:
He hath invited us, and all our peers,
To feast with him to-morrow; his provision,
I understand, may entertain three kings.
But Lincoln, let our subjects secretly
Be charged on pain of life that not a man
Sell any kind of fuel to his servants.

Cypr. This policy shall clip his golden wings,
And teach his pride what 'tis to strive with kings.

Athel. Withdraw awhile:

Exeunt, manet Athelstane

None filled his hands with gold, for we set spies,
To watch who fed his prodigality:
He hung the marble bosom of our court,
As thick with glist'ring spangles of pure gold,
As e'er the spring hath stuck the earth with flowers.
Unless he melt himself to liquid gold,
Or be some god, some devil, or can transport
A mint about him, by enchanted power,
He cannot rain such showers. With his own hands
He threw more wealth abroad in every street,
Than could be thrust into a chariot.
He's a magician sure, and to some fiend,
His soul by infernal covenants has he sold,
Always to swim up to the chin in gold.
Be what he can be, if those doting fires,
Wherein he burns for Agripyna's love,
Want power to melt from him this endless mine,
Then like a slave we'll chain him in our Tower,
Where tortures shall compel his sweating hands
To cast rich heaps into our treasury.

Exit

[SCENE II]

[*The Same*]

Music sounding still; a curtain being drawn, where ANDELOCIA *lies sleeping in* AGRIPYNE'S *lap; she has his purse, and herself and another lady tie another like it in the place, and then rise from him.* [*Enter* ATHELSTANE]

Agrip. I have found the sacred spring that never ebbs.

[1] "I do not desire to refuse it; your eye has conquered your prisoner. You shall hear the Spanish pavan, but for that purpose let your music be slow and majestic. Page, give me tobacco; take my cloak and my sword. Higher, higher; make way, make way, friends, higher, higher." It seems unnecessary here to record the several misprints of the quartos.

[2] But the other day. [3] Gold.

Leave us: [*Exit Lady*] But I'll not show't your majesty
Till you have sworn by England's royal crown,
To let me keep it.
Athel. By my crown I swear,
None but fair Agripyne the gem shall wear.
Agrip. Then is this mine: see, father, here's the fire
Whose gilded beams still burn, this is the sun
That ever shines, the tree that never dies,
Here grows the Garden of Hesperides; 10
The outside mocks you, makes you think 'tis poor,
But entering it, you find eternal store.
Athel. Art sure of this? How didst thou drive it out?[1]
Agrip. Fear not his waking yet, I made him drink
That soporiferous juice which was composed
To make the queen, my mother, relish sleep,
When her last sickness summoned her to heaven.
He sleeps profoundly: when his amorous eyes
Had singed their wings in Cupid's wanton flames,
I set him all on fire, and promised love, 20
In pride whereof, he drew me forth this purse,
And swore, by this he multiplied his gold.
I tried and found it true: and secretly
Commanded music with her silver tongue,
To chime soft lullabies into his soul,
And whilst my fingers wantoned with his hair,
T'entice the sleepy juice to charm his eyes,
In all points was there made a purse, like his,
Which counterfeit is hung in place of this.
Athel. More than a second kingdom hast thou won. 30
Leave him, that when he wakes he may suspect,
Some else[2] has robbed him; come, dear Agripyne,
If this strange purse his[3] sacred virtues[4] hold,
We'll circle England with a wall of gold.[5]
Exeunt

[1] Find it out.
[2] Someone else.
[3] Its.
[4] Qualities.
[5] *Cf.* The wall of brass in *Faustus* and *Friar Bacon.*

Music still: Enter SHADOW *very gallant, reading a bill, with empty bags in his hand, singing*

Shad. These English occupiers are mad Trojans:[1] let a man pay them never so much, they'll give him nothing but the bag. Since my master created me steward over his fifty men, and his one-and-fifty horse, I have rid over much business, yet never 40 was galled, I thank the Destinies. Music? O delicate warble: O these courtiers are most sweet triumphant creatures! Seignior, sir, monsieur, sweet seignior: this is the language of the accomplishment. O delicious strings; these heavenly wire-drawers have stretched my master even out at length: yet at length he must wake. Master?
Andel. Wake me not yet, my gentle Agripyne. 50
Shad. One word, sir, for the billets, and I vanish.
Andel. There's heaven in these times: throw the musicians
A bounteous largesse of three hundred angels.
ANDELOCIA *starts up*
Shad. Why, sir, I have but ten pound left.
Andel. Ha, Shadow? where's the Princess Agripyne?
Shad. I am not Apollo, I cannot reveal.
Andel. Was not the princess here, 60 when thou cam'st in?
Shad. Here was no princess but my princely self.
Andel. In faith?
Shad. No, in faith, sir.
Andel. Where are you hid? where stand you wantoning?[2] Not here? gone, i'faith? have you given me the slip? Well, 'tis but an amorous trick, and so I embrace it: my horse, Shadow, how fares my horse? 70
Shad. Upon the best oats my under-steward can buy.
Andel. I mean, are they lusty, sprightly, gallant, wanton, fiery?
Shad. They are as all horses are, caterpillars to the commonwealth, they are ever munching: but, sir, for these billets,[3] and these fagots and bavins?[4]

[1] The English were supposed descendants of Troy.
[2] Coquetting.
[3] Sticks of wood.
[4] Bundles of twigs.

Andel. S'heart, what billets, what fagots? dost make me a woodmonger? 80

Shad. No, sweet seignior, but you have bid the king and his peers to dinner, and he has commanded that no woodmonger sell you a stick of wood, and that no collier shall cozen you of your measure, but must tie up the mouth of their sacks, lest their coals kindle your choler.[1]

Andel. Is't possible? is't true, or hast thou learnt of the English gallants to gull?[2]

Shad. He's a gull[3] that would be 90 taught by such gulls.

Andel. Not a stick of wood? Some child of envy has buzzed this stratagem into the king's ear, of purpose to disgrace me. I have invited his majesty, and though it cost me a million, I'll feast him. Shadow, thou shalt hire a hundred or two of carts, with them post to all the grocers in London, buy up all the cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, licorish and all other spices, that have 100 any strong heart,[4] and with them make fires to prepare our cookery.

Ere Fortunatus' son look red with shame,
He'll dress a king's feast in a spicèd flame.

Shad. This device, sir, will be somewhat akin to Lady Pride, 'twill ask cost.

Andel. Fetch twenty porters, I'll lade all with gold.

Shad. First, master, fill these bags.

Andel. Come then, hold up. How 110 now? tricks, new crotchets. Madame Fortune? Dry as an eel-skin? Shadow, take thou my gold out.

Shad. Why, sir, here's none in.

Andel. Ha, let me see: O here's a bastard cheek,[5]

I see now 'tis not mine; 'tis counterfeit,
'Tis so! Slave, thou hast robbed thy master.

Shad. Not of a penny, I have been as true a steward—

Andel. Vengeance on thee and on thy stewardship!

Yet wherefore curse I thee? thy leaden soul
Had never power to mount up to the knowledge 121
Of the rich mystery closed in my purse.
O no, I'll curse myself, mine eyes I'll curse,
They have betrayed me; I will curse my tongue,
That hath betrayed me; I'll curse Agripyne,
She hath betrayed me. Sirens, cease to sing,
Your charms have ta'en effect, for now I see,
All your enchantments were, to cozen me.

Music ceaseth

Shad. What shall I do with this ten pound, sir?

Andel. Go buy with it a chain and hang thyself. 130

Now think I on my father's prophecy.
Tell none, quoth he, the virtue; if you do,
Much shame, much grief, much danger follows you.
With tears I credit his divinity.
O fingers, were you upright justices,
You would tear out mine eyes! had not they gazed
On the frail color of a painted cheek,
None had betrayed me: henceforth I'll defy
All beauty, and will call a lovely eye,
A sun whose scorching beams burn up our joys, 140
Or turn them black like Ethiopians.
O women, wherefore are you born men's woe,
Why are your faces framed angelical?
Your hearts of sponges, soft and smooth in show,
But touched, with poison they do overflow,
Had sacred wisdom been my father's fate,
He had died happy, I lived fortunate.
Shadow, bear this to beauteous Agripyne,
With it this message, tell her, I'll reprove
Her covetous sin the less, because for gold,
I see that most men's souls too cheap are sold. 151

Shad. Shall I buy these spices to-day or to-morrow?

Andel. To-morrow? ay, to-morrow thou shalt buy them.

To-morrow tell the princess I will love her,
To-morrow tell the king I'll banquet him,
To-morrow, Shadow, will I give thee gold;
To-morrow pride goes bare and lust a-cold.
To-morrow will the rich man feed the poor,
And vice to-morrow virtue will adore.
To-morrow beggars shall be crownèd kings,
This no-time, morrow's-time, no sweetness sings: 161
I pray thee hence; bear that to Agripyne.

Shad. I'll go hence, because you send me; but I'll go weeping hence, for grief that I

[1] A frequent pun.
[2] Cheat.
[3] Fool.
[4] Flavor.
[5] A false outside.

must turn villain as many do, and leave you when you are up to the ears in adversity.
Exit

Andel. She hath robbed me, and now I'll play the thief,
Ay, steal from hence to Cyprus, for black shame
Here, through my riots, brands my lofty name.
I'll sell this pride for help to bear me thither,
So pride and beggary shall walk together.
This world is but a school of villainy,
Therefore I'll rob my brother, not of gold,
Nor of his virtues, virtue none will steal—
But, if I can, I'll steal his wishing-hat,
And with that, wandering round about the world,
I'll search all corners to find Misery,
And where she dwells, I'll dwell, languish and die. *Exit*

[ACT IV]

Chorus. Gentles, if e'er you have beheld the passions,
The combats of his soul, who being a king,
By some usurping hand hath been deposed
From all his royalties: even such a soul,
Such eyes, such heart swol'n big with sighs and tears,
The star-crossed son of Fortunatus wears.
His thoughts crowned him a monarch in the morn,
Yet now he's bandied by the seas in scorn
From wave to wave: his golden treasure's spoil
Makes him in desperate language to entreat
The winds to spend their fury on his life:
But they, being mild in tyranny, or scorning
To triumph in a wretch's funeral,
Toss him to Cyprus. O, what treachery
Cannot this serpent gold entice us to?
He robs his brother of the Soldan's prize,
And having got his wish, the wishing hat,
He does not, as he vowed, seek misery,
But hopes by that to win his purse again;
And in that hope from Cyprus is he fled.
If your swift thoughts clap on their wonted wings
In Genoa may you take this fugitive,
Where having cozened[1] many jewellers,
To England back he comes; step but to court,
And there disguised you find him bargaining
For jewels with the beauteous Agripyne,
Who wearing at her side the virtuous purse,
He clasps her in his arms, and as a raven,
Griping the tender-hearted nightingale,
So flies he with her, wishing in the air
To be transported to some wilderness:
Imagine this the place; see, here they come!
Since they themselves have tongues, mine shall be dumb. *Exit*

[1] Cheated.

[SCENE I]

[*A Desert Place*]

Enter ANDELOCIA *with the wishing hat on,* [*and dragging in*] AGRIPYNE *in his hand*

Agrip. What devil art thou that affright'st me thus,
Haling a princess from her father's court,
To spoil[1] her in this savage wilderness?

Andel. Indeed the devil and the pickpurse should always fly together, for they are sworn brothers: but Madam Covetousness, I am neither a devil as you call me, nor a jeweller as I call myself; no, nor a juggler,—yet ere you and I part, we'll have some legerdemain together. Do you know me?

Agrip. I am betrayed: this is the Cypriot.
Forgive me, 'twas not I that changed thy purse,
But Athelstane my father; send me home,
And here's thy purse again: here are thy jewels,
And I in satisfaction of all wrongs—

Andel. Talk not you of satisfaction, this is some recompense, that I have you. 'Tis not the purse I regard: put it off, and I'll mince it as small as pie meat. The purse? hang the purse: were that gone, I can make another, and another, and another, ay, and another: 'tis not the purse I care for, but the purser, you, ay you. Is't not a shame that a king's daughter, a fair lady, a lady not for lords, but for monarchs, should for gold sell her love, and when she has her own asking, and that there stands nothing between, then to cheat your

[1] Despoil.

sweetheart? O fie, fie, a she cony- 30
catcher?[1] You must be dealt soundly with.

Agrip. Enjoin what pains thou wilt, and I'll endure them,
So thou wilt send me to my father's court.

Andel. Nay God's lid, y'are not gone so: set your heart at rest, for I have set up my rest,[2] that except you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not. What pains shall I lay upon you? Let me see: I could serve you now but a slippery touch: I could get a young king or two, or three, 40 of you, and then send you home, and bid their grandsire king nurse them: I could pepper you, but I will not.

Agrip. O, do not violate my chastity.

Andel. No, why I tell you I am not given to the flesh, though I savor in your nose[3] a little of the devil, I could run away else, and starve you here.

Agrip. If I must die, doom me some easier death. 50

Andel. Or transform you, because you love picking,[4] into a squirrel, and make you pick out a poor living here among the nut trees: but I will not neither.

Agrip. What will my gentle Andelocia do?

Andel. O, now you come to your old bias of cogging.[5]

Agrip. I pray thee, Andelocia, let me go:
Send me to England, and by heaven I swear, 60
Thou from all kings on earth my love shalt bear.

Andel. Shall I in faith?

Agrip. In faith, in faith thou shalt.

Andel. Hear, God a mercy: now thou shalt not go.

Agrip. O God.

Andel. Nay, do you hear, lady? Cry not, y'are best; no, nor curse me not. If you think but a crabbed thought of me, the spirit that carried you in mine arms 70 through the air, will tell me all; therefore set your Sunday face[6] upon't. Since you'll love me, I'll love you, I'll marry you, and lie with you, and beget little jugglers: marry, home you get not. England, you'll say, is yours: but, Agripyne, love me, and I'll make the whole world thine.

[1] Woman sharper.
[2] Decided.
[3] Smack.
[4] Thieving.
[5] Habit to cajole.
[6] Put your best face on.

Agrip. I care not for the world, thou murd'rest me;
Between my sorrow, and the scalding sun
I faint, and quickly will my life be done,
My mouth is like a furnace, and dry heat 81
Drinks up my blood. O God, my heart will burst,
I die, unless some moisture quench my thirst.

Andel. 'Sheart, now I am worse than ere I was before:
For half the world I would not have her die.
Here's neither spring nor ditch, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor bread nor drink: My lovely Agripyne,
Be comforted, see here are apple trees.

Agrip. Climb up for God's sake, reach me some of them.

Andel. Look up, which of these apples likes thee best? 90

Agrip. This hath a withered face, 'tis some sweet fruit.
Not that, my sorrows are too sour already.

Andel. Come hither, here, [here] are apples like gold.

Agrip. O, ay, for God's sake gather some of these.
Ay me, would God I were at home again!

Andel. Stand farther, lest I chance to fall on thee. *Climbs up*
O here be rare apples, rare red-cheeked apples that cry come kiss me: apples, hold your peace, I'll teach you to cry.
Eats one

Agrip. O England, shall I ne'er behold thee more? 100

Andel. Agripyna, 'tis a most sugared delicious taste in one's mouth, but when 'tis down, 'tis as bitter as gall.

Agrip. Yet gather some of them. O, that a princess
Should pine for food: were I at home again,
I should disdain to stand thus and complain.

Andel. Here's one apple that grows highest, Agripyne; an' I could reach that, I'll come down.
He stands fishing with his girdle for it

Agrip. Make haste, for the hot sun doth scald my cheeks. 110

Andel. The sun kiss thee? hold, catch, put on my hat,
I will have yonder highest apple, though I die for't.

Agrip. I had not wont be sun-burnt, wretched me.
O England would I were again in thee!
Exit

[ANDELOCIA] *leaps down*

Andel. 'Swounds, Agripyna, stay, O, I am undone!
Sweet Agripyna, if thou hear'st my voice,
Take pity of me, and return again.
She flies like lightning: O she hears me not!
I wish myself into a wilderness,
And now I shall turn wild: here I shall famish,
Herè die, here cursing die, here raving die,
And thus will wound my breast, and rend mine hair.
What hills of flint are grown upon my brows;
O me, two forkèd horns, I am turned beast,
I have abused two blessings, wealth and knowledge,
Wealth in my purse, and knowledge in my hat,
By which being borne into the courts of kings,
I might have seen the wondrous works of Jove,
Acquired experience, learning, wisdom, truth,
But I in wildness[1] tottered out my youth,
And therefore must turn wild, must be a beast,
An ugly beast: my body horns must bear,
Because my soul deformity doth wear.
Lives none within this wood? If none but I
Live here,—thanks heaven! for here none else shall die.
He lies down and sleeps under the tree

Enter FORTUNE, VICE, VIRTUE, *the Priest; Satyrs with music, playing as they come in before* FORTUNE. *They play awhile*

Fortune. See where my new-turned devil has built his hell.
Vice. Virtue, who conquers now? the fool is ta'en.
Virtue. O sleepy sin.
Vice. Sweet tunes, wake him again.
Music awhile, and then cease
Fortune. Vice sits too heavy on his drowsy soul,

[1] Q. *wilderness.*

Music's sweet concord cannot pierce his ear.
Sing, and amongst your songs mix bitter scorn.
Virtue. Those that tear Virtue, must by Vice be torn.

THE SONG

Virtue, stand aside: the fool is caught.
Laugh to see him, laugh aloud to wake him;
Folly's nets are wide, and neatly wrought,
Mock his horns, and laugh to see Vice take him.
Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorn,
Who's the fool? the fool, he wears a horn.
ANDELOCIA *wakens and stands up*

Virtue, stand aside, mock him, mock him, mock him,
Laugh aloud to see him, call him fool.
Error gave him suck, now Sorrows rock him
Send the riotous beast to madness' school.
Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorn.
Who's the fool? the fool, he wears a horn.
Virtue, stand aside: your school he hates.
Laugh aloud to see him, mock, mock, mock him.
Vanity and hell keep open gates,
He's in, and a new nurse, Despair, must rock him.
Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorn.
Fool, fool, fool, fool, fool, wear still the horn.
When they have done singing, VICE *and* VIRTUE *hold apples out to* [ANDELOCIA], VICE *laughing,* VIRTUE *grieving*

Andel. O me, what hell is this? fiends, tempt me not.
Thou glorious devil, hence. O now I see,
This fruit is thine, thou hast deformèd me:
Idiot, avoid, thy gifts I loathe to taste.
Away: since I am entered madness' school,
As good to be a beast, as be a fool.
Away, why tempt you me? some powerful grace
Come and redeem me from this hideous place.
Fortune. To her hath Andelocia all his life

Sworn fealty; would'st thou forsake her now?
Andel. Whose blessed tongue names Andelocia?
Fortune. Hers, who, attended on by Destinies,
Shortened thy father's life, and lengthens thine.
Andel. (*Kneels*) O sacred Queen of Chance, now shorten mine,
Else let thy deity take off this shame.
Fortune. Woo her, 'twas she that set it on thy head.
Andel. She laughs to see me metamorphosèd. *Rises*
Virtue. Woo me, and I'll take off this ugly scorn.
Vice. Woo me, and I'll clap on another horn. 180
Andel. I am beset with anguish, shame and death.
O bid the Fates work fast, and stop my breath.
Fortune. No, Andelocia, thou must live to see
Worse torments, for thy follies, light on thee.
This golden tree, which did thine eyes entice,
Was planted here by Vice: lo, here stands Vice:
How often hast thou sued to win her grace?
Andel. Till now, I never did behold her face.
Fortune. Thou didst behold her at thy father's death, 189
When thou in scorn didst violate his will;
Thou didst behold her, when thy stretched-out arm
Catched at the highest bough, the loftiest vice,
The fairest apple, but the foulest price;
Thou didst behold her, when thy liquorish eye
Fed on the beauty of fair Agripyne;
Because th' hadst gold, thou thought'st all women thine.
When look'st thou off from her? for they whose souls
Still revel in the nights of vanity,
On the fair cheeks of Vice still fix their eye.
Because her face doth shine, and all her bosom 200
Bears silver moons, thou wast enamored of her.
But hadst thou upward looked, and seen these shames,
Or viewed her round about, and in this glass
Seen idiots' faces, heads of devils and hell,
And read this *'Ha, ha, he,'* this merry story,
Thou wouldst have loathed her: where, by loving her,
Thou bear'st this face, and wear'st this ugly head,
And if she once can bring thee to this place,
Loud sounds these *'Ha, ha, he['s]'* she'll laugh apace.
Andel. O, re-transform me to a glorious shape, 210
And I will learn how I may love to hate her.
Fortune. I cannot re-transform thee, woo this woman.
Andel. This woman? wretched is my state, when I,
To find out wisdom, to a fool must fly.
Fortune. Fool, clear thine eyes, this is bright Aretë,[1]
This is poor Virtue, care not how the world
Doth crown her head, the world laughs her to scorn,
Yet *'Sibi sapit,'* Virtue knows her worth.
Run after her, she'll give thee these and these, 219
Crowns and bay-garlands, honors, victories:
Serve her, and she will fetch thee pay from heaven,
Or give thee some bright office in the stars.
Andel. Immortal Aretë, Virtue divine: *Kneels*
O smile on me, and I will still be thine.
Virtue. Smile thou on me, and I will still be thine:
Though I am jealous[2] of thy apostasy,
I'll entertain thee: here, come taste this tree,
Here's physic for thy sick deformity.
Andel. 'Tis bitter: this fruit I shall ne'er digest.
Virtue. Try once again, the bitterness soon dies. 230
Vice. Mine's sweet, taste mine.
Virtue. But being down 'tis sour,
And mine being down has a delicious taste.
The path that leads to Virtue's court is narrow,

[1] Virtue. [2] Suspicious.

Thorny and up a hill, a bitter journey,
But being gone through, you find all heavenly sweets,
The entrance is all flinty, but at th' end,
To towers of pearl and crystal you ascend.
Andel. O delicate, O sweet Ambrosian[1] relish, 239
And see, my ugliness drops from my brows,
Thanks, beauteous Aretë: O had I now
My hat and purse again, how I would shine,
And gild my soul with none but thoughts divine.
Fortune. That shall be tried, take fruit from both these trees,
By help of them, win both thy purse and hat,
I will instruct thee how, for on my wings
To England shalt thou ride; thy virtuous brother
Is, with that Shadow who attends on thee,
In London, there I'll set thee presently.
But if thou lose our favors once again, 250
To taste her sweets, those sweets must prove thy bane.
Virtue. Vice, who shall now be crowned with victory?
Vice. She that triumphs at last, and that must I. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*London. The Court of Athelstane*]

Enter ATHELSTANE, LINCOLN *with* AGRIPYNE, CYPRUS, GALLOWAY, CORNWALL, CHESTER, LONGAVILLE *and* MONTROSE

Athel. Lincoln, how set'st thou her at liberty?
Linc. No other prison held her but your court,
There in her chamber hath she hid herself
These two days; only to shake off that fear,
Which her late violent rapture[2] cast upon her.
Cypr. Where hath the beauteous Agripyna been?
Agrip. In heaven or hell, in or without the world,
I know not which, for as I oft have seen,
When angry Thamesis[3] hath curled her locks,
A whirlwind come, and from her frizzled brows, 10
Snatch up a handful of those sweaty pearls,
That stood upon her forehead, which awhile,
Being by the bois'trous wind hung in the air,
At length have flung them down and raised a storm,—
Even with such fury was I wherried up,
And by such force held prisoner in the clouds,
And thrown by such a tempest down again.
Corn. Some soul is damned in hell for this black deed.
Agrip. I have the purse safe, and anon your grace
Shall hear this wondrous history at full. 20
Cypr. Tell me, tormentor, shall fair Agripyne,
Without more difference[1] be now christened mine!
Agrip. My choice must be my father's fair consent.
Athel. Then shall thy choice end in this Cyprus prince.
Before the sun shall six times more arise,
His royal marriage will we solemnise.
Proclaim this honored match! Come, Agripyne,
I am glad th' art here, more glad the purse is mine.

As they all are going in, enter ANDELOCIA *and* SHADOW, *like Irish costermongers.* AGRIPYNE, LONGAVILLE, *and* MONTROSE *stay listening to them, the rest exeunt*

Both. Buy any apples, feene apples of Tamasco,[2] feene Tamasco peepins: peeps 30 feene,[3] buy Tamasco peepins.
Agrip. Damasco apples? good my Lord Montrose,
Call yonder fellows.
Mont. Sirrah coster-monger.
Shad. Who calls: peeps of Tamasco, feene peeps: Ay, fat 'tis de sweetest apple in de world, 'tis better den de Pomewater, or apple John.[4]
Andel. By my trat,[5] madam, 'tis reet Tamasco peepins, look here els. 40
Shad. I dare not say, as de Irishman my countryman say, taste de goodness of de fruit: no, fayt, 'tis farie teere, mistriss, by Saint Patrick's hand 'tis teere Tamasco apple.

[1] Ambrosial. [2] Carrying off. [3] Thames.

[1] Discussion.
[2] Damascus.
[3] Pippins fine.
[4] Varieties of apples.
[5] Troth.

Agrip. The fairest fruit that ever I beheld.
Damasco apples, wherefore are they good?
Long. What is your price of half a score of these?
Both. Half a score, half a score? dat is doos many,[1] mester.
Long. Ay, ay, ten, half a score, that's five and five.
Andel. Feeve and feeve? By my trat and as Creeze save me la, I cannot tell wat be de price of feeve and feeve, but 'tis tree crown for one peepin, dat is de prez if you take 'em.
Shad. Ay fat,[2] 'tis no less for Tamasco.
Agrip. Three crowns for one? what wondrous virtues have they?
Shad. O, 'tis feene Tamasco apple, and shall make you a great teal wise, and make you no fool, and make feene memory.
Andel. And make dis fash[3] be more fair and amiable, and make dis eyes look always lovely, and make all de court and country burn in desire to kiss di none sweet countenance.
Mont. Apples to make a lady beautiful? Madam, that's excellent.
Agrip. These Irishmen,
Some say, are great dissemblers, and I fear
These two the badge of their own country wear.
Andel. By my trat, and by Saint Patrick's hand, and as Creez save me la, 'tis no dissembler: de Irishman now and den cut di countryman's throat, but yet in fayt he love di countryman, 'tis no dissembler: dis feene Tamasco apple can make di sweet countenance, but I can take no less but three crowns for one, I wear out my naked legs and my foots, and my tods,[4] and run hidder and didder to Tamasco for dem.
Shad. As Creez save me la, he speaks true: Peeps feene.
Agrip. I'll try what power lies in Damasco fruit.
Here are ten crowns for three. So fare you well.
Mont. Lord Longaville, buy some.
Long. I buy? not I:

[1] Too many.
[2] Faith.
[3] Face.
[4] Explained as stockings, and clothes, why not toes?

Hang them, they are toys; come, madam, let us go.
Exeunt
[Agripyne, Longaville *and* Montrose]
Both. Saint Patrick and Saint Peter, and all de holy angels look upon dat fash and make it fair.

[*Re-*]*enter* Montrose *softly*

Shad. Ha, ha, ha! she's sped, I warrant.
Andel. Peace, Shadow, buy any peepins, buy.
Both. Peeps feene, feene Tamasco apples.
Mont. Came not Lord Longaville to buy some fruit?
Andel. No fat,[1] master, here came no lords nor ladies, but di none sweet self.
Mont. 'Tis well, say nothing, here's six crowns for two:
You say the virtues are to make one strong.
Both. Yes fat, and make sweet countenance and strong too.
Mont. 'Tis excellent: here! farewell! if these prove,
I'll conquer men by strength, women by love. *Exit*
Andel. Ha, ha, ha! why this is rare.

[*Re-*]*enter* Longaville

Shad. Peace, master, here comes another fool.
Both. Peepes feene, buy any peepes of Tamasco?
Long. Did not the Lord Montrose return to you?
Both. No fat, sweet master, no lord did turn to us: peepes feene!
Long. I am glad of it; here are nine crowns for three.
What are the virtues besides making fair?
Andel. O, 'twill make thee wondrous wise.
Shad. And dow shall be no more a fool, but sweet face and wise.
Long. 'Tis rare, farewell, I never yet durst woo.
None loves me: now I'll try what these can do. *Exit*
Andel. Ha, ha, ha. So, this is admirable, Shadow, here end my torments in Saint Patrick's Purgatory, but thine shall continue longer.

[1] Faith.

Shad. Did I not clap on a good false Irish face?

Andel. It became thee rarely.

Shad. Yet that's lamentable, that a false face should become any man.

Andel. Thou art a gull,[1] tis all the fashion now, which fashion because we'll keep, step thou abroad, let not the world want fools; whilst thou art commencing thy knavery there, I'll precede Dr. Dodipoll[2] here: that done, thou, Shadow, and I will fat[3] our selves to behold the transformation of these fools: go fly.

Shad. I fear nothing, but that whilst we strive to make others fools, we shall wear the cock's combs ourselves. Pips fine, etc.

Exit SHADOW

Enter AMPEDO

Andel. 'Sheart, here's my brother whom I have abused:
His presence makes me blush, it strikes me dead,
To think how I am metamorphosèd.
Feene peepins of Tamasco, etc.

Amp. For shame cast off this mask.

Andel. Wilt thou buy any pips?

Amp. Mock me no longer
With idle apparitions: many a land
Have I with weary feet and a sick soul
Measured to find thee; and when thou art found,
My greatest grief is that thou art not lost.
Yet lost thou art, thy fame, thy wealth are lost,
Thy wits are lost, and thou hast in their stead,
With shame and cares, and misery crowned thy head.
That Shadow that pursues thee, filled mine ears
With sad relation of thy wretchedness,
Where is the purse, and where my wishing-hat?

Andel. Where, and where? are you created constable? You stand so much upon interrogatories. The purse is gone, let that fret you, and the hat is gone, let that mad[4] you: I run thus through all trades to overtake them, if you be quiet, follow me, and help, if not, fly from me, and hang yourself. Wilt thou buy any pippins?

Exit

Amp. O, how I grieve, to see him thus transformed!
Yet from the circles of my jealous eyes
He shall not start, till he have repossessed
Those virtuous[1] jewels, which found once again,
More cause they ne'er shall give me to complain,
Their worth shall be consumed in murdering flames,
And end my grief, his riot, and our shames.

Exit

[1] Fool.
[2] There was a contemporary play of that title, but the personage was proverbial before that.
[3] Feast.
[4] Madden.

[ACT V, SCENE I]

[*London. The Court of Athelstane*]

Enter ATHELSTANE, *followed by* AGRIPYNE, MONTROSE, *and* LONGAVILLE *with horns; then* LINCOLN *and* CORNWALL

Athel. In spite of sorcery try once again,
Try once more in contempt of all damned spells.

Agrip. Your majesty fights with no mortal power.
Shame, and not conquest, hangs upon [t]his strife.
O, touch me not, you add but pain to pain,
The more you cut, the more they grow again.

Linc. Is there no art to conjure down this scorn?
I ne'er knew physic yet against the horn.

Enter CYPRUS

Athel. See, Prince of Cyprus, thy fair Agripyne
Hath turned her beauty to deformity.

Cypr. Then I defy thee, love; vain hopes, adieu,
You have mocked me long; in scorn I'll now mock you.
I came to see how the Lord Longaville
Was turned into a monster, and I find
An object, which both strikes me dumb and blind.
To-morrow should have been our marriage morn,

[1] Valuable.

But now my bride is shame, thy bridegroom scorn.
O tell me yet, is there no art, no charms,
No desperate physic for this desperate wound?
Athel. All means are tried, but no means can be found.
Cypr. Then, England, farewell: hapless maid, thy stars,
Through spiteful influence[1] set our hearts at wars.
I am enforced to leave thee, and resign
My love to grief.

Enter ORLEANS *and* GALLOWAY

Agrip. All grief to Agripyne.
Cypr. Adieu, I would say more, had I a tongue
Able to help his master: mighty king,
I humbly take my leave; to Cyprus I;
My father's son must all such shame defy.
Exit
Orle. So doth not Orleans; I defy all those
That love not Agripyne, and him defy,
That dares but love her half so well as I.
O pardon me! I have in sorrow's jail
Been long tormented, long this mangled bosom
Hath bled, and never durst expose her wounds,
Till now, till now, when at thy beauteous feet
I offer love and life. O, cast an eye
Of mercy on me, this deformèd face
Cannot affright my soul from loving thee.
Agrip. Talk not of love, good Orleans, but of hate.
Orle. What sentence will my love pronounce on me?
Gall. Will Orleans then be mad? O gentle friend.
Orle. O gentle, gentle friend, I am not mad:
He's mad, whose eyes on painted cheeks do doat,
O Galloway, such read beauty's book by rote.
He's mad, that pines for want of a gay flower,
Which fades when grief doth blast, or sickness lower,

[1] The usual astrological word.

Which heat doth wither, and white age's frost
Nips dead: such fairness, when 'tis found, 'tis lost.
I am not mad, for loving Agripyne,
My love looks on her eyes with eyes divine;
I doat on the rich brightness of her mind,
That sacred beauty strikes all other blind.
O make me happy then, since my desires
Are set a-burning by love's purest fires.
Athel. So thou wilt bear her far from England's sight,
Enjoy thy wishes.
Agrip. Lock me in some cave,
Where staring wonder's eye shall not be guilty
To my abhorrèd looks, and I will die
To thee, as full of love as misery.
Athel. I am amazed and mad, some speckled soul
Lies pawned for this in hell, without redemption,
Some fiend deludes us all.
Corn. O unjust Fates,
Why do you hide from us this mystery?
Linc. My Lord Montrose, how long have your brows worn
This fashion? these two feather springs of horn?
Mont. An Irish kerne[1] sold me Damasco apples
Some two hours since, and like a credulous fool—
He swearing to me that they had this power
To make me strong in body, rich in mind—
I did believe his words, tasted his fruit,
And since have been attired in this disguise.
Long. I fear that villain hath beguiled me too.
Corn. Nay before God he hath not cozened you,
You have it soundly.
Long. Me he made believe,
One apple of Damasco would inspire
My thoughts with wisdom, and upon my cheeks
Would cast such beauty that each lady's eye,
Which looked on me, should love me presently.
Agrip. Desire to look more fair, makes me more foul.

[1] Peasant soldier.

Those apples did entice my wandering eye,
To be enamored of deformity.
Athel. This proves that true, which oft I have heard in schools,
Those that would seem most wise, do turn most fools.
Linc. Here's your best hope, none needs to hide his face,
For hornèd foreheads swarm in every place.

Enter CHESTER *with* ANDELOCIA *disguised as a French Doctor*

Athel. Now, Chester, what physicians hast thou found?
Chest. Many, my liege, but none that have true skill
To tame such wild diseases: yet here's one,
A doctor and a Frenchman, whom report
Of Agripyne's[1] grief hath drawn to court.
Athel. Cure her, and England's treasury shall stand,
As free for thee to use, as rain from heaven.
Mont. Cure me, and to thy coffers I will send
More gold from Scotland than thy life can spend.
Long. Cure Longaville, and all his wealth is thine.
Andel. He Monsieur Long-villain, gra tanck you: Gra tanck your mashesty a great teal artely by my trat: where be dis Madam Princeza dat be so mush tormenta? O Jeshu: one, two: an tree, four an five, seez horn: Ha, ha, ha, pardona moy, prea wid al mine art, for by my trat, me can no point shose but laugh, Ha, ha, ha, to mark how like tree bul-beggera, dey stand. O, by my trat and fat, di divela be whoreson, scurvy, paltry, il favore knave to mock de madam, and gentill-home so: Ha, ha, ha, ha.[2]
Linc. This doctor comes to mock your majesty.
Andel. No, by my trat la, but me lova musha musha merymant: come, madam, preartely stand still, and letta me feel you. Dis horn, O 'tis pretty horn, dis be facile, easy for pull de vey; but, madam, dis O be grand, grand horn, difficil, and very deep; 'tis perilous, a grand laroone.[1] But, madam, prea be patient, we shall take it off vell.
Athel. Thrice have we pared them off, but with fresh pain,
In compass of a thought they rise again.
Andel. It's true, 'tis no easy mattra, to pull horn off, 'tis easy to pull on, but hard for pull off; some horn be so good fellow, he will still inhabit in de man's pate, but 'tis all one for tat, I shall snap away all dis. Madam, trust dis down into your little belly.
Agrip. Father, I am in fear to taste his physic.
First let him work experiments on those.
Andel. I'll sauce you for your infidelity.
In no place can I spy my wishing-hat.
Aside
Long. Thou learned Frenchman, try thy skill on me,
More ugly than I am, I cannot be.
Mont. Cure me, and Montrose wealth shall all be thine.
Andel. 'Tis all one for dat! Shall do presently, madam, prea mark me. Monsieur, shamp dis in your two shaps, so, now Monsieur Long-villain; dis so; now dis; fear noting, 'tis eshelent medicine! so, now cram dis into your guts, and belly; so, now snap away dis whoreson four divela; Ha, ha, is no point good?
Pulls LONGAVILLE'S[2] *horns off*
Athel. This is most strange.
Was't painful, Longaville?
Long. Ease took them off, and there remains no pain.
Agrip. O try thy sacred physic on me.
Andel. No, by my trat, 'tis no possibla, 'tis no possibla, al de mattra, all de ting, all de substance, all de medicine, be among his and his belly: 'tis no possibla, till me prepare more.
Athel. Prepare it then, and thou shalt have more gold
From England's coffers, than thy life can waste.
Andel. I must buy many costly tings, dat grow in Arabia, in Asia, and America, by my trat, 'tis no possibla till anoder time, no point.
Agrip. There's nothing in the world, but may for gold

[1] Perhaps for the meter's sake *Agripyna's.*
[2] This "foreign" jargon, which was popular on the stage of the moment—witness *Henry V* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—needs no elucidation.

[1] Rascal.
[2] Q. *Puts Galloway's.*

Be bought in England; hold your lap, I'll rain
A shower of angels.

Andel. Fie, fie, fie, fie, you no credit le docature? Ha, but vel, 'tis all one for tat: 'tis no mattera for gold! vel, vel, vel, vel, vel, me have some more, prea say noting, shall be presently prepara for your horns. 170 (*aside*) She has my purse, and yonder lies my hat,
Work, brains, and once more make me fortunate.—
Vel, vel, vel, vel, be patient, madam, presently, presently! Be patient, me have two, three, four and five medicines for de horn: presently, madam, stand you der, prea wid all mine art, stand you all der, and say noting,—so! nor look noting dis vey. So presently, presently, madam, snip dis horn off wid the rushes and anoder ting 180 by and by, by and by, by and by. Prea look none dis vey, and say noting.

Gets his hat up

Athel. Let no man speak, or look, upon his life.
Doctor, none here shall rob thee of thy skill.

Andel. So, taka dis hand: winck now, prea artely with you two nyes: why so.
Would I were with my brother Ampedo!

Exit with [Agripyne]

Agrip. Help, father, help, I am hurried hence perforce.

Athel. Draw weapons, where's the princess? follow him,
Stay the French doctor, stay the doctor there.

Cornwall *and some other run out, and* [*re-*]*enter presently*

Corn. Stay him! 'sheart, who dare stay him? 'tis the devil 190
In likeness of a Frenchman, of a doctor.
Look how a rascal kite having swept up
A chicken in his claws, so flies this hell-hound
In th' air with Agripyne in his arms.

Orle. Mount every man upon his swiftest horse.
Fly several ways, he cannot bear her far.

Gall. These paths we'll beat.

Exeunt Galloway *and* Orleans

Linc. And this way shall be mine.

[*Exit*]

Corn. This way, my liege, I'll ride.

[*Exit*]

Athel. And this way I: 200
No matter which way, to seek misery.

Exit Athel.

Long. I can ride no way, to out-run my shame.

Mont. Yes, Longaville, let's gallop after too;
Doubtless this doctor was that Irish devil,
That cozened us, the medicine which he gave us
Tasted like his Damasco villany.
To horse, to horse, if we can catch this fiend,
Our forkèd shame shall in his heart blood end.

Long. O how this mads me, that all tongues in scorn,
Which way soe'er I ride, cry, 'ware the horn! 210

Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*An open Space near London: a Prison and a Pair of Stocks in the background*]

Enter Andelocia *with* Agripyne, Ampedo *and* Shadow [*following*]

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia, pity me,
Take off this infamy, or take my life.

Andel. Your life? you think then that I am a true doctor indeed, that tie up my living in the knots of winding sheets: your life? no, keep your life, but deliver your purse: you know the thief's salutation,—"Stand and deliver." So, this is mine, and these yours: I'll teach you to live by the sweat of other men's brows. 10

Shad. And to strive to be fairer than God made her.

Andel. Right, Shadow: therefore vanish, you have made me turn juggler, and cry "hey-pass,"[1] but your horns shall not repass.[1]

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia.

Andel. Andelocia is a nettle: if you touch him gently, he'll sting you.

Shad. Or a rose: if you pull his sweet 20 stalk he'll prick you.

[1] Terms used in a children's game, the point being to discover in which hand some small object is hidden. Rhys.

Andel. Therefore not a word; go, trudge to your father. Sigh not for your purse, money may be got by you, as well as by the little Welshwoman in Cyprus, that had but one horn in her head;[1] you have two, and perhaps you shall cast[2] both. As you use me, mark those words well, "as you use me," nay, y'are best fly, I'll not endure one word more. Yet stay too, because you entreat me so gently, and that I'll make some amends to your father,—although I care not for any king in Christendom, yet hold you, take this apple, eat it as you go to court, and your horns shall play the cowards and fall from you.

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia.

Andel. Nay, away, not a word.

Shad. Ha, ha, ha! 'Ware horns!

Exit AGRIPYNE, *weeping*

Andel. Why dost thou laugh, Shadow?

Shad. To see what a horn plague follows covetousness and pride.

Amp. Brother, what mysteries lie in all this?

Andel. Tricks, Ampedo, tricks, devices, and mad hieroglyphics, mirth, mirth, and melody. O, there's more music in this, than all the gamut airs, and so, fa res,[3] in the world; here's the purse, and here's the hat: because you shall be sure I'll not start, wear you this, you know its virtue. If danger beset you, fly and away: a sort of broken-shinned limping-legged jades run hobbling to seek us. Shadow, we'll for all this have one fit of mirth more, to make us laugh and be fat.

Shad. And when we are fat, master, we'll do as all gluttons do, laugh and lie down.

Andel. Hie thee to my chamber, make ready my richest attire, I'll to court presently.

Shad. I'll go to court in this attire, for apparel is but the shadow of a man, but shadow is the substance of his apparel.

Exit SHADOW

Andel. Away, away, and meet me presently.[4]

Amp. I had more need to cry away to thee.

Away, away, with this wild lunacy,
Away with riots.

[1] A contemporary pamphlet describes a Welshwoman, thus afflicted.
[2] Lose.
[3] Airs of the scale and songs.
[4] Directly.

Andel. Away with your purity,[1] brother, y'are an ass. Why doth this purse spit out gold but to be spent? why lives a man in this world, to dwell in the suburbs of it, as you do? Away, foreign simplicity, away: are not eyes made to see fair ladies? hearts to love them? tongues to court them, and hands to feel them? Out, you stock, you stone, you log's end: Are not legs made to dance, and shall mine limp up and down the world after your cloth-stocking-heels?[2] You have the hat, keep it. Anon I'll visit your virtuous countenance again; adieu! Pleasure is my sweet mistress, I wear her love in my hat, and her soul in my heart: I have sworn to be merry, and in spite of Fortune and the black-browed Destinies, I'll never be sad. *Exit*

Amp. Go, fool; in spite of mirth, thou shalt be sad.

I'll bury half thy pleasures in a grave
Of hungry flames; this fire I did ordain
To burn both purse and hat: [*Burns the hat*] as this doth perish,
So shall the other; count what good and bad
They both have wrought, the good is to the ill
As a small pebble to a mighty hill.
Thy glory and thy mischiefs here shall burn;
Good gifts abused to man's confusion turn.

Enter LONGAVILLE *and* MONTROSE *with Soldiers*

Long. This is his brother: soldiers, bind his arms.

Mont. Bind arms and legs, and hale the fiend away.

Amp. Uncivil: wherefore must I taste your spite?

Long. Art thou not one of Fortunatus' sons?

Amp. I am, but he did never do you wrong.

Long. The devil thy brother has; villain, look here.

Mont. Where is the beauteous purse and wishing hat?

Amp. My brother Andelocia has the purse,
This way he'll come anon to pass to court.
Alas, that sin should make men's hearts so bold,

[1] Puritanism.
[2] Common stockings.

To kill their souls for the base thirst of gold.
The wishing hat is burnt.
Mont. Burnt? Soldiers, bind him.
Tortures shall wring both hat and purse from you.
Villain, I'll be revenged for that base scorn
Thy hell-hound brother clapped upon my head.
Long. And so will Longaville.
Away with him!
Mont. Drag him to yonder tower, there shackle him,
And in a pair of stocks lock up his heels,
And bid your wishing cap deliver you.
[*They put* AMPEDO *in the stocks*]
Give us the purse and hat, we'll set thee free,
Else rot to death and starve.
Amp. O tyranny,
You need not scorn the badge which you did bear:
Beasts would you be, though horns you did not wear.
Mont. Drag hence the cur: come, noble Longaville,
One's sure, and were the other fiend as fast,
Their pride should cost their lives: their purse and hat
Shall be both ours, we'll share them equally.
Long. That will be some amends for [h]arming me.

Enter ANDELOCIA, *and* SHADOW *after him*

Mont. Peace, Longaville, yonder the gallant comes.
Long. Y'are well encountered.
Andel. Thanks, Lord Longaville.
Long. The king expects your presence at the court.
Andel. And thither am I going.
Shad. Pips fine, fine apples of Tamasco, ha, ha, ha!
Mont. Wert thou that Irishman that cozened us?
Shad. Pips fine, ha, ha, ha! no not I; not Shadow.
Andel. Were not your apples delicate and rare?
Long. The worst that e'er you sold; sirs, bind him fast.
Andel. What, will you murder me? help, help, some help!
Shad. Help, help, help! *Exit* SHADOW
Mont. Follow that dog, and stop his bawling throat.
Andel. Villains, what means this barbarous treachery?
Long. We mean to be revenged for our disgrace.
Mont. And stop the golden current of thy waste.
Andel. Murder! they murder me, O call for help.
Long. Thy voice is spent in vain; come, come, this purse,
This well-spring of your prodigality.
Andel. Are you appointed by the king to this?
Mont. No, no; rise, spurn him up! [*They put* ANDELOCIA *in the stocks*] know you who's this?
Andel. My brother Ampedo? Alas, what fate
Hath made thy virtues so unfortunate?
Amp. Thy riot and the wrong of these two lords,
Who causeless thus do starve me in this prison.
Long. Strive not y'are best, villains, lift in his legs.
Andel. Traitors to honor, what do you intend?
Long. That riot shall in wretchedness have end.
Question thy brother with what cost he's fed,
And so assure thou shalt be banqueted.
Exeunt[1] [LONGAVILLE *and* MONTROSE]
Amp. In want, in misery, in woe and care,
Poor Ampedo his fill hath surfeited:
My want is famine, bolts my misery,
My care and woe should be thy portion.
Andel. Give me that portion, for I have a heart
Shall spend it freely, and make bank[e]rout
The proudest woe that ever wet man's eyes.
Care, with a mischief! wherefore should I care?
Have I rid side by side by mighty kings,
Yet be thus bridled now? I'll tear these fetters,
Murder! cry murder! Ampedo, aloud.
To bear this scorn our fortunes are too proud.

[1] Q. *They two.*

Amp. O folly, thou hast power to make flesh glad,
When the rich soul in wretchedness is clad.
Andel. Peace, fool, am not I fortune's minion?
These bands are but one wrinkle of her frown,
This is her evening mask, her next morn's eye
Shall overshine the sun in majesty.
Amp. But this sad night will make an end of me.
Brother, farewell; grief, famine, sorrow, want,
Have made an end of wretched Ampedo.
Andel. Where is the wishing-hat?
Amp. Consumed in fire.
Andel. Accursèd be those hands that did destroy it;
That would redeem us, did we now enjoy it.
Amp. Wanton, farewell! I faint, Death's frozen hand
Congeals life's little river in my breast.
No man before his end is truly blest. *Dies*
Andel. O miserable, miserable soul!
Thus a foul life makes death to look more foul.

[*Re-*]*enter* LONGAVILLE *and* MONTROSE *with a halter*

Long. Thus shall this golden purse divided be,
One day for you, another day for me.
Mont. Of days anon, say, what determine you,
Shall they have liberty, or shall they die?
Long. Die sure: and see, I think the elder's dead.
Andel. Ay, murderers, he is dead. O sacred Wisdom,
Had Fortunatus been enamourèd
Of thy celestial beauty, his two sons
Had shined like two bright suns.
Long. Pull hard, Montrose.
Andel. Come you to strangle me? are you the hangman?
Hell-hounds, y'are damned for this impiety.
Fortune, forgive me! I deserve thy hate;
Myself have made myself a reprobate.
Virtue, forgive me! for I have transgressed
Against thy laws; my vows are quite forgot,
And therefore shame is fallen to my sin's lot.
Riches and knowledge are two gifts divine.
They that abuse them both as I have done,
To shame, to beggary, to hell must run.
O conscience, hold thy sting, cease to afflict me.
Be quick, tormentors, I desire to die;
No death is equal to my misery.
Cyprus, vain world and vanity, farewell.
Who builds his heaven on earth, is sure of hell. *Dies*
Long. He's dead: in some deep vault let's throw their bodies.
Mont. First let us see the purse, Lord Longaville.
Long. Here 'tis, by this we'll fill this tower with gold.
Mont. Frenchman, this purse is counterfeit.
Long. Thou liest.
Scot, thou hast cozened me, give me the right,
Else shall thy bosom be my weapon's grave.
Mont. Villain, thou shalt not rob me of my due. *They fight*

Enter ATHELSTANE, AGRIPYNE, ORLEANS, GALLOWAY, CORNWALL, CHESTER, LINCOLN, *and* SHADOW *with weapons at one door:* FORTUNE, VICE, *and their Attendants at another door*

All. Lay hands upon the murderers, strike them down.
Fortune. Surrender up this purse, for this is mine.
All. Are these two devils, or some powers divine?
Shad. O see, see, O my two masters, poor
Shadow's substances; what shall I do?
Whose body shall Shadow now follow?
Fortune. Peace, idiot, thou shalt find rich heaps of fools,
That will be proud to entertain a shadow.
I charm thy babbling lips from troubling me.
You need not hold them, see, I smite them down
Lower than hell: base souls, sink to your heaven.
Vice. I do arrest you both my prisoners.
Fortune. Stand not amazed, you gods of earth, at this,

She that arresteth these two fools is Vice,
They have broke Virtue's laws, Vice is her sergeant,
Her jailer and her executioner.
Look on those Cypriots, Fortunatus' sons,
They and their father were my minions,
My name is Fortune.
All. O dread deity.
Fortune. Kneel not to me: if Fortune list to frown, 240
You need not fall down, for she'll spurn you down;
Arise! but, fools, on you I'll triumph thus:
What have you gained by being covetous?
This prodigal purse did Fortune's bounteous hand
Bestow on them, their riots made them poor,
And set these marks of miserable death
On all their pride, the famine of base gold
Hath made your souls to murder's hands be sold,
Only to be callèd rich. But, idiots, see
The virtues to be fled, Fortune hath caused it so; 250
Those that will all devour, must all forego.
Athel. Most sacred Goddess!
Fortune. Peace, you flatterer.
Thy tongue but heaps more vengeance on thy head.
Fortune is angry with thee, in thee burns
A greedy covetous fire, in Agripyne
Pride like a monarch revels, and those sins
Have led you blind-fold to your former shames,
But Virtue pardoned you, and so doth Fortune.
Athel. and Agrip. All thanks to both your sacred deities. 260
Fortune. As for these metal-eaters, these base thieves,
Who rather than they would be counted poor,
Will dig through hell for gold,—you were forgiven
By Virtue's general pardon; her broad seal
Gave you your lives, when she took off your horns.
Yet having scarce one foot out of the jail,
You tempt damnation by more desperate means;
You both are mortal, and your pains shall ring
Through both your ears, to terrify your souls,
As please the judgment of this mortal king.
Athel. Fair Empress of the world, since you resign 271
Your power to me, this sentence shall be mine:
Thou shalt be tortured on a wheel to death,
Thou with wild horses shalt be quarterèd.
To MONTROSE *and* LONGAVILLE
Vice. Ha, ha, weak judge, weak judgment; I reverse
That sentence, for they are my prisoners.
Embalm the bodies of those Cypriots,
And honor them with princely burial.
For those do as you please; but for these two,
I kiss you both, I love you, y'are my minions. 280
Untie their bands, Vice doth reprieve you both.
I set you free.
Both. Thanks, gracious deity.
Vice. Begone, but you in liberty shall find
More bondage than in chains; fools, get you hence,
Both wander with tormented conscience.[1]
Long. O horrid judgment, that's the hell indeed.
Mont. Come, come, our death ne'er ends if conscience bleed.
Both. O miserable, miserable men!
Exeunt [LONGAVILLE *and* MONTROSE]
Fortune. Fortune triumphs at this, yet to appear 290
All like myself, that which from those I took,
King Athelstane, I will bestow on thee,
And in it the old virtue I infuse:
But, king, take heed how thou my gifts dost use.
England shall ne'er be poor, if England strive
Rather by virtue than by wealth to thrive.

Enter VIRTUE, *crowned: Nymphs and Kings attending on her, crowned with olive branches and laurels: music sounding*

Vice. Virtue? alas good soul, she hides her head.

[1] Trisyllabic.

Virtue. What envious tongue said, 'Virtue hides her head'?
Vice. She that will drive thee into banishment.
Fortune. She that hath conquered thee: how dar'st thou come, 300
Thus tricked in gaudy feathers, and thus guarded
With crownèd kings and Muses, when thy foe
Hath trod thus on thee, and now triumphs so?
Where's virtuous Ampedo? See, he's her slave;
For following thee, this recompense they have.
Virtue. Is Ampedo her slave? Why, that's my glory.
The idiot's cap I once wore on my head,
Did figure him; those that like him do muffle
Virtue in clouds, and care not how she shine,
I'll make their glory like to his decline. 310
He made no use of me, but like a miser,
Locked up his wealth in rusty bars of sloth;
His face was beautiful, but wore a mask,
And in the world's eyes seemed a black-amoor:
So perish they that so keep Virtue poor.
Vice. Thou art a fool to strive, I am more strong,
And greater than thyself; then, Virtue, fly,
And hide thy face, yield me the victory.
Virtue. Is Vice higher than Virtue? that's my glory,
The higher that thou art, thou art more horrid: 320
The world will love me for my comeliness.
Fortune. Thine own self loves thyself: why on the heads
Of Agripyne, Montrose, and Longaville,—
English, Scot, French—did Vice clap ugly horns,
But to approve that English, French, and Scot,
And all the world else, kneel and honor Vice;
But in no country, Virtue is of price!
Virtue. Yes, in all countries Virtue is of price,
In every kingdom some diviner breast
Is more enamoured of me than the rest. 330
Have English, Scot, and French bowed knees to thee?
Why that's my glory too, for by their shame,
Men will abhor thee and adore my name.
Fortune, thou art too weak, Vice, th'art a fool
To fight with me; I suffered you awhile
T'eclipse my brightness, but I now will shine,
And make you swear your beauty's base to mine.
Fortune. Thou art too insolent; see, here's a court
Of mortal judges; let's by them be tried,
Which of us three shall most be deified. 340
Vice. I am content.
Fortune. And I.
Virtue. So am not I.
My judge shall be your sacred deity.
[*Turning to* Queen Elizabeth]
Vice. O miserable me, I am undone.
Exit Vice *and her train*
All. O stop the horrid monster.
Virtue. Let her run.
Fortune, who conquers now?
Fortune. Virtue, I see,
Thou wilt triúmph both over her and me. 350
All. Empress of heaven and earth.
Fortune. Why do you mock me?
Kneel not to me, to her transfer your eyes,
There sits the Queen of Chance, I bend my knees
Lower than yours. Dread goddess, 'tis most meet
That Fortune fall down at thy conquering feet.
Thou sacred Empress that command'st the Fates,
Forgive what I have to thy handmaid done,
And at thy chariot wheels Fortune shall run,
And be thy captive, and to thee resign 360
All powers which heaven's large patent have made mine.
Virtue. Fortune, th'art vanquished. Sacred deity,
O now pronounce who wins the victory,
And yet that sentence needs not, since alone,
Your virtuous presence Vice hath overthrown;
Yet to confirm the conquest on your side,
Look but on Fortunatus and his sons;
Of all the wealth those gallants did possess,

Only poor Shadow is left, comfortless:
Their glory's faded and their golden pride.
Shad. Only poor Shadow tells how poor they died. 371
Virtue. All that they had, or mortal men can have,
Sends only but a Shadow from the grave.
Virtue alone lives still,[1] and lives in you;
I am a counterfeit, you are the true;
I am a shadow, at your feet I fall,
Begging for these, and these, myself and all.
All these that thus do kneel before your eyes,
Are shadows like myself: dread nymph, it lies
In you to make us substances. O do it! 380
Virtue I am sure you love, she wooes you to it.
I read a verdict in your sun-like eyes,
And this it is: Virtue the victory.
All. All loudly cry, Virtue the victory!
Fortune. Virtue the victory! for joy of this,
Those self-same hymns which you to Fortune sung
Let them be now in Virtue's honor rung.

THE SONG

Virtue smiles: cry holiday
Dimples on her cheeks do dwell,
Virtue frowns, cry welladay, 390
Her love is heaven, her hate is hell.
Since heaven and hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes do lower.
Since heaven and hell her power obey,
Where she smiles, cry holiday.
Holiday with joy we cry,
And bend, and bend, and merrily,
Sing hymns to Virtue's deity:
Sing hymns to Virtue's deity.

As they all offer to go in, enter the Two Old Men

[1] Ever.

THE EPILOGUE AT COURT

1 *Old.* Nay stay, poor pilgrims, when I entered first
The circle of this bright celestial sphere,
I wept for joy, now I could weep for fear.
2 *Old.* I fear we all like mortal men shall prove
Weak, not in love, but in expressing love.
1 *Old.* Let every one beg once more on his knee[1]
One pardon for himself, and one for me;
For I enticed you hither. O dear Goddess,
Breathe life in our numbèd spirits with one smile,
And from this cold earth, we with lively souls 10
Shall rise like men new-born, and make heaven sound
With hymns sung to thy name, and prayers that we
May once a year so oft enjoy this sight,
Till these young boys change their curled locks to white,
And when grey-wingèd age sits on their heads,
That so their children may supply their steads,
And that heaven's great arithmetician,
Who in the scales of number weighs the world,
May still to forty-two add one year more,
And still add one to one, that went before, 20
And multiplý four tens by many a ten:
To this I cry, Amen.
All. Amen, amen!
1 *Old.* Good-night, dear mistress, those that wish thee harm,
Thus let them stoop under destruction's arm.
All. Amen, amen, amen! *Exeunt*

[1] This is an admirable adaptation of the custom of kneeling at the end of a play in prayer for the queen.

THE SHOMAKERS Holiday.

OR

The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life of Simon Eyre, ſhoomaker, and Lord Maior of London.

As it was acted before the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie on New-yeares day at night laſt, by the right honourable the Earle of Notingham, Lord high Admirall of England, his ſeruants.

Printed by Valentine Sims dwelling at the ſoote of Adling hill, neere Bainards Caſtle, at the ſigne of the White Swanne, and are there to be ſold.

1600.

In *Henslowe's Diary*—which is really an account book kept by an illiterate but able man who made it his business to finance the stage of his day—we have the following entry under date of July 15, 1599: "To buy a booke called the gentle Craft of Thomas Dickers, £3." Some time after this entry there is a break in the *Diary*, or we should doubtless find other entries concerning it, for the contemporary popularity of this comedy is unquestioned. The promptness with which current literary success was converted to the immediate purposes of the stage is well exampled in this case. In 1598 had appeared a prose tract containing several stories, entitled *The Gentle Craft*, by Thomas Deloney, a popular writer of fiction and balladry, and one of these stories, that of Simon Eyre, mayor of London, who was really a draper and traditionally the founder of Leadenhall, is Dekker's immediate source. He has, indeed, made but small change in his plot; and he has retained even Deloney's names for most of his personages. *The Shoemakers' Holiday* was first printed in quarto in 1600 with an Epistle to Professors of the Gentle Craft, that is Shoemakers, and a Prologue before the Queen. The Admiral's company of players acted before Elizabeth on January 1, 1600. Thus all the dates agree. In 1610 appeared a second quarto, a third in 1618, and three further ones up to 1657. There seems little reason to assign to Dekker a co-author in the person of Robert Wilson.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

The King
The Earl of Cornwall
Sir Hugh Lacy, *Earl of Lincoln*
Rowland Lacy *otherwise* Hans, Askew — *His Nephews*
Sir Roger Oateley, *Lord Mayor of London*
Master Hammon, Master Warner, Master Scott — *Citizens of London*
Simon Eyre, *a Shoemaker*
Roger, *commonly called* Hodge, Firk, Ralph — *Eyre's Journeymen*
Lovell, *a Courtier*
Dodger, *Servant to the Earl of Lincoln*
A Dutch Skipper
A Boy
Rose, *Daughter of Sir Roger*
Sybil, *her Maid*
Margery, *Wife of Simon Eyre*
Jane, *Wife of Ralph*

Courtiers, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Hunters, Shoemakers, Apprentices, Servants
Scene: London and Old Ford.]

TO ALL GOOD FELLOWS, PROFESSORS OF THE GENTLE CRAFT, OF WHAT DEGREE SOEVER.

Kind gentlemen and honest boon companions, I present you here with a merry-conceited comedy, called *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, acted by my Lord Admiral's Players this present Christmas before the Queen's most excellent Majesty, for the mirth and pleasant matter by Her Highness graciously accepted, being indeed no way offensive. The argument of the play I will set down in this epistle: Sir Hugh Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, had a young gentleman of his own name, his near kinsman, that loved the Lord Mayor's daughter of London; to prevent and cross which love, the Earl caused his kinsman to be sent coronel[1] of a company into France; who re- 10 signed his place to another gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch shoemaker to the house of Simon Eyre in Tower Street, who served the Mayor and his household with shoes: the merriments that passed in Eyre's house, his coming to be Mayor of London, Lacy's getting his love, and other accidents, with two merry Threemen's songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth; mirth lengtheneth long life, which, with all other blessings, I heartily wish you. Farewell!

[1] Colonel.

THE PROLOGUE

As it was pronounced before the Queen's Majesty

As wretches in a storm, expecting day,
With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heaven,
Make prayers the anchor of their conquered hopes,
So we, dear goddess, wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassals, through mistrust and fear
To sink into the bottom of disgrace
By our imperfect pastimes, prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sails of hope do strike,
Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike.
Since then, unhappy men, our hap is such
That to ourselves ourselves no help can bring,
But needs must perish, if your saint-like ears,
Locking the temple where all mercy sits,
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues;
O, grant, bright mirror of true chastity,
From those life-breathing stars, your sun-like eyes,
One gracious smile; for your celestial breath
Must send us life, or sentence us to death.

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

Thomas Dekker

[ACT I, SCENE I]

[*A Street in London*]

Enter the Lord Mayor *and the* Earl of Lincoln

Linc. My lord mayor, you have sundry times
Feasted myself and many courtiers more;
Seldom or never can we be so kind
To make requital of your courtesy.
But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy
Is much affected to[1] your daughter Rose.
L. Mayor. True, my good lord, and she loves him so well
That I mislike her boldness in the chase.
Linc. Why, my lord mayor, think you it then a shame,
To join a Lacy with an Oateley's name? 10
L. Mayor. Too mean is my poor girl for his high birth;
Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed,
Who will in silks and gay apparel spend
More in one year than I am worth, by far:
Therefore your honor need not doubt[2] my girl.
Linc. Take heed, my lord, advise you what you do!
A verier unthrift lives not in the world,
Than is my cousin; for I'll tell you what:
'T is now almost a year since he requested
To travel countries for experience. 20
I furnished him with coin, bills of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to respect[3] him. But, to see the end:
Scant had he journeyed through half Germany,
But all his coin was spent, his men cast off,
His bills embezzled,[4] and my jolly coz,[5]
Ashamed to show his bankrupt presence here,
Became a shoemaker in Wittenberg:
A goodly science for a gentleman 30
Of such descent! Now judge the rest by this:
Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
He did consume me[1] more in one half year;
And make him heir to all the wealth you have,
One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all.
Then seek, my lord, some honest citizen
To wed your daughter to.
L. Mayor. I thank your lordship.
[*aside*] Well, fox, I understand your subtilty.—
As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye
But watch his actions, and you need not fear,
For I have sent[2] my daughter far enough. 41
And yet your cousin Rowland might do well,
Now he hath learned an occupation;
And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.
Linc. Ay, but I have a better trade for him.
I thank his grace, he hath appointed him
Chief colonel of all those companies
Mustered in London and the shires about,
To serve his highness in those wars of France.
See where he comes!—

Enter Lovell, Lacy, *and* Askew

Lovell, what news with you?
Lovell. My Lord of Lincoln, 't is his highness' will, 51
That presently[3] your cousin ship for France
With all his powers; he would not for a million,
But they should land at Dieppe within four days.
Linc. Go certify[4] his grace, it shall be done.
Exit Lovell
Now, cousin Lacy, in what forwardness
Are all your companies?
Lacy. All well prepared.
The Men of Hertfordshire lie at Mile-end,
Suffolk and Essex train in Tothill-fields,
The Londoners and those of Middlesex, 60
All gallantly prepared in Finsbury,
With frolic spirits long for their parting hour.

[1] In love with.
[2] Mistrust.
[3] Pay heed to.
[4] Squandered.
[5] Cousin; used of any relative.

[1] Ethical dative.
[2] Q2; Q1 omits.
[3] At once.
[4] Assure.

L. Mayor. They have their imprest,[1] coats,[2] and furniture;[3]
And, if it please your cousin Lacy come
To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay;
And twenty pounds besides my brethren
Will freely give him, to approve our loves
We bear unto my lord, your uncle here.
Lacy. I thank your honor.
Linc. Thanks, my good lord mayor. 69
L. Mayor. At the Guildhall we will expect your coming. *Exit*
Linc. To approve your loves to me? No subtilty![4]
Nephew, that twenty pound he doth bestow
For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose.
But, cousins both, now here are none but friends,
I would not have you cast an amorous eye
Upon so mean a project as the love
Of a gay, wanton, painted citizen.
I know, this churl even in the height of scorn
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine.
I pray thee, do thou so! Remember, coz, 80
What honorable fortunes wait on thee.
Increase the king's love, which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes. I have no heir but thee,—
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit
Thou start from the true bias of my love.
Lacy. My lord, I will for honor, not desire
Of land or livings, or to be your heir,
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall add glory to the Lacys' name.
Linc. Coz, for those words here's thirty Portuguese,[5] 90
And, nephew Askew, there's a few for you.
Fair Honor, in her loftiest eminence,
Stays in France for you, till you fetch her thence.
Then, nephews, clap swift wings on your designs.
Begone, begone, make haste to the Guildhall;
There presently I'll meet you. Do not stay:
Where Honor [beckons][6] Shame attends delay. *Exit*
Askew. How gladly would your uncle have you gone!
Lacy. True, coz, but I'll o'erreach his policies.[7]

[1] Money paid to bind the enlistment.
[2] Armor. [3] Equipment. [4] Ironical.
[5] Portagues or "crusadoes": large gold-pieces worth sixteen to twenty-two dollars.
[6] Malone's emendation; Qq. *become(s)*.
[7] Tricks.

I have some serious business for three days, 100
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch.
You, therefore, cousin, with the companies,
Shall haste to Dover; there I'll meet with you:
Or, if I stay past my prefixèd time,
Away for France; we'll meet in Normandy.
The twenty pounds my lord mayor gives to me
You shall receive, and these ten Portuguese,
Part of mine uncle's thirty. Gentle coz,
Have care to our great charge; I know your wisdom
Hath tried itself in higher consequence. 110
Askew. Coz, all myself am yours: yet have this care,
To lodge in London with all secrecy;
Our uncle Lincoln hath, besides his own,
Many a jealous eye, that in your face
Stares only to watch means for your disgrace.
Lacy. Stay, cousin, who be these?

Enter Simon Eyre, [Margery] *his wife*, Hodge, Firk, Jane, *and* Ralph *with a piece* [*of leather*]

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining! Away with this whimpering, this puling, these blubbering tears, and these wet eyes! I'll get thy husband discharged, I warrant thee, sweet Jane; go to![1] 121
Hodge. Master, here be the captains.
Eyre. Peace, Hodge; husht, ye knave, husht!
Firk. Here be the cavaliers and the colonels, master.
Eyre. Peace, Firk; peace, my fine Firk! Stand by with your pishery-pashery,[2] away! I am a man of the best presence; I'll speak to them, an[3] they were Popes.—Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders! Brave men, 131 brave leaders, may it please you to give me audience. I am Simon Eyre, the mad shoemaker of Tower Street; this wench with the mealy mouth that will never tire, is my wife, I can tell you; here's Hodge, my man and my foreman; here's Firk, my fine firking[4] journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane. All we come to be suitors for this honest Ralph. Keep him at home, and as I am a true shoemaker and a gentleman of the gentle craft, buy spurs 141 yourself, and I'll find ye boots these seven years.

[1] "Tut, tut!"
[2] Gabble.
[3] If.
[4] Frisking.

Marg. Seven years, husband?

Eyre. Peace, midriff,[1] peace! I know what I do. Peace!

Firk. Truly, master cormorant,[2] you shall do God good service to let Ralph and his wife stay together. She's a young new-married woman; if you take her husband away from her a-night, you undo her; she may beg in the day-time; for he's as good a workman at a prick and an awl as any is in our trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

Firk. Ay, truly, she shall be laid at one side like a pair of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

Lacy. Truly, my friends it lies not in my power:
The Londoners are pressed,[3] paid, and set forth
By the lord mayor; I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why, then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow; and I tell you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said, melancholy Hodge; gramercy, my fine foreman.

Marg. Truly, gentlemen, it were ill done for such as you to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife, considering her case, she is new-married; but let that pass. I pray, deal not roughly with her; her husband is a young man, and but newly entered; but let that pass.

Eyre. Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and your edipols![4] Peace, midriff;[5] silence, Cicely Bumtrinket! Let your head speak.

Firk. Yea, and the horns too, master.

Eyre. Too soon,[6] my fine Firk, too soon! Peace, scoundrels! See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him go; he's a proper shot; let him vanish! Peace, Jane, dry up thy tears, they'll make his powder dankish. Take him, brave men; Hector of Troy was an hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant[7] scoundrels, Prince Arthur's Round-table—by the Lord of Ludgate—ne'er fed such a tall,[8] such a dapper swordman; by the life of Pharaoh, a brave resolute swordman! Peace, Jane! I say no more, mad knaves.

Firk. See, see, Hodge, how my master raves in commendation of Ralph!

Hodge. Ralph, th' art a gull,[1] by this hand, an thou goest not.

Askew. I am glad, good Master Eyre, it is my hap
To meet so resolute a soldier.
Trust me, for your report and love to him,
A common slight regard shall not respect him.[2]

Lacy. Is thy name Ralph?

Ralph. Yes, sir.

Lacy. Give me thine hand;
Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman.
Woman, be patient; God, no doubt, will send
Thy husband safe again; but he must go,
His country's quarrel says it shall be so.

Hodge. Th' art a gull, by my stirrup[3] if thou dost not go. I will not have thee strike thy gimlet into these weak vessels; prick thine enemies, Ralph.

Enter Dodger

Dodger. My lord, your uncle on the Tower-hill
Stays with the lord-mayor and the aldermen,
And doth request you, with all speed you may,
To hasten thither.

Askew. Cousin, let's go.

Lacy. Dodger, run you before, tell them we come.—
This Dodger is mine uncle's parasite,
Exit Dodger
The arrant'st varlet that e'er breathed on earth;
He sets more discord in a noble house
By one day's broaching of his pickthank tales,[4]
Than can be salved[5] again in twenty years,
And he, I fear, shall go[6] with us to France,
To pry into our actions.

Askew. Therefore, coz,
It shall behove you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Fear not, good cousin.—Ralph, hie to your colors. [*Exit* Lacy *and* Askew]

Ralph. I must, because there is no remedy;
But, gentle master and my loving dame,

[1] Applied contemptuously to his wife's figure.
[2] Probably for *coronel*, colonel.
[3] Drafted.
[4] About equivalent to "your petitions and your repetitions."
[5] Q1 *Midaffe*.
[6] "Horns? Not yet!"
[7] A violent, overbearing god in the miracle plays.
[8] Brave.

[1] Fool.
[2] Be sufficient.
[3] A shoemaker's strap, with which he keeps the last firm upon his knee. (*NED*).
[4] Tales told to curry favor.
[5] Healed.
[6] Is to go.

As you have always been a friend to me,
So in mine absence think upon my wife.

Jane. Alas, my Ralph.

Marg. She cannot speak for weeping.

Eyre. Peace, you cracked groats,[1] you mustard tokens,[2] disquiet not the brave soldier. Go thy ways, Ralph!

Jane. Ay, ay, you bid him go; what shall I do
When he is gone?

Firk. Why, be doing with me or my fellow Hodge; be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand, Jane. This fine hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must work; work, you bombast, cotton-candle[3] quean; work for your living, with a pox to you.—Hold thee, Ralph, here's five sixpences for thee; fight for the honor of the gentle craft, for the gentlemen shoemakers, the courageous cordwainers, the flower of St. Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet Street, Tower Street and Whitechapel; crack me the crowns of the French knaves; a pox on them, crack them; fight, by the Lord of Ludgate; fight, my fine boy!

Firk. Here, Ralph, here's three two-pences; two carry into France, the third shall wash our souls at parting, for sorrow is dry. For my sake, firk[4] the *Basa mon cues.*

Hodge. Ralph, I am heavy at parting; but here's a shilling for thee. God send thee to cram thy slops[5] with French crowns, and thy enemies' bellies with bullets.

Ralph. I thank you, master, and I thank you all.
Now, gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane,
Rich men, at parting, give their wives rich gifts,
Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands.
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for women's heels:
Here take this pair of shoes, cut out by Hodge,
Stitched by my fellow Firk, seamed by myself,
Made up and pinked[6] with letters for thy name.
Wear them, my dear Jane, for thy husband's sake,
And every morning when thou pull'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my return.

[1] Worthless trifles. [2] Plague spots.
[3] Suggested by Jane's white, soft hands and delicate appearance generally. She is mere cotton padding (bombast), a cotton-candle. (Lange).
[4] Trounce. [5] Loose breeches.
[6] Perforated.

Make much of them; for I have made them so
That I can know them from a thousand mo.[1]

Drum sounds. Enter the Lord Mayor, *the* Earl of Lincoln, Lacy, Askew, Dodger, *and* Soldiers. *They pass over the stage;* Ralph *falls in amongst them;* Firk *and the rest cry* "Farewell," etc., *and so exeunt*

[ACT II, SCENE I]

[*A Garden at Old Ford*]

Enter Rose, *alone, making a garland*

Rose. Here sit thou down upon this flow'ry bank
And make a garland for thy Lacy's head.
These pinks, these roses, and these violets,
These blushing gilliflowers, these marigolds,
The fair embroidery of his coronet,
Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks,
As the sweet count'nance of my Lacy doth.
O my most unkind father! O my stars,
Why lowered you so at my nativity,
To make me love, yet live robbed of my love?
Here as a thief am I imprisonèd
For my dear Lacy's sake within those walls,
Which by my father's cost were builded up
For better purposes. Here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament, I know,
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter Sybil

Sybil. Good morrow, young mistress. I am sure you make that garland for me, against[2] I shall be Lady of the Harvest.

Rose. Sybil, what news at London?

Sybil. None but good; my lord mayor, your father, and master Philpot, your uncle, and Master Scott, your cousin, and Mistress Frigbottom by Doctors' Commons, do all, by my troth, send you most hearty commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love?

Sybil. O yes, out of cry,[3] by my troth. I scant knew him; here a[4] wore a scarf; and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair of garters,—O, monstrous! like one of our yellow silk curtains at home here in Old Ford House here, in Master Belly-mount's chamber. I stood at our door in Cornhill, looked at him,

[1] More.
[2] For the time when.
[3] Exceedingly.
[4] He.

he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word; marry go-up,[1] thought I, with a wanion![2] He passed by me as proud—Marry foh! are you grown humorous,[3] thought I; and so shut the door, and in I came.

Rose. O Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong! 40
My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb,
No dove was ever half so mild as he.

Sybil. Mild? yea, as a bushel of stamped crabs.[4] He looked upon me as sour as verjuice.[5] Go thy ways, thought I, thou may'st be much in my gaskins,[6] but nothing in my netherstocks.[7] This is your fault, mistress, to love him that loves not you; he thinks scorn to do as he's done to; but if I were as you, I'd cry, "Go by, Jeronimo, go by!"[8] 50

I'd set mine old debts against my new dribblets,
And the hare's foot against the goose giblets,[9]
For if ever I sigh, when sleep I should take,
Pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake.

Rose. Will my love leave me then, and go to France?

Sybil. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk before the soldiers. By my troth, he is a proper[10] man; but he is proper that proper doth. Let him go snick-up[11] young mistress. 60

Rose. Get thee to London, and learn perfectly
Whether my Lacy go to France, or no.
Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains
My cambric apron and my Romish gloves,
My purple stockings and a stomacher.
Say, wilt thou do this, Sybil, for my sake?

Sybil. Will I, quoth a? At whose suit? By my troth, yes, I'll go. A cambric apron, gloves, a pair of purple stockings, and a stomacher! I'll sweat in purple, mistress, for you; 70 I'll take anything that comes a' God's name. O rich! a cambric apron! Faith, then have at 'up tails all.'[12] I'll go jiggy-joggy to London, and be here in a trice, young mistress. *Exit*

[1] By St. Mary of Egypt.
[2] With a vengeance.
[3] Capricious.
[4] Crushed crab-apples.
[5] The juice of these.
[6] Wide trousers.
[7] Stockings.
[8] A tag from *The Spanish Tragedy*; here common slang.
[9] *I.e.*, make up for an old love with a new.
[10] Handsome.
[11] Go hang.
[12] Bustle around.

Rose. Do so, good Sybil. Meantime wretched I
Will sit and sigh for his lost company. *Exit*

[SCENE II]

[A Street in London]

Enter LACY, *like a Dutch Shoemaker*

Lacy. How many shapes have gods and kings devised,
Thereby to compass their desirèd loves!
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy, then,
To clothe his cunning with the gentle craft,
That, thus disguised, I may unknown possess
The only happy presence[1] of my Rose.
For her have I forsook my charge in France,
Incurred the king's displeasure, and stirred up
Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast.
O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change 10
High birth to baseness, and a noble mind
To the mean semblance of a shoemaker!
But thus it must be; for her cruel father,
Hating the single union of our souls,
Has secretly conveyed my Rose from London,
To bar me of her presence; but I trust,
Fortune and this disguise will further me
Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight.
Here in Tower Street with Eyre the shoemaker
Mean I a while to work; I know the trade, 20
I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg.
Then cheer thy hoping spirits, be not dismayed,
Thou canst not want: do Fortune what she can,
The gentle craft is living for a man. *Exit*

[SCENE III]

[Before Eyre's House]

Enter EYRE, *making himself ready*[2]

Eyre. Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs, these scoundrels? They wallow in the fat brewiss[3] of my bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not rise to see my walks cleansed. Come out, you powder-beef[4] queans! What, Nan! what, Madge Mumble-crust.[5] Come out, you fat midriff-

[1] That presence which alone can make me happy.
[2] Dressing himself.
[3] Broth.
[4] Salted beef.
[5] An old woman in *Ralph Roister Doister*.

swag-belly-whores, and sweep me these kennels[1] that the noisome stench offend not the nose of my neighbors. What, Firk, I say; what, Hodge! Open my shop windows! What Firk, I say!

Enter FIRK

Firk. O master, is't you that speak bandog and Bedlam[2] this morning? I was in a dream, and mused what madman was got into the street so early. Have you drunk this morning that your throat is so clear?

Eyre. Ah, well said, Firk; well said, Firk. To work, my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, and thou't be more blest.

Firk. Let them wash my face that will eat it. Good master, send for a souse-wife,[3] if you'll have my face cleaner.

Enter HODGE

Eyre. Away, sloven! avaunt, scoundrel!—Good-morrow, Hodge; good-morrow, my fine foreman.

Hodge. O master, good-morrow; y'are an early stirrer. Here's a fair morning.—Good-morrow, Firk. I could have slept this hour. Here's a brave[4] day towards.[5]

Eyre. O, haste to work, my fine foreman, haste to work.

Firk. Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather; let us pray for good leather, and let clowns and ploughboys and those that work in the fields pray for brave days. We work in a dry shop; what care I if it rain?

Enter EYRE'S *wife* [MARGERY]

Eyre. How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise? Trip and go, call up the drabs, your maids.

Marg. See to rise? I hope 't is time enough, 't is early enough for any woman to be seen abroad. I marvel how many wives in Tower Street are up so soon. Gods me, 't is not noon,—here's a yawling![6]

Eyre. Peace, Margery, peace! Where's Cicely Bumtrinket, your maid? She has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep. Call the quean up; if my men want shoe-thread, I'll swinge her in a stirrup.[7]

[1] Gutters.
[2] Growl and speak madly. Bandog is a watch-dog.
[3] Pig-pickler.
[4] Fine.
[5] Coming.
[6] Bawling.
[7] Strap.

Firk. Yet, that's but a dry beating; here's still a sign of drought.

Enter LACY [*disguised*], *singing*

Lacy. *Der was een bore van Gelderland*
Frolick sie byen;
He was als dronck he cold nyet stand,
Upsolce sie byen.
Tap eens de canneken,
Drincke, schone mannekin.[1]

Firk. Master, for my life, yonder's a brother of the gentle craft; if he bear not Saint Hugh's bones,[2] I'll forfeit my bones; he's some uplandish[3] workman: hire him, good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble; 't will make us work the faster.

Eyre. Peace, Firk! A hard world! Let him pass, let him vanish; we have journeymen enow.[4] Peace, my fine Firk!

Marg. Nay, nay, y'are best follow your man's counsel; you shall see what will come on't. We have not men enow, but we must entertain every butter-box;[5] but let that pass.

Hodge. Dame, 'fore God, if my master follow your counsel, he'll consume little beef. He shall be glad of men an he can catch them.

Firk. Ay, that he shall.

Hodge. 'Fore God, a proper man, and I warrant, a fine workman. Master, farewell: dame, adieu; if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you. *Offers to go*

Eyre. Stay, my fine Hodge.

Firk. Faith, an your foreman go, dame, you must take a journey to seek a new journeyman; if Roger remove, Firk follows. If Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set a-work, I may prick mine awl in the walls, and go play. Fare ye well, master; good-bye, dame.

Eyre. Tarry, my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman! Stay, Firk! Peace, pudding-broth! By the Lord of Ludgate, I love my men as my life. Peace, you gallimaufry![6] Hodge, if he

[1] Hans' jargon is of course intended as Dutch. Freely translated:

There was a rogue from Gelderland.—
Merry they be!—
He was so drunk he couldn't stand
In such a sea.
Clink then the cannikin,
Drink, my fine mannikin!

Upsolce sie byen is taken as *op zuike zeebrenen*. Baugh's emendation).

[2] The bones of St. Hugh were supposed to have been made into shoemaker's tools.
[3] Up-country.
[4] Enough.
[5] Dutchman.
[6] Hash.

want work, I'll hire him. One of you to him; stay,—he comes to us.

Lacy. *Goeden dach, meester, ende u vro oak.*[1]

Firk. Nails,[2] if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choke. And you, friend Oake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw, ik bin den skomawker.*[3]

Firk. *Den skomaker,* quoth a! And hark you, *skomaker,* have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your four sorts of awls, and your two balls of wax, your paring knife, your hand-and-thumb-leathers, and good St. Hugh's bones to smooth up your work?

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw; be niet vorveard.*[4] *Ik hab all de dingen voour mack skooes groot and cleane.*[5]

Firk. Ha, ha! Good master, hire him; he'll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Hear ye, friend, have ye any skill in the mystery[6] of cordwainers?

Lacy. *Ik weet niet wat yow seg; ich verstaw you niet.*[7]

Firk. Why, thus, man: [*Imitating by gesture a shoemaker at work*] *Ich verste u niet,* quoth a.

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw, yaw; ick can dat wel doen.*[8]

Firk. *Yaw, yaw!* He speaks yawing like a jackdaw that gapes to be fed with cheese-curds. O, he'll give a villainous pull at a can of double-beer; but Hodge and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest journeymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans—Hans Meulter.

Eyre. Give me thy hand; th'art welcome.—Hodge, entertain him; Firk, bid him welcome; come, Hans. Run, wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs,[9] make ready my fine men's breakfasts. To him, Hodge!

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome; use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows; if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a giant.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou Gargantua. My master keeps no cowards, I tell thee.—Ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here's a new journeyman.

[*Enter* Boy]

Lacy. *O, ich wersto*[1] *you; ich moet*[2] *een halve dossen cans betaelen;*[3] *here, boy, nempt*[4] *dis skilling, tap eens freelicke.*[5]

Eyre. Quick, snipper-snapper, away! [*Exit* Boy] Firk, scour thy throat; thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor.

[*Enter* Boy]

Come, my last of the fives,[6] give me a can. Have to thee, Hans; here, Hodge; here, Firk; drink, you mad Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre, the shoemaker.—Here, Hans, and th'art welcome.

Firk. Lo, dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh. This beer came hopping in well.

Marg. Simon, it is almost seven.

Eyre. Is't so, Dame Clapper-dudgeon?[7] Is't seven a'clock, and my men's breakfast not ready? Trip and go, you soused conger,[8] away! Come, you mad hyperboreans; follow me, Hodge; follow me, Hans; come after, my fine Firk; to work, to work a while, and then to breakfast. *Exit*

Firk. Soft! *Yaw, yaw,* good Hans, though my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeyman. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*A Field near Old Ford*]

[*Halloaing within*] *Enter* WARNER *and* HAMMON, *like Hunters*

Ham. Cousin, beat every brake, the game's not far,
This way with wingèd feet he fled from death,
Whilst the pursuing hounds, scenting his steps,
Find out his highway to destruction.
Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,
He saw him take soil,[9] and he halloaed him,
Affirming him so embossed[10]
That long he could not hold.

[1] Good day, master, and you, goodwife, too.
[2] By God's nails.
[3] Yes, yes, I am a shoemaker.
[4] Be not afraid.
[5] Large and small.
[6] Trade.
[7] I know not what you say; I understand you not.
[8] Yes, yes, I can do that well.
[9] Tripes.

[1] Understand.
[2] Must.
[3] Pay for.
[4] Take.
[5] Clink it freely, then.
[6] Smallest of the small.
[7] Slang for beggar.
[8] Pickled eel.
[9] Take refuge in the water.
[10] Exhausted.

Warn. If it be so,
'Tis best we trace these meadows by Old Ford.

[*A noise of* Hunters *within. Enter a* Boy]

Ham. How now, boy? Where's the deer? speak, saw'st thou him?

Boy. O yea; I saw him leap through a hedge, and then over a ditch, then at my lord mayor's pale, over he skipped me, and in he went me, and "holla" the hunters cried, and "there, boy; there, boy!" But there he is, a' mine honesty.

Ham. Boy, Godamercy.[1] Cousin, let's away; I hope we shall find better sport to-day.

Exeunt

[SCENE V]

[*The Garden at Old Ford*]

[*Hunting within*] *Enter* Rose *and* Sybil

Rose. Why, Sybil, wilt thou prove a forester?

Sybil. Upon some, no![2] Forester? Go by; no, faith, mistress. The deer came running into the barn through the orchard and over the pale; I wot well, I looked as pale as a new cheese to see him. But whip, says Goodman Pinclose, up with his flail, and our Nick with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him, and I upon them. By my troth, we had such sport; and in the end we ended him; his throat we cut, flayed him, unhorned him, and my lord mayor shall eat of him anon, when he comes. *Horns sound within*

Rose. Hark, hark, the hunters come; y'are best take heed,
They'll have a saying to you for this deed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, Huntsmen, *and* Boy

Ham. God save you, fair ladies.
Sybil. Ladies! O gross![3]
Warn. Came not a buck this way?
Rose. No, but two does.
Ham. And which way went they? Faith, we'll hunt at those.
Sybil. At those? Upon some, no![2] When, can you tell?
Warn. Upon some, ay.[4]
Sybil. Good Lord!

[1] Corruption of Gramercy, "Thanks."
[2] Apparently current slang, like other of Sybil's phrases. I should think not!
[3] Obvious flattery.
[4] I should think so!

Warn. Wounds![1] Then farewell!
Ham. Boy, which way went he?
Boy. This way, sir, he ran.
Ham. This way he ran indeed, fair Mistress Rose;
Our game was lately in your orchard seen.
Warn. Can you advise, which way he took his flight?
Sybil. Follow your nose; his horns will guide you right.
Warn. Th'art a mad wench.
Sybil. O, rich!
Rose. Trust me, not I.
It is not like[2] that the wild forest-deer
Would come so near to places of resort;
You are deceived, he fled some other way.
Warn. Which way, my sugar-candy, can you show?
Sybil. Come up, good honeysops, upon some, no!
Rose. Why do you stay, and not pursue your game?
Sybil. I'll hold my life, their hunting-nags be lame.
Ham. A deer more dear is found within this place.
Rose. But not the deer, sir, which you had in chase.
Ham. I chased the deer, but this dear chaseth me.
Rose. The strangest hunting that ever I see.
But where's your park? *She offers to go away*
Ham. 'T is here: O stay!
Rose. Impale[3] me, and then I will not stray.
Warn. They wrangle, wench; we are more kind than they.
Sybil. What kind of hart is that dear heart you seek?
Warn. A hart, dear heart.
Sybil. Who ever saw the like?
Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?
Ham. My heart is lost.
Rose. Alack, good gentleman!
Ham. This poor lost heart would I wish you might find.
Rose. You, by such luck, might prove your hart a hind.
Ham. Why, Luck had horns, so have I heard some say.
Rose. Now, God, an't be his will, send Luck into your way.

[1] By God's wounds.
[2] Like(-ly).
[3] Impound, also embrace.

Enter the LORD MAYOR *and* Servants

L. Mayor. What, Master Hammon? Welcome to Old Ford!

Sybil. God's pittikins,[1] hands off, sir! Here's my lord.

L. Mayor. I hear you had ill luck, and lost your game.

Ham. 'T is true, my lord.

L. Mayor. I am sorry for the same.
What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother-in-law.

L. Mayor. Y'are welcome both; sith[2] Fortune offers you
Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Until you have refreshed your wearied limbs.
Go, Sybil, cover the board! You shall be guest
To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast.

Ham. I thank your lordship.—Cousin, on my life,
For our lost venison I shall find a wife.

Exeunt [*all but* MAYOR]

L. Mayor. In, gentlemen; I'll not be absent long.—
This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A citizen by birth, fairly allied;
How fit an husband were he for my girl!
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentleman.

Exit

[ACT III, SCENE I]

[*A Room in Eyre's House*]

Enter LACY [*as* HANS], Skipper, HODGE, *and* FIRK

Skip. Ick sal yow wat seggen,[3] *Hans; dis skip dat comen from Candy, is all vol,*[4] *by Got's sacrament, van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, end alle dingen, towsand towsand ding. Nempt*[5] *it, Hans, nempt it vor v meester.*[6] *Daer be de bils van laden. Your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen.*[7] *Wat seggen yow, Hans?*

Firk. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen —laugh, Hodge, laugh!

Hans. Mine liever[8] *broder Firk, bringt Meester Eyre tot*[9] *det signe vn Swannekin;*[10] *daer sal yow finde dis skipper end me. Wat seggen yow, broder Firk? Doot*[1] *it, Hodge.* Come, skipper.

Exeunt

Firk. Bring him, quoth you? Here's no knavery, to bring my master to buy a ship worth the lading of two or three hundred thousand pounds! Alas, that's nothing; a trifle, a bauble, Hodge.

Hodge. The truth is, Firk, that the merchant owner of the ship dares not show his head, and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities. He shall have a reasonable day of payment; he may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himself.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines[2] as an earnest penny?

Hodge. Portuguese, thou wouldst say; here they be, Firk; hark, they jingle in my pocket like St. Mary Overy's bells.

Enter EYRE *and his* Wife [MARGERY]

Firk. Mum, here comes my dame and my master. She'll scold, on my life, for loitering this Monday; but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holiday.

Marg. You sing, Sir Sauce, but I beshrew your heart.
I fear, for this your singing we shall smart.

Firk. Smart for me, dame? why, dame, why?

Hodge. Master, I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen.

Firk. If she take me down, I'll take her up; yea, and take her down too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; not I, Hodge; by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a king's ransom, she shall not meddle with you. —Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean; away, queen of clubs; quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk; I'll firk[3] you, if you do.

Marg. Yea, yea, man, you may use me as you please; but let that pass.

Eyre. Let it pass, let it vanish away; peace! Am I not Simon Eyre? Are not these my brave men, brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of

[1] By God's pity.
[2] Since.
[3] I shall tell you something.
[4] Qq. 2–5; Q1 wol.
[5] Take.
[6] For your master.
[7] Bargain.
[8] Dear.
[9] To. Qq. *lot.*
[10] The sign of the Swan.

[1] Do.
[2] Porpoise. [3] Trounce.

the gentle craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a shoe- 60 maker. Away, rubbish! vanish, melt; melt like kitchen-stuff.

Marg. Yea, yea, 't is well; I must be called rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort[1] of knaves.

Firk. Nay, dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me. Master, I'll stay no longer; here's an inventory of my shop-tools. Adieu, master; Hodge, farewell.

Hodge. Nay, stay, Firk; thou shalt not go alone. 70

Marg. I pray, let them go; there be moe[2] maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk.

Firk. Fools? Nails! if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turned to shoe-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turned to a Turk, and set in Finsbury[3] for boys to shoot at.—Come, Firk.

Eyre. Stay, my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake 81 Simon Eyre?—Avaunt, kitchen-stuff! Rip,[4] you brown-bread Tannikin;[5] out of my sight! Move me not! Have not I ta'en you from selling tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail-fellow with Simon Eyre, the shoemaker? And now do you deal thus with my journeymen? Look, you powder-beef-quean, on the face of Hodge: here's a face for a lord. 90

Firk. And here's a face for any lady in Christendom.

Eyre. Rip,[4] you chitterling,[6] avaunt! Boy, bid the tapster of the Boar's Head fill me a dozen cans of beer for my journeymen.

Firk. A dozen cans? O, brave! Hodge, now I'll stay.

Eyre. [*in a low voice to the* Boy] An the knave fills any more than two, he pays for them. [*Exit* Boy]—A dozen cans of beer 100 for my journeymen! [*Re-enter* Boy] Heave,[7] you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquor. Where be the odd ten? [*aside*] No more, Madge, no more.—Well said.[8] Drink and to work!—What work dost thou, Hodge? What work?

[1] Pack.
[2] More.
[3] Finsbury Fields, used for archery practice.
[4] "Cut along."
[5] Short for Anne.
[6] Sausage.
[7] Up with your tankards.
[8] Well done.

Hodge. I am a making a pair of shoes for my lord mayor's daughter, Mistress Rose.

Firk. And I a pair of shoes for Sybil, my lord's maid. I deal with her. 110

Eyre. Sybil? Fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of kitchenstuff and basting-ladles. Ladies of the court, fine ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling; put gross work to Hans. Yark[1] and seam, yark and seam!

Firk. For yarking and seaming let me alone, an I come to 't.

Hodge. Well, master, all this is from the bias.[2] Do you remember the ship my fellow 120 Hans told you of? The skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan. Here be the Portuguese to give earnest.[3] If you go through with it, you cannot choose but be a lord at least.

Firk. Nay, dame, if my master prove not a lord, and you a lady, hang me.

Marg. Yea, like enough, if you may loiter and tipple thus.

Firk. Tipple, dame? No, we have been 130 bargaining with skellum Skanderbag[4]—can you Dutch spreaken?—[5] for a ship of silk cyprus,[6] laden with sugar-candy.

Enter Boy *with a velvet coat and an Alderman's gown.* EYRE *puts them on*

Eyre. Peace, Firk; silence, Tittle-tattle! Hodge, I'll go through with it. Here's a seal-ring, and I have sent for a guarded gown[7] and a damask cassock. See where it comes; look here, Maggy; help me, Firk; apparel me, Hodge; silk and satin, you mad Philistines, silk and satin. 140

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten[8] damask and velvet.

Eyre. Softly, Firk, for rearing[9] of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments. How dost thou like me, Firk? How do I look, my fine Hodge?

Hodge. Why, now you look like yourself,

[1] Stitch.
[2] Beside the point.
[3] The coins for an advance payment.
[4] "That rascal Skanderbag," Firk's phrase for the skipper. *Skellum* is German *schelm*, scamp. Skanderbag, Turkish name of George Castriotes, leader of a successful revolt of the Albanians against the Turks, was cant for a rascal.
[5] Mocking the skipper.
[6] A thin cloth.
[7] A robe ornamented with guards or facings.
[8] Stamped.
[9] Ruffling.

master. I warrant you, there's few in the city but will give you the wall,[1] and come 150 upon you with[2] the right worshipful.

Firk. Nails, my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turned and dressed. Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth! Dame, dame, are you not enamored?

Eyre. How say'st thou, Maggy, am I not brisk? Am I not fine?

Marg. Fine? By my troth, sweetheart, very fine! By my troth, I never liked thee so well in my life, sweetheart; but let that pass. I warrant, there be many women in the city 161 have not such handsome husbands, but only for[3] their apparel; but let that pass too.

Re-enter HANS *and* SKIPPER

Hans. Godden day, mester. Dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandice; de commodity ben good; nempt it, master, nempt it.

Eyre. Godamercy, Hans; welcome, skipper. Where lies this ship of merchandise?

Skip. De skip ben in revere;[4] *dor be van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, and a towsand, towsand tings, gotz sacrament; nempt it,* 171 *mester: yo sal heb good copen.*[5]

Firk. To him, master! O sweet master! O sweet wares! Prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot-roots, turnips, O brave fatting meat! Let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself.

Eyre. Peace, Firk! Come, skipper, I'll go abroad[6] with you.—Hans, have you made him drink?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale gedrunck.[7]

Eyre. Come, Hans, follow me. Skipper, 181 thou shalt have my countenance in the city.

Exeunt

Firk. Yaw heb veale gedrunck, quoth a. They may well be called butter-boxes, when they drink fat veal and thick beer too. But come, dame, I hope you'll chide us no more.

Marg. No, faith, Firk; no, perdy,[8] Hodge. I do feel honor creep upon me, and which is more, a certain rising in my flesh; but let that pass.

Firk. Rising in your flesh do you feel, say 191 you? Ay, you may be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on? But you are such a shrew, you'll soon pull him down.

Marg. Ha, ha! prithee, peace! Thou mak'st my worship laugh; but let that pass. Come, I'll go in; Hodge, prithee, go before me; Firk, follow me.

Firk. Firk doth follow: Hodge, pass out in state. *Exeunt* 201

[1] Yield precedence to you.
[2] Address you as.
[3] Aside from.
[4] River.
[5] Bargain.
[6] Out.
[7] Yes, yes, I have drunk a lot.
[8] French, *Par Dieu.*

[SCENE II]

[*London: a Room in Lincoln's House*]

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN *and* DODGER

Linc. How now, good Dodger, what's the news in France?

Dodger. My lord, upon the eighteenth day of May
The French and English were prepared to fight;
Each side with eager fury gave the sign
Of a most hot encounter. Five long hours
Both armies fought together; at the length
The lot of victory fell on our side.
Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day died,
Four thousand English, and no man of name
But Captain Hyam and young Ardington,—
Two gallant gentlemen; I knew them well. 11

Linc. But Dodger, prithee, tell me, in this fight
How did my cousin Lacy bear himself?

Dodger. My lord, your cousin Lacy was not there.

Linc. Not there?

Dodger. No, my good lord.

Linc. Sure, thou mistakest.
I saw him shipped, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,
When I, with weeping eyes, bid him adieu.
Dodger, take heed.

Dodger. My lord, I am advised
That what I spake is true: to prove it so, 20
His cousin Askew, that supplied his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himself hither.

Linc. Is't even so?
Dares he so carelessly venture his life
Upon the indignation of a king?
Has he despised my love, and spurned those favors
Which I with prodigal hand poured on his head?
He shall repent his rashness with his soul;
Since of my love he makes no estimate,

I'll make him wish he had not known my hate.
Thou hast no other news?
Dodger. None else, my lord.
Linc. None worse I know thou hast.—Procure the king
To crown his giddy brows with ample honors,
Send him chief colonel, and all my hope
Thus to be dashed! But 't is in vain to grieve;
One evil cannot a worse relieve.
Upon my life, I have found out his plot;
That old dog, Love, that fawned upon him so,
Love to that puling girl, his fair-cheeked Rose,
The lord mayor's daughter, hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that love's lunacy
Hath he burnt up himself, consumed his credit,
Lost the king's love, yea, and I fear, his life,
Only to get a wanton to[1] his wife.
Dodger, it is so.
Dodger. I fear so, my good lord.
Linc. It is so—nay, sure it cannot be!
I am at my wits' end.—Dodger!
Dodger. Yea, my lord.
Linc. Thou art acquainted with my nephew's haunts;
Spend this gold for thy pains; go seek him out.
Watch at my lord mayor's—there if he live,
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him.
Prithee, be diligent.—Lacy, thy name
Lived once in honor, now ['t is] dead in shame.—
Be circumspect. *Exit*
Dodger. I warrant you, my lord. *Exit*

[SCENE III]

[*London: a Room in the Lord Mayor's House*]

Enter the L. MAYOR *and* MASTER SCOTT

L. Mayor. Good Master Scott, I have been bold with you,
To be a witness to a wedding-knot
Betwixt young Master Hammon and my daughter.
O, stand aside; see where the lovers come.

Enter MASTER HAMMON *and* ROSE

Rose. Can it be possible you love me so?
No, no, within those eyeballs I espy
Apparent likelihoods of flattery.
Pray now, let go my hand.

[1] For.

Ham. Sweet Mistress Rose,
Miscònstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose devoted soul
Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.
Rose. As dear as your own heart? I judge it right,
Men love their hearts best when th'are out of sight.
Ham. I love you, by this hand.
Rose. Yet hands off now!
If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow!
Ham. Then by my life I swear.
Rose. Then do not brawl;
One quarrel loseth wife and life and all.
Is not your meaning thus?
Ham. In faith, you jest.
Rose. Love loves to sport; therefore leave love y'are best.
L. Mayor. What? square[1] they, Master Scott?
Scott. Sir, never doubt,
Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.
Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me.
Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight:
I am not grown so fond, to fond[2] my love
On any that shall quite[3] it with disdain;
If you will love me, so;—if not, farewell.
L. Mayor. Why, how now, lovers, are you both agreed?
Ham. Yes, faith, my lord.
L. Mayor. 'T is well, give me your hand.—
Give me yours, daughter.—How now, both pull back!
What means this, girl?
Rose. I mean to live a maid.
Ham. (*aside*) But not to die one; pause, ere that be said.
L. Mayor. Will you still cross me, still be obstinate?
Ham. Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing well;
If she can live an happy virgin's life,
'T is far more blessèd than to be a wife.
Rose. Say, sir, I cannot: I have made a vow,
Whoever be my husband, 't is not you.
L. Mayor. Your tongue is quick; but Master Hammon, know,
I bade you welcome to another end.
Ham. What, would you have me pule and pine and pray,

[1] Quarrel.
[2] Found, set; with a pun upon preceding *fond*, foolish.
[3] (Re-)quite.

With "lovely lady," "mistress of my heart,"
"Pardon your servant," and the rimer play,
Railing on Cupid and his tyrant's dart;
Or shall I undertake some martial spoil,
Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt,
And tell how many gallants I unhorsed—
Sweet, will this pleasure you?
Rose. Yea, when wilt begin?
What, love rimes, man? Fie on that deadly sin!
L. Mayor. If you will have her, I'll make her agree.
Ham. Enforcèd love is worse than hate to me. 50
[*aside*] There is a wench keeps shop in the Old Change,
To her will I—it is not wealth I seek.
I have enough—and will prefer her love
Before the world.—My good lord mayor, adieu,
Old love for me, I have no luck with new.
Exit
L. Mayor. Now, mammet,[1] you have well behaved yourself;
But you shall curse your coyness if I live.—
Who's within there? See you convey your mistress
Straight to th' Old Ford!—I'll keep you straight enough!— 59
'Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl
Would willingly accepted[2] Hammon's love;
But banish him, my thoughts!—Go, minion, in! *Exit* Rose
Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have thought
That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker,
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?
Scott. 'T was well, my lord, your honor and myself
Grew partners with him; for your bills of lading
Show that Eyre's gains in one commodity
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound
Besides like gain in other merchandise. 70
L. Mayor. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,
For I have sent for him to the Guildhall.

Enter Eyre

See, where he comes.—Good morrow, Master Eyre.
Eyre. Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shoemaker.

[1] Puppet, doll.
[2] For have accepted, a familiar license.

L. Mayor. Well, well, it likes[1] yourself to term you so.

Enter Dodger

Now Master Dodger, what's the news with you?
Dodger. I'd gladly speak in private to your honor.
L. Mayor. You shall, you shall.—Master Eyre and Master Scott,
I have some business with this gentleman;
I pray, let me entreat you to walk before 80
To the Guildhall; I'll follow presently.
Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you sheriff.
Eyre. I would not care, my lord, if you might call me
King of Spain.—Come, Master Scott.
[*Exeunt* Eyre *and* Scott]
L. Mayor. Now, Master Dodger, what's the news you bring?
Dodger. The Earl of Lincoln by me greets your lordship,
And earnestly requests you, if you can,
Inform him where his nephew Lacy keeps.
L. Mayor. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France?
Dodger. No, I assure your Lordship, but disguised 90
Lurks here in London.
L. Mayor. London? Is't even so?
It may be; but upon my faith and soul,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives:
So tell my Lord of Lincoln.—Lurk in London?
Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start him;
Be but the means to rid him into France,
I'll give you a dozen angels[2] for your pains:
So much I love his honor, hate his nephew.
And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me.
Dodger. I take my leave. *Exit* Dodger
L. Mayor. Farewell, good Master Dodger.
Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life, 101
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause
Denied young Master Hammon in his love.
Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford.
God's Lord, 't is late! to Guildhall I must hie;
I know my brethren stay[3] my company. *Exit*

[1] Pleases.
[2] Gold coins worth about ten shillings each.
[3] Await.

[SCENE IV]

[*London: a Room in Eyre's House*]

Enter FIRK, *Eyre's wife* [MARGERY, LACY *as*] HANS, *and* ROGER

Marg. Thou goest too fast for me, Roger.[1]

Firk. Ay, forsooth.

Marg. I pray thee, run—do you hear?—run to Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Master Eyre, will take that worshipful vocation of Master Sheriff upon him. Hie thee, good Firk.

Firk. Take it? Well, I go; an he should not take it, Firk swears to forswear him. Yes, forsooth, I go to Guildhall.

Marg. Nay, when?[2] Thou art too compendious and tedious.

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence; how like a new cart-wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale-bottle[3] going to scalding.

Marg. Nay, when? Thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firk. God forbid your worship should fall into that humor;—I run. *Exit*

Marg. Let me see now, Roger and Hans.

Hodge. Ay, forsooth, dame—mistress, I should say, but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

Marg. Even what thou wilt, good Roger; dame is a fair name for any honest Christian; but let that pass. How dost thou, Hans?

Hans. *Mee tanck you, vro.*[4]

Marg. Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God hath blest your master, and, perdy, if ever he comes to be Master Sheriff of London—as we are all mortal—you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for you: I will not be your back-[5]friend; but let that pass. Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe.

Hans. *Yaw, ic sal, vro.*[6]

Marg. Roger, thou know'st the length of my foot; as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God, it is handsome enough; prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel, too.[7]

Hodge. You shall.

[1] Q3 adds *O, Firk.*
[2] An expression of sharp impatience.
[3] Of leather.
[4] I thank you, mistress.
[5] Reluctant.
[6] Yes, I shall, mistress!
[7] With high wooden heels and a cork insole to raise the foot still higher.

Marg. Art thou acquainted with never a farthingale-maker, nor a French hood-maker? I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha! How shall I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly I think.

Hodge. [*aside*] As a cat out of a pillory.—Very well, I warrant you, mistress.

Marg. Indeed, all flesh is grass; and, Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?[1]

Hodge. Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street.[2]

Marg. Thou art an ungracious[3] wag: perdy, I mean a false hair for my periwig.

Hodge. Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it; but they are all true hairs.

Marg. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a mask.

Hodge. [*aside*] So you had need, to hide your wicked face.

Marg. Fie, upon it, how costly this world's calling is; perdy, but that it is one of the wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it.—Is not Firk come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship says.

Hans. *Ick bin vrolicke, lot see yow soo.*[4]

Hodge. Mistress, will you drink[5] a pipe of tobacco?

Marg. O, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slavering baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God bless us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter RALPH, *being lame*

Hodge. What, fellow Ralph? Mistress, look here, Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall[6] soldier.

Hans. You be welcome, *broder.*

Marg. Perdy, I knew him not. How dost thou, good Ralph? I am glad to see thee well.

Ralph. I would to God you saw me, dame, as well
As when I went from London into France.

Marg. Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee impotent. Lord, how the wars have made him sunburnt! The left leg is not well; 'twas a fair gift of God the infirmity took not hold a

[1] Wig, which Hodge mistakes for hare.
[2] For Grass, now Gracechurch Street; probably with a pun on *grass* above.
[3] Another pun.
[4] I am merry; let's see you so!
[5] Smoke. [6] Brave.

little higher, considering thou camest from 91
France; but let that pass.

Ralph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice
To hear that God hath blessed my master so
Since my departure.

Marg. Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my Maker; but let that pass.

Hodge. And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what news in France?

Ralph. Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England? 100
How does my Jane? When didst thou see my wife?
Where lives my poor heart? She'll be poor indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Hodge. Limbs? Hast thou not hands, man? Thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand.

Ralph. Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

Marg. O Ralph, your wife,—perdy, we know not what's become of her. She was here a while, and because she was married, grew more stately than became her; I checked 111 her, and so forth; away she flung, never returned, nor said bye nor bah; and, Ralph, you know, "ka me, ka thee."[1] And, so as I tell ye ——Roger, is not Firk come yet?

Hodge. No, forsooth.

Marg. And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London; but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men; I am sure, there's not any 121 of them, perdy, but would have done her good to[2] his power. Hans, look if Firk be come.

Hans. Yaw, ik sal, vro.[3] *Exit* HANS

Marg. And so, as I said—but, Ralph, why dost thou weep? Thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return; and, therefore, thank God for all things.

Hodge. No, faith, Jane is a stranger here; but, Ralph, pull up a good heart, I know 131 thou hast one. Thy wife, man, is in London; one told me, he saw her a while ago very brave[4] and neat; we'll ferret her out, an London hold her.

Marg. Alas, poor soul, he's overcome with sorrow; he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing. But, Ralph, get thee in, call for some meat and drink; thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee. 140

Ralph. I thank you, dame; since I want limbs and lands,
I'll to God, my good friends, and to these my hands. *Exit*

Enter HANS *and* FIRK *running*

Firk. Run, good Hans! O Hodge, O mistress! Hodge, heave up thine ears; mistress, smug[1] up your looks; on with your best apparel; my master is chosen, my master is called, nay, condemned by the cry of the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous year now to come. And, time now being, a great many men in black gowns were asked for their voices and their hands, and my 161 master had all their fists about his ears presently, and they cried 'Ay, ay, ay, ay,'—and so I came away—

Wherefore without all other grieve
I do salute you, Mistress Shrieve.[2]

Hans. Yaw, my mester is de groot[3] *man, de shrieve.*

Hodge. Did not I tell you, mistress? Now I may boldly say: Good-morrow to your worship. 161

Marg. Good-morrow, good Roger. I thank you, my good people all.—Firk, hold up thy hand: here's a three-penny piece for thy tidings.

Firk. 'T is but three-half-pence, I think. Yes, 't is three-pence, I smell the rose.[4]

Hodge. But, mistress, be ruled by me, and do not speak so pulingly.

Firk. 'T is her worship speaks so, and not 170 she. No, faith, mistress, speak me in the old key: "To it, Firk;" "there, good Firk;" "ply your business, Hodge;" "Hodge, with a full mouth;" "I'll fill your bellies with good cheer, till they cry twang."

Enter EYRE *wearing a gold chain*

Hans. See, myn liever broder, her compt my meester.[5]

Marg. Welcome home, Master Shrieve; I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold

[1] Scratch me, and I'll scratch thee. *Cf. Eastward Ho*, II, iii, 6.
[2] As far as lay in.
[3] Yes, I shall, mistress!
[4] Fine.

[1] Perk.
[2] Sheriff.
[3] Great.
[4] The three-penny silver pieces had the profile of Elizabeth with a rose at the back of her head.
[5] See, my dear brothers, here comes my master.

chain for Simon Eyre. I shall make thee a 181
lady; here's a French hood for thee; on with
it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of
a shoulder of mutton,[1] to make thee look
lovely. Where be my fine men? Roger, I'll
make over my shop and tools to thee; Firk,
thou shalt be the foreman; Hans, thou shalt
have an hundred for twenty.[2] Be as mad
knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been,
and you shall live to be sheriffs of London.—
How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am
I none, yet am I princely born. Firk, Hodge,
and Hans! 193

All Three. Ay, forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff?

Eyre. Worship and honor, you Babylonian knaves, for the gentle craft. But I forgot myself, I am bidden by my lord mayor to dinner to Old Ford; he's gone before, I must after. Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper 201
Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd cratchets, some morris, or such like, for the honor of the gentle shoemakers. Meet me at Old Ford; you know my mind. Come, Madge, away. Shut up the shop, knaves, and make holiday. *Exeunt*

Firk. O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge; follow me, Hans;
We'll be with them for a morris-dance.
Exeunt

[SCENE V]

[*A Room at Old Ford*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, [Rose,] Eyre, *his wife* [Margery], Sybil, [*each*] *in a French hood, and other* Servants

L. Mayor. Trust me, you are as welcome to Old Ford
As I myself.

Marg. Truly, I thank your lordship.

L. Mayor. Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give.

Eyre. Good cheer, my lord mayor, fine cheer!
A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat.

L. Mayor. Now, by my troth, I'll tell thee, Master Eyre,
It does me good, and all my brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thyself
Is entered into our society.

[1] The flap of a hood trimmed with fur or sheep's wool. (Rhys).
[2] *I.e.*, for the twenty Portuguese previously lent.

Marg. Ay, but, my lord, he must learn now to put on gravity. 10

Eyre. Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity! When I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a justice of peace; but now I am here at Old Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it go by, vanish, Maggy, I'll be merry; away with flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries. What, honey? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. What says my lord mayor? 20

L. Mayor. Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than a thousand pound, I had an heart but half so light as yours.

Eyre. Why, what should I do, my lord? A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry, whiles we are young; old age, sack and sugar will steal upon us, ere we be aware.

The First Three-Men's Song[1]

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green! 30
O, and then did I unto my true love say:
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!

"Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale;
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

"But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth: come away, my joy;
Come away, I prithee: I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy." 40

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!

And then did I unto my true love say:
"Sweet Peg thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

[1] A catch for three voices. Here placed by Rhys.

L. Mayor. It's well done. Mistress Eyre, pray, give good counsel
To my daughter.
Marg. I hope Mistress Rose will have the grace to take nothing that's bad.
L. Mayor. Pray God she do; for i' faith, Mistress Eyre,
I would bestow upon that peevish girl 50
A thousand marks more than I mean to give her
Upon condition she'd be ruled by me.
The ape still crosseth me. There came of late
A proper gentleman of fair revènues,
Whom gladly[1] I would call son-in-law;
But my fine cockney[2] would have none of him.—
You'll prove a coxcomb[3] for it, ere you die:
A courtier, or no man, must please your eye.
Eyre. Be ruled, sweet Rose: th' art ripe for a man. Marry not with a boy that has no 60 more hair on his face than thou hast on thy cheeks. A courtier, wash, go by, stand not upon pishery-pashery: those silken fellows are but painted images, outsides, outsides, Rose; their inner linings are torn. No, my fine mouse, marry me[4] with a gentleman grocer like my lord mayor, your father; a grocer is a sweet trade: plums, plums. Had I a son or daughter should marry out of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he should pack. What, the gentle trade is a living for a man 71 through Europe, through the world.

A noise within of a tabor and a pipe

L. Mayor. What noise is this?
Eyre. O my lord mayor, a crew of good fellows that for love to your honor are come hither with a morris-dance. Come in, my Mesopotamians, cheerily.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Ralph, Firk, *and other Shoemakers, in a morris; after a little dancing, the* Lord Mayor *speaks*

L. Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?
Eyre. All cordwainers, my good lord mayor.
Rose. [*aside*] How like my Lacy looks yond shoemaker! 80
Hans. [*aside*] O that I durst but speak unto my love!
L. Mayor. Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these drink. You are all welcome.
All. We thank your lordship.

[1] Possibly trisyllabic.
[2] Pampered darling.
[3] Fool.
[4] Ethical dative.

Rose *takes a cup of wine and goes to* Hans

Rose. For his sake whose fair shape thou represent'st,
Good friend I drink to thee.
Hans. *Ic bedancke, good frister.*[1]
Marg. I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want judgment; you have drunk to the properest man I keep. 90
Firk. Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he.
L. Mayor. Well, urgent business calls me back to London.
Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer;
And to make merry as you homeward go,
Spend these two angels[2] in beer at Stratford-Bow.
Eyre. To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre adds another; then cheerily, Firk; tickle it, Hans, and all for the honor of shoemakers.

All go dancing out

L. Mayor. Come, Master Eyre, let's have your company. *Exeunt*
Rose. Sybil, what shall I do? 101
Sybil. Why, what's the matter?
Rose. That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy,
Disguised in that attire to find me out.
How should I find the means to speak with him?
Sybil. What, mistress, never fear; I dare venture my maidenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London, shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your 110 father's policies[3] steal you away and marry you. Will not this please you?
Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.
Sybil. Away, then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something:
To-morrow, if my counsel be obeyed,
I'll bind you prentice to the gentle trade.
[*Exeunt*]

[ACT IV, SCENE I]

[*A Street in London*]

Jane *in a Seamster's shop, working; enter* Master Hammon, *muffled: he stands aloof*

Ham. Yonder's the shop, and there my fair love sits.

[1] I thank you, good maid!
[2] Gold coins worth ten shillings each.
[3] Tricks.

She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine.
O, would she were! Thrice have I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand been moistened with her hand,
Whilst my poor famished eyes do feed on that
Which made them famish. I am unfortunate:
I still love one, yet nobody loves me.
I muse in other men what women see
That I so want! Fine Mistress Rose was coy,
And this too curious![1] O, no, she is chaste, 10
And for she thinks me wanton, she denies
To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes.
How prettily she works! O pretty hand!
O happy work! It doth me good to stand
Unseen to see her. Thus I oft have stood
In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, only to eye her.
One only look hath seemed as rich to me
As a king's crown; such is love's lunacy.
Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try 20
Whether she know me.
Jane. Sir, what is't you buy?
What is't you lack, sir, calico, or lawn,
Fine cambric shirts, or bands; what will you buy?
Ham. [*aside*] That which thou wilt not sell. Faith, yet I'll try:—
How do you sell this handkerchief?
Jane. Good cheap.
Ham. And how these ruffs?
Jane. Cheap too.
Ham. And how this band?
Jane. Cheap too. [hand?
Ham. All cheap; how sell you then this
Jane. My hands are not to be sold.
Ham. To be given then!
Nay, faith, I come to buy.
Jane. But none knows when.
Ham. Good sweet, leave work a little while; let's play. 30
Jane. I cannot live by keeping holiday.
Ham. I'll pay you for the time which shall be lost.
Jane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.
Ham. Look, how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.
Jane. It may be so.
Ham. 'Tis so.
Jane. What remedy?
Ham. Nay, faith, you are too coy.
Jane. Let go my hand.
Ham. I will do any task at your command;

[1] Fastidious.

I would let go this beauty, were I not
In mind to disobey you by a power
That còntrols kings: I love you!
Jane. So, now part. 40
Ham. With hands I may, but never with my heart.
In faith, I love you.
Jane. I believe you do.
Ham. Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?
Jane. I hate you not.
Ham. Then you must love?
Jane. I do.
What are you better now? I love not you.
Ham. All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
That means, "Come to me," when she cries, "Away!"
In earnest, mistress,[1] I do not jest,
A true chaste love hath entered in my breast.
I love you dearly, as I love my life, 50
I love you as a husband loves a wife;
That, and no other love, my love requires.
Thy wealth, I know, is little; my desires
Thirst not for gold. Sweet, beauteous Jane, what's mine
Shall, if thou make myself thine, all be thine.
Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?
Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath.
Jane. Good sir, I do believe you love me well;
For 'tis a silly conquest, silly pride
For one like you—I mean a gentleman— 60
To boast that by his love-tricks he hath brought
Such and such women to his amorous lure;
I think you do not so, yet many do,
And make it even a very trade to woo.
I could be coy, as many women be,
Feed you with sunshine smiles and wanton looks,
But I detest witchcraft; say that I
Do constantly believe you, constant[2] have——
Ham. Why dost thou not believe me?
Jane. I believe you;
But yet, good sir, because I will not grieve you 70
With hopes to taste fruit which will never fall,
In simple truth this is the sum of all:
My husband lives, at least, I hope he lives.
Pressed was he to these bitter wars in France;
Bitter they are to me by wanting him.

[1] Trisyllabic.
[2] Constant(-ly).

I have but one heart, and that heart's his due.
How can I then bestow the same on you?
Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor,
And rather be his wife than a king's whore.
Ham. Chaste and dear woman, I will not abuse thee, 80
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me.
Thy husband, pressed for France, what was his name?
Jane. Ralph Damport.
Ham. Damport?—Here's a letter sent
From France to me, from a dear friend of mine,
A gentleman of place; here he doth write
Their names that have been slain in every fight.
Jane. I hope death's scroll contains not my love's name.
Ham. Cannot you read?
Jane. I can.
Ham. Peruse the same.
To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest. See here.
Jane. Ay me, he's dead! 90
He's dead! If this be true, my dear heart's slain!
Ham. Have patience, dear love.
Jane. Hence, hence!
Ham. Nay, sweet Jane,
Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich tears.
I mourn thy husband's death, because thou mourn'st.
Jane. That bill is forged; 'tis signed by forgery.
Ham. I'll bring thee letters sent besides to many,
Carrying the like report: Jane, 'tis too true.
Come, weep not: mourning, though it rise from love,
Helps not the mournèd, yet hurts them that mourn.
Jane. For God's sake, leave me.
Ham. Whither dost thou turn? 100
Forget the dead, love them that are alive;
His love is faded, try how mine will thrive.
Jane. 'Tis now no time for me to think on love.
Ham. 'Tis now best time for you to think on love,
Because your love lives not.
Jane. Though he be dead,
My love to him shall not be burièd;
For God's sake, leave me to myself alone.
Ham. 'Twould kill my soul, to leave thee drowned in moan.
Answer me to my suit, and I am gone;
Say to me yea or no.
Jane. No.
Ham. Then farewell! 110
One farewell will not serve, I come again;
Come, dry these wet cheeks; tell me, faith, sweet Jane,
Yea or no, once more.
Jane. Once more I say no;
Once more begone, I pray; else will I go.
Ham. Nay, then I will grow rude, by this white hand,
Until you change that cold "no"; here I'll stand
Till by your hard heart——
Jane. Nay, for God's love, peace!
My sorrows by your presence more increase.
Not that you thus are present, but all grief
Desires to be alone; therefore in brief 120
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu:
If ever I wed man, it shall be you.
Ham. O blessèd voice! Dear Jane, I'll urge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.
Jane. Death makes me poor.
Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*London: a Street before Hodge's Shop*]

HODGE, *at his shop-board*, RALPH, FIRK, HANS, *and a* Boy *at work*

All. Hey, down a down, down derry.
Hodge. Well said, my hearts; ply your work to-day, we loitered yesterday; to it pell-mell, that we may live to be lord mayors, or aldermen at least.
Firk. Hey, down a down, derry.
Hodge. Well said, i' faith! How say'st thou, Hans, doth not Firk tickle it?
Hans. *Yaw, mester.*
Firk. Not so, neither; my organ-pipe 10 squeaks this morning for want of liquoring. Hey, down a down, derry!
Hans. *Forward,*[1] *Firk, tow best*[2] *un jolly youngster. Hort, I,*[3] *mester, ic bid yo, cut me un pair vampres*[4] *vor Mester Jeffre's boots.*

[1] Go on.
[2] Thou art.
[3] Hark, ay.
[4] Vamps, the upper leathers of a shoe.

Hodge. Thou shalt, Hans.

Firk. Master!

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firk. Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me out a pair of counterfeits,[1] or else my work will not pass current; hey, down a down!

Hodge. Tell me, sirs, are my cousin Mrs. Priscilla's shoes done?

Firk. Your cousin? No, master; one of your aunts, hang her; let them alone.

Ralph. I am in hand with them;[2] she gave charge that none but I should do them for her.

Firk. Thou do for her? Then 't will be a lame doing, and that she loves not. Ralph, thou might'st have sent her to me; in faith, I would have yarked and firked your Priscilla. Hey, down a down, derry. This gear will not hold.[3]

Hodge. How say'st thou, Firk, were we not merry at Old Ford?

Firk. How, merry! Why, our buttocks went jiggy-joggy like a quagmire. Well, Sir Roger Oatmeal,[4] if I thought all meal of that nature, I would eat nothing but bagpuddings.

Ralph. Of all good fortunes my fellow Hans had the best.

Firk. 'T is true, because Mistress Rose drank to him.

Hodge. Well, well, work apace. They say, seven of the aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firk. I care not, I'll be none.

Ralph. No, nor I; but then my Master Eyre will come quickly to be lord mayor.

Enter SYBIL

Firk. Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.

Hodge. Sybil, welcome, i' faith; and how dost thou, mad wench?

Firk. Sib-whore, welcome to London.

Sybil. Godamercy, sweet Firk; good lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got! You tickle it, i' faith.

Ralph. Godamercy, Sybil, for our good cheer at Old Ford.

Sybil. That you shall have, Ralph.

Firk. Nay, by the mass, we had tickling cheer, Sybil; and how the plague dost thou and Mistress Rose and my lord mayor? I put the women in first.

Sybil. Well, Godamercy; but God's me, I forget myself. Where's Hans the Fleming?

[1] Copies. [2] Have them in hand.
[3] "This won't do!"
[4] For Oateley, the Lord Mayor.

Firk. Hark, butter-box, now you must yelp out some *spreken.*

Hans. *Wat begaie*[1] *you? Vat vod you, Frister?*[2]

Sybil. Marry, you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. *Vare ben your egle fro,*[3] *vare ben your mistris?*

Sybil. Marry, here at our London house in Cornhill.[4]

Firk. Will nobody serve her turn but Hans?

Sybil. No, sir. Come, Hans, I stand upon needles.

Hodge. Why then, Sybil, take heed of pricking.

Sybil. For that let me alone. I have a trick in my budget. Come, Hans.

Hans. *Yaw, yaw, ic sall meete yo gane.*[5]

Exeunt HANS *and* SYBIL

Hodge. Go, Hans, make haste again. Come, who lacks work?

Firk. I, master, for I lack my breakfast; 't is munching-time, and past.

Hodge. Is't so? Why, then leave work, Ralph. To breakfast! Boy, look to the tools. Come, Ralph; come, Firk. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

[*The Same*]

Enter a Serving-man

Serv. Let me see now, the sign of the Last in Tower Street. Mass, yonder's the house. What, haw! Who's within?

Enter RALPH

Ralph. Who calls there? What want you, sir?

Serv. Marry, I would have a pair of shoes made for a gentlewoman against[6] to-morrow morning. What, can you do them?

Ralph. Yes, sir, you shall have them. But what length's her foot?

Serv. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe; but, at any hand,[7] fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.

[1] Want.
[2] Miss.
[3] Noble lady. *Egle* is doubtless *edle.*
[4] Q1 *Cornewaile.*
[5] With you go.
[6] By.
[7] In any case.

Ralph. How? by this shoe must it be made? By this? Are you sure, sir, by this?

Serv. How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thou in thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes, dost thou mark me? A pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to-morrow morning by four a' clock. Dost understand me? Canst thou do't?

Ralph. Yes, sir, yes—I—I—I can do't. By this shoe, you say? I should know this shoe. Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't. Four a'clock, well. Whither shall I bring them?

Serv. To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street; enquire for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master.

Ralph. Yea, sir; by this shoe, you say?

Serv. I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball; he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride.

Ralph. They shall be done by this shoe. Well, well, Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe—I would say, the Golden Ball; very well, very well. But I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married?

Serv. At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's. But what's that to thee? Prithee, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell. *Exit*

Ralph. By this shoe, said he. How am I amazed
At this strange accident! Upon my life,
This was the very shoe I gave my wife,
When I was pressed for France; since when, alas!
I never could hear of her. It is the same,
And Hammon's bride no other but my Jane.

Enter FIRK

Firk. 'Snails,[1] Ralph, thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast.

Ralph. I care not; I have found a better thing.

Firk. A thing? Away! Is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing?

Ralph. Firk, dost thou know this shoe?

Firk. No, by my troth; neither doth that know me! I have no acquaintance with it, 't is a mere[2] stranger to me.

Ralph. Why, then I do; this shoe, I durst be sworn,
Once coverèd the instep of my Jane.
This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love;
These true-love knots I pricked. I hold my life,
By this old shoe I shall find out my wife

Firk. Ha, ha! Old shoe, that wert new! How a murrain came this ague-fit of foolishness upon thee?

Ralph. Thus, Firk: even now here came a serving-man;
By this shoe would he have a new pair made
Against to-morrow morning for his mistress,
That's to be married to a gentleman.
And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

Firk. And why may'st not thou be my sweet ass?
Ha, ha!

Ralph. Well, laugh and spare not! But the truth is this:
Against to-morrow morning I'll provide
A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,
To watch the going of the bride to church.
If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite
From Hammon and the devil, were he by.
If it be not my Jane, what remedy?
Hereof am I sure, I shall live till I die,
Although I never with a woman lie. *Exit*

Firk. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates! Well, God sends fools fortune, and it may be, he may light upon his matrimony by such a device; for wedding and hanging goes by destiny. *Exit*

[1] By God's nails.
[2] Utter.

[SCENE IV]

[*London: a Room in the Lord Mayor's House*]

Enter [LACY *as*] HANS *and* ROSE, *arm in arm*

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee!
O, I did fear such cross[1] mishaps did reign
That I should never see my Rose again.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity
Offers herself to further our escape,
Let not too over-fond esteem of me
Hinder that happy hour. Invent the means,
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. O, how I surfeit with excess of joy,
Made happy by thy rich perfection!
But since thou pay'st sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling love on love, let me once more
Like to a bold-faced debtor crave of thee

[1] Opposing.

This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house,
Who now by death of certain aldermen
Is mayor of London, and my master once,
Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change,
Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter SYBIL

Sybil. O God, what will you do, mistress? Shift for yourself, your father is at hand! He's coming, he's coming! Master Lacy, hide yourself in my mistress! For God's sake, shift for yourselves!

Hans. Your father come! Sweet Rose, what shall I do?
Where shall I hide me? How shall I escape?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremity?
Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shoe.

Enter the LORD MAYOR

Hans. Mass, and that's well remembered.

Sybil. Here comes your father.

Hans. *Forware,*[1] *metresse, 't is un good skow, it sal vel dute,*[2] *or ye sal neit betallen.*[3]

Rose. O God, it pincheth me; what will you do?

Hans. [*aside*] Your father's presence pincheth, not the shoe.

Lord Mayor. Well done; fit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.

Hans. *Yaw, yaw, ick weit*[4] *dat well; forware, 't is un good skoo, 't is gimait van neitz leither:*[5] *se euer, mine here.*[6]

Enter a Prentice

L. Mayor. I do believe it.—What's the news with you?

Prentice. Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate
Is newly lighted, and would speak with you.

L. Mayor. The Earl of Lincoln come [to] speak with me?
Well, well, I know his errand. Daughter Rose,
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done!

[1] Truly.
[2] Do it, *i.e.*, wear.
[3] Pay.
[4] Know.
[5] 'Tis made of neat's leather.
[6] Look here, sir.

Syb, make things handsome! Sir boy, follow me. *Exit*

Hans. Mine uncle come! O, what may this portend?
Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismayed at this; whate'er befall,
Rose is thine own. To witness I speak truth,
Where thou appoint'st the place, I'll meet with thee.
I will not fix a day to follow thee,
But presently[1] steal hence. Do not reply:
Love which gave strength to bear my father's hate,
Shall now add wings to further our escape.
Exeunt

[SCENE V]

[*Another Room in the Same House*]

Enter the LORD MAYOR *and the* EARL OF LINCOLN

L. Mayor. Believe me, on my credit, I speak truth:
Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
I have not seen him. It seemed strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he stayed behind,
Neglecting the high charge the king imposed.

Lincoln. Trust me, Sir Roger Oateley, I did think
Your counsel had given head to this attempt,
Drawn to it by the love he bears your child.
Here I did hope to find him in your house;
But now I see mine error, and confess,
My judgment wronged you by conceiving so.

L. Mayor. Lodge in my house, say you? Trust me, my lord,
I love your nephew Lacy too, too dearly,
So much to wrong his honor; and he hath done so,
That first gave him advice to stay from France.
To witness I speak truth, I let you know
How careful I have been to keep my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him;
Not that I scorn your nephew, but in love
I bear your honor, lest your noble blood
Should by my mean worth be dishonorèd.

Lincoln. [*aside*] How far the churl's tongue wanders from his heart!—
Well, well, Sir Roger Oateley, I believe you,
With more than many thanks for the kind love

[1] At once.

So much you seem to bear me. But, my lord,
Let me request your help to seek my nephew,
Whom if I find, I'll straight embark[1] for France.
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies[2] in my breast.

Enter SYBIL

Sybil. O Lord! Help for God's sake! My mistress; O, my young mistress!

L. Mayor. Where is thy mistress? What's become of her?

Sybil. She's gone, she's fled!

L. Mayor. Gone! Whither is she fled?

Sybil. I know not, forsooth; she's fled out of doors with Hans the shoemaker; I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace, apace!

L. Mayor. Which way? What, John! Where be my men? Which way?

Sybil. I know not, an it please your worship.

L. Mayor. Fled with a shoemaker? Can this be true?

Sybil. O Lord, sir, as true as God's in heaven.

Lincoln. Her love turned shoemaker? I am glad of this.

L. Mayor. A Fleming butter-box, a shoemaker!
Will she forget her birth, requite my care
With such ingratitude? Scorned she young Hammon
To love a honnikin,[3] a needy knave?
Well, let her fly, I'll not fly after her,
Let her starve, if she will: she's none of mine.

Lincoln. Be not so cruel, sir.

Enter FIRK *with shoes*

Sybil. I am glad, she's 'scaped.

L. Mayor. I'll not account of her as of my child.
Was there no better object for her eyes,
But a foul drunken lubber, swill-belly,
A shoemaker? That's brave![4]

Firk. Yea, forsooth; 't is a very brave shoe, and as fit as a pudding.[5]

L. Mayor. How now, what knave is this? From whence comest thou?

Firk. No knave, sir. I am Firk the shoemaker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman, and I have come hither to take up the pretty leg of sweet Mistress Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good health, as I was at the making hereof,[1] I bid you farewell, yours, Firk.

L. Mayor. Stay, stay, Sir Knave!

Lincoln. Come hither, shoemaker!

Firk. 'T is happy the knave is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not have vouchsafed to come back to you. I am moved, for I stir.

L. Mayor. My lord, this villain calls us knaves by craft.[2]

Firk. Then 't is by the gentle craft, and to call one knave gently, is no harm. Sit your worship merry! [*aside*] Syb, your young mistress—I'll so bob[3] them,[4] now my master, Master Eyre is lord mayor of London.

L. Mayor. Tell me, sirrah, whose man are you?

Firk. I am glad to see your worship so merry. I have no maw[5] to this gear,[6] no stomach as yet to a red petticoat.

Pointing to SYBIL

Lincoln. He means not, sir, to woo you to his maid,
But only doth demand whose man you are.

Firk. I sing now to the tune of *Rogero.* Roger, my fellow, is now my master.

Lincoln. Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans, a shoemaker?

Firk. Hans, shoemaker? O yes, stay, yes, I have him. I tell you what, I speak it in secret: Mistress Rose and he are by this time —no, not so, but shortly are to come over one another with "Can you dance the shaking of the sheets?" It is that Hans—[*Aside*] I'll so gull[3] these diggers![7]

L. Mayor. Know'st thou, then, where he is?

Firk. Yes, forsooth; yea, marry!

Lincoln. Canst thou, in sadness[8] ——

Firk. No, forsooth, no, marry!

L. Mayor. Tell me, good honest fellow, where he is,
And thou shalt see what I'll bestow on thee.

Firk. Honest fellow? No, sir; not so, sir; my profession is the gentle craft; I care not

[1] Cause to embark.
[2] Q1 *dies.*
[3] Perhaps Dutch *hane-kam*, coxcomb, fool.
[4] Fine.
[5] "Fits like a glove."

[1] The formal phrase in conclusion of a letter.
[2] Cleverly.
[3] Fool.
[4] Q1 *then.*
[5] Inclination.
[6] Business.
[7] *I.e.*, diggers for information.
[8] Seriously.

for seeing, I love feeling; let me feel it here; *aurium tenus*, ten pieces of gold; *genuum tenus*, ten pieces of silver; and then Firk is your man —[*Aside*] in a new pair of stretchers.[1]

L. Mayor. Here is an angel, part of thy reward, 110
Which I will give thee; tell me where he is.

Firk. No point.[2] Shall I betray my brother? No! Shall I prove Judas to Hans? No! Shall I cry treason to my corporation?[3] No, I shall be firked and yerked then. But give me your angel; your angel shall tell you.

Lincoln. Do so, good fellow; 't is no hurt to thee.

Firk. Send simpering Syb away.

L. Mayor. Huswife, get you in. 119

Exit SYBIL

Firk. Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide mouths; but for Hans Prauns, upon my word, to-morrow morning he and young Mistress Rose go to this gear, they shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn Firk to a firkin of butter, to tan leather withal.

L. Mayor. But art thou sure of this?

Firk. Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a handful higher than London Stone,[4] or that the Pissing-Conduit[5] leaks nothing but pure Mother Bunch?[6] Am I sure I am lusty Firk? God's nails, do you think I am so base to 131 gull you?

Lincoln. Where are they married? Dost thou know the church?

Firk. I never go to church, but I know the name of it; it is a swearing church—stay a while, 't is—ay, by the mass, no, no,—'t is—ay, by my troth, no, nor that; 'tis—ay, by my faith, that, that, 't is, ay, by my Faith's Church under Paul's Cross. There they 140 shall be knit like a pair of stockings in matrimony; there they'll be inconic.[7]

Lincoln. Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

Firk. Yes, forsooth.

Lincoln. Doth he not, honest fellow?

Firk. No, forsooth; I think Hans is nobody but Hans, no spirit.

L. Mayor. My mind misgives me now, 't is so, indeed.

[1] Lies, stretchers of the truth.
[2] Not at all. [3] Guild.
[4] A stone which marked the center from which the old Roman roads radiated.
[5] A small conduit near the *Royal Exchange*.
[6] The name given to Mistress Miniver, an ale-wife in Dekker's *Satiromastix*.
[7] A cant term for fine, rare.

Lincoln. My cousin speaks the language, knows the trade. 150

L. Mayor. Let me request your company, my lord;
Your honorable presence may, no doubt,
Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself
Going alone perchance may be o'erborne.
Shall I request this favor?

Lincoln. This, or what else.[1]

Firk. Then you must rise betimes, for they mean to fall to their hey-pass and repass,[2] pindy-pandy, which hand will you have, very early.

L. Mayor. My care shall every way equal their haste. 160
This night accept your lodging in my house,
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's
Prevent this giddy hare-brained nuptial.
This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains:
They ban[3] our loves, and we'll forbid their banns. *Exit*

Lincoln. At Saint Faith's Church thou say'st?

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Lincoln. Be secret, on thy life. *Exit*

Firk. Yes, when I kiss your wife! Ha, ha, here's no craft in the gentle craft. I came 170 hither of purpose with shoes to Sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose, his daughter, be conycatched by Hans. Soft now; these two gulls will be at Saint Faith's Church to-morrow morning, to take Master Bridegroom and Mistress Bride napping, and they, in the mean time, shall chop up the matter at the Savoy.[4] But the best sport is, Sir Roger Oateley will find my fellow lame Ralph's wife going to 179 marry a gentleman, and then he'll stop her instead of his daughter. O brave! there will be fine tickling sport. Soft now, what have I to do? O, I know; now a mess of shoemakers meet at the Woolsack,[5] in Ivy Lane, to cozen[6] my gentleman of lame Ralph's wife, that's true.

Alack, alack!
Girls, hold out 'tack![7]
For now smocks for this jumbling
Shall go to wrack. 190

Exit

[1] "Anything you like." [2] Conjuring terms.
[3] Curse.
[4] A hospital the chapel of which served as the parish church.
[5] An ordinary of low repute.
[6] Cheat.
[7] Perhaps, withstand attack.

[ACT V, SCENE I]

[*A Room in Eyre's House*]

Enter EYRE, *his wife* [MARGERY], HANS, *and* ROSE

Eyre. This is the morning, then; stay, my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable; therefore, if you——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ans, Hans, and these et caeteras! By mine honor, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee. Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre lord mayor of London? Fear nothing, Rose: let them all say what they can; dainty, come thou to me—laughest thou?

Marg. Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman? No, vah! Fie, I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou had'st never covered thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor loaden thy bum with this farthingale, ('t is trash, trumpery, vanity); Simon Eyre had never walked in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine journeyman's Portuguese.—And shall I leave him? No! Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind.

Hans. My lord, 't is time for us to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust-eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gowns at Simon Eyre's heels; take them, good Lady Madgy; trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy; see them linked, countenance the marriage; and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow turtle-doves. I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre; come, dwell with me, Hans, thou shalt eat minced-pies and marchpane.[1] Rose, away, cricket; trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy; Hans, wed, and to bed; kiss, and away! Go, vanish!

Marg. Farewell, my lord.

Rose. Make haste, sweet love.

Marg. She'd fain the deed were done.

[1] A sweetmeat made of sugar and almonds.

Hans. Come, my sweet Rose; faster than deer we'll run.

Exeunt HANS, ROSE, *and* MARGERY

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I say! By the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a lord mayor; it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honor of Saint Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings; his majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day, my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too; they shall have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit[1] together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would feast them all, and I'll do 't, I'll do 't, by the life of Pharaoh; by this beard, Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides, I have procured that upon every Shrove Tuesday,[2] at the sound of the pancake bell,[3] my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap up their shop windows, and away. This is the day, and this day they shall do 't, they shall do 't.

Boys, that day are you free, let masters care,
And prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Exit

[SCENE II]

[*A Street near St. Faith's Church*]

Enter HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, *and five or six* Shoemakers, *all with cudgels or such weapons*

Hodge. Come, Ralph; stand to it, Firk. My masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows, thou shalt have no wrong: were Hammon a king of spades, he should not delve in thy close[4] without thy sufferance. But tell me, Ralph, art thou sure 't is thy wife?

Ralph. Am I sure this is Firk? This morning, when I stroked on[5] her shoes, I looked upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, asked me if ever I knew one Ralph. Yes, said I. For his sake, said she—tears standing in her eyes—and for thou art somewhat like him, spend

[1] As water-bearers to their masters' families.
[2] The great holiday of the year for apprentices.
[3] The bell rung on Shrove Tuesday morning. It came to suggest frying pancakes as meat-substitutes. (Baugh).
[4] Yard.
[5] Fitted.

this piece of gold. I took it; my lame leg and my travel beyond sea made me unknown. All is one for that: I know she's mine.

Firk. Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold! She's thine own,' t is thy wife, and she loves thee; for I'll stand to 't, there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she gives silver to. And for Hammon, neither Hammon nor hangman shall wrong thee in London! Is not our old master Eyre lord mayor? Speak, my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter HAMMON, *his man,* JANE, *and* Others

Hodge. Peace, my bullies; yonder they come.

Ralph. Stand to 't, my hearts. Firk, let me speak first.

Hodge. No, Ralph, let me.—Hammon, whither away so early?

Ham. Unmannerly, rude slave, what's that to thee?

Firk. To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others. Good-morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the world is changed with you! God be thanked!

Ham. Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my love?

All. Villains? Down with them! Cry "clubs"[1] for prentices!

Hodge. Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea, and more than that: we'll carry her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird-spits; shoemakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, all spirit.

All of Hammon's side. Well, and what of all this?

Hodge. I'll show you.—Jane, dost thou know this man? 'T is Ralph, I can tell thee; nay, 't is he in faith, though he be lamed by the wars. Yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him.

Jane. Lives then my husband? O God, let me go,
Let me embrace my Ralph.

Ham. What means my Jane?

Jane. Nay, what meant you, to tell me he was slain?

Ham. Pardon me, dear love, for being misled.

[1] The rallying cry.

[*To* RALPH] 'T was rumored here in London, thou wert dead.

Firk. Thou seest he lives. Lass, go, pack home with him.
Now, Master Hammon, where's your mistress, your wife?

Serv. 'Swounds, master, fight for her! Will you thus lose her?

All. Down with that creature! Clubs! Down with him!

Hodge. Hold, hold!

Ham. Hold, fool! Sirs, he shall do no wrong.
Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

Firk. Yea, sir! She must, sir! She shall, sir! What then? Mend it!

Hodge. Hark, fellow Ralph, follow my counsel: set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman.

Jane. Whom shall I choose? Whom should my thoughts affect[1]
But him whom heaven hath made to be my love?
Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds
Makes thee more beautiful than all his wealth.
Therefore, I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owner's hand,
And after ever be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a rag, Jane! The law's on our side: he that sows in another man's ground, forfeits his harvest. Get thee home, Ralph; follow him, Jane; he shall not have so much as a busk-point[2] from thee.

Firk. Stand to that, Ralph; the appurtenances are thine own. Hammon, look not at her!

Serv. O, swounds, no!

Firk. Blue coat, be quiet, we'll give you a new livery else; we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's Day[3] for you. Look not, Hammon, leer not! I'll firk you! For thy head now, one glance, one sheep's eye, anything, at her! Touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you to clouts.[4]

Serv. Come, Master Hammon, there's no striving here.

Ham. Good fellows, hear me speak; and, honest Ralph,

[1] Love.
[2] A lace with a tag, which fastened the busk, or piece of wood or whale-bone used to keep stays in position.
[3] When blue coats were fashionable. Probably Firk means "We'll beat you black and blue."
[4] Tatters.

Whom I have injured most by loving Jane,
Mark what I offer thee: here in fair gold 100
Is twenty pound, I'll give it for thy Jane;
If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, Ralph; make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her,
And let her be my wife?

All. No, do not, Ralph.

Ralph. Sirrah Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think a shoemaker is so base to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity?[1] Take thy gold, choke with it! Were I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words. 110

Firk. A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood? O indignity!

Hodge. Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one penny, but in lieu
Of that great wrong I offerèd thy Jane,
To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound.
Since I have failed of her, during my life,
I vow, no woman else shall be my wife.
Farewell, good fellows of the gentle trade: 120
Your morning's mirth my mourning day hath made. *Exit*

Firk. [*to the* Serving-man] Touch the gold, creature, if you dare! Y' are best be trudging. Here, Jane, take thou it. Now let's home, my hearts.

Hodge. Stay! Who comes here? Jane, on again with thy mask!

Enter the Earl of Lincoln, *the* Lord Mayor, *and* Servants

Lincoln. Yonder's the lying varlet mocked us so.

L. Mayor. Come hither, sirrah!

Firk. I, sir? I am sirrah? You mean me, do you not? 130

Lincoln. Where is my nephew married?

Firk. Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it. They have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus.

L. Mayor. Villain, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose
This morning should be married at Saint Faith's;
We have watched there these three hours at the least,
Yet see we no such thing.

[1] Gain.

Firk. Truly, I am sorry for 't; a bride's a pretty thing. 140

Hodge. Come to the purpose. Yonder's the bride and bridegroom you look for, I hope. Though you be lords, you are not to bar by your authority men from women, are you?

L. Mayor. See, see, my daughter's masked.

Lincoln. True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firk. Yea, truly; God help the poor couple, they are lame and blind.

L. Mayor. I'll ease her blindness.

Lincoln. I'll his lameness cure. 149

Firk. Lie down, sirs, and laugh! My fellow Ralph is taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Mistress Damask Rose. This is all my knavery.

L. Mayor. What, have I found you, minion?

Lincoln. O base wretch!
Nay, hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be washed off. Where are thy powers?
What battles have you made? O yes, I see,
Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame hath conquered thee.
This lameness will not serve.

L. Mayor. Unmask yourself.

Lincoln. Lead home your daughter.

L. Mayor. Take your nephew hence. 160

Ralph. Hence! Swounds, what mean you? Are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me. Where's Hammon?

L. Mayor. Your wife?

Lincoln. What, Hammon?

Ralph. Yea, my wife; and, therefore, the proudest of you that lays hands on her first, I'll lay my crutch 'cross his pate.

Firk. To him, lame Ralph! Here's brave sport! 170

Ralph. Rose call you her? Why, her name is Jane. Look here else; do you know her now?

[*Unmasking* Jane]

Lincoln. Is this your daughter?

L. Mayor. No, nor this your nephew.
My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abused[1]
By this base, crafty varlet.

Firk. Yea, forsooth, no varlet; forsooth, no base; forsooth, I am but mean; no crafty neither, but of the gentle craft.

L. Mayor. Where is my daughter Rose?
Where is my child? 180

[1] Deceived.

Lincoln. Where is my nephew Lacy marrièd?

Firk. Why, here is good laced mutton,[1] as I promised you.

Lincoln. Villain, I'll have thee punished for this wrong.

Firk. Punish the journeyman villain, but not the journeyman shoemaker.

Enter Dodger

Dodger. My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news.
Your nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose
Early this morning wedded at the Savoy,
None being present but the lady mayoress. 190
Besides, I learnt among the officers,
The lord mayor vows to stand in their defence
'Gainst any that shall seek to cross[2] the match.

Lincoln. Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

Firk. Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper too.

Dodger. Besides, his grace to-day dines with the mayor;
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall
And beg a pardon for your nephew's fault. 200

Lincoln. But I'll prevent him! Come, Sir Roger Oateley;
The king will do us justice in this cause.
Howe'er their hands have made them man and wife,
I will disjoin the match, or lose my life.

Exeunt

Firk. Adieu, Monsieur Dodger! Farewell, fools! Ha, ha! O, if they had stayed, I would have so lammed them with flouts![3] O heart, my codpiece-point is ready to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose. But let that pass, as my lady mayoress says. 210

Hodge. This matter is answered. Come, Ralph; home with thy wife. Come, my fine shoemakers, let's to our master's the new lord mayor, and there swagger this Shrove Tuesday. I'll promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the cellar.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firk. And I'll promise you meat enough, for simp'ring Susan keeps the larder. I'll lead you to victuals, my brave soldiers; follow your captain. O brave! Hark, hark! *Bell rings* 221

All. The pancake-bell rings, the pancake-bell! Trilill, my hearts!

Firk. O brave! O sweet bell! O delicate pancakes! Open the doors, my hearts, and shut up the windows! keep in the house, let out the pancakes! O rare, my hearts! Let's march together for the honor of Saint Hugh to the great new hall[1] in Gracious Street corner, which our master, the new lord mayor, hath built. 231

Ralph. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord mayor's cost to-day!

Hodge. By the Lord, my lord mayor is a most brave man. How shall prentices be bound to pray for him and the honor of the gentlemen shoemakers! Let's feed and be fat with my lord's bounty.

Firk. O musical bell, still! O Hodge, O my brethren! There's cheer for the heavens: venison-pasties walk up and down piping hot, 241 like sergeants; beef and brewess[2] comes marching in dry-vats,[3] fritters and pancakes comes trowling in in wheel-barrows; hens and oranges hopping in porters' baskets, collops[4] and eggs in scuttles,[5] and tarts and custards comes quavering in in malt-shovels.

Enter more Prentices

All. Whoop, look here, look here!

Hodge. How now, mad lads, whither away so fast?

1 Prentice. Whither? Why, to the great 251 new hall, know you not why? The lord mayor hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning.

All. O brave shoemakers, O brave lord of incomprehensible good-fellowship! Whoo! Hark you! The pancake-bell rings.

They cast up their caps

Firk. Nay, more, my hearts! Every Shrove Tuesday is our year of jubilee; and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my lord mayor; we may shut up our shops, and 261 make holiday; I'll have it called Saint Hugh's Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed! Saint Hugh's Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for ever.

All. O brave! Come, come, my hearts! Away, away!

[1] A slang term for a woman, here with a pun on "Laced."
[2] Thwart.
[3] Jeers.

[1] Leadenhall.
[2] Broth.
[3] Barrels.
[4] Slices of meat.
[5] Broad, shallow baskets or dishes.

Firk. O eternal credit to us of the gentle craft! March fair, my hearts! O rare!
Exeunt

[SCENE III]

[*A Street in London*]

Enter the KING *and his* Train *over the stage*

King. Is our lord mayor of London such a gallant?
Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your land.
Your grace will think, when you behold the man,
He's rather a wild ruffian than a mayor.
Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty,
In all his actions that concern his state
He is as serious, provident, and wise,
As full of gravity amongst the grave,
As any mayor hath been these many years.
King. I am with child[1] till I behold this huff-cap.[2]
But all my doubt[3] is, when we come in presence,
His madness will be dashed clean out of countenance.
Nobleman. It may be so, my liege.
King. Which to prevent,
Let some one give him notice, 't is our pleasure
That he put on his wonted merriment.
Set forward!
All. On afore! *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*A Great Hall*]

Enter EYRE, HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, *and other* Shoemakers, *all with napkins on their shoulders*

Eyre. Come, my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen shoemakers; soft, where be these cannibals, these varlets, my officers? Let them all walk and wait upon my brethren; for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the livery of my company, shall in their satin hoods wait upon the trencher of my sovereign.
Firk. O my lord, it will be rare!
Eyre. No more, Firk; come, lively! Let your fellow-prentices want no cheer; let wine be plentiful as beer, and beer as water. Hang these penny-pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent lamb-skins.[1] Rip, knaves, avaunt! Look to my guests!
Hodge. My lord, we are at our wits' end for room; those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.
Eyre. Then cover me those hundred tables again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted. Avoid, Hodge! Run, Ralph! Frisk about, my nimble Firk! Carouse me fathom-healths to the honor of the shoemakers. Do they drink lively, Hodge? Do they tickle it, Firk?
Firk. Tickle it? Some of them have taken their liquor standing so long that they can stand no longer; but for meat, they would eat it an they had it.
Eyre. Want, they meat? Where's this swag-belly, this greasy kitchen-stuff cook? Call the varlet to me! Want meat? Firk, Hodge, lame Ralph, run, my tall men, beleaguer the shambles, beggar all Eastcheap, serve me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs for want of good fellows to eat them. Want meat? Vanish, Firk! Avaunt, Hodge!
Hodge. Your lordship mistakes my man Firk; he means, their bellies want meat, not the boards; for they have drunk so much, they can eat nothing.

THE SECOND THREE MEN'S SONG

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl[2] the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee:
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down heydown a down,
(*Close with the tenor boy*)
Hey derry derry, down a down!
Ho, well done; to me let come!
Ring compass,[3] gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee: etc.
Repeat as often as there be men to drink; and at last when all have drunk, this verse:
Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

[1] In suspense. [2] Swaggerer. [3] Fear.

[1] Purses. [2] Pass. [3] Ring out a full peal.

Enter HANS, ROSE, *and* Wife [MARGERY]

Marg. Where is my lord?

Eyre. How now, Lady Madgy?

Marg. The king's most excellent majesty is new come; he sends me for thy honor; one of his most worshipful peers bade me tell thou must be merry, and so forth; but let that pass.

Eyre. Is my sovereign come? Vanish, my tall shoemakers, my nimble brethren; look to my guests, the prentices. Yet stay a little! How now, Hans? How looks my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me.
I know, your honor easily may obtain
Free pardon of the king for me and Rose,
And reconcile me to my uncle's grace.

Eyre. Have done, my good Hans, my honest journeyman; look cheerily! I'll fall upon both my knees, till they be as hard as horn, but I'll get thy pardon.

Marg. Good my lord, have a care what you speak to his grace.

Eyre. Away, you Islington whitepot![1] hence, you hopper-arse! hence, you barley-pudding, full of maggots! you broiled carbonado![2] avaunt, avaunt, avoid, Mephistophiles! Shall Sim Eyre leave to speak of you, Lady Madgy? Vanish, Mother Miniver-cap;[3] vanish, go, trip and go; meddle with your partlets[4] and your pishery-pashery, your flewes[5] and your whirligigs; go, rub,[6] out of mine alley! Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman,[7] to Tamburlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, shall I droop before my sovereign? No, come, my Lady Madgy! Follow me, Hans! About your business, my frolic free-booters! Firk, frisk about, and about, and about, for the honor of mad Simon Eyre, lord mayor of London.

Firk. Hey, for the honor of the shoemakers!

Exeunt

[SCENE V]

[*An Open Yard before the Hall*]

A long flourish, or two. Enter the KING, Nobles, EYRE, *his* Wife [MARGERY], LACY, ROSE. LACY *and* ROSE *kneel*

King. Well, Lacy, though the fact[8] was very foul
Of your revolting from our kingly love
And your own duty, yet we pardon you.
Rise both, and, Mistress Lacy, thank my lord mayor
For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre. So, my dear liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren, the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet majesty's image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this honor you have done poor Simon Eyre. I beseech your grace, pardon my rude behavior; I am a handicraftsman, yet my heart is without craft; I would be sorry at my soul, that my boldness should offend my king.

King. Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even as merry
As if thou wert among thy shoemakers;
It does me good to see thee in this humor.

Eyre. Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian? Then, hump! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. By the Lord of Ludgate, my liege, I'll be as merry as a pie.[1]

King. Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker;[2] you see not a white hair on my head, not a gray in this beard. Every hair, I assure thy majesty, that sticks in this beard, Sim Eyre values at the King of Babylon's ransom; Tamar Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to 't: yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-balls with it, to please my bully king.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I can cry hump! with a sound heart for the honor of Saint Hugh. Mark this old wench, my king: I danced the shaking of the sheets with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young lord mayors, ere I die. I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still. Care and cold lodging brings white hairs. My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy nobles, it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry hump! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born.

King. Ha, ha!
Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like?

Nobleman. Not I, my lord.

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN *and* SIR ROGER OATELEY

King. Lincoln, what news with you?

[1] Custard. [2] Slice of meat.
[3] Fur-cap. [4] Ruffs.
[5] Flaps; as resembling the hanging chaps of a hound.
[6] Obstruction, a term in bowling.
[7] Possibly an allusion to Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda*, about 1590.
[8] Deed.

[1] Magpie. [2] Stripling.

Lincoln. My gracious lord, have care unto yourself,
For there are traitors here.
All. Traitors? Where? Who?
Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid!
Where be my officers? I'll spend my soul, ere
my king feel harm. 51
King. Where is the traitor, Lincoln?
Lincoln. Here he stands.
King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy!—Lincoln, speak,
What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge?
Lincoln. This, my dear liege: your Grace, to do me honor,
Heaped on the head of this degenerous[1] boy
Desertless favors; you made choice of him
To be commander over powers in France.
But he——
King. Good Lincoln, prithee, pause a while!
Even in thine eyes I read what you wouldst speak. 61
I know how Lacy did neglect our love,
Ran himself deeply, in the highest degree,
Into vile treason——
Lincoln. Is he not a traitor?
King. Lincoln, he was; now have we pardoned him.
'T was not a base want of true valor's fire,
That held him out of France, but love's desire.
Lincoln. I will not bear his shame upon my back.
King. Nor shalt thou, Lincoln; I forgive you both.
Lincoln. Then, good my liege, forbid the boy to wed 70
One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed.
King. Are they not married?
Lincoln. No, my liege.
Both. We are.
King. Shall I divorce them then? O be it far
That any hand on earth should dare untie
The sacred knot, knit by God's majesty;
I would not for my crown disjoin their hands
That are conjoined in holy nuptial bands.
How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?
Lacy. Not for all India's wealth, my sovereign.
King. But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forgo? 80

[1] Degenerate.

Rose. If Rose were asked that question, she'd say no.
King. You hear them, Lincoln?
Lincoln. Yea, my liege, I do.
King. Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these two?
Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers?
L. Mayor. I do, my gracious lord, I am her father.
King. Sir Roger Oateley, our last mayor, I think?
Nobleman. The same, my liege.
King. Would you offend Love's laws?
Well, you shall have your wills; you sue to me
To prohibit the match. Soft, let me see—
You both are married, Lacy, art thou not? 90
Lacy. I am, dread sovereign.
King. Then, upon thy life,
I charge thee, not to call this woman wife.
L. Mayor. I thank your grace.
Rose. O my most gracious lord! *Kneels*
King. Nay, Rose, never woo me; I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a bachelor,
Yet I believe I shall not marry you.
Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul,
Yet make the body live?
King. Yea, so profound?
I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide.
This fair maid, bridegroom, cannot be your bride. 100
Are you pleased, Lincoln? Oateley, are you pleased?
Both. Yes, my lord.
King. Then must my heart be eased;
For, credit me, my conscience lives in pain,
Till these whom I divorced, be joined again.
Lacy, give me thy hand; Rose, lend me thine!
Be what you would be! Kiss now! So, that's fine.
At night, lovers, to bed!—Now, let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony.
L. Mayor. Will you then take from me my child perforce?
King. Why tell me, Oateley: shines not Lacy's name 110
As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams
Of any citizen?
Lincoln. Yea, but, my gracious lord,
I do mislike the match far more than he;
Her blood is too, too base.
King. Lincoln, no more.

Dost thou not know that love respects no blood,
Cares not for difference of birth or state?
The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
A worthy bride for any gentleman.
Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
To bear necessity, and, as I hear, 120
Forgetting honors and all courtly pleasures,
To gain her love, became a shoemaker.
As for the honor which he lost in France,
Thus I redeem it: Lacy, kneel thee down!—
Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy! Tell me now,
Tell me in earnest, Oateley, canst thou chide,
Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride?

L. Mayor. I am content with what your grace hath done.

Lincoln. And I, my liege, since there's no remedy.

King. Come on, then, all shake hands: I'll have you friends; 130
Where there is much love, all discord ends.
What says my mad lord mayor to all this love?

Eyre. O my liege, this honor you have done to my fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these favors which you have shown to me this day in my poor house, will make Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm summers more than he should.

King. Nay, my mad lord mayor—that shall be thy name—
If any grace of mine can length thy life, 140
One honor more I'll do thee: that new building,
Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,
Shall take a name from us; we'll have it called
The Leadenhall, because in digging it
You found the lead that covereth the same.

Eyre. I thank your majesty.

Marg. God bless your grace!

King. Lincoln, a word with you!

Enter Hodge, Firk, Ralph, *and more* Shoemakers

Eyre. How now, my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly, yonder is the king.

King. With the old troop which there we keep in pay, 150
We will incorporate a new supply.
Before one summer more pass o'er my head,
France shall repent, England was injurèd.
What are all those?

Lacy. All shoemakers, my liege,
Sometime[1] my fellows; in their companies
I lived as merry as an emperor.

[1] Q 1 *sometimes.*

King. My mad lord mayor, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre. All shoemakers, my liege; all gentlemen of the gentle craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers; they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh. 161

All. God save your Majesty! All shoemaker[s].

King. Mad Simon, would they anything with us?

Eyre. Mum, mad knaves! Not a word! I'll do 't; I warrant you. They are all beggars, my liege; all for themselves, and I for them all on both my knees do entreat, that for the honor of poor Simon Eyre and the good of his brethren, these mad knaves, your grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week. 172

King. Mad Sim, I grant your suit; you shall have patent
To hold two market-days in Leadenhall;
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times.
Will this content you?

All. Jesus bless your grace!

Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more. 181

King. What is it, my lord mayor?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with feasts;
Already have I been too troublesome;
Say, have I not?

Eyre. O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken unawares upon a day of shroving,[1] which I 190
promised long ago to the prentices of London.
For, an 't please your highness, in time past,
I bare the water-tankard,[2] and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse upon my back;
And then, upon a morning, some mad boys,—
It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 't is now,—
gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my tankard, if ever I came to be lord mayor of London, I would feast all the

[1] Merry-making.
[2] As an apprentice.

prentices. This day, my liege, I did it, and the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered; they are gone home and vanished. 202
Yet add more honor to the gentle trade,
Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy made.

King. Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,
I have not met more pleasure on a day.
Friends of the gentle craft, thanks to you all;
Thanks, my kind lady mayoress, for our cheer.—
Come, lords, a while let's revel it at home!
When all our sports and banquetings are done,
Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun. *Exeunt* 211

EVERY MAN IN his Humor.

As it hath beene ſundry times *publickly acted by the right* Honorable the Lord Cham- *berlaine his ſeruants.*

Written by BEN. IOHNSON.

Quod non dant proceres, dabit Hiſtrio.

Haud tamen inuidias vati, quem pulpita paſcunt.

First Edition.

Imprinted at London for *Walter Burre*, and are to *be ſould at his ſhoppe in Paules Church-yarde.*
1601.

This famous comedy was entered in the Stationers' Register, August 4 [1600]; and (with several other plays, among them *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing*) was ordered "to be staied", that is, withheld from publication. Such "stays" as to printing were usually due to objections on the part of interested persons, here perhaps the players. Later in 1600, August 14, the play was regularly entered in the Register and duly printed in quarto, 1601, "as it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants, written by Ben Jonson". In this text the scene is Venice and the personages bear Italian names. The title page of this first quarto is here given for its historical interest. Later, Jonson transferred the scene to London, assigned English names to his characters, and otherwise revised his earlier version. This he published in the first folio of his collected works, 1616, with the added words: "This Comoedie was first Acted in the yeere 1598", and the listing of the name "Will. Shakespeare" first among "the principall Comoedians". The text of this later edition is reproduced in this book. It is uncertain just when this revision was made by the author. Simpson, the most recent editor of Jonson, favors 1612, when the folio was projected. Discussion as to the originality and epochmaking quality of this celebrated play belongs to histories of the drama. It long retained popularity on the stage.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KNOWELL, *an Old Gentleman*
EDWARD KNOWELL, *his Son*
BRAINWORM, *the Father's Man*
MASTER STEPHEN, *a Country Gull*[1]
DOWNRIGHT, *a Plain Squire*
WELLBRED, *his Half-Brother*
JUST[ICE] CLEMENT, *an Old Merry Magistrate*
ROGER FORMAL, *his Clerk*
KITELY, *a Merchant*
DAME KITELY, *his Wife*
MISTRESS BRIDGET, *his Sister*
MASTER MATHEW, *a Town Gull*
[THOMAS] CASH, *Kitely's Man*
[OLIVER] COB,[2] *a Water-bearer*
TIB, *his Wife*
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, *a Paul's-man*[3]

[Wellbred's and other Servants]
THE SCENE: London

[1]Fool. [2]A red herring. [3]One who frequents the aisle of the Cathedral in hope of meeting with acquaintance or an invitation to dinner.

PROLOGUE

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve th'ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words, 10
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please:
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor rollèd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come; 20
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes,
Except we make 'hem such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know th'are ill.
I mean such errors as you'll all confess
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so graced monsters, may like men. 30

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR[1]

Ben Jonson

ACT I, SCENE I[2]

[*A Street*]

[*Enter* Knowell *at the door of his House*]

Know. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.—Brainworm!

[*Enter* Brainworm]

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.
Brai. I will, sir, presently.[3]
Know. But hear you, sirrah,[4]
If he be at his book, disturb him not.
Brai. Well, sir. [*Exit*]
Know. How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects. 10
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good accompt in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favored him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond[5] opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humor he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art, 20
Good unto none, but least to the professors;
Which then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge:
But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment,
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from th' useful learnings.

[*Enter* Master Stephen]

Cousin Stephen!

[1] The first quarto of this play, 1601, spells the title throughout Humor; the folios, 1616 and 1640, both Humour.

[2] Jonson's practice indicates a new scene on entry of a new personage. Ordinarily he lists all the characters in a given scene at the beginning. For clarity's sake, these practices are not followed in this text, but his scenes are indicated in a note where each occurs.

[3] At once. [4] Sir, usually to inferiors.

[5] Doting.

What news with you, that you are here so early?
Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.
Know. That's kindly done; you are welcome coz.[1] 30
Step. Ay, I know that, sir; I would not have come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?
Know. O, well, coz; go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.
Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.
Know. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you? 40
Step. No, wusse;[2] but I'll practise against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells,[3] and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.
Know. O, most ridiculous!
Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle:—Why, you know an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him: they are more studied than the Greek, or the 50 Latin. He is for no gallants' company without 'hem; and by gads-lid[4] I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every hum-drum:[5] hang 'hem, scroyles![6] there's nothing in 'hem i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking[7] to Islington ponds? A fine jest, i'faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun[8] show himself like a gentle- 60 man. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.
Know. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb. Go to!
Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak;
Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow[9] to waste

[1] Cousin. [2] Ywis, indeed.
[3] The trappings for a hawk. [4] A mock oath.
[5] A copesmate for any common man. [6] Scabs.
[7] Duck hunting. [8] Must. [9] Enough.

That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a kite![1]
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?
O, it is comely! this will make you a gentleman! 70
Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim:—ay, so; now you are told on't
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place, 80
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
And you be left like an unsavory snuff, 90
Whose property is only to offend.
I'ld ha' you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still:
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

[*Enter a* Servant][2]

Who comes here?

Serv. Save you, gentlemen! 100

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome: and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will: I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time,[3] sir. 110

Step. In good time, sir! why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! you were not best, sir; an[1] you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent. 120

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?[2] 130

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would——

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull?[3]
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You see, the honest man demeans himself
Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply
To your unseasoned, quarrelling, rude fashion;
And still you huff it,[4] with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity. 140
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit* Master Stephen]

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this Master Knowell's house?

Know. Yes, marry[5] is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you 150 mercy, sir: I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy.[6] [*Reads*] To his most selected friend, Master Edward Knowell.—What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be covered. 160

[1] A kite could not be trained.
[2] Fol. Scene II.
[3] Very well.
[1] If.
[2] Can't you give it up?
[3] Fool.
[4] Swagger.
[5] Indeed, originally an oath.
[6] Put on your hat.

Serv. One Master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred! A young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitely married his sister; the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.[1]

Know. You say very true.—Brainworm!

[*Enter* BRAINWORM]

Brai. Sir.

Know. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you, go in.

[*Exeunt* BRAINWORM *and* Servant]

This letter is directed to my son: 171
Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error, to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope, old men are curious,
Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase;
To see if both do answer my son's praises,[2]
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred. What have we here? What's this?

Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or 181 dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet, if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall: an I had been his son, I had saved him the labor long since, if taking 191 in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling[3] every kernel of the fruit for 'hem, would have served. But, prithee, come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee!—our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other 201 —I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'hem be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.[1]

From the Windmill.

From the Bordello[2] it might come as well,
The Spittle,[3] or Pict-hatch.[4] Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit, 211
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth!
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!
Why should he think I tell[5] my apricots, 220
Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought
Y' had had more judgment t' have made election[6]
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
No argument or subject from their jest.
But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man, too much the father.—Brainworm!

[*Enter* BRAINWORM]

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter? 231

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Know. And where's your young master?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but with no notice that I have opened it, on your life. 240

Brai. O lord, sir, that were a jest indeed!

[*Exit*]

Know. I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent mean to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for that

[1] The Jews' quarter.
[2] The praises bestowed on him.
[3] Husking.

[1] Expenses.
[2] Brothel.
[3] Hospital.
[4] A place of detention for bad women.
[5] Count.
[6] Selection.

Restrained, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear: 250
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compelled to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn 'hem, and the same
They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame. [*Exit*]

[SCENE II][1]

[*A Room in* KNOWELL'S *House*]

[*Enter* E. KNOWELL, *with a Letter in his hand, followed by* BRAINWORM]

E. Know. Did he open it, sayst thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee, made he i' the reading of it? was he angry, or pleased?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No? how knowst thou then, that he did either? 10

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

E. Know. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

[*Enter* STEPHEN]

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, Master Stephen; what of him? 20

Step. O, I have such a mind to beat him ——where is he, canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid[2] i' the fields! Whoreson Scanderbag[1] rogue! O that I had but a horse 30 to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may have my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay rolled hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss[2] me a little; he does so vex me—— 40

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed,[3] Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brai. A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well. 50

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust; I'll have a pair of silk again'[4] winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose——

Brai. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness,[5] I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, 60 Master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. [*Exit*]

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy[6] for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha! (KNOWELL *laughs having read the letter*)

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do——

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him 70 good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger[7] of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle[8] yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man,

[1] Fol. Scene III. [2] Waited for him.

[1] The Albanian patriot Castriot.
[2] Stephen has eased his garments ready to fight.
[3] Tied as to your laces that kept up the breeches also beaten. [4] Against, by. [5] Seriously.
[6] Many thanks. [7] Dealer in fruit.
[8] A publisher of ballads.

for he takes much physic; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Wellbred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens——[*sees* MASTER STEPHEN] What, my wise cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess.[1] He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee——

Step. O, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me——

E. Know. How now, Cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little: I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would have told mine uncle.

E. Know. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then——

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, I pray you, let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an't were; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest——

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackins,[2] but I will, by your leave:—I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me; but I speak to serve my turn.[3]

E. Know. Your turn, coz! do you know what you say? A gentleman o' your sort,[4] parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk of your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit![1] Fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savor of a strong spirit, and he! this man! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again' a good time,[2] shews more bright to the world than he! and he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher[3] with a smoaky lawn, or a black cyprus![4] O, coz! it cannot be answered; go not about it: Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are be portrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your physnomy, "here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature," which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like than I have been, I'll insure[5] you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute Master Stephen!—Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humor: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pounds.—Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III][6]

[*The Lane before* COB'S *House*]

[*Enter* MASTER MATHEW]

Mat. I think this be the house: what, ho!

[*Enter* COB]

Cob. Who's there? O, Master Mathew! gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here, in our days.

[1] Four at dinner. [2] By my faith. [3] Serve my purpose, also, as misunderstood, to fulfil my job, e.g. carry water. [4] Rank.

[1] Public pump. [2] On a holiday. [3] Bodice. [4] Crape. [5] Promise. [6] Fol. Scene IV.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob! what lineage? what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man neither, by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of fish, from his belly I proceed, one of the monarchs of the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's[1] books. His cob[2] was my great-great-mighty-great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavory jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay, sir: With favor of your worship's nose, Master Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou wouldst say.

Cob. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broiled o' the coals; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope! you are a scholar, upsolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw ignorance!—Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas, ha, ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well; do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house, he! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass,[3] I thought somewhat was in it, we could not get him to bed all night. Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast[1] better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so: perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token,[2] or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. —Gi' me my tankard there, ho!—God be wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should have carried two turns by this.—What ho! my stopple;[3] come.

[*Enter* Tib *with a water-tankard*]

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings![4] Well, I'll tell him my mind!

Cob. What, Tib! shew this gentleman up to the captain. [*Exit* Tib *with* Master Mathew] O, an my house were the Brazen-head[5] now! faith it would e'en speak "Moe fools yet." You should have some now would take this Master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is (O, my guest is a fine man!) and they flout him invincibly. He useth[6] every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one Master Kitely's, in the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her mistress;[7] and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'hem! I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poyetry, poyetry, and speaking of interludes; 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him—— Well, should they do so much to me, I'ld forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh! There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest—he teaches me—he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: By St. George! the foot of Pharaoh! the body of me! as I am [a] gentleman and a soldier! such dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the

[1] Herald. [2] Cob is a variety of herring.
[3] A familiar oath.

[1] To throw dice and to throw up.
[2] A coin or "chip;" a euphemism for drunk.
[3] Tib is the stopper of the water bottle.
[4] Possessions. [5] See *Friar Bacon*, above.
[6] He is accustomed to go. [7] His beloved.

fume come forth at's tonnels.[1]—Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it! I shall ha' it, he says, the next action.[2] Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, up-tails all,[3] and a louse for the hangman. [*Exit*]

[SCENE IV][4]

[*A room in* COB'S *House*]

BOBADILL *is discovered lying on his bench*

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

[*Enter* TIB]

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup of thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague——what meant he?

Mat. [*below*] Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there?—Take away the bason, good hostess!—Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house here!

[*Enter* MATHEW]

Mat. Save you, sir, save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle Master Mathew! Is it you, sir? please you sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort[5] of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk too, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others.—Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private.

[1] Nostrils. [2] Battle, also term time. [3] Glasses emptied. [4] Fol. Scene V. [5] Set.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Mathew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who, I, sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valor in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir: I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo?[1]

Mat. Ay; did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was: they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'hem, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

[MASTER MATHEW *reads*] BOBADILL *is making him ready all this while*

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" there's a conceit! "fountains fraught with tears! O life, no life, but lively form of death!" another. "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" a third. "Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!" a fourth. O, the muses! Is't not excellent. Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. "To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh and rude,
Haste made the waste: thus mildly, I conclude."

[1] *The Spanish Tragedy*, see above.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses: But when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use. 90

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger,[1] which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like: yet he condemned, and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that he ever saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not? 101

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook![2] he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but 110 hay, he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still,[3] where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?[4] 120

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said, cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel[5] presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the 130 great Caranza.[6] Come hither, you shall chartel him; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure; the first stoccata,[1] if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un- 140 in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff[2] here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir: exalt not 150 your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus: —give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit* Tib] So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So! indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—O, you disorder your point most irregularly. 160

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill! A well experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?[3]

Bob. Why, thus, sir,—make a thrust at me—come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body: The best practised gallants of the time name it the passada; a most desperate thrust, believe it. 170

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue,[4] sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination, as ever I heard: O, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that.—Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where 180 you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit—I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick. You shall kill him with it at the first, if you

[1] The side-strap of a sword belt. [2] Simpleton. [3] Always. [4] Indeed. [5] Challenge. [6] An authority of 1569 on the duel.

[1] Thrust. [2] Stick for beating mattresses. [3] Cheat me. [4] Bout, also thrust.

please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand and foot, to control any enemy's point in the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing; by this hand, you should by the 190 same rule control his bullet in a line, except it were hailshot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Mathew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we 200 shall meet the Croydon[1] his brother there, and put him to the question.

ACT II, SCENE I

[*The Old Jewry. A Hall in* KITELY'S *House*]

[*Enter*] KITELY, CASH, [*and*] DOWNRIGHT

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key: it is no matter, neither.—
Where is the boy?
Cash. Within, sir, i' the warehouse.
Kit. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight.[2] Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar: Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grograns,[3] at the rate I told him, 10
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.
Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit*]
Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?
Dow. Ay, what of him?
Kit. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christened him, gave him mine own name, Thomas;
Since bred him at the Hospital;[4] where proving
A toward imp,[5] I called him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier, 20
And given him, who had none, a surname, Cash:

[1] Bumpkin.
[2] Eight ryals, value about two dollars.
[3] Grogram a stuff of silk and wool.
[4] Christ's Hospital, the Blue Coat School.
[5] Youngster.

And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.
Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother; what is't? what is't?
Kit. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection—— 31
Dow. What need this circumstance?[1] pray you, be direct.
Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behavior,
And usage of your sister, but confirm
How well I've been affected to your——
Dow. You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.
Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how, 40
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly altered in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And what was chief, it showed not borrowed in him,
But all he did became him as his own,
And seemed as perfect, proper, and possest,
As breath with life, or color with the blood.
But now his course is so irregular, 51
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fallen off
From that first place, as[2] scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theater, a public receptacle 60
For giddy humor, and diseasèd riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stews,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants, and, indeed, what not?

[1] Beating about the bush. [2] That.

Dow. 'Sdeins,[1] I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world! He values me at a cracked three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o' the flesh that's bred in the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well, he knows what to trust to, 'fore George:[2] let him spend, and spend, and domineer till his heart ache; an he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the Counters,[3] he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish[4] at the wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with 't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath![5] he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother.
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
Though but with plain and easy circumstance,
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savor less of stomach,[6] or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants you authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tottering down,
And in the ruin bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humor,
And overflowing of the vapor in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars,
With the false breath of telling what disgraces,
And low disparagements, I had put upon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
From my flat cap unto my shining shoes;[7]
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this:
They would give out, because my wife is fair,
Myself but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
That I were jealous!—nay, as sure as death,
That they would say: and how that I had quarrelled
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I,
Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself;
Lend scorn and envy opportunity
To stab my reputation, and good name——

[*Enter* MASTER MATHEW *struggling with* BOBADILL][1]

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not! You shall not do him that grace.—The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is Master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night,[2] sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me; I'll talk to no scavenger.

[*Exeunt* BOBADILL *and* MATHEW]

Dow. How! scavenger! stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, brother Downright.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger! well, go to, I say little: but, by this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger! heart!—and I'll go near

[1] God's dignity. [2] Before, by George. [3] Debtors' prison. [4] Comes begging. [5] God's death. [6] Anger. [7] Features of a tradesman's dress.

[1] Fol. Scene II. [2] Last night.

to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours[1] with somewhat, an I have good luck: your 160
Garagantua breech[1] cannot carry it away so.

Kit. O, do not fret yourself thus; never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts,[2] these! these are his cam'rades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut![3] Let me not live, an I could not find it in my heart to swinge the whole ging[4] of 'hem, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be 170
said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so he shall drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension then
Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler,
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently and compose
Th' imperfect thoughts you labor to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the consent. 181

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now! (*Bell rings*) O, the bell rings to breakfast.
Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife
Company till I come; I'll but give order
For some dispatch of business to my servants.
[*Exit* Downright]

[*Enter* Cob] *who passes by with his tankard*[5]

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning. 189

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening. [*Exit*]

Kit. Well; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security
As I could wish: but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venter,[6]
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers, 200
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't like,[7] that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity unshaken,
When such strong motives muster, and make head
Against her single peace? No, no: beware.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kind and quality
Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time 210
Had answered their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
For opportunity hath baulked 'hem yet,
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron bar
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave, 220
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

[*Enter* Dame Kitely *and* Bridget]

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. [*Exit* Bridget]—Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now!—

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss,[1] we stay for you.

Kit. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.—

Dame K. What ail you, sweetheart? are 230
you not well? speak, good muss.

Kit. Troth my head aches extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. [*putting her hand to his forehead*] O, the lord!

Kit. How now! What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal. For love'ssake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air. 240

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her answers!
A new disease, and many troubled with it!
Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me in the wind;[2] sweetheart!
I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray heaven it do. [*Exit*]

[1] Allusions to the bombast wide breeches worn by Bobadill. [2] Copesmates.
[3] Born to be hanged. [4] Gang.
[5] Fol. Scene III; *He passes by them with his tankard.*
[6] Venture. [7] Likely.

[1] Mouse, a term of endearment.
[2] She scents my thoughts.

Kit. A new disease! I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be called poor mortals' plague,
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapor spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is it to know this!
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes! Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me.
[*Exit*]

[SCENE II]

[*Moorfields*][1]

[*Enter* BRAINWORM *disguised like a maimed* Soldier]

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort[2] of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico.[3] O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot,[4] over Moorfields to London, this morning; now I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue-waiters,[5] and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley[6] at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici,* I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights,[1] my arm here, and my——Young master! and his cousin, Master Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

[*Enter* E. KNOWELL *and* STEPHEN]

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, coz?
Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.
E. Know. How! lost your purse? where? when had you it?
Step. I cannot tell; stay.
Brai. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me: would I could get by them!
E. Know. What, have you it?
Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I——
[*cries*]
E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it go.
Step. O, it's here: No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.
E. Know. A jet ring! O, the posy, the posy?[2]
Step. Fine, i' faith.—

"Though fancy sleep,
My love is deep."

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.
E. Know. Most excellent!
Step. And then I sent her another, and my posy was,

"The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judged by St. Peter."

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.
Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the meter.
E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he helped you at your need; thank him, thank him.
Brai. I cannot take leave on 'hem so; I will venture, come what will. [*Comes forward*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier; one that, in the better state of my fortune, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humor of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame:

[1] Fol. Scene IV. [2] Pack. [3] Poisoned fig.
[4] By scentless foot prints, by guess.
[5] The blue coat was that of service.
[6] Prove a fool.

[1] An under officer commanding ten men, corporal.
[2] A motto inscribed in a ring.

however, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit——

E. Know. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulph, a gentleman-slave in the gallies, thrice; where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though! I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it as it is, an you would give me an angel.[1]

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir: nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt——

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow. I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom,[2] and may have a rapier for money!

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't because 'tis a field rapier.[3] Tell me your lowest price.

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

[1] The gold coin.
[2] A local and contemporary marauder.
[3] One that has been in action.

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III][1]

[*The Same*]

Enter KNOWELL

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter,
Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.—
When I was young, he lived not in the stews[2]
Durst have conceived a scorn, and uttered it,
On a gray head: age was authority
Against a buffon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life: so much
The sanctity of some prevailed for others.
But now we all are fallen; youth, from their fear,
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,
That did destroy the hopes in our own children;
Or they not learned our vices in their cradles,
And sucked in our ill customs with their milk.
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning! The first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests:
Can it call whore? cry bastard? O, then, kiss it!
A witty child! can't swear? the father's dearling!
Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn
No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!—
But this is in the infancy, the days
Of the long coat; when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. Ay, it is like,[3]
When it is gone into the bone already!
No, no, this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver,[4]
And heart, in some: and rather than it should not,

[1] Fol. Scene V. [2] Tenderloin. [3] Likely.
[4] Seat of the passions, as the heart was of knowledge.

Note what we fathers do! look how we live!
What mistresses we keep! at what expense,
In our sons' eyes! where they may handle our gifts,
Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own
Portion is fled, to prey on the remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice;
Bait 'hem with the young chamber-maid, to seal,
And teach 'hem all bad ways to buy affliction.
This is one path: but there are millions more,
In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
That travelled with my son before sixteen,
To shew him the Venetian courtezans:
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
To my sharp boy, at twelve, repeating still
The rule, "Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter."[1] Neither have I
Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem;
Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,[2]
At all the ordinaries,[3] and only feared
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers now; however,
My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
None of these household precedents, which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
If he will live abroad with his companions,[4]
In dung and laystals,[5] it is worth a fear:
Nor is the danger of conversing less
Than all that I have mentioned of example.

[*Enter* BRAINWORM, *disguised as before*]

Brai. [*aside*] My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am fleshed[6] now, I have sped so well. Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of life.—God's my comfort, but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy?

Know. I have not for you, now.

[1] Of recommendation. [2] Gluttony of old age. [3] Eating houses. [4] Pals. [5] Heaps of filth. [6] Started, initiated.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been; a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: Sweet worship——

Know. Nay, an you be so importunate——

Brai. O, tender sir, need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus—[*he weeps*]. Honorable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time.[1] By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: Sweet honor——

Know. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base.
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg,
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labor; nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg:
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so——

Know. Ay,
You'ld gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek?

[1] Under ordinary conditions.

in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but——and for service, would it were as soon purchased,[1] as wished for! the air's my comfort [*sighs*].—I know what I would say.

Know. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword!

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honor of a soldier——

Know. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths;
Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

Know. Well, follow me, I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit*]

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose.—O, that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus! now shall I be possest of all his counsels; and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience: O, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock,[2] or a musket-rest[3] again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end[4] for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey: well, I'll follow him. O, how I long to be employed! [*Exit*]

ACT III, SCENE I

[*The Old Jewry. A Room in the Windmill Tavern*]

[*Enter* Master Mathew, Wellbred, *and* Bobadill]

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

[1] Obtained. [2] An outer coat.
[3] The device to hold the musket when fired.
[4] Training ground for the city train bands.

Wel. O, I came not there to-night.[1]

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Master Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honor, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part——

Wel. Good captain, face about to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. O, Master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter*.[2]

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do,—or you do not, sir.

[*Enter* E. Knowell *and* Master Stephen]

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls[3] the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now, I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humor is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Know. O, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus' epistles, and I'll have my judgment burned in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle[4] what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Know. Why sayst thou! why dost thou think that any reasonable creature,

[1] Last night.
[2] Whom the impartial Jove has loved.
[3] The Muses. [4] Marvel.

especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mista'en my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view of your flourishing style, some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith? 60

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two better,[1] for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my 70 two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem, if thou hear'st 'hem once go; my wind-instruments; I'll wind 'hem up ——but what strange piece of silence is this? the sign of the dumb man?

E. Know. O, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humor, sir.

Wel. O, what is't, what is't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither do your 80 judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him, so.

Wel. Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir [*to* STEPHEN], but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is Master Stephen, sir; 90 I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle, sir; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Master Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favor you please), I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words. 100

E. Know. And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

[1] More so.

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. O, it's your only fine humor, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen 110 and paper, presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. [*aside*] Sure he utters them then by the gross.

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service. 120

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you; have you a stool there, to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

Wel. [*aside*] Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem! I might see self-love burnt for her 130 heresy.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Know. O ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Know. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of service, was performed tomorrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years, now. 140

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium,[1] where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what do you call it,[2] last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and 150 dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier!

Step. 'So![3] I had as lief as an angel[4] I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Know. Then, you were a servitor at

[1] Recaptured from the Turks, 1596.
[2] Substitute for Tortosa of the Q.
[3] Godso! [4] The coin.

both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Know. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i' faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. [*aside to* STEPHEN] Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Know. [*aside*] You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins[1] just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel[2] in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. O, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth:[3] you shall perceive, sir. [*shows his rapier*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana,[4] or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marle[5] whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo! Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder[6] apiece, an I would have a thousand of them.

[1] Small cannon. [2] Pistol.
[3] Without the slightest.
[4] The swords of Bevis, King Arthur and Orlando.
[5] Wonder. [6] Less than a dollar.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, Master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier,[1] no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it—an e'er I meet him——

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir, you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching[2] rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.[3]

Wel. It's better as it is.—Come, gentleman, shall we go?

[*Enter* BRAINWORM, *disguised as before*][4]

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

Step. O, God's lid! By your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it. By God's will, an you had not confest it——

E. Know. O, cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confest it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favor, do you see.

E. Know. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favor: a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. O, it's a most precious fool, make

[1] One provided by the sutler, issued like rations.
[2] Cheating. [3] That is, courage.
[4] Fol. Scene II.

much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum; for every one may play upon him. 260

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you?

E. Know. With me, sir? you have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Brai. You are conceited,[1] sir. Your name is Master Knowell, as I take it?

E. Know. You are i' the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir, I am none of that coat.[2] 270

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though: well, say sir.

Brai. [*taking* E. Know. *aside*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm.

E. Know. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither 280 in this shape?

Brai. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father!

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me. 290

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?

Brai. At Justice Clement's house here, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return; and then——

Wel. Who's this? Brainworm!

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, i' the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding 300 the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? what a question is that!

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little: Brainworm, thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.—Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not: 'heart, an our wits be 310 so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest[1] to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen!

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I. [*Exeunt*]

[1] Witty. [2] A clergyman.

SCENE II[2]

[*The Old Jewry.* Kitely's *Warehouse*]

[*Enter*] Kitely [*and*] Cash

Kit. What says he, Thomas? did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half-hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that's well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak!— [*Exit* Cash]

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet, 10
May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
In two hours' absence; well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your subtilty that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robbed,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go. Business, go by for once. 21
No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract,[3]
To be left so, without a guard, or open.
Your luster, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws;
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.
You must be then kept up close, and well watched,
For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends 30
His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go;
The dangers are too many:—and then the dressing
Is a most main attractive! Our great heads,
Within this city, never were in safety,

[1] Enlisted. [2] Fol. Scene III. [3] Value.

Since our wives wore these little caps: I'll change 'hem;
I'll change 'hem straight in mine: mine shall no more
Wear three-piled[1] acorns, to make my horns ache.
Nor will I go; I am resolved for that.

[*Re-enter* CASH *with a cloak*]

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too: 40
I will defer going, on all occasions.
Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.
Kit. That's true: fool on me! I had clean forgot it;
I must go. What's a clock?
Cash. Exchange-time, sir.[2]
Kit. 'Heart, then will Wellbred presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass, 50
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turned and turned:
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act.—It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me.—Thomas!
Cash. Sir.
Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.—
Thomas, is Cob within?
Cash. I think he be, sir. 60
Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange!
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change; what should I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope—
Your love to me is more—— 70
Cash. Sir, if a servant's

[1] Best quality of velvet.
[2] Time to begin business; ten o'clock.

Duty, with faith, may be called love, you are
More than in hope, you are possessed of it.
Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas: gi' me your hand:
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart unto you—but,
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up;
So far I tell you, Thomas.
Cash. Sir, for that——
Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas, 80
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas; if thou shouldst
Reveal it, but——
Cash. How! I reveal it?
Kit. Nay,
I do not think thou wouldst; but if thou shouldst,
'Twere a great weakness.
Cash. A great treachery,
Give it no other name. 90
Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then?
Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!
Kit. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some concealed purpose, and close[1] meaning sure;
Else, being urged so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no precisian,[2] that I'm certain of,
Nor rigid Roman Catholic: he'll play
At fayles and tick-tack;[3] I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? urge him again, 100
And by some other way! I will do so.
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose:—
Yes, you did swear?
Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you——
Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;
I am resolved without it; at thy pleasure.
Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,

[1] Secret. [2] Puritan.
[3] Both old table games played with dice, not dissimilar to backgammon.

My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Delivered me in nature of your trust.
Kit. It's too much; these ceremonies need not:
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is—[*aside*]
—Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venter.[1]
I have of late, by divers observations——[*aside*]
But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha! say you?
I will ask counsel ere I do proceed:—
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.
Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.
Kit. I will think:—and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.
Cash. I will, sir.
Kit. And hear you, if your mistress's brother, Wellbred,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.
Cash. Very well, sir.
Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman-street, to Justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
Cash. I will not, sir.
Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else; fail not to send me word.
Cash. I shall not, sir.
Kit. Be't your special business
Now to remember it.
Cash. Sir, I warrant you.
Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.
Cash. No, sir; I do suppose it.
Kit. Believe me, it is not.
Cash. Sir, I do believe you.
Kit. By heaven it is not, that's enough: but, Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here.—[*Touches his forehead*]
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit*]
Cash. Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here!
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha!
Best dream no longer of this running humor,
For fear I sink; the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all: but soft,
O, 'tis our water-bearer; somewhat has crost him now.

[*Enter* Cob, *hastily*][1]

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! they say the whole world shall be consumed with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks[2] and villainous Fridays burnt in the meantime, and then——

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? what moves thee to this choler, ha?

Cob. Collar, Master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir; I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's trick, sir.

Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum,[3] and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob, thy humor, thy humor—thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humor! mack,[4] I think it be so, indeed; what is that humor? some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. O ay, humor is nothing if it be not fed: didst thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, feed my humor.

Cob. I'll none on it: humor avaunt! I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall

[1] Venture.

[1] Fol. Scene IV.
[2] Weeks of fasting.
[3] Phlegm.
[4] For Mass!

not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I have much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day—a plague on them all for me! By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drowned them all i' the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach[1] them hugely. I have a maw[2] now, an 'twere for Sir Bevis his horse, against 'hem.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'hem, I think; their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I'm sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal,[3] and eat my own fish and blood. My princely coz, [*he pulls out a red herring*] fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as King Cophetua. O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacks; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would ne'er be known. I'll be hanged an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'hem, and puts in more fasting days than he should do, because he would utter[4] his father's dried stock-fish[5] and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight, peace! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else; here's Master Mathew.

[*Enter* Wellbred, E. Knowell, Brainworm, Mathew, Bobadill, *and* Stephen][6]

Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. [*Exit with* Cob]

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

[1] I am angry with them. [2] Appetite.
[3] For cannibal. [4] Sell. [5] Salt fish.
[6] Fol. Scene. III.

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was it possible thou shouldst not know him? I forgive Master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been joined patten[1] with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost[2] and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling.[3] Into the likeness of one of these reformados[4] had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been serjeant-major, if not lieutenant-coronel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his lifetime, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the cloathing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?[5]

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for a crafty knave needs no broker.

Brai. True, sir; but I did need a broker, ergo——

Wel. Well put off:—no crafty knave, you'll say.

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten,[6] sir.

[*Re-enter* Cash]

Cash. Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? what a spite's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kitely within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en

[1] Made equal. [2] A sub-officer, patrol.
[3] One used at shovel-board.
[4] Disbanded officers. [5] Wonder.
[6] Shifts, tricks and changes of apparel.

now; but Master Downright is within.—Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir.—Cob! [*Exit*]

E. Know. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar, but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I showed him you the other day.

E. Know. O, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests i' the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall[1] of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; anything, indeed, if it come in the way of his humor.

CASH *goes in and out calling*

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart, where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to vouchsafe?—Francis! Cob! [*Exit*]

Bob. Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado: did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple[2] only: therefore it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind so, it makes an antidote, that had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,— your Balsamum and your St. John's wort are all mere gulleries[3] and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humors, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much; by Hercules I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

[*Re-enter* CASH *with* COB]

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. O, O!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kitely's man?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [*Exit*]

Cob. By God's me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will never scape it: he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, and there were no wiser men than I, I'ld have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco-pipe: why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.[1]

BOBADILL *beats him with a cudgel*

All. O, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion,[2] you!

[*Re-enter* CASH]

Cash. Sir, here's your match.—Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humor of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

[*Exit* CASH *with* COB]

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but

[1] Walk dryshod near the wall. [2] Herb.
[3] Hoaxes.

[1] Arsenic poison. [2] Rascal.

that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'ld ha' stabbed him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. O, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Cæsar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honor, and by St. George!—No, I ha' not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.[1]

Step. None, I thank you, sir. [*To himself*] O, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this air! (MASTER STEPHEN *is practising to the post*) As I am a gentleman! By——

[*Exeunt* BOBADILL *and* MATHEW]

Brai. [*pointing to* MASTER STEPHEN] Master, glance, glance! Master Wellbred!

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest ——

Wel. You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation——

E. Know. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed——

Wel. No, Master Stephen? As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden.[2]

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, it is divine tobacco!

Wel. But, soft, where's Master Mathew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O, let's follow them: Master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished.—Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

[1] Then the usual phrase.
[2] Parade ground for the city bands

E. Know. 'Tis larded with 'hem; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III][1]

[*Coleman Street. A Room in* JUSTICE CLEMENT'S *House*]

[*Enter* KITELY *and* COB]

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Wellbred——

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm!
Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forkèd stings, thus wide and large! But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste.
Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?
I, that before was ranked in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What! never sigh;
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls in my wife's lap,
The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know.—
But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No;
Their lips were sealed with kisses, and the voice,
Drowned in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.—
Cob,
Which of them was't that first kissed my wife,
My sister, I should say?—My wife, alas!
I fear not her: ha! who was it, sayst thou?

[1] Fol. Scene VI.

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it? 40

Kit. O, ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw anybody to be kissed, unless they would have kissed the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kit. How! were they not gone in then ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir. 50

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?
Cob, follow me. [*Exit*]

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit;[1] I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: O for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lien[2] in my house, 60 'twould never have grieved me; but being my guest, one that, I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing; pawned her neckerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for't: here comes Justice Clement.

[*Enter* Justice Clement, Knowell, *and* Formal][3]

Clem. What's Master Kitely gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir. 71

Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave us so abruptly?—How now, sirrah! what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbor of your worship's——

Clem. A poor neighbor of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbor.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice:[4] I have 80 paid scot and lot[5] there any time this eighteen years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: Marry, I have seldom scaped scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well! What business has my poor neighbor with me?

[1] Work to do. [2] Lodged.
[3] Fol. Scene VII. [4] A tavern.
[5] "Portion and charge."

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! 90 Did I e'er hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant for one that has wronged me, sir; his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't, I am sure.

Know. Why, dost thou go in danger of 100 thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelvemonth and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me.

Clem. How, how, knave, swear he killed thee, and by the law? What pretence, what color hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship, both black and blue; color enough, I war- 110 rant you. I have it here to show your worship.

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says he is, o' the city here.

Clem. A soldier o' the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob[1] and 120 beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by 'hem when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah? 130

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, Justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice!

Clem. Nay, God's precious! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done: away with 140 him!

[1] Rap.

Cob. O, good master justice! Sweet old gentleman! [*To* KNOWELL]

Know. "Sweet Oliver,"[1] would I could do thee any good!—Justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal[2] in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers!—Roger, away with him! by God's precious——I say, go to.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it; but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant:—he shall not go, I but fear the knave.[3]

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship!

Clem. Away, dispatch him. [*Exit* FORMAL *and* COB]—How now, Master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'ld drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV, SCENE I

[*A Room in* KITELY'S *House*]

[*Enter*] DOWNRIGHT [*and*] DAME KITELY

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'hem in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort[1] of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'hem: an 'twere not more for your husband's sake than anything else, I'ld make the house too hot for the best on 'hem: they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should have come in, e'er a one of them.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this? Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'ld mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

[*Enter* MISTRESS BRIDGET, MASTER MATHEW, *and* BOBADILL: *followed, at a distance, by* WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM][2]

Brid. Servant,[3] in troth you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Wel. O, now stand close;[4] pray heaven, she can get him to read! he should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you!

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy——

Down. To mock an ape withal! O, I could sew up his mouth now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you rhyme-given, too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can indure the stocks better. [*Exit*]

E. Know. What ails my brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad.

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than

[1] The first words of a song. [2] Pewter.
[3] Make him fear.

[1] Bevy. [2] Fol. Scene II.
[3] Accepted suitor, corresponding to Mistress.
[4] Apart, quietly.

cheese, or a bagpipe: but mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humor; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a——pray you, sir, you can judge?

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie! while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce.*[1]

E. Know. How! *incipere dulce!* a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed!

Wel. What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a motte.[2]

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase; *pauca verba, pauca verba!*[3]

Mat. "Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine."

E. Know. This is in Hero and Leander.[4]

Wel. O, ay; peace! we shall have more of this.

Mat. "Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff
Is of behavior boisterous and rough."

Wel. How like you that, sir?

MASTER STEPHEN *answers with shaking his head*

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:
"And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother."

E. Know. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

[1] It is sweet to begin. [2] Mot or motto.
[3] Few words.
[4] Marlowe's famous poem. The quotations are not quite accurate.

E. Know. A filching rogue, hang him! and from the dead! it's worse than sacrilege.

[WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, *and* MASTER STEPHEN *come forward*]

Wel. Sister, what have you here, verses? pray you let's see: who made these verses? they are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning; I made them *ex tempore*, this morning.

Wel. How! *ex tempore*?

Mat. Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the—pox on it!—the Star,[1] yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they ha' curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable! The best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier!

[*Re-enter* DOWNRIGHT]

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still: Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here!

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire: Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. O, monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother! what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare anybody here; but say, what tricks?

Brid. Passion of my heart, do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied![2] Why, you monkies you, what a caterwauling do you keep? has he not given you rhymes and verses and tricks?

Down. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take

[1] A tavern. [2] Seen and unseen.

it in snuff[1] so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be begged else shortly for a concealment:[2] go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston[3] at least. How now, gallants! Master Mathew! Captain! 150 what, all sons of silence, no spirit!

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss;[4] this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now! whose cow has calved?[5]

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha' done. 160

Wel. My companions!

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and your potlings,[6] your soldados and foolados to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah you ballad-singer, and Slops[7] your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that 170 presently.[8]

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea that would I fain see, boy.

They all draw and they of the house make out to part them

Dame K. O Jesu! Murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas! 180

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven! nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

They offer to fight again, and are parted

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coystril![9]

[1] In anger.
[2] Considered a fool for concealing it.
[3] Tester, sixpence. [4] Indeed.
[5] What's the matter?
[6] Small poets inspired by drink.
[7] Bobadill wears "bombast trousers."
[8] At once. [9] Rascal, groom.

[*Enter* KITELY][1]

Kit. Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here?
Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he? 190
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:
My wife and sister, they are cause of this.
What, Thomas! where is this knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humors, this.

Step. I am glad no body was hurt by his ancient humor.

[*Exeunt* WELLBRED, STEPHEN, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, *and* BRAINWORM]

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl? 200

Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'hem ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
Too sudden in your humor; and you know
My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear 210
Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace he should receive
Might wound him in opinion and respect.

Down. Respect! what talk you of respect 'mong such
As ha' nor spark of manhood nor good manners?
'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect!

[*Exit*]

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demeaned himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother; 220
You'ld pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seemed to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts.

[*Exeunt* DAME KITELY *and* BRIDGET]

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.
"Fair disposition! excellent good parts!"
Death! these phrases are intolerable.
Good parts! how should she know his parts?
His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well;

[1] Fol. Scene III.

It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your sister——

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much:
I'll die but they have hid him in the house,
Somewhere; I'll go and search; go with me, Thomas:
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.[1] [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II[2]

[*The Lane before* Cob's *House*]

[*Enter* Cob]

Cob. [*knocks at the door*] What, Tib, Tib, I say!

Tib. [*within*] How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard?

Enter Tib.

O, husband, is it you! what's the news?

Cob. Nay, you have stunned me, i' faith; you have given me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me. Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that knocked? Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.

Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie! and in my throat too! do you long to be stabbed, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

Cob. O, must you be stabbed by a soldier? Mass, that's true! when was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist,[3] that fencing Burgullian?[4] I'll tickle him, i' faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow!

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white, [*pulls out the warrant*] for his black and blue shall pay him. O, the justice! the honestest old brave Trojan in London! I do honor the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villainous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door, I charge you let no body in to you, wife; no body in to you; those are my words: not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, sweet.

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower.
Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III[1]

[*A Room in the Windmill Tavern*]

[*Enter*] E. Knowell, Wellbred, Stephen, [*and*] Brainworm, [*disguised as before*]

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I' faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand,[2] remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'hem in true motion. What you have possest me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question. [*Exit*]

Wel. Forth and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not; but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she

[1] One worthy the name. [2] Fol. Scene IV.
[3] Thief. [4] Braggart.

[1] Fol. Scene V. [2] At any rate.

is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by——what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am——

E. Know. Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE IV] [1]

[*The Old Jewry*]

Enter FORMAL *and* KNOWELL]

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Know. Ay, a knave,
I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

[*Enter* BRAINWORM, *disguised as before*]

O, here he is!—You've made fair speed, believe me:
Where, in the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Know. How so?

Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself.

Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discovered
All that I strictly charged him to conceal?
'Tis so!

Brai. I am partly o' the faith 'tis so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice: if it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, Master Knowell's man! another cries, Soldier! and thus half a dozen of 'hem, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seemed men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany 'hem; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me (as, I protest, they must[ha'] dissected, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told them), they locked me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom[1] of pack-thread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was locked up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave[2] citizens' wives with 'hem at a feast; and your son, Master Edward, withdrew with one of 'hem, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the Wall.[3] Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match,
I doubt not.
Go thou along with Justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house,
say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit* KNOWELL] Yes—invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! O the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet.

[1] Fol. Scene VI.

[1] Skein. [2] Well dressed. [3] London Wall.

O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson[1] now of this justice's novice!—Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers.

Form. You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and 80 expense of all, almost.

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle[2] of wine on you, if it please you to accept it——

Brai. O, sir——

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.[3] 90

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know;—and [*aside*] more too somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir;—and [*aside*] make grist o' you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt*] 100

SCENE V[4]

[*Moorfields*]

[*Enter*] Mathew, E. Knowell, Bobadill, [*and*] Stephen

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Master Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado. 10

Bob. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that. You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

He practises at a post

[1] Simpleton. [2] Two-quart measure.
[3] Training ground for City bands.
[4] Fol. Scene VII.

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay!

Mat. Rare, captain!

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done 20 in a——punto.[1]

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travail for knowledge in that mystery only, there came three or four of 'hem to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resi- 30 dent at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools; and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanor out of all measure. Well, I told 'hem that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humor; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favor I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth. 41

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased 'hem since a credit to admiration: they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent; and for no 50 other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures; but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch,[2] which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, 60 and at my ordinary:[3] where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire,[4] raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I

[1] Instant. [2] Disreputable suburbs.
[3] Eating-house. [4] Like the ant.

delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'hem: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no! what's a peculiar[1] man to a nation? not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords,—observe me,—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccata, your passada, your mountanto;[2] till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentlemanlike carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

[1] Single. [2] Technical terms of fence.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin,[1] I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado[2] him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. Gods so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

DOWNRIGHT *walks over the stage*

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It's not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged then if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

[*Re-enter* DOWNRIGHT]

But see, he is come again.

Down. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools;[3] draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valor, I do believe in thee; hear me——

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall[4] man, I never thought on it till now——Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

Down. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

He beats him and disarms him; MATHEW *runs away*

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favor forbear!

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist[5] you! You'll control the point, you! [*Looking about*] Your consort is gone; had he staid he had shared with you, sir.

[*Exit*]

[1] Sky. [2] Beat. [3] Weapons. [4] Brave. [5] Rascal.

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadas, and your mountantos. I'll none of them. [*Exit* Bobadill] O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'hem! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll ha' this cloak.

E. Know. Gods will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en 't up as well as I; I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha' it: I'll say I bought it.

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE VI][1]

[*A Room in* Kitely's *House*]

[*Enter* Kitely, Wellbred, Dame Kitely, *and* Bridget]

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels,
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection[2]
Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you: since there is no harm done. Anger costs a man nothing; and a tall[3] man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valor in obscurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned, for any thing he knows; or the wholesome wine he drunk, even now at the table.

Kit. Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember
My wife drunk to me last, and changed the cup,
And bade me wear this cursèd suit to-day.
See, if heaven suffer murder undiscovered!
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,[1]
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;
O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn.
If you will save my life, go, fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humor! my very breath has poisoned him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean?
The strength of these extreme conceits[2] will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poisoned with a simile? Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this? For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I then not poisoned?
Am I not poisoned? how am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

[Brainworm] *comes disguised like* Justice Clement's *man*

Brai. Master Kitely, my master Justice Clement salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out, and set 'hem sentinels till I return. Thomas! Cob! Thomas! [*Exit*]

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm; [*takes him aside*] but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

[1] Fol. Scene VIII. [2] Addition. [3] Brave.

[1] Antidote. [2] Notions.

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where so I marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armor, and an old brown bill[1] to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I ha' pawned his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brainworm: his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for, here, tell him the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower,[2] I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away.

[*Exit* BRAINWORM]

[*Re-enter* KITELY, *talking aside to* CASH]

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now, my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.[3]
Hark, what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas;
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress:
If she would show him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow 'hem, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him;
Or praise his leg, or foot; or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,
And, if they do but whisper, break 'hem off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

[1] Pike.
[2] In the neighborhood immediate marriage might be obtained. [3] Listen to me.

Kit. Why, I believe thee: Where is Cob, now? Cob! [*Exit*]

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob: I wonder how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient: but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. [*Exit* CASH] I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i' faith I'ld return him his own, I warrant him! [*Exit*]

Wel. So, let 'hem go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it: for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.—But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure, they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse,[1] say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the—— Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honor of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you, where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savors of an old knight-adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.[2]

[1] Cosmetics. [2] Apple-squire or pander.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend.
But see who is returned to hinder us!

[*Re-enter* KITELY]

Kit. What villainy is this? called out on a false message!
This was some plot; I was not sent for.—Bridget,
Where's your sister?
Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.
Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?
Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.
Kit. Abroad with Thomas! O, that villain dors[1] me:
He hath discovered all unto my wife.
Beast that I was, to trust him!
Whither, I pray you, went she?
Brid. I know not, sir.
Wel. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.
Kit. Whither, good brother?
Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel.
Kit. I will, I will: to Cob's house! doth she haunt Cob's?
She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favor,
Hath told her all. [*Exit*]
Wel. Come, he's once more gone,
Sister, let's lose no time; the affair is worth it. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE VII][2]

[*A Street*]

[*Enter* MATHEW *and* BOBADILL]

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha?
Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that's all.
Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?
Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.
Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?
Bob. Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your nobilis, your gentilezza,[3] come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato[1] with his left leg, come to the assalto[2] with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter; fascinated; but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.
Mat. Do you hear? i' it not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before Justice Clement?
Bob. It were not amiss; would we had it.

[*Enter* BRAINWORM, *disguised as* FORMAL]

Mat. Why, here comes his man; let's speak to him.
Bob. Agreed, do you speak.
Mat. Save you, sir.
Brai. With all my heart, sir.
Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would do us the favor to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.
Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favors as these gotten of my master is his only preferment,[3] and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.
Mat. How is that, sir?
Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great accompt; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels[4] in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.
Mat. How shall we do, captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money?
Bob. Not a cross,[5] by fortune.
Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.
Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.
Mat. O, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist: it must be done now.
Bob. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull 'hem off.
Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have

[1] Fools me.
[2] Fol. Scene IX.
[3] Nobles and gentry.

[1] Retreat.
[2] Attack.
[3] The only advancement I get.
[4] A couple of gold coins.
[5] Small coins were marked with a cross.

good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it dispatched ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently.[1] What's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. And here are stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain; that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets of the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt* Bobadill *and* Mathew]

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest.[2] [*Exit*]

[SCENE VIII][3]

[*The Lane before* Cob's *House*]

[*Enter* Knowell]

Know. O, here it is: I am glad I have found it now:
Ho! who is within here?

Tib. [*within*] I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know. O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not
You have some guests within deserve that fear;
I'll fetch him straight.

[Tib *opens the door*]

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

Know. Go to: come, tell me, is not young Knowell here?

Tib. Young Knowell! I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty.

Know. Your honesty, dame! it flies too lightly from you:
There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think. [*Claps to the door*]

[*Enter* Dame Kitely *and* Cash]

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here?

Know. O, this is the female copesmate of my son:
Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, good wife!

[Tib *reopens the door*]

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why woman, grieves it you to ope your door?
Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?

Dame K. So strange you make it! is not my husband here?

Know. Her husband!

Dame K. My tried husband, Master Kitely?

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

Know. This is but a device to baulk me withal:

[*Enter* Kitely, *muffled in his cloak*]

Soft, who is this? 'tis not my son disguised?

Dame K. (*spies her husband come, and runs to him*)
O, sir, have I forestalled your honest market,
Found your close[1] walks? You stand amazed now, do you?
I' faith, I am glad I have smoked you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her;
Fetch forth your housewife, dame; if she be fairer,
In any honest judgment, than myself,
I'll be content with it: but she is change,

[1] At once.
[2] Instead of the arrest.
[3] Fol. Scene X.

[1] Secret.

She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod[1] to you, sir! O, you treachor![2]
Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,
Close[3] at your villainy, and wouldst thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent, [*to* KNOWELL] dost thou not shame,
When all thy powers in chastity is spent,
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?
Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!
Kit. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here,
Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?
Know. Why, hear you, sir.
Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak;
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.
Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?
Kit. Well, good wife ba'd,[4] Cob's wife and you,
That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy;[5]
And you, young apple-squire,[6] and old cuckold-maker;
I'll have you every one before a justice:
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.
Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly;
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.
Kit. Come, will you go?
Dame K. Go! to thy shame, believe it.

[*Enter* COB]

Cob. Why, what's the matter here to do?
Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abused,
And in thy house; never was man so wronged!

[1] Boiled. [2] Traitor. [3] Secretly.
[4] Bad and bawd. [5] Fool. [6] Go-between.

Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my master Kitely! who wrongs you in my house?
Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'hem.
Cob. How, bawd! is my house come to that? Am I preferred thither? Did I not charge you to keep your doors shut, Isbel? and do you let 'hem lie open for all comers!

He falls upon his wife and beats her

Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.
This is madness in thee.
Cob. Why, is there no cause?
Kit. Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, Cob:
Come, let her go with me.
Cob. Nay, she shall go.
Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be allowed to make a bundle of hemp[1] of your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?
Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we will have you tamed. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE IX][2]

[*A Street*]

[*Enter* BRAINWORM, *disguised as a city serjeant*]

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo, by this exploit; pray heaven I come well off!

[*Enter* MATHEW *and* BOBADILL]

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.
Bob. Let's go in quest of him.
Mat. 'Save you, friend! are not you here by appointment of Justice Clement's man?
Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.
Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and

[1] Hemp is beaten. [2] Fol. Scene XI.

see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, Master Mathew.

[*Enter* STEPHEN *in* DOWNRIGHT'S *cloak*]

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I; I am Master Stephen: you do not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you, heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here a comes indeed; this is he, officer.

[*Enter* DOWNRIGHT]

Down. Why, how now, signior gull![1] are you turned filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen? these rascals!

[*offers to beat them*]

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir; I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make[2] the justice, captain.

Bob. The varlet's a tall[3] man, afore heav'n!

[*Exeunt* BOBADILL *and* MATHEW]

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

[1] Master Gull. [2] Prepare. [3] Brave.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Down. I'll have you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word,[1] and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose at another time; but you shall not now, varlet: bring him along, or I'll swinge[2] you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case: here's your money again.

Down. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Down. Yet more ado?

Brai. [*aside*] I have made a fair mash[3] on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along, afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it: can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V, SCENE I

[*A Hall in* JUSTICE CLEMENT'S *House*]

[*Enter*] CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, [*and*] *Servants*

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. You, Master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk! about what time was this?

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitely?

Kit. After two, sir.

[1] For your appearance [2] Beat. [3] Muddle

Clem. Very good; but, Mistress Kitely, how chance[1] that you were at Cob's, ha?

Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used[2] thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitely: but did you find your husband there, in that case[3] as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so! that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How, Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled[4] in this most grossly, all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.—

Enter a Servant

How now, sir, what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! take down my armor, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on. [*He arms himself*] Hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget,[5] my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon —— Let the soldier enter.

[*Exit* Servant]

[*Enter* Bobadill, *followed by* Mathew][6]

Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Bob. By your worship's favor ——

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answered here; here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humor of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honor, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armor off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

[*Re-enter* Servant]

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant] Set by this picture.

[*Enter* Downright, Stephen, *and* Brainworm, *disguised as before*][1]

What, Master Downright! are you brought at Master Freshwater's[2] suit here?

Down. I' faith, sir: and here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who, Master Knowell?

Know. Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it erewhile.

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a while. You

[1] Did it happen. [2] Was accustomed to go. [3] Under the circumstances that. [4] Fooled. [5] Neck piece. [6] Fol. Scene II.

[1] Fol. Scene III. [2] One who had never been 'cross seas.

that have cause to complain there, stand forth: Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'hem! Where is the warrant—officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir, your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so ——

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? He must serve it! Give me my long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrah; [BRAINWORM *kneels*] Nay, stand up, I'll use you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say.

(*He flourishes over him with his long sword*)

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good Master Justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I must cut off your legs, sirrah, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why, so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah! away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick, for your must, sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame, certain. [*Throws off his serjeant's gown*]

Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. O, yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of: Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favors come hard from me.—You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself: first, as Brainworm, after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reformed soldier,[1] sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Know. Is it possible? or that thou shouldst disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, Master Kitely, a message too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while Master Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope.

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make 'hem; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent[2] 'hem, and invite 'hem home.

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch 'hem hither upon my warrant. [*Exit* Servant] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

[1] Reformado, disbanded officer. [2] Anticipate.

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine (but all in kindness), and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off, this is my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit of the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine,[1] while I know him, for't. How now, what noise is that?

[*Enter* Servant]

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

[*Enter* Formal, *in a suit of armor*][2]

What! drunk? in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this?

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am "Justice Clement," and do pardon him: but what is this to your armor? what may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up in the room where I was stript; and I borrowed it of one of the drawers[3] to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

[*Enter* E. Knowell, Wellbred, *and* Bridget][4]

Who be these? O, the young company; welcome, welcome! Give you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'hem, they are no part of my care.[5]

[1] Wit. [2] Fol. Scene IV. [3] Waiters.
[4] Fol. Scene V. [5] Bobadill and Mathew.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister, the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at extempore.

Mount up thy Phlegon,[1] Muse, and testify
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,
And through the welkin thundered all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket muse: please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein. [*they search* Mathew's *pockets*]

Wel. You must not deny the queen's Justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? body o' me, he carries a whole realm,[2] a commonwealth of paper i' his hose: let us see some of his subjects. [*reads*]

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,
Runs this poor river, charged with streams of eyes.[3]

How! this is stolen.

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. [*sets the papers on fire*] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it is at the highest; and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi!*

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff, Master Kitely. You look upon me!—though I live in the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars, these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach;[4] they have it with the fact.[5]

[1] A horse of the sun. [2] Pun on ream.
[3] From Daniel's *Delia.* [4] Merely.
[5] Deed.

E. Know. Sir, you have saved me the labor of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o' the soldier, and picture o' the poet (but both so false, I will not ha' you hanged out at my door till midnight),[1] while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third,[2] because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep and he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give Master Downright his cloak; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have i' the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavor with your wit to keep 'hem so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, Master Downright, your anger; you, Master Knowell, your cares; Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy. For, I must tell you both, while that is fed, Horns i' the mind, are worse than o' the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart:—

See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Winged with my cleansèd and my credulous breath!
Watch 'hem suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads, that think they have none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.
I have learned so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference: whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. [*Exeunt*]

[1] When none can see. [2] *I.e.*, Formal.

A WOMAN KILDE with Kindneſſe.

Written by Tho: Heywood.

LONDON
Printed by William Iaggard dwelling in Barbican, and
are to be ſold in Paules Church-yard.
by Iohn Hodgets. 1607.

Only two old editions of *A Woman Killed with Kindness* remain extant: that of 1607 and that of 1617. As the latter is described on the title page as "the third edition," it is to be presumed that another earlier edition once existed. According to Miss Bates, who has most recently edited this play (for the *Belles Lettres Series*, 1917), the quarto of 1617 is by far the better in text; and this has been substantially followed here, not without regard for the previous labors as well of Collier, Verity and Ward. Two entries of *Henslowe's Diary* as to payments for Heywood's play in March, 1603, go to show that *A Woman Killed with Kindness* was on the stage at least in that year and that it was acted by the Earl of Worcester's players, afterwards known as Queen Anne's. But as this company acted variously at the Rose, the Fortune and elsewhere, we can not be sure of the playhouse. *A Woman Killed with Kindness* is a typical specimen of the domestic drama. Heywood's real source is life, not literary story, and this despite similarities in outline referred to Italian fiction as represented in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (Part I, 58 for the main plot, 43 for the underplot). I take issue with those who call the pathos of this play sentimental.

Thomas Heywood was born about 1570 and a family connection with the old writer of interludes, John Heywood, has been claimed for him. He was sometime fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge and is traceable in Southwark and elsewhere about London. His earliest work was perhaps *The Four Prentices of London*, about 1592, and he continued a fertile writer for the Admiral's men, Worcester's, and Queen Anne's company and others throughout a long life, dying as late as 1641. Heywood was a pamphleteer as well as a dramatist. Among his many excellent plays may be named *Edward IV*, *The English Traveller*, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, *The Fair Maid of the West* and *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*. In admiration for his modest and efficient art Charles Lamb dubbed Heywood "our prose Shakespeare." There is not one of his numerous plays without its interest.

Heywood's plays have not been reprinted entire since the perfunctory *Pearson's Reprint*, 6 vols., 1874. The Mermaid edition by A. W. Verity, 1888, includes the best known plays.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

MASTER FRANKFORD
MISTRESS ANNE FRANKFORD, *his wife*
SIR FRANCIS ACTON, *her brother*
SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD
MASTER MALBY
MASTER WENDOLL, *befriended by Frankford*
MASTER CRANWELL, *an old gentleman*
NICHOLAS
JENKIN
SPIGOT, *Butler*
CICELY MILKPAIL
Other serving men and women
} *Household servants to Frankford*
JACK SLIME
ROGER BRICKBAT
} *Country Fellows*
JOAN MINIVER
JANE TRUBKIN
ISBELL MOTLEY
} *Country Wenches*
Musicians
Falconer *and Huntsmen*
SUSAN, *Sister to Sir Charles Mountford*
SHERIFF, *Officers,* Keeper, SHAFTON
OLD MOUNTFORD, *uncle*
SANDY, *former friend*
RODER, *former tenant*
TIDY, *cousin*
} *to Sir Charles*
Serving-woman and ANNE'S *two little children*
Coachman, Carters

SCENE: The House of Frankford, Chevy Chase, a Jail, Mountford's House, and elsewhere in Yorkshire.]

PROLOGUE

I come but like a harbinger,[1] being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean.
Look for no glorious state; our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber-tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favors build;
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our coarse fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a sea; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight;
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crow's black feathers, white.
  But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
  Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

[1] The officer who precedes the court to arrange for its entertainment.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

THOMAS HEYWOOD

[ACT I, SCENE I]

[*Room in Frankford's House*]

Enter MASTER JOHN FRANKFORD, MISTRESS ANNE [FRANKFORD,] SIR FRANCIS ACTON, SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, MASTER MALBY, MASTER WENDOLL, *and* MASTER CRANWELL

Sir F. Some music, there! None lead the bride a dance?
Sir C. Yes, would she dance *The Shaking of the Sheets;*[1]
But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.
Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance,
According to the ballad.
Sir F. Music, ho!
By your leave, sister,—by your husband's leave,
I should have said,—the hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow.—Sound!
This marriage music hoists me from the ground.
Frank. Ay, you may caper; you are light and free! 10
Marriage hath yoked my heels; pray, then, pardon me.
Sir F. I'll have you dance too, brother!
Sir C. Master Frankford,
Y'are a happy man, sir, and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a prince;
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace, 20
From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.
To end her many praises in one word,
She's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a heart hath sought her.
Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaste thoughts,
I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.
Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.
Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.
Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter theme
Than my imperfect beauty to speak on! 30
Such as they be, if they my husband please
They súffice me now I am marrièd.
This sweet content is like a flattering glass,
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye;
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.
Sir F. A perfect wife already, meek and patient!
How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,
Not married three hours since! Sister, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus must needs prove 40
Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.—
Gramercies,[1] brother! Wrought her to't already,—
'Sweet husband,' and a curtsey, the first day?
Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,
And never took the grace[2] of honest man;
Mark this, against[3] you marry, this one phrase:
In a good time that man both wins and woos
That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.[4]

[1] A popular tune.
[1] Many thanks.
[2] Attained the dignity.
[3] When.
[4] A common proverb.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir Francis:
All his wild blood your father spent on you;
He got her in his age, when he grew civil. 51
All his mad tricks were to his land entailed,
And you are heir to all; your sister, she
Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.
Sir C. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live you!
This morning, which to many seems a burden,
Too heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
This lady is no clog, as many are;
She doth become you like a well-made suit,
In which the tailor hath used all his art; 60
Not like a thick coat of unseasoned frieze,[1]
Forced on your back in summer. She's no chain
To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoke;
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
You both adorn each other, and your hands,[2]
Methinks, are matches. There's equality
In this fair combination; y'are both
Scholars, both young, both being descended nobly.
There's music in this sympathy; it carries
Consort and expectation of much joy, 70
Which God bestow on you from this first day
Until your dissolution,—that's for aye!
Sir F. We keep you here too long, good brother Frankford.
Into the hall; away! Go cheer your guests.
What! Bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once?
If you be missed, the guests will doubt their welcome,
And charge you with unkindness.
Frank. To prevent[3] it,
I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.
Anne. And so will I.
[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD *and* MISTRESS FRANKFORD]
Sir F. To part you it were sin.—
Now, gallants, while the town musicians 80
Finger their frets[4] within, and the mad lads
And country lasses, every mother's child,

[1] Coarse cloth.
[2] Your power is equal, perhaps.
[3] Anticipate.
[4] The points at which the strings are stopped on the lute.

With nosegays and bride-laces[1] in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds and jigs,
What shall we do? Hark! They're all on the hoigh;[2]
They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,—
Marry, not on the toe! Ay, and they caper,
Not without cutting; you shall see, tomorrow,
The hall-floor pecked and dinted like a millstone,
Made with their high shoes. Though their skill be small, 90
Yet they tread heavy where their hobnails fall.
Sir C. Well, leave them to their sports!—Sir Francis Acton,
I'll make a match with you! Meet tomorrow
At Chevy Chase; I'll fly my hawk with yours.
Sir F. For what? for what?
Sir C. Why, for a hundred pound.
Sir F. Pawn me some gold of that!
Sir C. Here are ten angels;[3]
I'll make them good a hundred pound tomorrow
Upon my hawk's wing.
Sir. F. 'Tis a match; 'tis done.
Another hundred pound upon your dogs;—
Dare ye, Sir Charles?
Sir C. I dare; were I sure to lose, 100
I durst do more than that; here's my hand.
The first course[4] for a hundred pound!
Sir F. A match.
Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs!
Cran. I am for Sir Charles Mountford: I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried. What! Clap ye hands,[5]
Or is't no bargain?
Wen. Yes, and stake them down.
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.
Sir F. Be stirring early with the lark tomorrow;
I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun 110

[1] Streamers.
[2] Out of bounds.
[3] Gold coins.
[4] Running.
[5] Shake hands.

Rise from his bed.

Sir C. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman! I'll hold my day.

Sir F. It holds on all sides.—Come, to-night let's dance;
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride:
We had need be three hours up before the bride. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II]

[*Yard of the Same*]

Enter NICK *and* JENKIN, JACK SLIME, ROGER BRICKBAT, *with Country Wenches, and two or three Musicians*

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to trace withal; Jack Slime, traverse you with Cicely Milkpail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have Isbell Motley. And now that they are busy in the parlor, come, strike up; we'll have a crash[1] here in the yard.

Nick. My humor is not compendious: dancing I possess not, though I can foot it; yet, since I am fallen into the hands of Cicely Milkpail, I consent.

Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures,—ay, and God's creatures, too; for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like; and, though we be but country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the horse-trick[1] as well as the serving-men.

Brick. Ay, and the cross-point[2] too.

Jen. O Slime! O Brickbat! Do not you know that comparisons are odious? Now we are odious ourselves, too; therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

Nick. I am sudden, and not superfluous;
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

Slime. Foot it quickly! If the music overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if they suddenly do not strike up, I shall presently strike thee down.

Jen. No quarrelling, for God's sake! Truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

[1] Frolic. [2] Steps in dancing.

Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel. Come, what shall it be? *Rogero?*[1]

Jen. *Rogero?* No; we will dance *The Beginning of the World.*

Cicely. I love no dance so well as *John come kiss me now.*

Nick. I that have ere now deserved a cushion, call for the *Cushion-dance.*

Brick. For my part, I like nothing so well as *Tom Tyler.*

Jen. No; we'll have *The Hunting of the Fox.*

Slime. *The Hay, The Hay!* There's nothing like *The Hay.*[2]

Nick. I have said, do say, and will say again——

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says!

All. Content.

Nick. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be——

Cicely. What, Master Nicholas? What?

Nick. *Put on your Smock a' Monday.*

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly[3] off! Come, for God's sake, agree of something: if you like not that, put it to the musicians; or let me speak for all, and we'll have *Sellenger's Round.*

All. That, that, that!

Nick. No, I am resolved thus it shall be:
First take hands, then take ye to your heels!

Jen. Why, would you have us run away?

Nick. No; but I would have ye shake your heels.—Music, strike up!

They dance; NICK *dancing, speaks stately and scurvily,*[4] *the rest, after the country fashion*

Jen. Hey! Lively, my lasses! Here's a turn for thee! [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III]

[*Chevy Chase*]

Wind horns. Enter SIR CHARLES [MOUNTFORD,] SIR FRANCIS [ACTON,] MALBY, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, FALCONER, *and Huntsmen*

Sir C. So; well cast off![5] Aloft, aloft! Well flown!

[1] This and the several others are the titles of well known dance tunes most of which have descended to us.
[2] A lively dance.
[3] Nicely. [4] Absurdly. [5] Started.

O, now she takes her at the souse,[1] and strikes her
Down to th' earth, like a swift thunder-clap.
Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.
Sir F. A hundred pound from me.
Sir C. What, falconer!
Falc. At hand, sir!
Sir C. Now she hath seized the fowl and 'gins to plume her,[2]
Rebeck[3] her not; rather stand still and check her!
So, seize her gets,[4] her jesses,[5] and her bells!
Away! 11
Sir F. My hawk kill'd, too.
Sir C. Ay, but 'twas at the querre,[6]
Not at the mount, like mine.
Sir F. Judgment, my masters!
Cran. Yours miss'd her at the ferre.[7]
Wen. Ay, but our merlin first had plumed the fowl,
And twice renewed[8] her from the river too.
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other.
Methinks, these Milan bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.
Sir C. 'Tis lost. 20
Sir F. I grant it not. Mine likewise seized a fowl
Within her talons, and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers; both her petty singles[9]
And her long singles griped her more than other;
The terrials[10] of her legs were stained with blood,
Not of the fowl only, she did discomfit
Some of her feathers; but she brake away.
Come, come; your hawk is but a rifler.[11]
Sir C. How!
Sir F. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails[12] and curs.
Sir C. You stir my blood. 30

[1] Swoop. [2] Scatter feathers.
[3] Call back.
[4] Doubtless some part of the hawk's harness.
[5] Leg-straps.
[6] Quarry, "the swoop upon the bird." (*N. E. D.*)
[7] Perhaps at a higher point.
[8] Attacked again.
[9] Toes.
[10] Variously explained as talons, or perhaps the *terrets*, leather straps by which bells were attached to the hawk's legs (Bates).
[11] Bungler.
[12] Explained curly-tailed, more likely over long-tailed.

You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
Nor one good hawk upon your perch.
Sir F. How, knight!
Sir C. So, knight. You will not swagger,[1] sir?
Sir F. Why, say I did?
Sir C. Why, sir,
I say you would gain as much by swaggering
As you have got by wagers on your dogs.
You will come short in all things.
Sir F. Not in this!
Now I'll strike home.
[*Strikes* SIR CHARLES]
Sir C. Thou shalt to thy long home,
Or I will want my will.
Sir F. All they that love Sir Francis, follow me! 40
Sir C. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on my part!
Cran. On this side heaves my hand.
Wen. Here goes my heart.
They divide themselves. SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, *Falconer, and Huntsman, fight against* SIR FRANCIS ACTON, WENDOLL, *his Falconer and Huntsman; and* SIR CHARLES *hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of* SIR FRANCIS *his men.* [*Exeunt all but*] SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD
Sir C. My God, what have I done! What have I done!
My rage hath plunged into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drowned. Poor innocents,
For whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
To breathe in them new life whom I have slain!—
Forgive me, God! 'Twas in the heat of blood, 50
And anger quite removes me from myself.
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton, he is fled the field;
With him all those that did partake his quarrel;
And I am left alone with sorrow dumb,
And in my height of conquest overcome.

[1] Play the bully.

Enter SUSAN

Susan. O God! My brother wounded
'mong the dead!
Unhappy jests, that in such earnest ends!
The rumor of this fear stretched to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.
Sir C. O, sister, sister! Wounded at the heart.
Susan. My God forbid!
Sir C. In doing that thing which he forbad,
I am wounded, sister.
Susan. I hope, not at the heart.
Sir C. Yes, at the heart.
Susan. O God! A surgeon, there.
Sir C. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul!
The sin of murder, it hath pierced my heart
And made a wide wound there; but for these scratches,
They are nothing, nothing.
Susan. Charles, what have you done?
Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
Unto the utmost danger[1] of the law.
Sir C. My conscience hath become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.
Susan. O! Fly, sweet brother!
Sir C. Shall I fly from thee?
Why, Sue, art weary of my company?
Susan. Fly from your foe!
Sir C. You, sister, are my friend,
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.
Susan. Your company is as my eyeball dear;
Being far from you, no comfort can be near.
Yet fly to save your life! What would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe? And yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, through every cheek
My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,[2]
Till they could set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel; so my face
For two salt-water brooks shall still find place.
Sir C. Thou shalt[3] not weep so much; for I will stay,
In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with thee,
Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor[1] thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with Officers

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument
Of your attach[2] and apprehension.
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted.[3] It was told me
That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore I come thus armed.
Sir C. O, Master Sheriff!
I came into the field with many friends,
But see, they all have left me; only one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman;
I yield my weapons, and submit to you.
Convey me where you please!
Sher. To prison, then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.
Susan. O God! O God!
Sir C. Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain;
Your grief abounds,[4] and hits against my breast.
Sher. Sir, will you go?
Sir C. Even where it likes you best.
[*Exeunt*]

[ACT II, SCENE I]

[*Frankford's House*]

Enter FRANKFORD *in a study*

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content!
I am a gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a king; a king's no more.
I am possessed of many fair revénues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman;
Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts;
The riches of my thoughts and of my time

[1] Penalty. [2] Excessively. [3] Q2 *shall.*

[1] Q2 Nov. [2] Arrest. [3] Thus Q1. [4] Rebounds.

Have been a good proficient;[1] but, the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth, 10
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife,
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament.
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possessed, sure, I am he.

Enter NICHOLAS

Nick. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without
To speak with you.
Frank. On horseback?
Nick. Yes, on horseback.
Frank. Entreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.
Know'st thou him, Nick?
Nick. Know him? Yes; his name's Wendoll.
It seems, he comes in haste: his horse is booted[2]
Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted
And stained with plashing. Sure, he rid in fear, 21
Or for a wager. Horse and man both sweat;
I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.
Frank. Entreat him in: about it instantly! [*Exit* NICHOLAS]
This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage
Hath pleased me much; by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him.
He's affable, and seen[3] in many things;
Discourses well; a good companion;
And though of small means, yet a gentleman 30
Of a good house, somewhat pressed by want.
I have preferred him to a second place
In my opinion and my best regard.

Enter WENDOLL, MISTRESS FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS

Anne. O, Master Frankford! Master Wendoll here
Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.
Frank. What news, sweet wife? What news, good Master Wendoll?
Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir Francis Acton
And Sir Charles Mountford?

[1] I have done well in.
[2] Splashed.
[3] Skilled.

Frank. True; with their hounds and hawks?
Wen. The matches were both played.
Frank. Ha? And which won?
Wen. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst, 40
And lost the wager.
Frank. Why, the worse his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck.
Anne. O, but you hear not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yield.
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding[1] sides;
Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
Two of your brother's men,—his falconer,
And his good huntsman, whom he loved so well.
More men were wounded, no more slain outright. 50
Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the knight.
But is my brother safe?
Wen. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemished with one wound.
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize[2] for them that's dead.
Frank. I thank your pains, sir. Had the news been better,
Your will was to have brought it, Master Wendoll.
Sir Charles will find hard friends; his case is heinous.
And will be most severely censured on.[3]
I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you! 68
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibility but mean
Please you to use my table and my purse;
They're yours.
Wen. O Lord, sir! I shall ne'er deserve it.
Frank. O sir, disparage not your worth too much:
You are full of quality[4] and fair desert.
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table, all
At my own charge; be my companion! 70

[1] Taking.
[2] In court.
[3] Judged.
[4] Accomplishment.

Wen. Master Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favors; this exceeds them all,
That I shall never merit your least favor;
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt!
Frank. There needs no protestation; for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful.—Prithee, Nan,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy!
Anne. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.
Frank. To dinner! Come, sir, from this present day,
Welcome to me for ever! Come, away!
[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD, MISTRESS FRANKFORD, *and* WENDOLL]
Nick. I do not like this fellow by no means:
I never see him but my heart still yearns.[1]
Zounds! I could fight with him, yet know not why;
The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter JENKIN

Jen. O Nick! What gentleman is that, that comes to lie[2] at our house? My master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.
Nick. I love my master; by these hilts,[3] I do;
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter CICELY

Cic. Nich'las! where are you, Nich'las? You must come in, Nich'las, and help the gentleman off with his boots.
Nich. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs.
Cic. Then, Jenkin, come you!
Jen. Nay, 'tis no boot[4] for me to deny it. My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day with a hollywand.

[1] Grieves.
[2] Lodge.
[3] A soldier's oath, and absurd here, intentionally.
[4] Use.

Cic. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner!
Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis but early days with us, for we have not dined yet. Stay but a little; I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*The Gaol*]

Enter MALBY *and* CRANWELL

Mal. This is the sessions-day; pray can you tell me
How young Sir Charles hath sped?[1] Is he acquit,[2]
Or must he try the law's strict penalty?
Cran. He's cleared of all, spite of his enemies,
Whose earnest labor was to take his life.
But in this suit of pardon[3] he hath spent
All the revenues that his father left him;
And he is now turned a plain countryman,
Reformed[4] in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and his Keeper*

Keep. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.
Sir C. Here, Master Keeper, take the poor remainder
Of all the wealth I have! My heavy foes
Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me
'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.
Mal. God give you joy of your delivery!
I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.
Sir C. The poorest knight in England, Master Malby;
My life has cost me all my patrimony[5]
My father left his son. Well, God forgive them
That are the authors of my penury!

[1] Fared.
[2] Acquitted.
[3] *I.e.*, at court by influence.
[4] Transformed.
[5] Supply *that*.

Enter SHAFTON

Shaft. Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At liberty?
Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you?
Sir C. O me! O, most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirred up,
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th' immortal birthright which my Saviour keeps,
And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust?
Shaft. To rid you from these contemplations,[1]
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;
Nay, five for fail.[2] Come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law
With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Frank Acton
Wage, with his knighthood, like expense with me,
And he will sink, he will.—Nay, good Sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune and your fair escape
From all these perils.
Sir C. O, sir! they have undone me.
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father at his death possessed me of;
All which the envious Acton made me spend;
And, notwithstanding all this large expense,
I had much ado to gain my liberty;
And I have only now a house of pleasure
With some five hundred pounds reserved,
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.
Shaft. [*aside*] That must I have, it lies convenient for me.
If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I proffered him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure.—Come, Sir Charles,
I know you have need of money; take my offer.
Sir C. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted
Even to the best of my unable[1] power.
Come, gentlemen, and see it tendered down![2] [*Exeunt*]

[1] The *ion* is dissyllabic, as often.
[2] Failure.

[SCENE III]

[*Frankford's House*]

Enter WENDOLL, *melancholy*

Wen. I am a villain, if I apprehend[3]
But such a thought! Then, to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damned without redemption.—
I'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song! Ha, ha! A song! As if, fond[4] man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drenched and drownèd in red tears of blood!
I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations,
And when I meditate (O, God forgive me!)
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t'entertain a thought of love to her;
And, when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale[5] these balls until my eye-strings crack,
From being pulled and drawn to look that way.

Enter, over the Stage, FRANKFORD, *his Wife, and* NICHOLAS, [*and exit*]

O God, O God! With what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction!
There goest thou, the most perfect'st man
That ever England bred a gentleman,
And shall I wrong his bed?—Thou God of thunder!

[1] Feeble.
[2] Paid in cash.
[3] Entertain.
[4] Foolish.
[5] Hold.

Stay, in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
From speedy execution on a villain,
A villain, and a traitor to his friend.

Enter JENKIN [*behind*]

Jen. Did your worship call?
Wen. He doth maintain me; he allows me largely
Money to spend.
Jen. By my faith, so do not you me: I cannot get a cross[1] of you.
Wen. My gelding, and my man.
Jen. That's Sorrel and I.
Wen. This kindness grows of no alliance[2] 'twixt us.
Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.
Wen. I never bound him to me by desert.
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain,
And he hath placed me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me; I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick.
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! Ingrate!
Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory hands
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart,
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance, and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear? or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and joined together?—
And yet I must. Then Wendoll, be content!
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.
Jen. What a strange humor is my new master in! Pray God he be not mad; if he should be so, I should never have any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he's mad for missing of me.

[1] A piece of money, so called from the cross on it.
[2] Relationship.

Wen. [*seeing* JENKIN] What, Jenkin! Where's your mistress?
Jen. Is your worship married?
Wen. Why dost thou ask?
Jen. Because you are my master; and if I have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.
Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford.
Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do you see, sir? Here she comes, and here I go.
Wen. Vanish! [*Exit* JENKIN]

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD

Anne. Y'are well met, sir; now, in troth, my husband,
Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you; we sought about the house,
Hallooed into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you. Therefore, he enjoined me
To do unto you his most kind commends;[1]
Nay, more: he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house;
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.
Wen. I thank him for his love.—
[*aside*] Give me a name, you, whose infectious tongues
Are tipped with gall and poison: as you would
Think on a man that had your father slain,
Murdered your children, made your wives base strumpets,
So call me, call me so; print in my face
The most stigmatic[2] title of a villain,
For hatching treason to so true a friend!
Anne. Sir, you are most beholding[3] to my husband;
You are a man most dear in his regard.
Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.
[*aside*] I will not speak to wrong a gentleman
Of that good estimation, my kind friend.

[1] Commendations. [2] Branded. [3] Beholden.

I will not; zounds! I will not. I may choose,
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
Or shall I purchase[1] to my father's crest
The motto of a villain? If I say 90
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me?
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts?
I will not;—ha! Some fury pricks me on;
The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheel,
And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must:
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust!
Anne. Are you not well, sir, that ye seem thus troubled?
There is sedition in your countenance.
Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise.
I love you! Start not, speak not, answer not; 110
I love you,—nay, let me speak the rest;
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of heaven.
Anne. The host of heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought!
Wen. Such is my fate; to this suit was I born,
To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.
Anne. My husband loves you.
Wen. I know it.
Anne. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.
Wen. I have tried it.
Anne. His purse is your exchequer, and his table 120
Doth freely serve you.
Wen. So I have found it.
Anne. O! With what face of brass, what brow of steel,
Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face
Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend?
It is my husband that maintains your state;
Will you dishonor him? I am his wife,
That in your power hath left his whole affairs.
It is to me you speak.
Wen. O. speak no more;
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leaved table[2] of my heart. 130

[1] Acquire to add. [2] Note book.

Fair, and of all beloved, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand,
And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone. I care not, I;
'Twas for your sake. Perchance, in rage he'll kill me;
I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incur
The general name[1] of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach, 140
For you I'll hazard all. Why, what care I?
For you I'll love, and in your love I'll die.
Anne. You move me, sir, to passion[2] and to pity.
The love I bear my husband is as precious
As my soul's health.
Wen. I love your husband too,
And for his love I will engage my life.
Mistake me not; the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret, lady, close as night; 150
And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.
Anne. What shall I say?
My soul is wandering, and hath lost her way.
O, Master Wendoll! O!
Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint;
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart
A drop of blood.
Anne. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face. 160
I blush, and am ashamed. O, Master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me! This maze I am in
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter NICHOLAS, [*behind*]

Wen. The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss,
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss!

[1] Generally the name. [2] Compassion.

Nick. I'll kill the rogue.
Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab.
Nay, look not down and blush!
[*Exeunt* WENDOLL *and* MISTRESS FRANKFORD]
Nick. Zounds! I'll stab.
Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick? 170
I love my master, and I hate that slave;
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not.
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou, metal?[1]
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not hamstrings
That thou must hough?[2] Nay, mettle, thou shalt stand
To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.[3]
I never looked for better of that rascal, 180
Since he came miching[4] first into our house.
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste. I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them:
If they proceed as they have done before,
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a ——
Exit

[ACT III, SCENE I]

[*Sir Charles Mountford's House*]

Enter [SIR] CHARLES *and* SUSAN

Sir C. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold.
I am now enforced to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.
Susan. O, brother! here's a change,
Since old Sir Charles died, in our father's house.
Sir C. All things on earth thus change, some up, some down;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

[1] Man of mettle, spirit.
[2] Cut.
[3] Secret doings.
[4] Sneaking.

Enter SHAFTON, *with a Sergeant*

Shaft. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles! What! With your sister,
Plying your husbandry?—Sergeant, stand off!— 10
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——
Sir C. O, pardon me; this house successively
Hath longed[1] to me and my progenitors
Three hundred years. My great-great-grandfather,
He in whom first our gentle style[2] began,
Dwelt here, and in this ground increased this mole-hill
Unto that mountain which my father left me. 20
Where he the first of all our house began,
I now the last will end, and keep this house,
This virgin title, never yet deflowered
By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.
Shaft. Ha, ha! a proud mind and a beggar's purse!
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the use?[3]
I have brought it to execution
By course of law. What! Is my monies ready? 30
Sir C. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely.[4]
Shaft. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.
Sir C. Alas, alas! 'Tis all trouble hath left me,
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.
If this were sold, our names[5] should then be quite
Razed from the bead-roll[6] of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it

[1] Belonged.
[2] Title.
[3] Interest.
[4] Rigorously.
[5] Old edd. *means.*
[6] List, originally of those to be prayed for.

Allied still to our own name. This palm you see,
Labor hath glowed within; her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast 41
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.
Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labor hard;
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small spot of ground.
Sir C. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or satin
Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to us 50
A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all music
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place, I have changed myself away.
Shaft. [*to the Sergeant*] Arrest him at my suit!—Actions and actions
Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast;
Nay, more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question. 60
The keeper is my friend; thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs.—
Away with him!
Sir C. Ye are too timorous.[1]
But trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no use to mollify
This flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen, and allies; entreat them for me,
To ransom me from this injurious man
That seeks my ruin.
Shaft. Come, irons, irons! Come, away;
I'll see thee lodged far from the sight of day. 71
Exeunt [*except* Susan]
Susan. My heart's so hardened with the frost of grief,
Death cannot pierce it through.—Tyrant too fell!
So lead the fiends condemnèd souls to hell.

[1] Bold, *cf.* temerity.

Enter [Sir Francis] Acton *and* Malby

Sir F. Again to prison! Malby, hast thou seen
A poor slave better tortured? Shall we hear
The music of his voice cry from the grate,[1]
Meat, for the Lord's sake? No, no; yet I am not
Throughly revenged. They say, he hath a pretty wench
To his sister; shall I, in[2] mercy-sake 80
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely; but, the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.
Mal. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full revenged
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands!
Sir F. Ha, ha! Now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate; 86
My very soul the name of Mountford hate.
But stay, my heart! O, what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!
I am enchanted; all my spirits[3] are fled,
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.
Susan. Acton! That seeks our blood!
Runs away
Sir F. O chaste and fair!
Mal. Sir Francis! Why, Sir Francis! in a trance?
Sir Francis! What cheer, man? Come, come, how is't?
Sir F. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.
Mal. She was fair.
Sir F. She was an angel in a mortal's shape, 100
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft,[4] let me call my wits together!
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary
Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war
Each against other! How now, Frank, turned fool
Or madman, whether? But no! Master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.

[1] Of the debtors' prison.
[2] Qq. *my mercy.*
[3] Monosyllabic, as often.
[4] Be careful, wait a moment.

Then why should I be in this violent humor
Of passion and of love? And with a person
So different every way, and so opposed 110
In all contractions[1] and still-warring actions?
Fie, fie! How I dispute against my soul!
Come, come; I'll gain her, or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest.
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II]

[*Frankford's House*]

Enter three or four Serving-men, one with a voider[2] *and a wooden knife,*[3] *to take away; another* [*with*] *the salt and bread; another* [*with*] *the table-cloth and napkins: another* [*with*] *the carpet;*[4] JENKIN *with two lights after them*

Jen. So; march in order, and retire in battle array! My master and the guests have supped already; all's taken away. Here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall!—Butler, it belongs to your office.

But. I know it, Jenkin. What d'ye call the gentleman that supped there to-night?

Jen. Who? My master?

But. No, no; Master Wendoll, he's a daily guest. I mean the gentleman that 10 came but this afternoon.

Jen. His name's Master Cranwell. God's light! Hark, within there; my master calls to lay more billets[5] upon the fire. Come, come! Lord, how we that are in office[6] here in the house are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlor, and stand ready to snuff the lights; the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs![7] More lights in the hall, there! Come, Nicholas. 20

Exeunt [*all but* NICHOLAS]

Nick. I cannot eat; but had I Wendoll's heart, I would eat that. The rogue grows impudent. O! I have seen such vild,[8] notorious tricks, ready to make my eyes dart from my head. I'll tell my master; by this air, I will; fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes.

[1] Legal transactions (Bates).
[2] Basket.
[3] Scraper.
[4] Tablecloth.
[5] Logs.
[6] Service.
[7] Appetites.
[8] Vile.

Enter MASTER FRANKFORD, *as it were brushing the crumbs from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from supper*

Frank. Nicholas, what make you[1] here? Why are not you
At supper in the hall, among your fellows?

Nick. Master, I stayed your rising from the board, 30
To speak with you.

Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nicholas;
My wife and guests attend me in the parlor.
Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholas, you want money,
And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages
Ere you had earned it. Here, sir, 's half-a-crown;
Play the good husband,[2]—and away to supper!

Nick. By this hand, an honorable gentleman! I will not see him wronged.
Sir, I have served you long; you entertained me
Seven years before your beard; you knew me, sir, 40
Before you knew my mistress.

Frank. What of this, good Nicholas?

Nick. I never was a make-bate[3] or a knave;
I have no fault but one—I'm given to quarrel,
But not with women. I will tell you, master,
That which will make your heart leap from your breast,
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismal news?

Nick. 'Sblood! sir, I love you better than your wife.
I'll make it good. 50

Frank. Y' are a knave, and I have much ado
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Th' art a knave.
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons,
Out of my doors.

Nick. Do, do.

[1] Are you doing.
[2] Husbandman.
[3] Maker of quarrels.

There is not room for Wendoll and me too,
Both in one house. O master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain![1]
Frank. Ay, saucy?
Nick. Strike, strike, do strike; yet hear me! I am no fool;
I know a villain, when I see him act 60
Deeds of a villain. Master, master, that base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonors you.
Frank. Thou hast killed me with a weapon, whose sharp point
Hath pricked quite through and through my shivering heart.
Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers,
And I am plunged into strange agonies.
What did'st thou say? If any word that touched
His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief, 70
As Dives into heaven.
Nick. I can gain nothing:
They are two that never wronged me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life
Is worth. All this I know; but this, and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you.
I saw, and I have said.
Frank. [*aside*] 'Tis probable. Though blunt, yet he is honest.
Though I durst pawn my life, and on their faith 80
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? O, may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?—
What instance[2] hast thou of this strange report?
Nick. Eyes, master, eyes.
Frank. Thy eyes may be deceived, I tell thee;

[1] Verity's arrangement of this passage.
[2] Evidence.

For should an angel from the heavens drop down, 90
And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief;
In both their loves I am so confident.
Nick. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?
Frank. No more! To supper, and command your fellows
To attend us and the strangers! Not a word,
I charge thee, on thy life! Be secret, then;
For I know nothing.
Nick. I am dumb; and, now that I have eased my stomach,[1]
I will go fill my stomach. *Exit*
Frank. Away! Begone! 100
She is well born, descended nobly;
Virtuous her education; her repute
Is in the general voice of all the country
Honest and fair; her carriage, her demeanor,
In all her actions that concern the love
To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
And sold me for a sin! O God! O God!
Shall I put up[2] these wrongs? No! Shall I trust 110
The bare report of this suspicious groom,
Before the double-gilt, the well-hatch[ed][3] ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts;
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my looks exile sad discontent.
Their wonted favors in my tongue shall flow;
Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.—
Lights and a table there! Wife, M[aster] Wendoll,
And gentle Master Cranwell!

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD, MASTER WENDOLL, MASTER CRANWELL, NICHOLAS, *and* JENKIN *with cards, carpets,*[4] *and other necessaries*

Frank. O! Master Cranwell, you are a stranger here, 120

[1] Resentment.
[2] Put up with.
[3] Nobly wrought.
[4] Table covers.

And often baulk[1] my house; faith y' are a churl!—
Now we have supped, a table and to cards!

Jen. A pair[2] of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet to cover the table! Where's Cicely, with her counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks, there! Fie! We have such a household of serving-creatures! Unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all that can say bo tó a goose.—Well said, Nick! 130

They spread a carpet; set down lights and cards

Anne. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take my part?[3]

Frank. Marry, that will I, sweet wife.

Wen. No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit out. It must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nick. [*aside*] You have no reason, marry, knowing all.

Frank. 'Tis no great matter, neither.— 140
Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?[4]

Cran. At your pleasure, sir.

Frank. I must look to you, Master Wendoll; for you'll be playing false. Nay, so will my wife, too.

Nick. [*aside*] I will be sworn she will.

Anne. Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set!

Frank. Content; it shall go hard but 150
I'll take you.

Cran. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

Wen. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.[5]

Frank. You shall not find it so; indeed, you shall not.

Anne. I can play at nothing so well as double-ruff.

Frank. If Master Wendoll and my 160
wife be together, there's no playing against them at double-hand.

Nick. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

[1] Avoid.
[2] Pack.
[3] Also: be my partner.
[4] Play against them.
[5] Noddy: double-ruff, knave out of doors, lodam, saint (cent), new cut, are all games at cards familiarly known to the age if not to the commentators. The double meaning attached to most of these terms is clear without comment.

Frank. What game is that, Nick?

Nick. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

Wen. She and I will take you at lodam.

Anne. Husband, shall we play at saint?

Frank. [*aside*] My saint's turned devil.—
No, we'll none of saint:
You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that. 170

Wen. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.

Frank. [*aside*] 'Tis me they play on.—
Well, you may draw out;
For all your cunning, 'twill be to your shame;
I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game.
Come, come!

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair![1]

Wen. We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,
When he comes late home, he must kiss the post.[2] 180

Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith, let it be vide-ruff,[3] and let's make honors!

Frank. If you make honors, one thing let me crave:
Honor the king and queen, except the knave.

Wen. Well, as you please for that.—
Lift,[4] who shall deal?

Anne. The least in sight. What are you, Master Wendoll?

Wen. I am a knave.

Nick. [*aside*] I'll swear it.

Anne. I am queen.

Frank. [*aside*] A quean, thou should'st say.—Well, the cards are mine:
They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

Anne. Shuffle, I'll cut: would I had never dealt! 190

Frank. I have lost my dealing.

Wen. Sir, the fault's in me;
This queen I have more than mine own, you see.
Give me the stock![5]

Frank. My mind's not on my game.
Many a deal I've lost; the more's your shame.

[1] A popular gambling game.
[2] Be shut out.
[3] Vide is vie, evidently a betting game.
[4] Cut.
[5] Pack.

You have served me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.
Wen. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,
I know I have dealt better with your wife.
Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.
Anne. What's trumps?
Wen. Hearts. Partner, I rub.[1] 200
Frank. [*aside*] Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love;
In thy false dealing thou hast robbed my heart.
Booty you play;[2] I like a loser stand,
Having no heart or here, or in my hand.
I will give o'er the set, I am not well.
Come, who will hold my cards?
Anne. Not well, sweet Master Frankford?
Alas, what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.
Wen. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?
Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health, 210
But I grew ill when you began to deal.—
Take hence this table!—Gentle Master Cranwell,
Y'are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure!
I am sorry that this megrim[3] takes me so,
I cannot sit and bear you company.
Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber!
Anne. A nightgown[4] for my husband; quickly, there!
It is some rheum or cold.
Wen. Now, in good faith,
This illness you have got by sitting late
Without your gown.
Frank I know it, Master Wendoll. 220
Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me!—
Wife, pr'ythee, wife, into my bed-chamber!
The night is raw and cold, and rhéumatic.
Leave me my gown and light; I'll walk away my fit.
Wen. Sweet sir, good night!
Frank. Myself, good night!
[*Exit* WENDOLL]
Anne. Shall I attend you, husband?
Frank. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head.

[1] *Cf.* the modern term rubber.
[2] You join in confederacy to play false.
[3] Vertigo.
[4] Dressing-robe.

Pr'ythee, begone, sweet; I'll make haste to bed.
Anne. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,
Until you come.
Frank. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee, go!—
Exit [ANNE]
I have bethought me; get me by degrees 230
The keys of all my doors, which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impression,
To have by them new keys. This being compassed,
At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,
And when they think they may securely[1] play,
They nearest are to danger.—Nick, I must rely
Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.
Nick. Build on my faith!
Frank. To bed, then, not to rest!
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III]

[*Old Mountford's House*]

Enter SIR CHARLES' SISTER, OLD MOUNTFORD, SANDY, RODER, *and* TIDY

Old Mount. You say my nephew is in great distress;
Who brought it to him, but his own lewd life?
I cannot spare a cross.[2] I must confess,
He was my brother's son; why, niece, what then?
This is no world in which to pity men.
Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his extremes[3]
Enforce this language from me. I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,
For the name's sake, for Christianity,— 10
Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress.
He is denied the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole[4] is laid with men condemned;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

[1] Safely.
[2] Piece of money.
[3] Extremities.
[4] The meanest cell.

Old Mount. Money I cannot spare; men should take heed.
He lost my kindred when he fell to need. [*Exit*]
Susan. Gold is but earth; thou earth enough shalt have,
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.
You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit.
Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man lived;
I knew you ere your brother sold his land.
Then you were Mistress Sue, tricked up in jewels;
Then you sang well, played sweetly on the lute;
But now I neither know you nor your suit. [*Exit*]
Susan. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant;
Rent-free he placed you in that wealthy farm,
Of which you are possessed.
Roder. True, he did;
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I have some business now; but, without doubt,
They that have hurled him in, will help him out. *Exit*
Susan. Cold comfort still. What say you, cousin Tidy?
Tidy. I say this comes of roysting,[1] swaggering.
Call me not cousin; each man for himself!
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow:
I am no cousin unto them that borrow. *Exit*
Susan. O Charity, why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things [up]on this earth uneven?
Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return,
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter Sir Francis *and* Malby

Sir F. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.
Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.
Mal. Fair mistress, as I understand your grief
Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.
Susan. I thank you, heavens! I thank you, gentle sir:
God make me able to requite this favor!
Mal. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you——
Susan. Acton? O God! That name I'm born to curse.
Hence, bawd; hence, broker! See, I spurn his gold.
My honor never shall for gain be sold.
Sir F. Stay, lady, stay!
Susan. From you I'll posting hie,
Even as the doves from feathered eagles fly. *Exit*
Sir F. She hates my name, my face; how should I woo?
I am disgraced in every thing I do.
The more she hates me, and disdains my love,
The more I am rapt in admiration
Of her divine and chaste perfections.
Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts
Sent in my name she spurns; with looks I cannot,
For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters,
For none she will receive. How then? how then?
Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,
As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution
For a great sum of money; and, besides,
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,
Which only I have power to reverse.
In her I'll bury all my hate of him.—
Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me!
To save his body, I his debts will pay;
To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [*Exeunt*]

[ACT IV, SCENE I]

[*York Castle*]

Enter Sir Charles [Mountford,] *in prison, with irons, his feet bare, his garments all ragged and torn*

Sir C. Of all on the earth's face most miserable,

[1] Rioting.

Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments!
Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyved,—[1]
That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.
O, unkind uncle! O, my friends ingrate!
Unthankful kinsmen! Mountford's all too base,
To let thy name be fettered in disgrace.
A thousand deaths here in this grave I die;
Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And join together to deprive my breath. 10
But that which most torments me, my dear sister
Hath left[2] to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer; therefore, I
Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves!
Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves!

Enter Keeper

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.
Sir C. Then, I am doomed to die:
Death is the end of all calamity. 20
Keep. Live! Your appeal is stayed; the execution
Of all your debts discharged; your creditors
Even to the utmost penny satisfied.
In sign whereof your shackles I knock off.
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees; all is discharged; all paid.
Go freely to your house, or where you please;
After long miseries, embrace your ease.
Sir C. Thou grumblest out the sweetest music to me
That ever organ played.—Is this a dream? 30
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of these applausive[3] news?
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends,
My loving kinsman, and my near allies!
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath
Against such faithful kinsmen; they are all
Composed of pity and compassion,

[1] Fettered. [2] Ceased. [3] Joyful.

Of melting charity and of moving ruth.
That which I spake before was in my rage;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age; 40
Bounteous and free. The noble Mountford's race
Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humor base.

Enter Susan

Susan. I can no longer stay from visiting
My woful brother. While I could, I kept
My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.
Sir C. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee
And to thy travail!
Susan. What, at liberty?
Sir C. Thou seest I am, thanks to thy industry.
O! Unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he 50
Even of an infant loved me; was it he?
So did my cousin Tidy; was it he?
So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.
Which of all these did this high kindness do?
Susan. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery?
Now, I protest I stand so much amazed,
To see your bonds free, and your irons knocked off,
That I am rapt[1] into a maze of wonder;
The rather for I know not by what means 60
This happiness hath chanced.
Sir C. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins and my friends; who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?
Susan. O, brother! they are men [made] all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chasèd bears. I begged, I sued, I kneeled,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries,
Which they derided; more than that, denied us
A part in their alliance; but, in pride 69
Said that our kindred with our plenty died.
Sir C. Drudges too much![2] What! did they? O, known evil!
Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil.

[1] Q. *wrap'd.* [2] Too base in their conduct.

Whence should my freedom come? Of whom alive,
Saving of those, have I deserved so well?
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me![1]
These I have raised, they follow the world's guise,
Whom rich in honor, they in woe despise.
Susan. My wits have lost themselves; let's ask the keeper!
Sir C. Gaoler!
Keep. At hand, sir. 80
Sir C. Of courtesy resolve me one demand!
What was he took the burden of my debts
From off my back, stayed my appeal to death,
Discharged my fees, and brought me liberty?
Keep. A courteous knight, and called Sir Francis Acton.
Sir C. Ha! Acton! O, me! More distressed in this
Than all my troubles! Hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortless! 90
By Acton freed! Not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thralled my heart; and it must now lie bound
In more strict prison than thy stony gaol.
I am not free, I go but under bail.
Keep. My charge is done, sir, now I have my fees;
As we get little, we will nothing leese.[2]
Sir C. By Acton freed, my dangerous opposite![3]
Why, to what end, on what occasion? Ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy, 100
And with indifference balance[4] this high favor!
Ha!
Susan. [*aside*] His love to me, upon my soul, 'tis so!
That is the root from whence these strange things grow.
Sir C. Had this proceeded from my father, he
That by the law of nature is most bound
In offices of love, it had deserved
My best employment[5] to requite that grace.

[1] Remind me.
[2] Lose.
[3] Enemy.
[4] Weigh impartially.
[5] Effort.

Had it proceeded from my friends or his,[1]
From them this action had deserved my life, 110
And from a stranger more, because from such
There is less execution[2] of good deeds.
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart opposed my enemy,
That this high bounty should proceed from him!
O! there I lose myself. What should I say,
What think, what do, his bounty to repay?
Susan. You wonder, I am sure, whence this strange kindness
Proceeds in Acton; I will tell you, brother.
He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me gifts, 121
Letters, and tokens; I refused them all.
Sir C. I have enough, though poor: my heart is set,
In one rich gift to pay back all my debt.
Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*Frankford's House*]

Enter FRANKFORD *and* NICK *with keys, and a letter in his hand*

Frank. This is the night that I must play my part,
To try two seeming angels.—Where's my keys?
Nick. They are made, according to your mould, in wax.
I bade the smith be secret, gave him money
And here they are. The letter, sir!
Frank. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me!
Nick. I'll do't; make no more question, but I'll do't. *Exit*

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD, CRANDELL, WENDOLL, *and* JENKIN

Anne. Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already struck; 10
Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in supper!

[1] Q. *him.*
[2] Verity suggests *expectation.*

Jen. It shall be done, forsooth, mistress. Where's
Spigot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers? [*Exit*]
Wen. We that have been a hunting all the day
Come with preparèd stomachs.—Master Frankford,
We wish'd you at our sport.
Frank. My heart was with you, and my mind was on you.—
Fie, Master Cranwell! You are still thus sad.—
A stool, a stool! Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?
'Tis supper time at least an hour ago.
What's the best news abroad?
Wen. I know none good.
Frank. [*aside*] But I know too much bad.

Enter Butler and Jenkin, *with a table-cloth, bread, trenchers, and salt;* [*then exeunt*]

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest[1]
In your wife's brother, to be more remiss[2]
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy
And in great want.
Frank. Did not more weighty business of mine own
Hold me away, I would have labored peace
Betwixt them with all care; indeed I would, sir.
Anne. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf.
Wen. A charitable deed,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, Mistress Frankford.
Frank. That's you, for one; I know you love Sir Charles— [*aside*]
And my wife too, well.
Wen. He deserves the love
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge!
Frank. But supper, ho!—Now, as thou lov'st me, Wendoll,
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolic it to-night!—Sweet Mr. Cranwell,
Do you the like!—Wife, I protest, my heart

[1] Influence. [2] Less severe.

Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.[1]
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter Nick

Nick. Here's a letter, sir.
Frank. Whence comes it, and who brought it?
Nick. A stripling that below attends your answer,
And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.
Frank. Have him into the cellar, let him taste
A cup of our March beer; go, make him drink!
Nick. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.[2]
Frank. [*after reading the letter*] My boots and spurs!
Where's Jenkin? God forgive me,
How I neglect my business!—Wife, look here!
I have a matter to be tried to-morrow
By eight o'clock; and my attorney writes me,
I must be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go against me. Where's my boots?

Enter Jenkin, *with boots and spurs*

Anne. I hope your business craves no such despatch,
That you must ride to-night?
Wen. [*aside*] I hope it doth.
Frank. God's me! No such despatch?
Jenkin, my boots! Where's Nick? Saddle my roan,
And the grey dapple for himself!—Content me,
It much concerns me.—Gentle Master Cranwell,
And Master Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasures of my house!
Wen. Lord! Master Frankford, will you ride to-night?
The ways are dangerous.
Frank. Therefore will I ride
Appointed[3] well; and so shall Nick, my man.
Anne. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.

[1] Good service. [2] Good fellow. [3] Armed.

Frank. No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust to that: 70
'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly. No, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain. You have made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.
Anne. Then, if you needs will go
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,
Let me entreat you bear him company.
Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistress.—My boots, there!
Frank. Fie, fie, that for my private business
I should disease[1] my friend, and be a trouble 80
To the whole house!—Nick!
Nick. Anon,[2] sir! [*Exit*]
Frank. Bring forth my gelding!—As you love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good Master Cranwell!
Cran. Sir, God be your speed!
Frank. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss, and part! [*aside*]
Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.
Exeunt [FRANKFORD *and* NICHOLAS]
Wen. [*aside*] How business, time, and hours, all gracious prove,
And are the furtherers to my new born love!
I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
And must command the house.—My pleasure is 90
We will not sup abroad so publicly,
But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.
Anne. [*aside*] O, sir! you are too public in your love,
And Master Frankford's wife——
Cran. Might I crave favor,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber.
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spared from supper.
Wen. Light there, ho!—
See you want nothing, sir, for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

[1] Discomfort. [2] At once.

Cran. I will make bold; good night! *Exit*
Wen. How all conspire 100
To make our bosom[1] sweet, and full entire!
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee, let us sup within!
Anne. O! what a clog unto the soul is sin!
We pale offenders are still[2] full of fear;
Every suspicious eye brings danger near;
When they, whose clear[3] heart from offence are free,
Despite-report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.
Wen. Fie, fie! You talk too like a puritan.
Anne. You have tempted me to mischief, M[aster] Wendoll: 110
I have done I know not what. Well, you plead custom;
That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's in;
Once o'er shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin.
Wen. My jocund soul is joyful above measure;
I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

[*Another part of the House*]

Enter CICELY, JENKIN, *and Butler*

Jen. My mistress and Master Wendoll, my master, sup in her chamber to-night. Cicely, you are preferred, from being the cook, to be chambermaid. Of all the loves betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou think'st of this?
Cic. Mum; there's an old proverb,—when the cat's away, the mouse may play.
Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Cicely, I smell a rat. 10
Cic. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be called to answer them!
Jen. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman! Are not these good words? Pray God my new master play not the knave with my old master! Is there any hurt in this? God send no villainy intended; and if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together! God make

[1] Intimacy. [2] Ever. [3] Pure.

my mistress chaste, and make us all his servants! What harm is there in all this? Nay, more; here is my hand, thou shalt never have my heart, unless thou say, amen.

Cic. Amen; I pray God, I say.

Enter Serving-man

Serving-man. My mistress sends that you should make less noise, lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed. You, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter, to see the gates shut in.

Jen. Thus by little and little I creep into office. Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel; 'tis eleven o'clock already.

Serving-man. When you have locked the gates in, you must send up the keys to my mistress.

Cic. Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin; for I must carry them. I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than both.

Jen. To bed, good Spigot; to bed, good honest serving-creatures; and let us sleep as snug as pigs in pease-straw! *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*Outside the House*]

Enter FRANKFORD *and* NICHOLAS

Frank. Soft, soft! We've tied our geldings to a tree,
Two flight-shot[1] off, lest by their thundering hoofs
They blab our coming. Hear'st thou no noise?
Nick. I hear nothing but the owl and you.
Frank. So; now my watch's hand points upon twelve,
And it is just midnight. Where are my keys?
Nick. Here, sir.
Frank. This is the key that opes my outward gate;
This, the hall-door; this, the withdrawing-chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame,
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallowed order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profaned.
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell,
The place where sins in all their ripeness dwell.—
But I forget myself; now to my gate!
Nick. It must ope with far less noise than Cripplegate, or your plot's dashed.
Frank. So; reach me my dark lantern to the rest![1]
Tread softly, softly!
Nick. I will walk on eggs this pace.
Frank. A general silence hath surprised the house,
And this is the last door. Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement, beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.
O, keep my eyes, you heavens, before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my soul;
Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
O, strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my grief,
That I may keep this white and virgin hand
From any violent outrage, or red murder!—
And with that prayer I enter.
Exeunt [*into the house*]

[1] Bow-shot.

[1] To position.

[SCENE V]

[*The Hall of the House*]

Enter NICHOLAS

Nick. Here's a circumstance![2]
A man may be made a cuckold in the time
That he's about it. An the case were mine,
As 'tis my master's ('sblood! that he makes me swear!),
I would have placed his action,[3] entered there;
I would, I would!

Enter FRANKFORD

Frank. O! O!
Nick. Master! 'Sblood! Master, master!
Frank. O me unhappy! I have found them lying

[2] A thing to think on.
[3] "Established his case" (Ward).

Close in each other's[1] arms, and fast asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls, 10
Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.
Nick. Master, what, have ye left them sleeping still?
Let me go wake 'em!
Frank. Stay, let me pause awhile!—
O, God! O, God! That it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday;
That Time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell[2] the days, and to redeem these hours! 20
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the west, draw his coach backward;
Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons called again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence; that I might take her
As spotless as an angel in my arms!
But, O! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon.[3] God give me patience;
For I will in, and wake them. *Exit*
Nick. Here's patience perforce![4] 30
He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse.

Enter WENDOLL, *running over the stage in a nightgown,*[5] [FRANKFORD] *after him with a sword drawn; the maid in her smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him. He pauses for awhile*

Frank. I thank thee, maid; thou, like an angel's hand,
Hast stayed me from a bloody sacrifice.[6]
[*Exit Maid*]
Go, villain; and my wrongs sit on thy soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine!

[1] Q2 *other.*
[2] Uncount.
[3] Proverbial for beyond reach.
[4] Unavoidable.
[5] Dressing-gown.
[6] *Gen.* xxii, 10, 11.

When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,—
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Judas; pray, pray, lest I live to see 40
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree![1]

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD *in her smock, night-gown and night-attire*

Anne. O, by what word, what title, or what name,
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! O!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband,—
(O me, most wretched!) I have lost that name;
I am no more your wife.
Nick. 'Sblood, sir, she swoons.
Frank. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted, 50
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face
Than on the sun's clear brow. What! Would'st thou speak?
Anne. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? When tread me
Under feet? When drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand, thousandfold,
More than you can inflict—yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,[2]
Though once an ornament—even for his sake, 61
That hath redeemed our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformèd to my tomb!
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence;

[1] An often-repeated tradition.
[2] Qq. *asham'd.*

Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave;—
This granted, I am ready for my grave.
Frank. My God, with patience arm me!—Rise, nay, rise, 70
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy,—
Nay, even beyond my calling?[1]
Anne. I was.
Frank. Was it, then, disability in me;
Or in thine eye seemed he a properer[2] man?
Anne. O, no!
Frank. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee here in my heart?
Anne. You did.
Frank. I did, indeed; witness my tears, I did.—
Go, bring my infants hither!

Enter Serving-woman with two little children

O Nan! O Nan!
If neither fear of shame, regard of honor, 81
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact:[3]
Yet for these infants, these young, harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is charactered,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years,—
Look but on them, and melt away in tears!—
Away with them; lest, as her spotted body
Hath stained their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits 90
With her infectious thoughts! Away with them!
Exit Serving-woman *with children*
Anne. In this one life, I die ten thousand deaths.
Frank. Stand up, stand up! I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently.
Exit

[1] Position. [2] Handsomer. [3] Deed.

Anne. 'Tis welcome, be it death. O me, base strumpet,
That, having such a husband, such sweet children,
Must enjoy neither! O, to redeem mine honor,
I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts seared;
Be racked, strappadoed, put to any torment: 100
Nay, to whip but this scandal out, I would hazard
The rich and dear redemption of my soul!
He cannot be so base as to forgive me,
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
O women, women, you that yet have kept
Your holy matrimonial vow unstained,
Make me your instance; when you tread awry,
Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

Enter Cicely, Spigot, *all the Servingmen, and* Jenkin, *as newly come out of bed*

All. O, mistress, mistress! What have you done, mistress?
Nick. What a caterwauling keep you here! 110
Jen. O Lord, mistress, how comes this to pass? My master is run away in his shirt, and never so much as called me to bring his clothes after him.
Anne. See what guilt is! Here stand I in this place,
Ashamed to look my servants in the face.

Enter Frankford *and* Cranwell; *whom seeing, she falls on her knees*

Frank. My words are registered in heaven already.
With patience hear me! I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul, 120
And kill thee even with kindness.
Cran. Master Frankford——
Frank. Good Master Cranwell!—Woman, hear thy judgment!
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel;

Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman by.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark, 130
And get thee to my manor seven mile off,
Where live: 'tis thine, I freely give it thee.
My tenants by[1] shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff[2] within two hours;
No longer will I limit[3] thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.
Anne. A mild sentence.
Frank. But, as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day 140
To see me, or to meet me, or to send,
By word or writing, gift or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.
Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.
Frank. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along.
Servants and all make ready; all begone! 150
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.
Exeunt

[ACT V, SCENE I]

[*Before* SIR FRANCIS ACTON'S *House*]

Enter SIR CHARLES [MOUNTFORD,] *gentleman-like and his Sister, gentlewoman-like*

Susan. Brother, why have you tricked me like a bride,
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our poverty?
Sir C. Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern;[4]
For if thou shutt'st thy eye, and only hear'st
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles,
O, sister!——
Susan. O, brother! what doth this strange language mean? 10
Sir C. Dost love me, sister? Wouldst thou see me live
A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a bye-word and a scorn?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.
Susan. By me? Why, I have nothing, nothing left;
I owe even for the clothes upon my back;
I am not worth——
Sir C. O sister, say not so! 20
It lies in you my downcast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the world.
Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are,
And in your power you have, without delay
Acton's five hundred pound back to repay.
Susan. Till now I had thought y'had loved me. By my honor
(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon),
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit[1]
Which I reserved not to supply your wants;
And d'ye think that I would hoard from you? 30
Now, by my hopes in heaven, knew I the means
To buy you from the slavery of your debts
(Especially from Acton, whom I hate),
I would redeem it with my life or blood!
Sir C. I challenge it, and, kindred set apart,
Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?
Susan. Why, some five hundred pounds; towards which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.[2]
Sir C. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve[3] me: 40
What do you think (and speak your conscience)
Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?

[1] Near.
[2] Household goods.
[3] Allow.
[4] Serf.

[1] Farthing.
[2] Penny.
[3] Satisfy

Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound,
To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.
Sir C. A thousand pound! I but five hundred owe:
Grant him your bed, he's paid with interest so.
Susan. O, brother!
Sir C. O, sister! only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay.
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame;
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name, 50
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear
The precious jewel that he holds so dear?
Susan. My honor I esteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.
Sir C. I esteem you, sister,
As dear, for so dear prizing it.
Susan. Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton?
Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him as a token?
Sir C. Neither, sister;
But hear me in my strange assertion! 60
Thy honor and my soul are equal in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness, like a burden, hath surcharged me,
And under his good deeds I stooping go,
Not with an upright soul. Had I remained
In prison still, there doubtless I had died.
Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What moved my foe
To enfranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love;
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love; 70
And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part? You did partake
The joy of my release; will you not stand
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?
Shall I be only charged?
Susan. But that I know
These arguments come from an honored mind,
As in your most extremity of need
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate,—
Nay, rather would engage your unstained honor, 80
Than to be held ingrate,—I should condemn you.
I see your resolution, and assent;
So Charles will have me, and I am content.
Sir C. For this I tricked you up.
Susan. But here's a knife,
To save mine honor, shall slice out my life.
Sir C. I know thou pleasest me a thousand times
More in thy resolution than thy grant.
Observe her love; to soothe it to my suit,
Her honor she will hazard, though not lose;
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart,—O wonder!—that will choose, 91
Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.
Come, you sad sister to a woful brother,
This is the gate. I'll bear him such a present,
Such an acquittance for the knight to seal,
As will amaze his senses, and surprise
With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter [Sir Francis] Acton *and* Malby

Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me,
'Tis here shall my imprisoned soul set free.[1]
Sir F. How! Mountford with his sister, hand in hand! 100
What miracle's afoot?
Mal. It is a sight
Begets in me much admiration.
Sir C. Stand not amazed to see me thus attended!
Acton, I owe thee money, and, being unable
To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn,—
My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honor
I prize above a million. Here! Nay, take her;
She's worth your money, man; do not forsake her.

[1] Set forth free. (Ward.)

Sir F. I would he were in earnest! 110
Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty.
My brother, being rich in nothing else
But in his interest that he hath in me,
According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom, howsoe'er you prize,
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ransom.
Sir F. [*aside*] Stern heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent!
Was ever known, in any former age, 120
Such honorable, wrested courtesy?
Lands, honors, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than stand engaged to such a foe!
Sir C. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much opposed to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee; if thou hast the heart
To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey;
To blur our house, that never yet was stained;
To murder her that never meant thee harm;
To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from death:— 130
Do them at once; on her all these rely,
And perish with her spotless chastity.
Sir F. You overcome me in your love, Sir Charles.
I cannot be so cruel to a lady
I love so dearly. Since you have not spared
To engage your reputation to the world,
Your sister's honor, which you prize so dear,
Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
To grow out of my debt, being your foe,—
Your honored thoughts, lo! thus I recompense. 140
Your metamorphosed foe receives your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This jewel I will wear here in my heart;
And where before I thought her, for her wants,
Too base to be my bride, to end all strife,
I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.
Susan. You still exceed us. I will yield to fate,
And learn to love, where I till now did hate.
Sir C. With that enchantment you have charmed my soul,
And made me rich even in those very words! 150
I pay no debt, but am indebted more;
Rich in your love, I never can be poor.
Sir F. All's mine is yours; we are alike in state;
Let's knit in love what was opposed in hate!
Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide,
Blest only in our brother and fair bride.
Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*Frankford's House*]

Enter CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICK

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have despatched your wife away?
Frank. O, sir! To see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's. I loved her dearly;
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,[1]
Nor any thing that ever was called hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her.—
See round about. 11
Nick. 'Sblood! master, here's her lute flung in a corner.
Frank. Her lute! O, God! Upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,[2]
Sweeter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets[3] have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O, Master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain 20
To her own ravishing voice; which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung!—

[1] To sustain the ruff.
[2] Variation.
[3] See above, I, i, 81.

Post with it after her!—Now nothing's left;
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.
Nick. I'll ride and overtake her; do my message,
And come back again. [*Exit*]
Cran. Meantime, sir, if you please,
I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath passed betwixt you and his sister.
Frank. Do as you please.—How ill am I bested.[1]
To be a widower ere my wife be dead! [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III]

[*Road near Mistress Frankford's Manor*]

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD, *with* JENKIN, *her maid* CICELY, *her Coachman, and three Carters*

Anne. Bid my coach stay! Why should I ride in state,
Being hurled so low down by the hand of fate?
A seat like to my fortunes let me have,
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave!
Jen. Comfort, good mistress; you have watered your coach with tears already. You have but two miles now to go to your manor. A man cannot say by my old master Frankford as he may say by me, that he wants manors; for he hath three or four, of which this is one that we are going to now.
Cic. Good mistress, be of good cheer! Sorrow, you see, hurts you, but helps you not; we all mourn to see you so sad.
Carter. Mistress, I see some of my landlord's men
Come riding post: 'tis like he brings some news.
Anne. Comes he from Master Frankford, he is welcome;
So is his news,[2] because they come from him.

Enter NICHOLAS

Nick. There!
Anne. I know the lute. Oft have I sung to thee;
We both are out of tune, both out of time.
Nick. Would that had been the worst instrument that e'er you played on! My master commends him unto ye; there's all he can find was ever yours; he hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart,—and he could afford you that! All that I have to deliver you is this: he prays you to forget him; and so he bids you farewell.
Anne. I thank him; he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins! My lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

Enter WENDOLL [*behind*][1]

Wen. Pursued with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lashed,
I fly from mine own shadow. O my stars!
What have my parents in their lives deserved,
That you should lay this penance on their son?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash,
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl,
Ashamed of day, live in these shadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf or murm'ring blast,
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. [*Seeing* MISTRESS FRANKFORD] O my sad fate!
Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
O, God! I have divorced the truest turtles
That ever lived together, and, being divided,
In several places make their several moan;
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So poets write that Orpheus made the trees
And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,
That had no understanding part in them.

[1] Sped. [2] As generally plural.

[1] Wendoll remains unseen during most of this scene.

So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.
Anne. [*to* NICHOLAS] If you return unto your master, say
(Though not from me, for I am all unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead!
Nay, you may say, too (for my vow is past),[1]
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear;
For it is writ in heaven, and decreèd here.
Nick. I'll say you wept; I'll swear you made me sad.
Why, how now, eyes? What now? What's here to do?
I'm gone, or I shall straight turn baby too.
Wen. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire.
Curs'd be the fruits of my unchaste desire!
Anne. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make,—
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell!
Nick. If I can for crying.
Wen. Grief, have done,
Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run.
Anne. You have beheld the wofull'st wretch on earth,—
A woman made of tears; would you had words
To express but what you see! My inward grief
No tongue can utter; yet unto your power[2]
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.
Nick. I'll do your commendations.[3]
Anne. O, no!
I dare not so presume; nor to my children!
I am disclaimed in both; alas! I am.
O, never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother: chide their tongue,
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught; for when that word they name,
Poor, pretty souls! they harp on their own shame.
Wen. To recompense her wrongs, what canst thou do?
Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless too.
Anne. I have no more to say.—Speak not for me;
Yet you may tell your master what you see.
Nick. I'll do't. *Exit*
Wen. I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.
O, but her wound cannot be cured with words!
No matter, though; I'll do my best good will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.
Anne. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates[1] that may preserve my life.
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest;
But when my tears have washed my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.
Wen. [*coming forward*] O, Mistress Frankford!
Anne. O, for God's sake, fly!
The devil doth come to tempt me, ere I die.
My coach!—This sin, that with an angel's face
Conjured[2] mine honor, till he sought my wrack,[3]
In my repentant eye seems ugly black.
Exeunt all [*except* WENDOLL *and* JENKIN;] *the Carters whistling*
Jen. What, my young master, that fled in his shirt! How come you by your clothes again? You have made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think you? What, shall I serve you still, or cleave to the house?
Wen. Hence, slave! Away, with thy unseasoned[4] mirth!

[1] Made.
[2] So far as you are able.
[3] Commands.

[1] Food.
[2] Charmed.
[3] Ruin.
[4] Unseasonable.

Unless thou canst shed tears, and sigh, and howl,
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,
Thou art not for my turn.

Jen. Marry, an you will not, another will! farewell, and be hanged! Would you had never come to have kept this coil[1] within our doors! We shall ha' you run away like a sprite again. [*Exit*]

Wen. She's gone to death; I live to want and woe,
Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
In foreign countries and remoted[2] climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France,
And so to Germany and Italy;
Where, when I have recovered, and by travel
Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumors
May in their height abate, I will return:
And I divine (however now dejected),
My worth and parts being by some great man praised,
At my return I may in court be raised.
Exit

[SCENE IV]

[*Before the Manor-house*]

Enter Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford, Cranwell, [Malby,] *and* Susan

Sir F. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles
Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
For being so strict to you in your extremities;
But we are now atoned.[3] I would my sister
Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs
As we have ours.

Susan. You tell us, Master Cranwell, wondrous things
Touching the patience of that gentleman,
With what strange virtue he demeans[4] his grief.

Cran. I told you what I was witness of;
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Sir F. O, that same villain, Wendoll! 'Twas his tongue
That did corrupt her; she was of herself
Chaste, and devoted well.[1]—Is this the house?

Cran. Yes, sir; I take it, here your sister lies.[2]

Sir F. My brother Frankford showed too mild a spirit
In the revenge of such a loathèd crime.
Less than he did, no man of spirit could do.
I am so far from blaming his revenge,
That I commend it. Had it been my case,
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed;
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter Jenkin *and* Cicely

Jen. O, my mistress, mistress! my poor mistress!

Cicely. Alas! that ever I was born; what shall I do for my poor mistress?

Sir C. Why, what of her?

Jen. O, Lord, sir! she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends were come to see how she did, but she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Susan. Alas, that she should bear so hard a fate!
Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Sir F. Is she so weak in body?

Jen. O, sir! I can assure you there's no hope of life in her; for she will take no sustenance: she hath plainly starved herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

[SCENE V]

[*In the Manor-house*] *Mistress Frankford in her bed*

[*Enter* Sir Charles Mountford, Sir Francis Acton, Malby, Cranwell, *and* Susan

Mal. How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

Anne. Sick, sick, O, sick! Give me some air. I pray you!

[1] Trouble.
[2] Distant.
[3] Reconciled.
[4] Bears.

[1] Dutiful.
[2] Lodges.

Tell me, O, tell me, where's Master Frankford?
Will not [he] deign to see me ere I die?
Mal. Yes, Mistress Frankford; divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbors, with that just request
Have moved, and told him of your weak estate:[1]
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence, 10
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him, ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.
Anne. You have half revived me with the pleasing news.
Raise me a little higher in my bed.—
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? Tell me, gentlemen.
Sir C. Alas, good mistress, sickness hath not left you 20
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.
Anne. Then, sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.—
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries his arrive;[2]
Then I am fit for heaven.
Sir F. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turned to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls,[3] you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.—
Here's M[aster] Frankford now.

Enter Frankford

Frank. Good morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen! 30
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleased) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground;
But he that made us, made us to this woe.
Anne. And is he come? Methinks, that voice I know.
Frank. How do you, woman?
Anne. Well, Master Frankford, well; but shall be better,
I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe,
Out of your grace and your humanity,
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand? 40
Frank. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis gripped by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold!
Anne. Amen, amen!
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. O, good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O, pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come. 50
Faintness hath so usurped upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot; but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet,
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O, pardon me!
Frank. As freely, from the low depth of my soul,
As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears with thee;
Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.
All. So do we all.
Nick. So will not I;
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die. 60
Sir F. O, Master Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee.
You are my brother by the nearest way;
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay.
Frank. Even as I hope for pardon, at that day
When the Great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardoned! Though thy rash offence
Divorced our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

[1] Condition. [2] Arrival. [3] Reproaches.

Sir C. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford!
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall; 70
Then, rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul!
Susan. How is it with you?
Sir F. How d'ye feel yourself?
Anne. Not of this world.
Frank. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again.
Though thou art wounded in thy honored name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest[1] in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.
Anne. Pardoned on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free; 81
Once more: [*Kisses her*] thy wife dies thus embracing thee. [*Dies*]
Frank. New-married, and new-widowed.—O! she's dead,
And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.
Sir C. Sir, be of good comfort, and your heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us; storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.
Cran. Do, Master Frankford; he that hath least part,
Will find enough to drown one troubled heart.
Sir F. Peace with thee, Nan!—Brothers and gentlemen, 90
All we that can plead interest in her grief,
Bestow upon her body funeral tears!
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punished her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touched her heart.

[1] Chaste.

Frank. I see it had not; therefore, on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engraved.
In golden letters shall these words be filled:[1]
Here lies she whom her husband's kindness killed. 100

EPILOGUE

An honest crew, disposèd to be merry,
Came to a tavern by,[2] and called for wine.
The drawer brought it, smiling like a cherry,
And told them it was pleasant, neat[3] and fine.
'Taste it,' quoth one. He did so. 'Fie!' (quoth he).
'This wine was good; now't runs too near the lee.'

Another sipped, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest, it drank too flat;
The third said, it was old; the fourth, too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not. 10
Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one hour,
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude[4] our play,
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:
You as our guests we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then; good wine may be disgraced,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

[1] Engraved and filled in with gold.
[2] Near. [3] Pure. [4] Compare.

EASTWARD HOE.

As

It was playd in the *Black-friers.*

By

The Children of her Maiesties Reuels.

Made by.

GEO: CHAPMAN. BEN: IONSON. IOH: MARSTON.

AT LONDON
Printed for *William Aspley.*
1605.

Eastward Ho was printed three times in quarto form in the year 1605. The first issue was altered as to the passage objectionable to the Scotch (III, iii, 49-62); some new matter was substituted on that page, and the rest of the leaves of the first issue were used for this amended second one. The third issue is a distinct resetting of the whole play. It was doubtless written and acted by the Queen's Revels in this same year or the year previous. The passage just mentioned, and, it should seem, even more so that (IV, i, 228-229) in which the royal brogue was ridiculed, aroused displeasure at court. The authors were imprisoned but escaped further punishment through the influence of friends. Several interesting letters on the subject are extant (see the present editor's edition of this play in *Belles Lettres Series*, 1905). *Eastward Ho* was subsequently reacted, even before King James; and, in several inferior rewritings, held the stage almost to the end of the eighteenth century. The source is to be sought variously in the universal story of the prodigal son and in the repetition of stock situations on the stage. Neither this nor the discovery of similarities in the Petronel-Winifred story in two tales (*Novellino* 34 and 40) of Masuccio, takes much from the originality of these sketches from actual life. A consideration of the collaboration in the writing of this comedy will be found in Parrott's excellent edition of Chapman; and in *Representative English Comedies*, Vol. II, where Cunliffe likewise carefully considers it. Without entering into a question impossible here, the clarity, directness, consummate drawing of personage and excellent construction of this comedy surpass any single work of Chapman or Marston and much of Jonson's unaided work as well. I have followed the first quarto, modernizing according to the plan of this book, with special indebtedness to Parrott's intelligent work in this respect.

George Chapman, best known for his famous translation of Homer, was born about 1560. He was a man of much learning, although his sojourn at neither university has been verified. Before his collaboration in this comedy, he had already a considerable repute as a writer of both forms of drama, as such plays as *A Humorous Day's Mirth*, *All Fools* and *Monsieur D'Olive* attest for comedy, and *Bussy D'Ambois* a fine tragedy; and his activity continued throughout a long life. Chapman died in 1634. John Marston was some five years Chapman's junior, and he died in the same year. An Oxford man and a student of law of the Inner Temple, Marston began his literary career as a satirist about 1598. His plays, from *Antonio and Mellida*, a tragedy, the second part, of the revenge type, range from 1599 to 1605, when he sold an interest he had in the Blackfriars theater and became a clergyman. Marston also wrote comedies alone, of which *The Malcontent* is the best known. The collaboration of these two men with Jonson in *Eastward Ho* was as exceptional apparently as it was happy. Marston and Jonson had been at enmity in the "war of the theaters" only shortly before. Chapman and Jonson appear to have been, for the most part, on excellent terms.

The last complete edition of *Marston's Plays* is that of A. H. Bullen, 3 vols., 1887; Chapman has been excellently edited by T. M. Parrott, the Plays in 2 vols., 1910 and 1914. For Jonson see below.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

TOUCHSTONE, *a Goldsmith*
QUICKSILVER } *his Apprentices*
GOLDING }
PAGE
BETTRICE, *a Waiting-woman*
POLDAVY, *a Tailor*
MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE
SECURITY, *an old Usurer*
SINDEFY, *Mistress to Quicksilver*
WINIFRED, *Wife of Security*
SIR PETRONEL FLASH
BRAMBLE, *a Lawyer*
MESSENGER
GERTRUDE } *Daughters to Touchstone*
MILDRED }
SEA-GULL, *a Sea-captain*

SCAPETHRIFT } *Adventurers for Virginia*
SPENDALL }
A COACHMAN
HAMLET, *a Footman*
POTKIN, *a Tankard-bearer*
MISTRESS FOND
MISTRESS GAZER
SCRIVENER
DRAWER
SLITGUT, *a Butcher's Apprentice*
Two Gentlemen
Constable, Officers
WOLF } *Officers of the Counter Prison*
HOLDFAST }
Two Prisoners and Friend

SCENE: Goldsmith's Row, The Blue Anchor Tavern, Cuckold's Haven, the Counter and elsewhere in London.]

PROLOGUS[1]

Nor out of envy, for there's no effect
Where there's no cause; nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore been imitated;
Nor out of our contention to do better
Than that which is opposed to ours in title,[2]
For that was good; and better cannot be:
And for the title, if it seem affected,
We might as well have called it, 'God you good even,'
Only that Eastward Westwards still exceeds—
Honor the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
Nor is our title utterly enforced,
As by the points we touch at you shall see.
Bear with our willing pains, if dull or witty;
We only dedicate it to the City.

[1] Probably by Jonson.
[2] Webster and Dekker's *Westward Ho;* these were cries of the wherry-men on the Thames.

EASTWARD HO

Ben Jonson, George Chapman and John Marston

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[*Goldsmith's Row*]

Enter Master Touchstone *and* Quicksilver *at several doors;* Quicksilver *with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket trussed up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter* Golding, *discovering a goldsmith's shop, and walking short turns before it*

Touch. And whither with you now? What loose action are you bound for? Come, what comrades are you to meet withal? Where's the supper? Where's the rendezvous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir——

Touch. 'Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir'! Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French footboy, and talk more bawdily than a common midwife; and now 'indeed and in very good sober truth, sir'! But if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigged now? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith, and thou my prentice, Francis Quicksilver; and I will see whither you are running. Work upon that now!

Quick. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touch. Prentices' recreations are seldom with their masters' profit. Work upon that now! You shall give up your cloak, though you be no alderman. Heyday, Ruffians'-hall![1] Sword, pumps, here's a racket indeed!

Touchstone *uncloaks* Quicksilver

Quick. Work upon that now!

Touch. Thou shameless varlet, dost thou jest at thy lawful master contrary to thy indentures?

Quick. Why, 'sblood, sir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father's a Justice of Peace and of Quorum![2] And though I am a younger brother and a prentice, yet I hope I am my father's son; and, by God's lid, 'tis for your worship and for your commodity that I keep company. I am entertained among gallants, true! They call me cousin Frank, right! I lend them moneys, good! They spend it, well! But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more, must not their land fly? And to whom? Shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the City, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? How could gentlemen be unthrifts, if their humors were not fed? How should their humors be fed but by white meat and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now: the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, 'Cousin Frank, some gold for silver!'; I change, gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, 'Cousin Frank, lend me some silver!' Why——

Touch. Why? I cannot tell. Seven-score pound art thou out in the cash; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my moneys. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? No! By exchanging of gold? No! By keeping of gallants' company? No! I hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt-book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thrifty sentences, as 'Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.' 'Light gains makes heavy purses.' ''Tis good to be merry and wise.' And when I was wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn,[1] where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeezed out at the buccal:[2] and I grew up, and, I praise Providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my

[1] West Smithfield where rude quarrels were fought out.

[2] One whose presence was necessary to constitute a full bench.

[1] A contemporary cartoon.

[2] Mouthpiece.

neighbors: but thou—well, look to the accounts; your father's bond lies for you; seven-score pound is yet in the rear.

Quick. Why, 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants' words for it as any are in London, gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behaved, gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me 'kind cousin Frank,' 'good cousin Frank,' for they know my father: and, by God's lid, shall I not trust 'em?—not trust?

Enter a Page, *as inquiring for* TOUCHSTONE'S *shop*

Gold. What do ye lack, sir?[1] What is't you'll buy, sir?

Touch. Ay, marry, sir; there's a youth of another piece. There's thy fellow-prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art; nay, and better meaned. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he outlast not a hundred such crackling bavins[2] as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Gold. (*to the Page*) It is his shop, and here my master walks.

Touch. With me, boy?

Page. My master, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling,[3] whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. (*Exit* Page) There's another affliction too. As I have two prentices, the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry, so have I only two daughters: the eldest of a proud ambition and nice[4] wantonness, the other of a modest humility and comely soberness. The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attired just to the court-cut and long tail. So far is she ill natured to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despite hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has, 'twas her grandmother's gift, let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that! But as for my substance, she that scorns me as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry, shall never use me as men do foxes, keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this Sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee; look to the shop. As for you, Master Quicksilver, think of husks, for thy course is running directly to the Prodigal's hog's-trough; husks, sirrah! Work upon that now!

Exit TOUCHSTONE

Quick. Marry faugh, goodman flat-cap![1] 'Sfoot! though I am a prentice, I can give arms;[2] and my father's a Justice-o'-Peace by descent, and 'sblood——

Gold. Fie, how you swear!

Quick. 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree, God's my life! Sirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? Turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant, and let the welkin roar, and Erebus also.[3] Look not westward to the fall of D[a]n Phœbus, but to the East—Eastward Ho!

Where radiant beams of lusty Sol appear,
And bright Eoüs makes the welkin clear.

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombs; let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchstone. Eastward, bully! This satin belly and canvas-backed Touchstone—'slife, man, his father was a malt-man, and his mother sold ginger-bread in Christ-church!

Gold. What would ye ha' me do?

Quick. Why, do nothing, be like a gentleman, be idle; the curse of man is labor. Wipe thy bum with testons,[4] and make ducks and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward Ho! Wilt thou cry, 'what is't ye lack?', stand with a bare pate and a dropping nose under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman? Wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms? Be ruled, turn gallant, Eastward Ho! Ta, lirra, lirra, ro! *Who calls Jeronimo? Speak, here I am.*[5] God's so, how like a sheep thou lookst!

[1] The customary cry to passers by a shop.
[2] Bundles of brushwood.
[3] Darling.
[4] Affected.

[1] Citizen from his attire.
[2] Show amorial bearings.
[3] Scraps of Ancient Pistol's rant, *2 Henry IV.* II, 4.
[4] A coin worth 1s. 4d.
[5] Another playhouse scrap, from *The Spanish Tragedy*, II, 5.

O' my conscience some cowherd begot thee, thou Golding of Golding Hall! Ha, boy?

Gold. Go, ye are a prodigal coxscomb! I a cowherd's son, because I turn not a drunken whore-hunting rake-hell like thyself!

Quick. Rake-hell! Rake-hell!

Offers to draw, and GOLDING *trips up his heels and holds him*

Gold. Pish, in soft terms ye are a cowardly bragging boy! I'll ha' you whipped.

Quick. Whipped? That's good, i'faith! Untruss me?[1]

Gold. No, thou wilt undo thyself. Alas, I behold thee with pity, not with anger, thou common shot-clog,[2] gull of all companies; methinks I see thee already walking in Moorfields[3] without a cloak, with half a hat, without a band, a doublet with three buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one point and no garter, with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging threepence.

Quick. Nay, 'slife, take this and take all! As I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. *Exit*

Gold. Go, thou most madly vain, whom nothing can recover but that which reclaims atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious—calamity. As for my place and life, thus I have read:—

Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base;
From trades, from arts, from valor, honor springs;
These three are founts of gentry, yea, of kings. [*Exit*]

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*A Room in Touchstone's House*]

Enter GERTRUDE, MILDRED, BETTRICE, *and* POLDAVY, *a tailor;* POLDAVY *with a fair gown, Scotch farthingale, and French fall in his arms;* GERTRUDE *in a French head-attire and citizen's gown;* MILDRED *sewing, and* BETTRICE *leading a monkey after her*

Ger. For the passion of patience, look if Sir Petronel approach, that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for love's sake, tell me if he come. O sister Mil., though my father be a low-capped tradesman, yet I must be a lady; and, I praise God, my mother must call me madam. Does he come? Off with this gown, for shame's sake, off with this gown; let not my knight take me in the city-cut in any hand;[1] tear't, pax[2] on't— does he come?—tear't off. *Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake, etc.*[3] [*sings*]

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatiency and disgraceful scorn do you put off your City tire; I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Ger. I tell you I cannot endure it, I must be a lady: do you wear your coif with a London licket,[4] your stammel[5] petticoat with two guards, the buffin[6] gown with the tuf[t]-taffety cape, and the velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humors of the City dames well: to eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good! To dye rich scarlet black, pretty! To line a grogram gown clean thorough with velvet, tolerable! Their pure linen, their smocks of three pounds a smock, are to be borne withal! But your mincing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance[7] petticoats, and silver bodkins[8]—God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it! Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis!—*And ever she cried, Sho[o]t home!*—and yet I know one longer. *And ever she cried, Sho[o]t home.*[9] *Fa, la, ly, re, lo, la!* [*sings*]

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft fly with a sick wing.

Ger. Bow-bell![10]

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this I would for your sake I spake not truth: *Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself

[1] Untie points, prepare to spank.
[2] One who pays for the party.
[3] A beggar's haunt.

[1] Under any circumstances.
[2] Affected for *pox.*
[3] A line of one of Dowland's songs.
[4] Rag.
[5] Woolen.
[6] Coarse cloth.
[7] Buff material.
[8] Ornamental pins.
[9] A popular song or ballad.
[10] Said in mockery of a Londoner.

mad, yoked cats and foxes and dogs together to draw his plough, whilst he followed and sowed salt; but sure I judge them truly mad that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Ger. Alas! poor Mil., when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet, i'faith; nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee Sister Mil. still; for though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and mayest peradventure to be saved as soon as I—does he come?—*And ever and anon she doubled in her song.* Now, lady's my comfort, what a profane ape's here! Tailor, Poldavy, prithee, fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot?[1] Does it clip close, and bear up round?

Pol. Fine and stiffly, i'faith! 'Twill keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small; here was a fault in your body, but I have supplied the defect with the effect of my steel instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

Ger. Most edifying tailor! I protest you tailors are most sanctified members,[2] and make many crooked thing go upright. How must I bear my hands? Light, light?

Pol. O, ay, now you are in the lady-fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light. Ay, and fall so: that's the Court amble. *She trips about the stage*

Ger. Has the Court ne'er a trot?

Pol. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Ger. *And if she will not go to bed—*
Cantat

Bet. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir Petronel, Master Touchstone, Mistress Touchstone [*and* Golding]

Ger. Is my knight come? O the Lord, my band! Sister, do my cheeks look well? Give me a little box o' the ear that I may seem to blush; now, now! So, there, there, there! Here he is. O my dearest delight! Lord, Lord, and how does my knight?

Touch. Fie, with more modesty!

Ger. Modesty! Why, I am no citizen now—modesty! Am I not to be married? Y'are best to keep me modest, now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pet. Boldness is good fashion and courtlike.

Ger. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Pet. 'Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one Count Epernoum, a Welsh knight; we had a match at balloon[1] too with my Lord Watchum for four crowns.

Ger. At baboon? Jesu! You and I will play at baboon in the country, knight.

Sir Pet. O, sweet lady, 'tis a strong play with the arm.

Ger. With arm or leg or any other member, if it be a Court sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

Sir Pet. I come now to consummate it, and your father may call a poor knight son-in-law.

Touch. Sir, ye are come. What is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. A hundred pounds' land her grandmother left her, 'tis yours; herself (as her mother's gift) is yours. But if you expect aught from me, know my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. Work upon that now!

Sir Pet. Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mist. Touch. Yes, that he is, a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen-ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is, a knight; and so might you have been too, if you had been ought else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbors. And[2] I thought you would not ha' been knighted (as I am an honest woman) I would ha' dubbed you myself. I praise God I have wherewithal. But as for your daughter—

Ger. Ay, mother, I must be a lady tomorrow; and by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother.

[1] Scottish fashion. [2] Puritan jargon.

[1] A game in which a ball was driven about by a piece of wood attached to the arm.
[2] If.

Mist. Touch. That you shall, lady-daughter, and have a coach as well as I too.

Ger. Yes, mother. But by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touch. Come, come, the day grows low; 'tis supper-time; use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing, for, I cannot feign, my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter; she has refused for you wealthy and honest matches, known good men, well-moneyed, better traded, best reputed.

Ger. Body o'truth! Chittizens, chittizens![1] Sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable Chitty; presently carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell; I beseech thee down with me, for God's sake!

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:

The greatest rivers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first;
He that's most drunk may soonest be athirst.

Work upon that now!

All but Touchstone, Mildred, *and* Golding *depart*

No, no! Yond' stand my hopes—Mildred, come hither, daughter! And how approve you your sister's fashion? How do you fancy her choice? What dost thou think?

Mil. I hope, as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay but, how dost thou like her behavior and humor? Speak freely.

Mil. I am loath to speak ill; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speak well.

Touch. Well; very good, as I would wish, a modest answer! Golding, come hither, hither, Golding! How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? Does he not look big? How lik'st thou the elephant? He says he has a castle in the country.

Gold. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

[1] An affected pronunciation.

Touch. 'Fore heaven, very well! But, seriously, how dost repute him?

Gold. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Golding! I commend thee, I approve thee, and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humor, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? She is not fair, well-favored or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beauty shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly, she is modest; thou art provident, she is careful. She's now mine; give me thy hand, she's now thine. Work upon that now!

Gold. Sir, as your son, I honor you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yond' fellow? He is a gentleman, though my prentice, and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope, well friended, well parted.[1] Are you mine? You are his. Work you upon that now!

Mil. Sir, I am all yours; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life; let your virtue still direct it, for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touch. Sayest thou so? Be you two better acquainted. Lip her, lip her, knave! So, shut up shop, in! We must make holiday. *Exeunt* Golding *and* Mildred

This match shall on, for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the mean or lofty love.
Whether fit wedlock vowed 'twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's expense,
When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.
Work upon that now. *Exit*

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*Goldsmith's Row*]

Touchstone, Golding, *and* Mildred, *sitting on either side of the stall*

Touch. Quicksilver! Master Francis Quicksilver! Master Quicksilver!

[1] Possessed of good parts.

Enter QUICKSILVER

Quick. Here, sir—ump!

Touch. So, sir; nothing but flat Master Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you! Will you truss[1] my points, sir?

Quick. Ay, forsooth—ump!

Touch. How now, sir? The drunken hiccup so soon this morning?

Quick. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth!

Touch. What, have you the cause natural for it? Y'are a very learned drunkard; I believe I shall miss some of my silver spoons with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous weasand.

Quick. An't please you, sir, we did but drink—ump!—to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touch. To the coming off on him?

Quick. Ay, forsooth! We drunk to his coming on—ump!—when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off; for that's the chief honor of a soldier, sir; and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth—ump!

Touch. A very capital reason! So that you go to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenness; you fulfil the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth!

Quick. The knight's men, forsooth, be still o' their knees[2] at it—ump—and because 'tis for your credit, sir, I would be loath to flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, e'en to 'em again then; y' are one of the separated crew, one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's, with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, sir, now I will go keep my—ump!—credit with 'em, an't please you, sir!

Touch. In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more o' your cold stomach, I beseech you!

Quick. Yes, forsooth! *Exit* QUICKSILVER

Touch. This is for my credit; servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason. I thank Time the night is past; I ne'er waked to such cost; I think we have stowed more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received; and for wine, why, my house turns giddy with it, and more noise in it than at a conduit.[1] Ay me, even beasts condemn our gluttony! Well, 'tis our city's fault, which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully; we lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it. O that we would do so in virtue and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can show; I'll eavesdrop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

[*He retires*]

GOLDING [*and* MILDRED *come forward*]

Gold. But is it possible that you, seeing your sister preferred to the bed of a knight, should contain your affections in the arms of a prentice?

Mil. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colors, or mix sackcloth with satin.

Gold. And do the costly garments—the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment—no more inflame you than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues?

Mil. I have observed that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldom recovered; they bear one headlong in desire from one novelty to another, and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs to go to our objects, not wings to fly to them.

Gold. How dear an object you are to my desires I cannot express; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so far beyond my merit that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it, yet thus far both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for

[1] Tie up.
[2] A common drinking extravagance.

[1] Public fountain where the neighborhood comes for water.

your birth and education; what increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of our trade will afford in any, I doubt not will be aspired by me; I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavors; I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

Touch. Work upon that now! By my hopes, he wooes honestly and orderly; he shall be ancher of my hopes! Look, see the ill-yoked monster, his fellow!

Enter QUICKSILVER *unlaced, a towel about his neck, in his flat-cap, drunk*

Quick. Eastward Ho! *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!*[1]

Touch. Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Quick. Ump! Pull eo, pull eo! Showse, quoth the caliver.[2]

Gold. Fie, fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in!

Quick. Pickle? Pickle in thy throat; zounds, pickle! Wa, ha, ho! Goodmorrow, knight Petronel; morrow, lady Goldsmith; come off, knight, with a counter-buff, for the honor of knighthood.

Gold. Why, how now, sir? Do ye know where you are?

Quick. Where I am? Why, 'sblood, you jolthead, where I am!

Gold. Go to, go to, for shame! Go to bed and sleep out this immodesty: thou sham'st both my master and his house.

Quick. Shame? What shame? I thought thou wouldst show thy bringing-up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money, save my credit; I must dine with the serving-men and their wives—and their wives, sirrah!

Gold. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee threepence.

Quick. 'Sfoot, lend me some money! *Hast thou not Hiren here?*[3]

Touch. Why, how now, sirrah? What vein's this, ha?

[1] Tamburlaine's famous cry to his harnessed kings, drawing his car. Part II, IV, iii.
[2] Bang went the gun.
[3] Another of Pistol's quotations.

Quick. Who cries on murther? Lady, was it you?[1] How does our master? Pray thee cry Eastward Ho!

Touch. Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccup now; I see y'are drunk—

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And hear you keep a whore in town—

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And what you are out in cash, I know.

Quick. So do I; my father's a gentleman. Work upon that now! Eastward Ho!

Touch. Sir, Eastward Ho will make you go Westward Ho.[2] I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your license. There, sir, there's your indenture; all your apparel (that I must know) is on your back, and from this time my door is shut to you: from me be free; but for other freedom, and the moneys you have wasted, Eastward Ho shall not serve you.

Quick. Am I free o' my fetters? Rent, fly with a duck in thy mouth,[3] and now I tell thee, Touchstone—

Touch. Good sir—

Quick. When this eternal substance of my soul—[4]

Touch. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Quick. Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh—

Touch. What then, sir?

Quick. I was a courtier in the Spanish Court,
And Don Andrea was my name.

Touch. Good Master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny!

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance; I will piss at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign. Work upon that now!

Exit staggering

Touch. Now, sirrah, you, hear you? You shall serve me no more neither—not an hour longer!

[1] From Chapman's *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, another popular piece.
[2] The direction of Tyburn, the gallows.
[3] Go, rent and interest (Parrott).
[4] *The Spanish Tragedy, Prologue.*

Gold. What mean you, sir?

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom, and with thy freedom my daughter, and with my daughter a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make Knight Petronel himself envy thee! Y'are both agreed, are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission, both of thanks and duty.

Touch. Well, then, the great Power of heaven bless and confirm you. And, Golding, that my love to thee may not show less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage-feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Gold. Let me beseech you, no, sir; the superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly; nor would I wish any invitement[1] of states or friends, only your reverent presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touch. Son to my own bosom, take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, sir-reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravished with desire to hansel[2] her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward Castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother, and while their preparation is making, ourselves, with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match we have in God's name concluded.

'Tis to my wish; for I have often read
Fit birth, fit age, keeps long a quiet bed.
'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen (well 'tis known)
Get with more ease than gentry keeps his own.

Exit [*with* GOLDING *and* MILDRED]

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*A Room in the House of Security*]

SECURITY *solus*

[*Sec.*] My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl; but with a little sleep, he is much recovered; and, I think, is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is, as 'twere, the cave where the young outlaw hoards the stolen vails[1] of his occupation; and here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am Security itself; my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter QUICKSILVER *in his prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himself,* SECURITY *following*

Quick. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! Th' indented sheepskin is burned wherein I was wrapped; and I am now loose to get more children of perdition into thy[2] usurous bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy covetousness; thou art pander to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy cozenages. Ka me, ka thee,[3] runs through court and country.

Sec. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver! These ka's ope the doors to all this world's felicity; the dullest forehead sees it. Let not master courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders: I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villany in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap.

Quick. Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be used, 'tis but as a scrap to the net of villany.[4] They that use it simply,[5] thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds.

Enter SINDEFY, *with* QUICKSILVER'S *doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger*

Sin. Here, sir, put off the other half of your prenticeship.

Quick. Well said, sweet Sin.! Bring forth my bravery.

Now let my trunks[6] shoot forth their silks concealed.
I now am free, and now will justify

[1] Invitation. [2] Use for the first time.

[1] Products.
[2] Q. *my.*
[3] One good turn deserves another.
[4] A trifle to the power of villainy.
[5] Employ it only.
[6] A trunk was also a pea-shooter.

My trunks and punks. Avaunt, dull flatcap, then!
Via the curtain that shadowed Borgia![1]
There lie, thou husk of my envassalled state,
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistines' bands,
And in thy lap, my lovely Dalida,
I'll lie, and snore out my enfranchised state.
When Sampson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increase than;
He sold no more nor cup nor can;
But did them all despise.
Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends
For one to sell thy base gold-ends;
Quicksilver now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone.[2]
But, Dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dressed to-day?

Sec. That I have, Frank. The ostler o'th' Cock dressed him for a breakfast.

Quick. What, did he eat him?

Sec. No, but he eat his breakfast for dressing him; and so dressed him for breakfast.

Quick. O witty age, where age is young in wit,
And all youth's words have gray beards full of it!

Sin. But alas, Frank, how will all this be maintained now? Your place maintained it before.

Quick. Why, and I maintained my place. I'll to the Court, another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly City! I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing an old song and a true: *Thou art a she-fool, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdom.* I shall be a merchant, forsooth, trust my estate in a wooden trough as he does! What are these ships but tennis-balls for the winds to play withal? Tossed from one wave to another; now under line, now over the house; sometimes brick-walled against a rock, so that the guts fly out again; sometimes strook under the wide hazard,[3] and farewell, master merchant!

Sin. Well, Frank, well: the seas you say, are uncertain; but he that sails in your Court seas shall find 'hem ten times fuller of hazard; wherein to see what is to be seen is torment more than a free spirit can endure; but when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you! What care and devotion must you use to humor an imperious lord, proportion your looks to his looks, smiles to his smiles, fit your sails to the wind of his breath!

Quick. Tush, he's no journeyman in his craft that cannot do that!

Sin. But he's worse than a prentice that does it; not only humoring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favor, and by panderism into his chamber; he rules the roast; and when my honorable lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful rascal, the groom of his close-stool, says it shall not be thus, claps the door after him, and who dares enter? A prentice, quoth you? 'Tis but to learn to live; and does that disgrace a man? He that rises hardly stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas, falls as easily!

Quick. A pox on you! Who taught you this morality?

Sec. 'Tis 'long of this witty age, Master Francis. But, indeed, Mistress Sindefy, all trades complain of inconvenience, and therefore 'tis best to have none. The merchant, he complains and says, 'Traffic is subject to much uncertainty and loss.' Let 'hem keep their goods on dry land, with a vengeance, and not expose other men's substances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden wall (as Master Francis says); and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending money, are content with moderate profit; thirty or forty i'th'hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous courses of trading, as they do.

Quick. Ay, Dad, thou mayst well be called Security, for thou takest the safest course. [*Exit* SINDEFY]

Sec. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented, and, out of doubt, the more godly; for merchants, in their courses, are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a westerly wind to

[1] Behold the curtain is drawn that concealed Borgia. *Muleasses*, V, iii.
[2] The parody of an old ballad.
[3] The ship is likened to a tennis ball, struck into the court.

carry his ship forth; another for an easterly to bring his ship home; and at every shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast, and so forth. The farmer, he is ever at odds with the weather: sometimes the clouds have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the 150 season falls out too fruitful, corn will bear no price, and so forth. The artificer, he's all for a stirring world; if his trade be too full, and fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we that trade nothing but money are free from all this; we are pleased with all weathers, let it rain or hold up, be calm or windy; let the season be whatsoever, let trade go how it will, we take all in good part, e'en what 160 please the heavens to send us, so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns, and make up days, months, and years—

Quick. And you have good security!

Sec. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

Quick. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal; for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings, and 170 a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say still,[1] he that has wit, let him live by his wit; he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

Sec. Witty Master Francis, 'tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours! Do but bring Knight Petronel into my parchment toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, o'my credit. You know his wife's land? 180

Quick. Even to a foot, sir; I have been often there; a pretty fine seat, good land, all entire within itself.

Sec. Well wooded?

Quick. Two hundred pounds' worth of wood ready to fell, and a fine sweet house, that stands just in the midst on't, like a prick in the midst of a circle; would I were your farmer, for a hundred pound a year!

Sec. Excellent Master Francis, how I 190 do long to do thee good! How I do hunger and thirst to have the honor to enrich thee! Ay, even to die that thou mightest inherit my living; even hunger and thirst! For o' my religion, Master Francis—and so tell Knight Petronel—I do it to do him a pleasure.

Quick. Marry, Dad, his horses are now coming up to bear down his lady; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'hem in? 200

Sec. Faith, Master Francis, I would be loath to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, Dad, let him have money; all he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia; the frame of which voyage is so closely conveyed that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Not- 210 withstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnished him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away.

Sec. Now, a frank gale of wind go with him, Master Frank! We have too few such knight adventurers. Who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase, with any danger, excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. 220 Let his wife seal to-day; he shall have his money to-day.

Quick. To-morrow she shall, Dad, before she goes into the country; to work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Sin. here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friend's daughter, a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for 230 awhile to learn fashions, forsooth, and be toward some lady; and she shall buzz pretty devices into her lady's ear, feeding her humors so serviceably, as the manner of such as she is, you know—

Sec. True, good Master Francis!

Enter SINDEFY

Quick. That she shall keep her port open to anything she commends to her.

Sec. O' my religion, a most fashionable project; as good she spoil the lady, as 240 the lady spoil her, for 'tis three to one of one side. Sweet Mistress Sin., how are you bound to Master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

[1] Always.

Sin. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Quick. With all festination; I have broken the ice to it already; and will presently to the knight's house, whither, my 250 good old Dad, let me pray thee with all formality to man her.

Sec. Command me, Master Francis, I do hunger and thirst to do thee service. Come, sweet Mistress Sin., take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet Frank, Master Francis at your lady's.

Enter WINIFRED *above*

Win. Where is my Cu. there? Cu.?[1]

Sec. Ay, Winnie!

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu.? 260

Sec. Ay, Winnie, presently!

Exeunt [WINIFRED, SECURITY, *and* SINDEFY]

Quick. Ay, Winnie, quod he! That's all he can do, poor man, he may well cut off her name at Winnie. O 'tis an egregious pander! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O 'tis a notable Jew's trump! I hope to live to see dogs' meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin; and yet his skin is too thick to make parch- 270 ment, 'twould make good boots for a peterman[2] to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum is your Puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and slickest knaves in a country. [*Exit*]

[SCENA TERTIA]

[*Before* SIR PETRONEL'S *Lodging*]

Enter SIR PETRONEL *in boots, with a riding wan*[3] [*followed by* QUICKSILVER]

Sir Pet. I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot. Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at a fall; not a feather waving, nor a spur jingling anywhere. I'll away instantly.

Quick. Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight, or else your Eastward 10 Castle will smoke but miserably.

[1] An absurd pet-name from Security.
[2] Fisherman. [3] Wand, stock.

Sir Pet. O, Frank, my castle! Alas, all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st!

Quick. I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Sir Pet. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will, without contraction; her coach and the coach of the 20 sun must meet full butt.[1] And the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

Quick. And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

Sir Pet. O that she would have the grace, for I shall never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

Quick. As easily as can be. Tell her 30 she mistook your directions, and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it; and then clothe but her crupper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you list. For these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still,[2] or they will never drive orderly.

Sir Pet. But, alas, sweet Frank, thou know'st my hability will not furnish her 40 blood with those costly humors.

Quick. Cast that coat on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money or commodity;[3] and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Sir Pet. Commodity! Alas, what commodity?

Quick. Why, sir, what say you to figs and raisins?

Sir Pet. A plague of figs and raisins, 50 and all such frail[4] commodities! We shall make nothing of 'hem.

Quick. Why then, sir, what say you to forty pound in roasted beef?

Sir Pet. Out upon 't! I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisins; I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine; for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid[5] to arrest me, and

[1] Head on.
[2] Continually.
[3] Advances were often made in kind which the recipient had to sell to procure money.
[4] Basket.
[5] Plotted.

I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me.

Quick. God's me, knight, put 'hem in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you! Let 'hem take their choice, either the King's Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best, for, by the Lord, I like none of 'hem.

Sir Pet. Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Quick. Why, then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the bloodhound, Security, will smell out ready money for you instantly.

Sir Pet. There spake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I must feign myself extremely amorous; and alleging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately as she would from her foisting[1] hound.

Quick. You have the sow by the right ear, sir. I warrant there was never child longed more to ride a cock-horse or wear his new coat, then she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for everything when she was a maid, and now she will run mad for 'hem. I lay my life, she will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humor you must endure while she is with child, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog[2] bound to his wheel more servilely than you shall be to her wheel; for as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel but when the top comes under him, so shall you never climb the top of her contentment but when she is under you.

Sir Pet. 'Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Quick. Nay, hark you, sir; what nurses, what midwives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewitched, sometimes in a consumption) to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her glisters, to let her blood under the tongue and betwixt the toes; how she will revile and kiss you, spit in your face, and lick it off again; how she will vaunt you are her creature, she made you of nothing; how she could have had a thousand mark jointures; she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him; she could have had poynados[1] in her bed every morning; how she set you up, and how she will pull you down: you'll never be able to stand of your legs to endure it.

Sir Pet. Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face to! The best is, a large time-fitted[2] conscience is bound to nothing; marriage is but a form in the school of policy, to which scholars sit fastened only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the further off with me.

Quick. Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly with my punk Sindefy, whom you know your lady has promised me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to feed on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Sir Pet. It falls out excellently fitly; I see desire of gain makes jealousy venturous.

Enter GERTRUDE

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord, how she views thee! She knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

Ger. How now? Who be you, I pray?

Quick. One Master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship.

Ger. God's my dignity! As I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water; would I were unmarried again! Where's my woman, I pray?

Enter SECURITY *and* SINDEFY

Quick. See, madam, she now comes to attend you.

Sec. God save my honorable knight and his worshipful lady!

Ger. Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Sec. No, madam; till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

[1] Ill smelling.
[2] A popular usage of small dogs.

[1] Panadas, a candle.
[2] Adaptable.

Ger. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Sec. She is, madam; and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honorable lady's service, to put her out of her honest[1] humors, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Ger. A nun? What nun? A nun substantive, or a nun adjective?

Sec. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vowed maid of that order.

Ger. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you! And can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Sin. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Ger. Well said, hold up, then; hold up your head, I say! Come hither a little.

Sin. I thank your ladyship.

Ger. And hark you—good man, you may put on your hat now; I do not look on you—I must have you of my faction now; not of my knight's, maid!

Sin. No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

Ger. And draw all my servants in my bow,[2] and keep my counsel, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and read on a book sometimes when I am busy, and laugh at country gentlewomen, and command anything in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Sec. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Ger. Very well; you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.[3]

Sec. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Ger. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoun and[4] he sup from me.

Sir Pet. Pray thee, forbear; shall he lose his provision?

Ger. Ay, by[r] lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing. Come in, I say; as I am a lady, you shall not go.

[1] Homely.
[2] Bend all to my will.
[3] At once.
[4] If.

Quick. [*aside to* Security] I told him what a burr he had gotten.

Sec. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Ger. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be abed soon enough after supper.

Sir Pet. What a med'cine is this! Well, Master Security, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well. We must honor our young wives, you know.

Quick. [*aside to* Security] In policy, Dad, till to-morrow she has sealed.

Sec. I hope in the morning, yet, your knighthood will breakfast with me?

Sir Pet. As early as you will, sir.

Sec. Thank your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.

Ger. Come, sweet knight, come; I do hunger and thirst to be abed with thee.

Exeunt

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in* Security's *House*]

Enter Sir Petronel, Quicksilver, Security, Bramble, *and* Winifred

Sir Pet. Thanks for your feast-like breakfast, good Master Security; I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means by any kind amends to show how affectionately I take your kindness, and to confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

Sec. Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship: I am new married to this fair gentlewoman, you know, and by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you to make you godfather (though in your absence) to the first child I am blest withal; and henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Sir Pet. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child, wheresoever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestow me.

Sec. How now, my coy wedlock, make you strange of so noble a favor? Take it, I charge you, with all affection, and, by way of taking your leave, present boldly your lips to our honorable gossip.

Quick. [*aside*] How venturous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Sir Pet. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it.

Sec. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsel here, Master Bramble the lawyer, hath perused them; and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

Sir Pet. Good Master Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then. God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients!

Bram. And you foreright[1] winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage! *Exit*

Enter a Messenger

Mes. Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you.

Sir Pet. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage, knight, Captain Seagull and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Sir Pet. Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter SEAGULL, SCAPETHRIFT, *and* SPENDALL

Sea. God save my honorable Colonel!

Sir Pet. Welcome, good Captain Seagull and worthy gentlemen. If you will meet my friend Frank here and me, at the Blue Anchor Tavern by Billingsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

Spen. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir; but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name, so for your own safety and ours, let it be continued, our meeting and speedy purpose of departing known to as few as is possible, lest your ship and goods be attached.

Quick. Well advised, Captain! Our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures; bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skins full of vintage we'll take occasion by the vantage, and away.

Spen. We will not fail but be there, sir.

Sir Pet. Good morrow, good Captain and my worthy associates. Health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip; for you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Sec. With writings and crowns to my honorable gossip. I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir! *Exeunt*

SCENA SECUNDA

[*An inn-yard*]

Enter a Coachman *in haste, in's frock, feeding*

Coach. Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town, indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'Slight, they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises!

Enter HAMLET,[1] *a footman, in haste*

Ham. What, coachman! My lady's coach, for shame! Her ladyship's ready to come down.

Enter POTKIN, *a tankard-bearer*

Pot. 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? Whither run you now? You should brush up my old mistress! [*Exit* HAMLET]

Enter SINDEFY

Sin. What, Potkin? You must put off your tankard, and put on your blue coat[2] and wait upon Mistress Touchstone into the country. *Exit*

Pot. I will, forsooth, presently. *Exit*

[1] Prosperous. Chapman elsewhere uses this word.

[1] The several allusions in this scene to *Hamlet* are too good-humored to bear construction of malice.

[2] Servant's dress.

Enter MISTRESS FOND *and* MISTRESS GAZER

Fond. Come, sweet Mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my Lady Flash take coach.

Gaz. O' my word here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship launched last day, Mistress Fond?

Fond. O God, and we citizens should lose such a sight!

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach as there were to see it take water.

Fond. O she's married to a most fine castle i'th' country, they say.

Gaz. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fond. O no; they say her knight killed 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gaz. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter GERTRUDE, MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, SINDEFY, HAMLET, POTKIN

Fond. She comes, she comes, she comes!

Gaz. } Pray heaven bless your ladyship!
Fond. }

Ger. Thank you, good people! My coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! In good truth I shall swoun else.

Ham. Coach, coach, my lady's coach! *Exit*

Ger. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

Mist. Touch. Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that; I have seen a little prick no bigger than a pin's head swell bigger and bigger till it has come to an ancome;[1] and e'en so 'tis in these cases.

Enter HAMLET

Ham. Your coach is coming, madam.

Ger. That's well said. Now, heaven, methinks I am e'en up to the knees in preferment! [*sings*]

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, there lies Cupid's fire![2]

[1] Boil, felon.
[2] The refrain of a song by Campion.

Mist. Touch. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way a-foot?

Ger. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him! He gives no other milk,[1] as I have another servant does.

Mist. Touch. Alas, 'tis e'en pity, methinks! For God's sake, madam, buy him but a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'hem. Alas, we must do as we would be done to!

Ger. Go to, hold your peace, dame; you talk like an old fool, I tell you!

Enter SIR PETRONEL *and* QUICKSILVER

Sir Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honeysuckle, before I can go with thee?

Ger. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st. But I marle[2] how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Quick. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to prentice Golding. Your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'hem in all the haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might serve to furnish their nuptial table.

Ger. There's no base fellow,[3] my father now! But he's e'en fit to father such a daughter: he must call me daughter no more now; but 'madam,' and 'please you, madam,' and 'please your worship, madam,' indeed. Out upon him, marry his daughter to a base prentice!

Mist. Touch. What should one do? Is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? How shall we punish him, madam?

Ger. As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'd so pebble 'hem with snow-balls as they come from church; but, sirrah Frank Quicksilver!

Quick. Ay, madam.

Ger. Dost remember since thou and I clapped what-d'ye-call'ts in the garret?

Quick. I know not what you mean, madam.

Ger. [*sings*] *His head as white as milk, all flaxen was his hair;*

[1] Is of no other use.
[2] Marvel.
[3] Supply *but*.

But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,
And never will come again.[1]
God be at your labor!

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, MILDRED *with rosemary*

Sir Pet. [*aside*] Was there ever such a lady?

Quick. See, madam, the bride and bridegroom!

Ger. God's my precious! God give you joy, Mistress What-lack-you![2] Now out upon thee, baggage! My sister married in a taffeta hat! Marry, hang you! Westward with a wanion t'ye![3] Nay, I have done wi' ye, minion, then, i'faith; never look to have my count'nance any more, nor anything I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach, or come down to my castle! Fie upon thee! I charge thee in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

Touch. An't please your worship, this is not your sister; this is my daughter, and she calls me father, and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mist. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy prentice thy son as well as she. Ah, thou misproud prentice, dars't thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Gold. It pleased my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favor; and though I confess myself far unworthy for so worthy a wife (being in part her servant, as I am your prentice) yet since (I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman, and by the trade I have learned of my master (which I trust taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter, my hope is heaven will so bless our humble beginning that in the end I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentice.

Touch. Master me no more, son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Ger. Son? Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you mark him! He's a gentleman!

[1] *Hamlet*, IV, 5, 190.
[2] The usual cry of the salesman to passers by.
[3] With a vengeance.

Gold. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Sir Pet. Never stand o' your gentry, Master Bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand upright on neither shortly.

Touch. An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Sir Pet. What mean you, sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship—

Sir Pet. Nay, pray forbear, sir, and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen. There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural.[1] Now though your worship be a gentleman natural—work upon that now!

Quick. Well said, old Touchstone; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith! Forth, I beseech thee!

Touch. Cry you mercy, sir, your worship's a gentleman I do not know. If you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir.

Quick. Go to, old quipper![2] Forth with thy speech, I say!

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship; and therefore, till I speak to you—gallantry[3] indeed—I will save my breath for my broth anon. Come, my poor son and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe. Ambition consumes itself with the very show. Work upon that now!

[*Exeunt* TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING *and* MILDRED]

Ger. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake! Let him make his prentice his son, for God's sake! Give away his daughter, for God's sake! And when they come a-begging to us for God's sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry, for God's sake! Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

Sir Pet. What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

Quick. Now, O now, I must depart;
Parting though it absence move—[4]
This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

[1] A natural is a fool.
[2] Quibbler.
[3] Gallants.
[4] A careless quotation from a song of Dowland.

What a grief 'tis to depart, and leave the flower that has my heart!
My sweet lady, and alack for woe, why should we part so? 200

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your pain lie on that side?

Sir Pet. If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent easily! Divide yourself in two halves, just by the girdlestead;[1] send one half with your lady, and keep the tother yourself; or else do as all true lovers do—part with your heart, and leave your 210 body behind. I have seen't done a hundred times: 'tis as easy a matter for a lover to part without a heart from his sweetheart, and he ne'er the worse, as for a mouse to get from a trap and leave her tail behind him. See, here comes the writings.

Enter SECURITY *with a* SCRIVENER

Sec. Good morrow to my worshipful lady! I present your ladyship with this writing, to which if you please to set your hand with your knight's, a velvet gown 220 shall attend your journey, o' my credit.

Ger. What writing is it, knight?

Sir Pet. The sale, sweetheart, of the poor tenement I told thee of, only to make a little money to send thee down furniture for my castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

Ger. Very well! Now give me your pen, I pray.

Quick. [*aside*] It goes down without 230 chewing, i'faith!

Scriv. Your worships deliver this as your deed?

Ambo. We do.

Ger. So now, knight, farewell till I see thee!

Sir Pet. All farewell to my sweetheart!

Mist. Touch. God-bye, son knight!

Sir Pet. Farewell, my good mother!

Ger. Farewell, Frank; I would fain 240 take thee down if I could.

Quick. I thank your good ladyship; farewell, Mistress Sindefy.

Exeunt [GERTRUDE *and her party*]

[1] Waist.

Sir Pet. O tedious voyage whereof there is no end! What will they think of me?

Quick. Think what they list. They longed for a vagary into the country and now they are fitted. So a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many 250 of their marriages. This is not [the] first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Sir Pet. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think; he that weighs men's thoughts has his hands full of nothing. A man, in the course of this world, should be like a surgeon's instrument—work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. The sharper and subtler, the better. 260

Quick. As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need to devise excuses, or endure her outcries, when she returns; we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

Sir Pet. Well, my kind compeer, you have now the assurance we both can make you; let me now entreat you, the money we agreed on may be brought to the Blue Anchor, near to Billingsgate, by six o'clock; where I and my chief friends, bound for 270 this voyage, will with feasts attend you.

Sec. The money, my most honorable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

Sir Pet. Thanks, my dear gossip. I must now impart
To your approvèd love a loving secret,
As one on whom my life doth more rely
In friendly trust than any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections for affection only: 280
For I protest (if God bless my return)
To make you partner in my actions' gain
As deeply as if you had ventured with me
Half my expenses. Know then, honest gossip,
I have enjoyed with such divine contentment
A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; so I thirst and hunger
To taste the dear feast of her company. 290
And if the hunger and the thirst you vow,
As my sworn gossip, to my wishèd good

Be (as I know it is) unfeigned and firm,
Do me an easy favor in your power.
Sec. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do,
To my best nerve, is wholly at your service:
Who is the woman, first, that is your friend?
Sir Pet. The woman is your learned counsel's wife,
The lawyer, Master Bramble; whom would you
Bring out this even in honest neighborhood, 300
To take his leave with you of me your gossip,
I, in the meantime, will send this my friend
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguised
Before his face, into our company;
For love hath made her look for such a wile
To free her from his tyrannous jealousy.
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away to make us sport
And gull his circumspection the more grossly.
And I am sure that no man like yourself 310
Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy
To so long stay abroad as may give time
To her enlargement in such safe disguise.
Sec. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project!
Who would not strain a point of neighborhood[1]
For such a point-device,[2] that, as the ship
Of famous Draco[3] went about the world,
Will wind about the lawyer, compassing
The world himself; he hath it in his arms,
And that's enough for him without his wife.
A lawyer is ambitious, and his head 321
Cannot be praised nor raised too high,
With any fork of highest knavery.
I'll go fetch her straight.
Exit SECURITY
Sir Pet. So, so. Frank, go thou home to his house,
Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither,
Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is prisoned

[1] Neighborliness.
[2] Nice trick.
[3] Drake, whose ship was long preserved at Deptford to commemorate his circling the world.

With his stern usurous jealousy, which could never
Be over-reached thus but with over-reaching.

Enter SECURITY

Sec. And, Master Francis, watch you th' instant time 330
To enter with his exit: 'twill be rare,
To find[1] horn'd beasts—a camel and a lawyer! [*Exit*]
Quick. How the old villain joys in villany!

Enter SECURITY

Sec. And hark you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your boat ready, ship her to your ship
With utmost haste, lest Master Bramble stay you.
To o'er-reach that head that out-reacheth all heads,
'Tis a trick rampant! 'Tis a very quiblin![2]
I hope this harvest to pitch cart[3] with lawyers,
Their heads will be so forked. This sly touch 340
Will get apes[4] to invent a number such.
Exit
Quick. Was ever rascal honeyed so with poison?
He that delights in slavish avarice,
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.
Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer's.
Sir Pet. But stay, Frank, let's think how we may disguise her upon this sudden.
Quick. God's me, there's the mischief! But hark you, here's an excellent device; 'fore God, a rare one! I will carry her a 350 sailor's gown and cap, and cover her, and a player's beard.
Sir Pet. And what upon her head?
Quick. I tell you, a sailor's cap! 'Slight, God forgive me, what kind of figent[5] memory have you?
Sir Pet. Nay, then, what kind of figent wit hast thou?
A sailor's cap? How shall she put it off
When thou present'st her to our company?

[1] To make discovery of; thus the Qq.
[2] Perfect trick.
[3] Use lawyers for pitchforks.
[4] Imitators.
[5] Flighty.

Quick. Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailor.

Sir Pet. Tush, tush, 'tis no fit sauce for such sweet mutton![1]
I know not what t' advise.

Enter SECURITY, *with his wife's gown*

Sec. Knight, knight, a rare device!
Sir Pet. 'Swounds, yet again!
Quick. What stratagem have you now?
Sec. The best that ever! You talked of disguising?
Sir Pet. Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.
Sec. Cast care away then; here's the best device
For plain security (for I am no better)
I think, that ever lived: here's my wife's gown,
Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons;
One is, that Master Bramble may take hold
Of some suspicion that it is my wife,
And gird me so, perhaps, with his law-wit;
The other (which is policy indeed)
Is that my wife may now be tied at home,
Having no more but her old gown abroad,
And not show me a quirk,[2] while I firk[3] others.
Is not this rare?
Ambo. The best that ever was.
Sec. Am I not born to furnish gentlemen?
Sir Pet. O my dear gossip!
Sec. Well, hold, Master Francis! Watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in. And now I will go fetch him.
Exit
Quick. [*aside*] O my Dad! He goes, as 'twere the devil, to fetch the lawyer; and devil shall he be, if horns will make him.

[*Re-enter* SECURITY]

Sir Pet. Why, how now, gossip? Why stay you there musing?
Sec. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i' faith!
Quick. A pox of that head! Is there more toys yet?

[1] Used of a light woman.
[2] Trick. [3] Cheat.

Sir Pet. What is it, pray thee, gossip?
Sec. Why, sir, what if you should slip away now with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it?
Quick. For that, I hope, Dad, you will take our words.
Sec. Ay, by th' mass, your word! That's a proper staff
For wise Security to lean upon!
But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name
On your cracked credits; let it take no shame.
Fetch the wench, Frank. *Exit*
Quick. I'll wait upon you, sir,
And fetch you over, you were ne'er so fetched.[1]
Go to the tavern, knight; your followers
Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain. *Exit*
Sir Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter service
Till our Virginian gold were in our purses!
Exit

[SCENA TERTIA]

Enter SEAGULL, SPENDALL, *and* SCAPETHRIFT, *in the Tavern, with a* Drawer

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest[2] hogsheads, and let's have cheer, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our Virginian colonel; he will be here instantly.
Draw. You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?
Spen. More wine, slave? Whether we drink it or no, spill it, and draw more.
Scape. Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of liquor, and let 'em wait on us here like soldiers in their pewter coats; and though we do not employ them now, yet we will maintain 'hem till we do.
Draw. Said like an honorable captain; you shall have all you command, sir.
Exit Drawer
Sea. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead.
Spen. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?
Sea. A whole country of English is there, man, bred of those that were left there in '79. They have married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as

[1] Accompany you, gull you.
[2] Rarest.

beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with 'hem, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

Scape. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Sea. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather 'hem by the sea-shore to hang on their children's coats and stick in their caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'hem.[1]

Scape. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Sea. As ever the sun shined on; temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands: wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison, as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without sergeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, only a few industrious Scots, perhaps, who, indeed, are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of 'em were there, for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.[2] Then for your means to advancement there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixed. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger: you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and for[t]une enough, and have never the more villany nor the less wit.

Spen. God's me! And how far is it thither?

Sea. Some six weeks' sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind. And if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind; or when I come to Cape Finisterre, there's a foreright wind continual wafts us till we come at Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

Enter Sir Petronel, *with his followers*

Sir Pet. Well met, good Captain Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! Now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench, gentlemen, that will bear us company all our voyage.

Sea. Whatsoever she be, here's to her health, noble Colonel, both with cap and knee.

Sir Pet. Thanks, kind Captain Seagull! She's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us. And so, gentlemen, here's to her health!

Ambo. Let it come, worthy Colonel. We do hunger and thirst for it.

Sir Pet. Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it.

Spen. Well, then, we will join his forehead with her health, sir; and, Captain Scapethrift, here's to 'em both!

[*All kneel and drink*]

Enter Security *and* Bramble

Sec. See, see, Master Bramble, 'fore heaven, their voyage cannot but prosper! They are o' their knees for success to it.

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Sec. God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals. See, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, Master Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Sir Pet. Worshipful Master Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness! Come, Captain Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir. Come, Master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

[1] This entire passage is imitated from More's *Utopia.*

[2] This passage gave serious offense at court, and was expunged after the first impression.

Sec. Bend you yours likewise, Master Bramble; for it is you shall pledge me.

Sea. Not so, Master Security; he must not pledge his own health.

Sec. No, Master Captain?

Enter QUICKSILVER, *with* WINNY *disguised*

Why, then, here's one is fitly come to do him that honor.

Quick. Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, sir, whom, with much entreaty, I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; ashamed whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

Sir Pet. Pardon, me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Sec. How now, Master Francis, have you honored this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be known to you.

Sec. But my learned counsel, Master Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Quick. No more than you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Sec. Well, God pardon her for my part, and I do, I'll be sworn; and so, Master Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's Haven; and so to the health of Master Bramble.

Quick. I pledge it, sir. [*kneels*] Hath it gone round, Captains?

Sea. It has, sweet Frank; and the round closes with thee.

Quick. Well, sir, here's to all eastward and toward cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's Haven, so fatally remembered.

Surgit

Sir Pet. [*To* WINIFRED] Nay, pray thee, coz, weep not. Gossip Security!

Sec. Ay, my brave gossip!

Sir Pet. A word, I beseech you, sir! Our friend, Mistress Bramble here, is so dissolved in tears that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting. Sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Sec. [*aside to* WINIFRED] Pity of all true love, Mistress Bramble! What, weep you to enjoy your love? What's the cause, lady? Is't because your husband is so near, and your heart earns[1] to have a little abused him? Alas, alas, the offence is too common to be respected![2] So great a grace hath seldom chanced to so unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight, that, when your prickless Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish afresh in the bed of a lady.

Enter Drawer

Draw. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours; and that 'twill be dangerous going against the tide, for the sky is overcast, and there was a porcpisce[3] even now seen at London Bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

Sir Pet. A porcpisce! What's that to th' purpose? Charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spite of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

Sea. What's that, good Colonel?

Sir Pet. This, Captain Seagull. We'll have our provided supper brought aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compassed the world; where, with full cups and banquets, we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirits of the waters should haunt the desert[4] ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honor her memory, and will with like orgies[5] enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceited! One health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, may he never be sober.

They compass in WINIFRED, *dance the drunken round, and drink carouses*

Bram. Sir Petronel and his honorable Captains, in these young services we old servitors may be spared. We only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbor

[1] Yearns.
[2] Regarded.
[3] Porpoise.
[4] Deserted.
[5] Revels.

Security, to the health of Sir Petronel and all his captains.

Sec. You must bend then, Master Bramble; [*they kneel*] so, now I am for you. I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are encompassed there, and are ashamed of our company. Ha, ha, ha! By my troth, my learned counsel, Master Bramble, my mind runs so of Cuckold's Haven to-night, that my head runs over with admiration.

Bram. [*aside*] But is not that your wife, neighbor?

Sec. [*aside*] No, by my troth, Master Bramble. Ha, ha, ha! A pox of all Cuckold's Havens, I say!

Bram. [*aside*] O' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Sec. [*aside*] *Cucullus non facit monachum*, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem not that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's ship to-night.—Adieu, my noble gossip!

Bram. Good fortune, brave Captains; fair skies God send ye!

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell!

Sir Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's Haven, gossip.

Sec. I have done, I have done, sir; will you lead, Master Bramble? Ha, ha, ha!

Exit [*with* BRAMBLE]

Sir Pet. Captain Seagull, charge a boat!

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat!

Exeunt

Draw. Y'are in a proper taking,[1] indeed, to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest. They say yet, 'drunken men never take harm.' This night will try the truth of that proverb.

Exit

[SCENA QUARTA]

[*Outside* SECURITY'S *House*]

Enter SECURITY

Sec. What, Winny! Wife, I say! Out of doors at this time! Where should I seek the gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight! Woe be to thee, Billingsgate! A boat, a boat, a boat![1] A full hundred marks for a boat!

Exit

[1] Fit state.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA

Enter SLITGUT, *with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckold's Haven above*

Slit. All hail, fair haven of married men only, for there are none but married men cuckolds! For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap) who sends me to set up (in honor of Saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage. And up I got this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then;[2] heaven and Saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempest. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns! Hark how he roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! She bears some unjust burthen, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven bless all honest passengers[3] that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth, I see, and she will run away with 'hem! So, so, I think I have made it look the right way; it runs against London Bridge, as it were, even full butt.[4] And now let me discover from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy. O me, here's a boat has been cast away hard by! Alas, alas, see one of her passengers laboring for his life to land at this haven here! Pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me; hold out yet a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. 'Tis a man; take a man's heart to thee; yet a little further, get up o' thy legs, man; now 'tis shallow enough. So, so, so! Alas, he's down again! Hold thy wind[5] father; 'tis a man in a night-cap.

[1] Perhaps a parody of Richard III's cry, "a horse, etc."

[2] The action seems to indicate that Slitgut climbs a pole in sight of the audience to affix the horns to it.

[3] Travelers. [4] Faces full. [5] Keep your breath.

So! Now he's got up again; now he's past the worst; yet, thanks be to heaven, he comes toward me pretty and strongly.

Enter SECURITY *without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, etc.*

Sec. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee! Where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me see. O I am scarce able to look about me! Where is there any sea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

Slit. Look up, father; are you acquainted with this mark?

Sec. What! Landed at Cuckold's Haven! Hell and damnation! I will run back and drown myself. *He falls down*

Slit. Poor man, how weak he is! The weak water has washed away his strength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckold's Haven! If it had not been to die twenty times alive, I should never have scaped death! I will never arise more; I will grovel here and eat dirt till I be choked; I will make the gentle earth do that which the cruel water has denied me!

Slit. Alas, good father, be not so desperate! Rise, man; if you will, I'll come presently and lead you home.

Sec. Home! Shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad? How low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more. *Exit creep[ing]*

Slit. What young planet reigns now, trow, that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such a weather as this upon the water? Ay me, see another remnant of this unfortunate shipwrack, or some other! A woman, i'faith, a woman! Though it be almost at St. Katherine's,[1] I discern it to be a woman, for all her body is above the water, and her clothes swim about her most handsomely. O, they bear her up most bravely! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her clothes the better while she lives, for this? Alas, how busy the rude Thames is about her! A pox o' that wave! It will drown her, i'faith, 'twill drown her! Cry God mercy, she has scaped it, I thank heaven she has scaped it! O how she swims like a mermaid! Some vigilant body look out and save her. That's well said; just where the priest fell in,[1] there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up. God's blessing o' thy heart, boy! Now take her up in thy arms and to bed with her. She's up, she's up! She's a beautiful woman, I warrant her; the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the Drawer[2] *in the Tavern before, with* WINIFRED

Draw. How fare you now, lady?

Win. Much better, my good friend, than I wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserved.

Draw. Comfort yourself: that Power that preserved you from death can likewise defend you from infamy, howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night with a knight and other gentlemen at Billingsgate?

Win. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you, to a house of my friend's here in St. Katherine's, since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue from the ruthless tempest, which (when you took boat) was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I feared long ere this I should hear of your shipwrack, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus far this way. And this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter (hired by the young gentleman that brought you) a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which, if they be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend, I will presently go fetch you.

Win. Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch as you have promised, I will boldly receive the kind favor you have offered till your return; entreating you, by all the good you have done in pre-

[1] A reformatory for fallen women, near the Tower.

[1] An irrecoverable local allusion.
[2] Supply *who was.*

serving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favor you do me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Draw. Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be used in your discovery.

Win. Thank you, good friend; the time may come, I shall requite you. *Exeunt*

Slit. See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a taking up at Wapping now! Look, what a sort[1] of people cluster about the gallows there! In good troth it is so. O me, a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows! Heaven grant he be not one day taken down there! A' my life, it is ominous! Well, he is delivered for the time. I see the people have all left him; yet will I keep my prospect awhile, to see if any more have been shipwracked.

Enter QUICKSILVER, *bare head*

Quick. Accursed that ever I was saved or born!
How fatal is my sad arrival here!
As if the stars and Providence spake to me,
And said, 'The drift of all unlawful courses
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves
In frame of their licentious policies)
In the firm order of just Destiny
They are the ready highways to our ruins.'
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.
O which way shall I bend my desperate steps,
In which unsufferable shame and misery
Will not attend them? I will walk this bank,
And see if I can meet the other relics
Of our poor shipwrackt crew, or hear of them.
The knight—alas!—was so far gone with wine,
And th' other three, that I refused their boat,
And took the hapless woman in another,
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever Fortune
Hath wrought upon the others' desperate lives. [*Exit*]

[1] Group.

Enter PETRONEL, *and* SEAGULL, *bareheaded*

Sir Pet. Zounds, Captain, I tell thee, we are cast up o' the coast of France! 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope! Dost remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water and in the water.

Sir Pet. Ay me, we are undone for ever! Hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny, by heaven!

Sir Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains nor mine eyes are not mine own yet.

Enter two GENTLEMEN

Sir Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? I know't by th' elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and alatitude of the climate. See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England, when he sees 'hem? What shall we do? We must e'en to 'hem, and entreat some relief of 'hem. Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'hem then; you can speak French.

Sir Pet. Monsieur, plaist-il d'avoir pitié de nostre grande infortune. Je suis un povre chevalier d'Angleterre qui a souffri l'infortune de naufrage.

1 *Gent. Un povre chevalier d'Angleterre?*

Sir Pet. Oui, monsieur, il est trop vray; mais vous scavés bien nous sommes toutes subject à fortune.

2 *Gent.* A poor knight of England? A poor knight of Windsor,[1] are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you?

Sir Pet. On the coast of France, sir.

1 *Gent.* On the coast of Dogs, sir; y'are i'th' Isle o' Dogs,[2] I tell you. I see y'ave been washed in the Thames here, and I believe ye were drowned in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in

[1] Disabled pensioner.
[2] A swampy island down the river.

such a dawning as this was. Farewell, fare-well; we will not know you for shaming of you. —I ken the man weel; he's one of my thirty pound knights.[1]

2 *Gent.* No, no, this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day for four pound, giving to a page all the money in's purse, I wot well. *Exeunt* [GENTLEMEN]

Sea. Death, Colonel, I knew you were overshot![2]

Sir Pet. Sure I think now, indeed, Captain Seagull, we were something overshot.

Enter QUICKSILVER

What, my sweet Frank Quicksilver! Dost thou survive to rejoice me? But what! Nobody at thy heels, Frank? Ay me, what is become of poor Mistress Security?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Sea. Let her go, let her go! Let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Sir Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us, and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is attached by this time! If we set her not under sail this last tide, I never looked for any other. Woe, woe is me, what shall become of us? The last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured; and if our ship be attached, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quick. 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknightly faintness transports thee! Let our ship sink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this brain of mine shall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Frank, i'faith! O my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! 'Fore God, would thou hadst been our colonel!

Sir Pet. I like his spirit rarely; but I see no means he has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go to, knight! I have more means than thou art aware of. I have not lived amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And not to let thee stink where thou stand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some of my skill presently.

[1] A take off of the king's burr and his indiscriminate dubbing of knights.
[2] Drunk.

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee!

Quick. I will blanch copper[1] so cunningly that it shall endure all proofs but the test: it shall endure malleation,[2] it shall have the ponderosity of Luna,[3] and the tenacity of Luna, by no means friable.

Sir Pet. 'Slight, where learn'st thou these terms, trow?

Quick. Tush, knight, the terms of this art every ignorant quack-salver is perfect in! But I'll tell you how yourself shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsenic, otherwise called realga (which, indeed, is plain ratsbane); sublime 'hem three or four times, then take the sublimate of this realga, and put 'hem into a glass, into chymia, and let 'hem have a convenient decoction natural, four-and-twenty hours, and he will become perfectly fixed; then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well-purged copper, *et habebis magisterium.*[4]

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug thee!

Quick. Nay, this I will do besides: I'll take you off twelvepence from every angel,[5] with a kind of aqua-fortis, and never deface any part of the image.

Sir Pet. But then it will want weight?

Quick. You shall restore that thus: take your sal achyme prepared and your distilled urine, and let your angels lie in it but four-and-twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on, now; I hope this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll infuse more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare sconces.[6] Now will I have you to a wench's house of mine at London, there make shift to shift us, and after, take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee! *Exeunt*

Enter Drawer, *with* WINIFRED *new-attired*

Win. Now, sweet friend, you have brought me near enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some color be seen near, inquiring for my husband, who, I must

[1] Turn to silver.
[2] Hammering.
[3] Silver.
[4] The philosopher's stone. We are surely here in the hands of the author of *The Alchemist.*
[5] The gold coin.
[6] Heads.

tell you, stale thither the last night with my wet gown we have left at your 320 friend's—which, to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any; and so, with all vow of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Draw. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you. *Exit* Drawer

Enter SECURITY

Sec. I will once more to this unhappy 330 tavern before I shift one rag of me more; that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

Win. O my dear husband! Where have you been to-night? All night abroad at taverns! Rob me of my garments, and 340 fare as one run away from me! Alas, is this seemly for a man of your credit, of your age, and affection to your wife?

Sec. What should I say? How miraculously sorts this! Was not I at home, and called thee last night?

Win. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke; and my answer to you would have witnessed it, if you had had the patience to have stayed and answered me: but 350 your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Master Bramble's, and so rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbelieved[1] absence brought me abroad with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Sec. Villain and monster that I was, how have I abused thee! I was suddenly gone indeed; for my sudden jealousy trans- 360 ferred me. I will say no more but this: dear wife, I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me?

Sec. Talk not of it, I beseech thee; I am ashamed to imagine it. I will home, I will home; and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness. *Exeunt*

[*Slit.*] Now will I descend my honorable prospect, the farthest seeing sea-mark of the world; no marvel, then, if I could see 370 two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now over-blown, which sure, I think, heaven sent as a punishment for profaning holy Saint Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom.[1] Thou dishonest satire, farewell to honest married men; farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewell, thou horn of hunger, that call'st th' Inns o' Court to their manger! Farewell, thou horn of abundance, that adornest 380 the headsmen of the commonwealth! Farewell, thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn! Farewell, thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman; Farewell, thou horn of destiny, th' ensign of the married man! Farewell, thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit! *Exit*

[1] Unbelievable.

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*A Room in* TOUCHSTONE'S *House*]

Enter TOUCHSTONE

Touch. Ha, sirrah! Thinks my knight adventurer we can[2] no point of our compass? Do we not know north-north-east, north-east-and-by-east, east-and-by-north, nor plain eastward? Ha! Have we never heard of Virginia? Nor the Cavallaria?[3] Nor the Colonoria?[3] Can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of 10 Monmouth caps[4] or so, in sea ceremony to your *bon voyage;* but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend[5] toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral and vice-admiral and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace and under sail, as well as a remora,[6] doubt it not, and from this sconce, without either powder 20 or shot. Work upon that now! Nay, and you'll show tricks, we'll vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land, to a castle of his i' the

[1] The Fair of St. Luke at Charlton, near Greenwich in which the horn chiefly featured.
[2] Know.
[3] Law terms relating to the tenure of colonists.
[4] Sailors' caps.
[5] A last toast with a play on the word.
[6] Barnacle, supposed to delay ships.

air (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach, she and her two waiting-women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a-top on 'hem, I think. Since they have all found the way back again by Weeping Cross;[1] but I'll not see 'hem. And for two on 'hem, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William,[2] as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'hem, or else go graze o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone, too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprites, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding. He was sent for to the Guildhall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come i' my thought! How now, son? What news at the Court of Aldermen?

Enter Golding

Gold. Troth, sir, an accident somewhat strange, else it hath little in it worth the reporting.

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money, then?

Gold. No, sir; it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest[3]—

Touch. Ha!

Gold. And the alderman of the ward wherein I dwell to appoint me his deputy—

Touch. How?

Gold. In which place I have had an oath ministered me, since I went.

Touch. Now, my dear and happy son, let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment, indeed) for me, first, to see that in his disposition which a whole city so conspires to second! Ta'en into the livery of his company[4] the first day of his freedom! Now (not a week married) chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a day! Note but the reward of a thrifty course. The wonder of his time! Well, I will honor Master Alderman for this act (as becomes me) and shall think the better of the Common Council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting, or but coming after me, in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient son, and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honor that expects thee.

Gold. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this or any other office should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken! This modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet[1] shortly. Worshipful son! I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee; I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsey[2] and grave Gresham,[3] when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies[4] for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds played i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors, and be called their get-penny.[5] This I divine; this I prophesy.

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer; I, that know mine own strengths, fear 'hem; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure!

Gold. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The Colonel and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billingsgate, had like to have been cast away o' this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to town like so many

[1] The place of repentance, though several localities were so-called.
[2] Get little feeding for me.
[3] Equal to our report of the committee.
[4] Made a freeman.

[1] Become an alderman.
[2] Benefactrice of Christ's Hospital.
[3] Founder of the Royal Exchange.
[4] Inscriptions.
[5] All of these personages actually appeared in plays.

masterless men, i' their doublets and hose, without hat, or cloak, or any other—

Touch. A miracle! The justice of heaven! Where are they? Let's go presently and lay for 'hem.[1]

Gold. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'hem at their old Anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion than if yourself were seen in't, under color of a great press[2] that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent and politic son! Disgrace 'hem all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon them! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou mayst punish it. Be severe i' thy place, like a new officer o' the first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train from the invisible castle?

Gold. No; where is she?

Touch. Within; but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother, who now begins to wish her daughter undubbed, they say, and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister. Here they come; stand back.

[*Enter*] MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED, SINDEFY

God save your ladyship, save your good ladyship! Your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travelled on strange adventures. Surely, in my mind, your ladyship hath fished fair and caught a frog, as the saying is.

Mist. Touch. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

Ger. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet; though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touch. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter and a greater decorum, that I should curtsey to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought o' your knees to me, who am a poor cullion[3] and your father.

[1] Lie in wait for them.
[2] Levy of troops.
[3] Base fellow.

Ger. Lo! My father knows his duty.

Mist. Touch. O child!

Touch. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, however presently concealed to mortal eyes. And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me, and not go abroad, not put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse or three wheels, but take part with the Touchstone. If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damosel here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage;[1] for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Ger. Marry, fist o' your kindness! I thought as much. Come away, Sin., we shall as soon get a [breath] from a dead man, as a farthing of courtesy here.

Mil. O good sister!

Ger. Sister, sir reverence! Come away, I say, hunger drops out at his nose.

Gold. O madam, fair words never hurt the tongue.

Ger. How say you by that? You come out with your gold ends now!

Mist. Touch. Stay, lady-daughter! Good husband!

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle; as she has brewed, so let her drink, o' God's name! She went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a-begging. It's but honeymoon yet with her ladyship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels, yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or anybody. When those are pawned or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Ger. I scorn it, i'faith! Come, Sin.

Mist. Touch. O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Exit GERTRUDE [*with* SINDEFY]

Touch. Nay, nay; e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you.

[1] In marching order.

Come, why dost thou weep now? Thou art not the first good cow hast had an ill calf, I trust. [*Exit* MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE] What's the news with that fellow?

Enter Constable

Gold. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without; will you ha' 'em brought in?

Touch. O by any means![1] [*Exit* Constable] And, son, here's a chair; appear terrible unto 'hem on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Gold. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'hem, except you charge them with somewhat.

Touch. I will charge 'hem and recharge 'hem, rather than authority should want foil to set it off. [*Offers* GOLDING *a chair*]

Gold. No, good sir, I will not.

Touch. Son, it is your place; by any means—

Gold. Believe it, I will not, sir.

Enter KNIGHT PETRONEL, QUICKSILVER, Constable, Officers

Sir Pet. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quick. Would it had been my fortune to have been trussed up at Wapping,[2] rather than ever ha' come here!

Sir Pet. Or mine to have famished in the island![3]

Quick. Must Golding sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M. under your girdle to Master Deputy's worship.

Gold. What are those, Master Constable?

Con. An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I pressed for the Low Countries, sir.

Gold. Why do you not carry 'hem to Bridewell, according to your order, they may be shipped away?

Con. An't please your worship, one of 'hem says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him to your worship, for our discharge.

Gold. Which is he?

Con. This, sir!

[1] Assuredly.
[2] Hanged like a pirate.
[3] Isle of Dogs.

Gold. And what's the other?

Con. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

Gold. What! A knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and their cloaks?

Quick. O they mock us!

Con. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too, before we see 'hem. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say knights are now to be known without feathers, like cockerels[1] by their spurs, sir.

Gold. What are their names, say they?

Touch. [*aside*] Very well this! He should not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed.

Con. This is Sir Petronel Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this, Francis Quicksilver.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be covered, sir. How did your biscuit hold out, sir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore. Good Master Quicksilver, how a degree to the southward has changed you!

Gold. Do you know 'hem, father?—Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, Master Deputy; I had a small venture with them in the voyage—a thing called a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone, they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'hem was my prentice, Master Quicksilver here; and when he had two year to serve, kept his whore and his hunting nag, would play his hundred pound at gresco, or primero,[2] as familiarly (and all o' my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'hem all; had his changeable trunks of apparel standing at livery, with his mare, his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing-tubs, which when I told him of, why he—he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom! The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gath-

[1] Young cocks.
[2] Fashionable gambling games.

ering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pound, dispersed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, Sir Flash—one that married a daughter of mine, ladyfied her, turned two thousand pounds' worth of good land of hers into cash within the first week, bought her a new gown and a coach, sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst he himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate, for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage—the wife of a certain usurer called Security, who hath been the broker for 'hem in all this business. Please, Master Deputy, work upon that now!

Gold. If my worshipful father have ended.

Touch. I have, it shall please Master Deputy.

Gold. Well then, under correction——

Touch. [*aside to* GOLDING] Now, son, come over 'hem with some fine gird, as thus, 'Knight, you shall be encountered, that is, had to the Counter,' or, 'Quicksilver, I will put you into a crucible,' or so.

Gold. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them; but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him aside—I will hear you anon, sir.

Touch. I like this well, yet; there's some grace i' the knight left—he cries.

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, would God thou hadst turned quacksalver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great pity; thou art a proper[1] young man, of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one; God hath done his part in thee; but thou hast made too much and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and garish attire (only to be looked upon by some light housewives) thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate; and being by him gently admonished at several times, hast returned thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers, thund'ring out uncivil comparisons, requiting all this kindness with a coarse and harsh behavior, never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill-nature; and God doth often punish such pride and outrecuidance[1] with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withal? From the press I will free 'hem, Master Constable.

Con. Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Gold. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'hem.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, Master Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight as being accessory in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O God, sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face dost thou offer to chop logic with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Dost not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, 'Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver!' 'He was a free boon companion, when he had money,' says one; 'Hang him, fool!' says another, 'he could not keep it when he had it!' 'A pox o' the cullion, his master,' says a third, 'he has brought him to this'; when their pox of pleasure and their piles of perdition would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventured for 'hem with the best, and by the clue of thy knavery brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Worshipful master!

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the play yonder. Master Deputy, pray you commit

[1] Good-looking.

[1] Arrogance.

'hem both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'hem.

Quick. O me, what an unfortunate thing am I!

Sir Pet. Will you not take security, sir?

Touch. Yes, marry, will I, Sir Flash, if I can find him, and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this; he is your enginer,[1] I hear. Master Deputy, you'll dispose of these. In the meantime, I'll to my Lord Mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into my hands, and seal up both house and goods to the King's use or my satisfaction.

Gold. Officers, take 'hem to the Counter.

Quick. }
Sir Pet. } O God!

Touch. Nay, on, on! You see the issue of your sloth. Of sloth cometh pleasure, of pleasure cometh riot, of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of spending comes want, of want comes theft, of theft comes hanging; and there is my Quicksilver fixed. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA

[GERTRUDE'S *Lodging*]

GERTRUDE [*and*] SINDEFY

Ger. Ah, Sin., hast thou ever read i' the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Sin.?

Sin. Not I, truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

Ger. Why, good faith, Sin., I could dine with a lamentable story now. *O hone, hone, o no nera, etc.!*[2] Canst thou tell ne'er a one, Sin.?

Sin. None but mine own, madam, which is lamentable enough: first to be stolen from my friends, which were worshipful and of good accompt, by a prentice in the habit and disguise of a gentleman, and here brought up to London and promised marriage, and now likely to be forsaken, for he is in possibility to be hanged!

[1] Schemer.
[2] The refrain of an Irish lament.

Ger. Nay, weep not, good Sin.; my Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Sin.: I was more than promised marriage, Sin.; I had it, Sin., and was made a lady, and by a knight, Sin.; which is now as good as no knight, Sin. And I was born in London, which is more than brought up, Sin.; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin.; and instead of land i' the country, all my knight's living lies i' the Counter,[1] Sin.; there's his castle now!

Sin. Which he cannot be forced out of, madam.

Ger. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two. 'Hunger', they say, 'breaks stone walls.' But he is e'en well enough served, Sin., that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, run away from me, an[2] I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the Knight o' the Sun, or Palmerin of England, have used their ladies so, Sin.? Or Sir Lancelot, or Sir Tristram?

Sin. I do not know, madam.

Ger. Then thou know'st nothing, Sin. Thou art a fool, Sin. The knighthood nowadays are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a-horseback; ours go a-foot. They were attended by their squires; ours by their lackeys. They went buckled in their armor; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travelled wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still prest[3] to engage their honor; ours still ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a sergeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

Sin. Ay, madam, they were knights of the Round Table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table at ordinaries,[4] that sit at hazard.[5]

Ger. True, Sin., let him vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Sin. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman!) has sworn by bread and salt,[6] she will not trust us another meal.

[1] Prison.
[2] As if.
[3] Ever ready.
[4] Eating houses.
[5] Dice.
[6] A common oath.

Ger. Let it stink in her hand then. I'll not be beholding to her. Let me see, my jewels be gone, and my gowns, and my red velvet petticoat that I was married in, and my wedding silk stockings, and all thy best apparel, poor Sin.! Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, I'd lay my ladyship in lavender[1]—if I knew where.

Sin. Alas, madam, your ladyship?

Ger. Ay, why? You do not scorn my ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's my life, you are a peat[2] indeed! Do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

Sin. No, madam; but I make question who will lend anything upon it?

Ger. Who? Marry, enow, I warrant you, if you'll seek 'hem out. I'm sure I remember the time when I would ha' given one thousand pounds (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle-born o' the City have the same longing, I trust. And for my part, I would afford 'hem a peni'rth; my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pound in hand, Sin.—that would apparel us—and ten pound a year—that would keep me and you, Sin. (with our needles)—and we should never need to be beholding to our scurvy parents. Good Lord, that there are no fairies nowadays, Sin.!

Sin. Why, madam?

Ger. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Sin. I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o' the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Sin. Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o' the backside,[3] if we had tools to dig for't? Why may not we two rise early i' the morning, Sin., afore anybody is up, and find a jewel i' the streets worth a hundred pound? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach as 'tis running, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? Ha?

Sin. They are pretty waking dreams, these.

Ger. Or may not some old usurer be drunk overnight, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God's sake, Sin., let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'th' streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my son o' the Golden Shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

Fond fables tell of old
How Jove in Danäe's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clap;
O had it been my hap
(How ere the blow doth threaten)
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.

Enter Mistress Touchstone

O here's my mother! Good luck, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep.

Mist. Touch. God bless you! I would I were in my grave!

Ger. Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? Dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas, it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mist. Touch. Simply? 'Tis better than thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leaped. Thou wert afire to be a lady, and now your ladyship and you may both blow at the coal,[1] for ought I know. Self do, self have. 'The hasty person never wants woe,' they say.

Ger. Nay, then, mother, you should ha' looked to it. A body would think you were the older; I did but my kind,[2] I. He was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady.

[1] Pawn my rank.
[2] Spoiled girl.
[3] Back of the house.

[1] *I.e.*, to keep warm.
[2] Acted but according to my nature.

'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself and a cittiner[1] in this, i'faith. You show what husband you come on, I wis. You smell the Touchstone—he that will do more for his daughter that he has married a scurvy gold-end man[2] and his prentice, than he will for his tother daughter, that has wedded a knight and his customer. By this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

Sin. O good madam, do not take up your mother so!

Mist. Touch. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone! Let her ladyship grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole[3] enough to see her in this miserable case, I, without her velvet gowns, without ribands, without jewels, without French wires,[4] or cheat-bread,[5] or quails, or a little dog, or a gentleman-usher, or anything, indeed, that's fit for a lady——

Sin. [*aside*] Except her tongue.

Mist. Touch. And I not able to relieve her neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knows my heart. I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Ger. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me! I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I. The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite.[6]

Mist. Touch. I know that, but—

Ger. What, sweet mother, what?

Mist. Touch. It's but ill food when nothing's left but the claw.

Ger. That's true, mother. Ay me!

Mist. Touch. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not. Child, madam, why do you weep thus? Be of good cheer; I shall die, if you cry and mar your complexion thus.

Ger. Alas, mother, what should I do?

Mist. Touch. Go to thy sister's, child; she'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight, and redeem thy gowns and thy coach and thy horses, and set thee up again.

Ger. But will she get him to set my knight up too?

[1] Citizen.
[2] Seller of scraps of gold.
[3] Sorrow.
[4] To support the ruff.
[5] Fine white bread.
[6] A familiar proverb.

Mist. Touch. That she will, or anything else thou'lt ask her.

Ger. I will begin to love her if I thought she would do this.

Mist. Touch. Try her, good chuck, I warrant thee.

Ger. Dost thou think she'll do't?

Sin. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mist. Touch. That's a good maiden; she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i' the ale-house.

Ger. Go, Sin., and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet.

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*Goldsmith's Row*]

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, WOLF

Touch. I will receive no letters, Master Wolf; you shall pardon me.

Gold. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touch. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-penned subtle letter may work upon it; there may be tricks, packing,[1] do you see? Return with your packet, sir.

Wolf. Believe it, sir, you need fear no packing here; these are but letters of submission all.

Touch. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like blind Justice. Work upon that now! When the Sessions come, they shall hear from me.

Gold. From whom come your letters, Master Wolf?

Wolf. An't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and a third from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship, one from Master Francis, sir, another from the knight.

Touch. I do wonder, Master Wolf, why you should travail thus in a business so contrary to kind or the nature o' your place, that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labor the release of your prisoners! Whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you to be ranging about for more, and not let these scape you have

[1] Collusion.

already under the tooth. But they say you wolves, when you ha' sucked the blood once, that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified[1] with any men's discourse or behavior in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdom under my keys, and almost of all religions i' the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Family-o'-Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, etc.

Gold. And which of all these, thinks Master Wolf, was the best religion?

Wolf. Troth, Master Deputy, they that pay fees best; we never examine their consciences farder.

Gold. I believe you, Master Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i' these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? Ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will i' the Knight's Ward,[2] do what we can, sir; and Master Quicksilver would be i' the Hole if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms and edifying the whole prison; only Security sings a note too high sometimes, because he lies i' the twopenny ward, far off, and cannot take his tune.[3] The neighbors cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'hem is't is so devout—the knight or the tother?

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts. He can tell you almost all the stories of the *Book of Martyrs,* and speak you all *The Sick Man's Salve,*[4] without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace—he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Master Wolf!

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a sergeant, a fellow could neither write nor read, he was called the Bandog o' the Counter; and he has brought him already to pare his nails and say his prayers; and 'tis hoped he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligence.[1]

Touch. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farder ear I were taken. Adieu, good Master Wolf! Son, I do feel mine own weaknesses; do not importune me. Pity is a rheum,[2] that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Master Wolf, fish is cast away that is cast in dry pools. Tell hypocrisy it will not do; I have touched and tried too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so; when the Sessions come they shall hear from me. In the meantime, to all suits, to all entreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle, lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand against all temptations. *Exit*

Gold. You see, Master Wolf, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'hem with this small token of my love [*giving money*]; tell 'hem, I wish I could do 'hem any worthier office; but in this, 'tis desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'hem. And, sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wolf. Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. *Exeunt*

[SCENA TERTIA]

[*The Counter*]

HOLDFAST, BRAMBLE; SECURITY [*apart*]

Hold. Who would you speak with, sir?

Bram. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Hold. You are welcome, sir! Stay there, I'll call him to you. Master Security!

Sec. Who calls?

Hold. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

[1] Perhaps a malapropism for *edified.*
[2] Inferior parts of the prison.
[3] Get the pitch.
[4] A popular book of devotion.

[1] Informer.
[2] Cold in the head.

Hold. You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little crazed with his imprisonment.

Sec. What say you to me, sir? Look you here, my learned counsel, Master Bramble! Cry you mercy, sir! When saw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my house, sir; and desired me that I would come to visit you, and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Sec. My case, Master Bramble, is stone walls and iron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And for getting me forth, no means but hang myself, and so to be carried forth, from which they have here bound me in intolerable bands.

Bram. Why, but what is't you are in for, sir?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, sir, whereof marriage is the greatest! O had I never married, I had never known this purgatory, to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect; my wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her jubilee and the feast of her new moon. Do you understand me, sir?

Enter QUICKSILVER

Quick. Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm, and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, Father Security, that you'll be still so profane! Will nothing humble you?

[*Exeunt* SECURITY, BRAMBLE, HOLDFAST, *and* QUICKSILVER]

Enter two PRISONERS *with a friend*

Friend. What's he?

1 *Pris.* O he is a rare young man! Do you not know him?

Friend. Not I! I never saw him, I can remember.

2 *Pris.* Why, it is he that was the gallant prentice of London—Master Touchstone's man.

Friend. Who? Quicksilver?

1 *Pris.* Ay, this is he.

Friend. Is this he? They say he has been a gallant indeed.

[1] *Pris.* O the royalest fellow that ever was bred up i' the City! He would play you his thousand pound a-night at dice; keep knights and lords company; go with them to bawdy-houses; had his six men in a livery; kept a stable of hunting-horses, and his wench in her velvet gown and her cloth of silver. Here's one knight with him here in prison.

Friend. And how miserably he is changed!

1 *Pris.* O that's voluntary in him: he gave away all his rich clothes as soon as ever he came in here among the prisoners; and will eat o' the basket,[1] for humility.

Friend. Why will he do so?

[1] *Pris.* Alas, he has no hope of life. He mortifies himself. He does but linger on till the Sessions.

2 *Pris.* O he has penned the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance* or his *Last Farewell,* that ever you heard. He is a pretty poet, and for prose—you would wonder how many prisoners he has helped out, with penning petitions for 'hem, and not take a penny. Look! This is the knight, in the rug[2] gown. Stand by!

Enter SIR PETRONEL, BRAMBLE, QUICKSILVER

Bram. So, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted or whipped for a bawd, or so, why, I'll lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

Sir Pet. But can we not be bailed, Master Bramble?

Bram. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself (in spite of him) with a *habeas corpus.* But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the town, that he may have feeling of it (do you see) you may be bailed; for as I understand the case, 'tis only done *in terrorem;* and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs.

[1] Of broken victuals collected for poorer prisoners.
[2] Drugget.

Enter MASTER WOLF

Quick. How now, Master Wolf? What news? What return?

Wolf. Faith, bad all! Yonder will be no letters received. He says the Sessions shall determine it. Only Master Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this 110 token wishes he could do you other good. [*Giving money*]

Quick. I thank him. Good Master Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices; pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succor me; let God work his will. Master Wolf, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'hem to pray for us. [*Exit*] 120

Wolf. It shall be done, Master Francis.

1 *Pris.* An excellent temper!

2 *Pris.* Now God send him good luck!

Exeunt [BRAMBLE, *two* PRISONERS *and* FRIEND]

Sir Pet. But what said my father-in-law, Master Wolf?

Enter HOLDFAST

Hold. Here's one would speak with you, sir.

Wolf. I'll tell you anon, Sir Petronel. Who is't?

Hold. A gentleman, sir, that will not 130 be seen.

Enter GOLDING

Wolf. Where is he? Master Deputy! Your worship is welcome—

Gold. Peace!

Wolf. Away, sirrah!

[*Exit* HOLDFAST *with* SIR PETRONEL]

Gold. Good faith, Master Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a suitor, doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, and find there is 140 no means to make my father relent so likely as to bring him to be a spectator of their miseries, I have ventured on a device, which is, to make myself your prisoner, entreating you will presently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at suit of some third person) pray him by this token [*giving a ring*] that he will presently,[1] and with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train, if any, I know will bring him 150 abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

Wolf. Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

Gold. Yes; and let me rest concealed, I pray you. [*Exit*]

Wolf. See here a benefit truly done, when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. *Exit* 160

[SCENA QUARTA]

[*A Room in* TOUCHSTONE'S *House*]

Enter TOUCHSTONE, Wife, Daughters, SINDEFY, WINIFRED

Touch. I will sail by you and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mil. Dear father!

Mist. Touch. Husband!

Ger. Father!

Win. and Sin. Master Touchstone!

Touch. Away, sirens, I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to [y]our lamentations.

Mist. Touch. Gentle husband, hear 10 me!

Ger. Father, it is I, father, my Lady Flash. My sister and I am friends.

Mil. Good father!

Win. Be not hardened, good Master Touchstone!

Sin. I pray you, sir, be merciful!

Touch. I am deaf, I do not hear you; I have stopped mine ears with shoemakers' wax, and drunk Lethe and mandragora[2] 20 to forget you. All you speak to me I commit to the air.

Enter WOLF

Mil. How now, Master Wolf?

Wolf. Where's Master Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mil. What's the matter, sir? Pray all be well!

Wolf. Master Deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him 30 presently to come to him, forthwith.

[1] Immediately. [2] A soporific.

Mil. Ay me! Do you hear, father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'hem in my nose—I scent 'hem!

Wolf. Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mist. Touch. Why, it is Master Wolf himself, husband.

Mil. Father!

Touch. I am deaf still, I say. I will neither yield to the song of the siren, nor the voice of the hyena,[1] the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling o' the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters!

Wolf. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

Touch. Ha! What token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Touch. My son Golding's ring! Are you in earnest, Master Wolf?

Wolf. Ay, by my faith, sir! He is in prison, and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touch. My cloak, there—pray you be patient. I am plagued for my austerity. My cloak! At whose suit, Master Wolf?

Wolf. I'll tell you as we go, sir.

Exeunt

[SCENA QUINTA]

[*The Counter*]

Enter Friend, Prisoners

Friend. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

1 *Pris.* Troth, it should seem so; and 'tis great pity, for he is exceeding penitent.

Friend. They say he is charged but on suspicion of felony yet.

2 *Pris.* Ay, but his master is a shrewd[2] fellow; he'll prove great matter against him.

Friend. I'd as lief as anything I could see his *Farewell.*

1 *Pris.* O 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you; he's not curious[3] to anybody.

2 *Pris.* O no! He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

1 *Pris.* Pray thee, try what thou canst do.

2 *Pris.* I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it. *Exit*

1 *Pris.* You never saw a more courteous creature than he is, and the knight too; the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'hem. You shall hear a thing admirably penned.

Friend. Is the knight any scholar too?

1 *Pris.* No, but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friars,[1] and against bawds, and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

Enter Wolf *and* Touchstone

Wolf. Please you, stay here, sir; I'll call his worship down to you. [*Exit*]

Enter [2 Prisoners *with*] Quicksilver, Petronel *and* [Security; Golding *with* Wolf, *who stand aside*][2]

1 *Pris.* See, he has brought him, and the knight too. Salute him, I pray. Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your *Repentance.*

Quick. Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told Master Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned.

Touch. [*aside*] Who is this? My man Francis, and my son-in-law?

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master that I have so offended.

Friend. Good sir!

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were oppressed.

Sir Pet. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis!

Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's,[3] he that was hanged at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

Friend. So, sir!

Quick. To the tune of 'I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.'

Sir Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

[1] Supposed to lure by a human cry.
[2] Shrewish. [3] Offish.

[1] A sanctuary for debtors.
[2] I follow Parrott's additions here.
[3] This *Woeful Ballad* is extant.

Quick. In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver, I did dwell of late;
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bade me still, Work upon that,
But, alas, I wrought I knew not what!
He was a Touchstone black, but true,
And told me still what would ensue; 70
Yet woe is me! I would not learn;
I saw, alas, but could not discern!

Friend. Excellent, excellent well!

Gold. [*aside to* Wolf] O let him alone; he is taken already.

Quick. I cast my coat and cap away,
I went in silks and satins gay;
False metal of good manners I
Did daily coin unlawfully.
I scorned my master, being drunk; 80
I kept my gelding and my punk;
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,
Who now is sorry for the same—

Sir Pet. I thank you, Francis.

[*Quick.*] *I thought by sea to run away,*
But Thames and tempest did me stay.

Touch. [*aside*] This cannot be feigned, sure. Heaven pardon my severity! The ragged colt may prove a good horse.

Gold. [*aside*] How he listens, and is 90 transported! He has forgot me.

Quick. Still Eastward Ho was all my word;
But westward I had no regard,
Nor never thought what would come after,
As did, alas, his youngest daughter!
At last the black ox trod o' my foot,[1]
And I saw then what longed unto 't;
Now cry I, 'Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill.'

Touch. [*aside*] And I will do it, Francis.

Wolf. [*aside to* Golding] Stay him, Master Deputy; now is the time; we shall lose the song else. 103

Friend. I protest it is the best that ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir!

Quick. This stanze now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention. 110

Friend. Pray you go on, sir.

Quick. O Mannington, thy stories show
Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow!

[1] Proverbial of trouble.

But I confess, I have not the force
For to cut off the head of a horse;
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,
And leave his body in the dust
Of Sin's highway and bogs of lust,
Whereby I may take Virtue's purse, 120
And live with her for better, for worse.

Friend. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited!

Quick. Alas, sir!

Touch. [*coming to* Golding *and* Wolf] Son Golding and Master Wolf, I thank you; the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shown a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen, I am ravished with his repentance, and could stand here a whole prenticeship to 130 hear him.

Friend. Forth, good sir!

Quick. This is the last, and the *Farewell.*
Farewell, Cheapside, farewell, sweet trade
Of Goldsmiths all, that never shall fade;
Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,
And be you warnèd by my fall:
Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs;
Avoid them as you would French scabs.
Seek not to go beyond your tether, 140
But cut your thongs unto your leather;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
Scape Tyburn, Counters, and the Spital![1]

Touch. And scape them shalt thou, my penitent and dear Francis!

Quick. Master!

Sir Pet. Father!

Touch. I can no longer forbear to do your humility right. Arise, and let me honor your repentance with the hearty and joy- 150 ful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quicksilver, thou hast eat into my breast, Quicksilver, with the drops of thy sorrow, and killed the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaim.

Quick. O sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipful face!

Sir Pet. Forgive me, father!

Touch. Speak no more; all former passages are forgotten, and here my word 160 shall release you. Thank this worthy brother and kind friend, Francis.—Master Wolf, I am their bail. *A shout in the prison*

Sec. Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!

[1] The gallows, jail and the hospital.

Touch. Who's that?

Wolf. Security, sir.

Sec. Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with a song, hear my lamentable tune too:

SONG

O Master Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe;
Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so?
Because I was a usurer
And bawd, as all you know,
For which, again I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

Touch. Bring him forth, Master Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy and the mirth of this encounter in the Counter. See, we are encountered with more suitors!

Enter MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED, SINDEFY, WINIFRED

Save your breath, save your breath! All things have succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Ger. Ah, runaway, runaway! Have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done all this while?

Sir Pet. Dear lady wife, forgive me!

Ger. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha' been proud and lascivious, father, and a fool, father; and being raised to the state of a wanton coy thing, called a lady, father, have scorned you, father, and my sister, and my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at the City as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell. I have said your beard was a base one, father; and that you looked like Twierpipe the taberer;[1] and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mist. Touch. Now God forgi' you, child, madam!

Touch. No more repetitions! What is else wanting to make our harmony full?

Gold. Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Sindefy with marriage.

[1] Drummer.

Quick. With all my heart!

Gold. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently devised! A good motion! What says Master Security?

Sec. I say anything, sir, what you'll ha' me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Win. Cuckold, husband? Why, I think this wearing of yellow[1] has infected you.

Touch. Why, Master Security, that should rather be a comfort to you than a corasive.[2] If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain, others will take it for you. Besides, you being a usurer and likely to go to hell, the devils will never torment you, they'll take you for one o' their own race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent; if you know it and endure it, a true martyr.

Sec. I am resolved, sir. Come hither, Winny!

Touch. Well, then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry, methinks; have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

Quick. No, sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these, as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now, London, look about,
And in this moral see thy glass run out:
Behold the careful father, thrifty son,
The solemn deeds which each of us have done;
The usurer punished, and from fall so steep
The prodigal child reclaimed, and the lost sheep.

EPILOGUS

[*Quick.*] Stay, sir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together to view our coming out at the Counter. See, if the streets

[1] The prison dress, also the color of jealousy.
[2] Corrosive.

and the fronts of the houses be not stuck with people, and the windows filled with ladies, as on the solemn day of the Pageant!

O may you find in this our pageant, here,
The same contentment which you came to seek;
And as that show but draws you once a year,
May this attract you hither once a week.

Exeunt

BEN: IONSON

his

VOLPONE

Or

THE FOXE.

— Simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

Printed for *Thomas Thorppe.*
1607.

Volpone, or the Fox was printed in quarto in 1607 and included in the folio of Jonson's *Works*, 1616. It was acted by the King's men (Shakespeare's company) in 1606, or possibly even earlier. The dedication declares the acting and acceptance of *Volpone* at both the universities, a conspicuous favor in the case of a professional London play, to which *Hamlet* alone furnishes a parallel. *Volpone* is an admirable example of Jonson's theory and practice in the art of play-making. The main plot is expanded from the merest suggestion, in the *Satiricon* of Petronius Arbiter and even the two songs are imitated from Philostratus and Catullus; but only to be made wholly Jonson's own. Sir Politick Would-be and his Lady are in the best inventive vein of Jonson's comedy of humors. The text is that of the folio of 1616, as that volume received the author's careful personal revision.

Ben Jonson was some ten years Shakespeare's junior, having been born in 1573 or 1574. In consequence of the death of his father shortly before his birth and the remarriage of his mother beneath her, Jonson was poorly brought up and never attended either university, though later the recipient of honorary degrees from both. Through the early friendship and encouragement of William Camden at Westminster School, which Jonson attended, he became an eager scholar and in time a learned man. Jonson's career as a dramatist begins in 1596 or thereabouts and in the employ of Henslowe. In 1598 he became famous with *Every Man in his Humor* and worked thereafter satirical comedy in the "war of the theaters" in several notable plays. Jonson's best comedies are *Volpone, The Alchemist, The Silent Woman* and *Bartholomew Fair*, the last dating 1614. Meanwhile he had gained a second repute at court for his masques to add to his success in comedy on the popular stage. Jonson's two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, though fine and dignified dramas, were not successful in their day, and several of his later comedies failed on the stage. But he continued active in his profession, especially at court, up to the time of his death in 1637, enjoying, upon Shakespeare's death, the greatest literary reputation of his age. Jonson collected his *Works* in 1616, and a second folio followed, adding to a reprint of the first, in 1640-1642.

The standard complete edition of Jonson is still that of W. Gifford as re-edited by P. Cunningham, 9 vols., 1875. But a new and scholarly edition by C. H. Herford and P. Simpson is now issuing. The Mermaid edition by B. Nicholson and C. H. Herford, 3 vols., 1894, contains the more important plays.

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

VOLPONE, *a Magnifico* – Fox
MOSCA, *his Parasite* – Fly
VOLTORE, *an Advocate* – Vulture
CORBACCIO, *an Old Gentleman* – RAVEN
CORVINO, *a Merchant* – Crow
AVOCATORI, *four Magistrates*
NOTARIO, *the Register*
NANO, *a Dwarf*
CASTRONE, *an Eunuch*
POLITICK WOULD-BE, *a Knight*
PEREGRINE, *a Gentleman Traveller*
BONARIO, *a Young Gentleman* – Sparrow
FINE MADAM WOULD-BE, *the Knight's Wife*
CELIA, *the Merchant's Wife*
COMMANDADORI, *Officers*
MERCATORI, *three Merchants*
ANDROGYNO, *a Hermaphrodite*
SERVITORE, *a Servant*
GREGE
WOMEN

THE SCENE: Venice

TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND MOST EQUAL SISTERS,

THE TWO FAMOUS UNIVERSITIES

FOR THEIR

LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE SHOWN TO HIS POEM

IN THE PRESENTATION;

BEN JONSON,

THE GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGER,

DEDICATES BOTH IT AND HIMSELF

THE ARGUMENT

V OLPONE, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
O ffers his state to hopes of several heirs,
L ies languishing: his parasite receives
P resents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
O ther cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.
N ew tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold,
E ach tempts the other again,[1] and all are sold.

PROLOGUE

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
Will serve to make our play hit;
(According to the palates of the season)
Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit from our poet,
Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his poems still[2] hath been this measure,
To mix profit with your pleasure;
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,
Cry hoarsely, 'All he writes is railing:' 10
And when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, he was a year about them.

[1] Tries to deceive.
[2] Always.

To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,[1]
Which was two months since no feature:
And though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
'Tis known, five weeks fully penned it,
From his own hand, without a coadjutor,
Novice, journeyman, or tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you as a token
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken, 20
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a gull old ends reciting,[2]
To stop gaps in his loose writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and forced action,
As might make Bethlem a faction:[3]
Nor made he his play for jests stolen from each table,
But makes jests to fit his fable;
And so presents quick comedy refined,
As best critics have designed; 30
The laws[4] of time, place, persons he observeth,
From no needful rule he swerveth.
All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth,
Only a little salt remaineth,
Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till red with laughter,
They shall look fresh a week after.

[1] Creation.
[2] A fool reciting old scraps of plays.
[3] Add to the confusion of the madhouse.
[4] Unities.

VOLPONE, OR THE FOX

BEN JONSON

ACT I, SCENE I

[*A Room in* VOLPONE'S HOUSE]

[*Enter*] VOLPONE, MOSCA

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
[MOSCA *withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, etc.*]
Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the longed-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendor darkening his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the center.[1] O thou son of Sol,[2] 10
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessèd room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;[3] 20
Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,

[1] Of the earth.
[2] Gold.
[3] To make her power that of gold.

Honor, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise—
Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.
Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory 30
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venter;[1]
I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no beasts
To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind 'hem into powder:
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-facèd sea;
I turn no moneys in the public bank,
No usure[2] private.
Mos. No sir, nor devour 40
Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
May be forthcoming when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
You loathe[3] the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries 50
Ring in your roofs and beat the air for vengeance.
Volp. Right, Mosca; I do loathe it.
Mos. And, besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,

[1] Venture. [2] Usury. [3] That.

And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath filled his vaults
With Romagnia and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds;
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,[1]
Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
Your pleasure allows maintenance—
Volp. Hold thee, Mosca,
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
And they are envious term[2] thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let 'hem make me sport. [*Exit* Mosca]
What should I do,
But cocker[3] up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:[4]
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return
Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,[5]
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes.
And am content to coin 'hem into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,[6]

[1] Servant.
[2] Who call thee.
[3] Pamper.
[4] Pay attention to me.
[5] Make me wholly theirs.
[6] Deceiving them.

Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—
How now!

SCENE II

[*Re-enter* Mosca *with*] Nano, Androgyno, [*and*] Castrone

Nan. 'Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,
They do bring you neither play nor university show;
And therefore do intreat you that whatsoever they rehearse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.[1]
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass,
For know, here[2] is enclosed the soul of Pythagoras,
That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from Apollo,
And was breathed into Æthalides, Mercurius his son,
Where it had the gift to remember all that ever was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration
To goldy-locked Euphorbus, who was killed in good fashion,
At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of Sparta.
Hermotimus was next (I find it in my charta),[3]
To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,
But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learned to go a-fishing;
And thence did it enter the sophist of Greece.
From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful piece,
Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the next toss of[4] her
Was again of a whore, she became a philosopher,

[1] This interlude is in the tumbling measure which preceded blank verse on the stage. The Pythagorean transmigrations of the soul which it relates are founded on Lucian's Dialogue of the cobbler and the cock.
[2] In Androgyne. [3] List. [4] Of the soul.

Crates the cynic, as itself[1] doth relate it:
Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords, and fools gat it,
Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and brock,[2]
In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobbler's cock.
But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath, 'by quater!'
His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,[3]
Or his telling how elements shift; but I
Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered translation,
And shifted thy coat in these days of reformation. 30
And. Like one of the reformed,[4] a fool, as you see,
Counting all old doctrine heresy.
Nan. But not on thine own forbid meats hast thou ventered?
And. On fish, when first a Carthusian I entered.
Nan. Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath left thee?
And. Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me.
Nan. O wonderful change, when sir lawyer forsook thee!
For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?
And. A good dull mule.
Nan. And how! by that means
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans?[5] 40
And. Yes.
Nan. But from the mule into whom didst thou pass?
And. Into a very strange beast, by some writers called an ass;
By others a precise, pure, illuminate brother[6]
Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one another:
And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctified lie,
Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.[7]

[1] The soul.
[2] Badger.
[3] The tetractys. Pythagoras was proficient in music and geometry.
[4] A Puritan.
[5] Forbidden food.
[6] Puritanical.
[7] Christmas pie.

Nan. Now quit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation,
And gently report thy next transmigration.
And. To the same that I am.
Nan. A creature of delight,
And, what is more than a fool, an hermaphrodite! 50
Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy variation,
Which body wouldst thou choose to keep up thy station?[1]
And. Troth, this I am in: even here would I tarry.
Nan. 'Cause here the delight of each sex thou canst vary!
And. Alas, those pleasures be stale and forsaken;
No, 'tis your fool[2] wherewith I am so taken,
The only one creature that I can call blessed;
For all other forms I have proved most distressed.
Nan. Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still,
This learnèd opinion we celebrate will, 60
Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with all our wit and art,
To dignify that whereof ourselves are so great and special a part.'
Volp. Now, very, very pretty. Mosca, this
Was thy invention?
Mos. If it please my patron,
Not else.
Volp. It doth, good Mosca.
Mos. Then it was, sir.

Song

'Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admiration;
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making:
All they speak or do is sterling. 70
Your fool he is your great man's darling,
And your ladies' sport and pleasure;
Tongue and bauble are his treasure.
E'en his face begetteth laughter,
And he speaks truth free from slaughter;
He's the grace of every feast,
And sometimes the chiefest guest;
Hath his trencher and his stool,
When wit waits upon the fool.

[1] To remain.
[2] Jester.

O, who would not be 80
He, he, he?' *One knocks without*
Volp. Who's that? Away! [*Exeunt* NANO *and* CASTRONE.] Look, Mosca.
[*Exit* ANDROGYNO]
Mos. Fool, begone!
'Tis Signior Voltore, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.
Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say my couch is changing,
And let him entertain himself awhile
Without i' th' gallery. [*Exit* MOSCA] Now, now my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow,[1] all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcass, now they come: 90
I am not for 'hem yet.

[*Re-enter* MOSCA, *with the gown, etc.*]

How now! the news?
Mos. A piece of plate, sir.
Volp. Of what bigness?
Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
And arms engraven.
Volp. Good, and not a fox
Stretched on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow?[2] ha, Mosca!
Mos. Sharp, sir.
Volp. Give me my furs. [*Puts on his sick dress*] Why dost thou laugh so, man?
Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give; 100
That this would fetch you; if you died today,
And gave him all, what he should be tomorrow;
What large return would come of all his venteres;
How he should worshipped be, and reverenced;
Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited on
By herds of fools and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as lettered as himself;
Be called the great and learnèd advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.
Volp. Yes, to be learnèd, Mosca.
Mos. O, no; rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple, 111
So you can hide his two ambitious[1] ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.[2]
Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes.
Volp. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.
Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.
Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundreds such as I am, in succession— 120
Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.
Mos. You shall live
Still to delude these harpies.
Volp. Loving Mosca!
'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.
[*Exit* MOSCA]
Now, my feigned cough, my phthisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forcèd functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milked their hopes.
He comes; I hear him—Uh! [*Coughing*] uh! uh! uh! O—

SCENE III

[*Re-enter*] MOSCA, [*introducing*] VOLTORE [*with a piece of Plate*]

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only you,
Of all the rest, are he[3] commands his love,

[1] Carrion crow.
[2] Not a mocking coat of arms.

[1] Mobile.
[2] One who holds a chair.
[3] Who commands.

And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's Signior Voltore is come—
Volp. [*faintly*] What say you?
Mos. Sir, Signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.
Volp. I thank him.
Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,[1] 10
With which he here presents you.
Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.
Mos. Yes.
Volt. What says he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.
Volp. Mosca.
Mos. My patron!
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.
Mos. The plate is here, sir.
Volt. How fare you, sir?
Volp. I thank you, Signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.
Volt. [*putting it into his hands*] I'm sorry
To see you still thus weak.
Mos. [*aside*] That he is not weaker.
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, sir; would to heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that plate! 20
Volp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank you. Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswered:
I pray you see me often.
Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Mos. Do you observe that, sir?
Volp. Hearken unto me still; it will concern you.
Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.
Volp. I cannot now last long—
Mos. You are his heir, sir.
Volt. Am I?
Volp. I feel me going: Uh! uh! uh! uh!

[1] At a goldsmith's in St. Mark's Square.

I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!
And I am glad I am so near my haven. 30
Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must all go—
Volt. But, Mosca—
Mos. Age will conquer.
Volt. 'Pray thee, hear me;
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?
Mos. Are you!
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me i' your family.[1] All my hopes
Depend upon your worship: I am lost
Except the rising sun do shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.
Mos. Sir,
I am a man that hath not done your love 39
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers and your caskets locked,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate, and moneys; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.
Volt. But am I sole heir?
Mos. Without a partner, sir: confirmed this morning:
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.
Volt. Happy, happy me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause.
Volt. Thy modesty
Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it. 50
Mos. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say how he admired
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return; make knots, and undo them;
Give forkèd counsel; take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up;[2] these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest 61
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce

[1] Enroll me among your servants.
[2] Pocket it.

Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin!—
Another knocks
Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you seen, sir.
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse—and, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is borne up stiff with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worst of clients.
Volt. Mosca!—
Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?
Or see a copy of the will?—Anon!
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone,
Put business i' your face.
[*Exit* VOLTORE]
Volp. [*springing up*] Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.
Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.
Volp. Set the plate away:
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.

SCENE IV

MOSCA, VOLPONE

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to the rest*] Now we shall see
A wretch who is indeed more impotent
Than this can feign to be;[1] yet hopes to hop
Over his grave.

[*Enter* CORBACCIO]

Signior Corbaccio!
Yo'are very welcome, sir.
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.
Corb. What! mends he?
Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while 't was made, saw all th' ingredients;
And know it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. [*aside*] Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it.
Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
Corb. Say you, say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest that your physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says they flay a man
Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'hem,
But gives them great reward: and he is loath
To hire his death so.
Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much license as a judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man. How do's his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont—
Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir; his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O, good!
Mos. His mouth

[1] Volpone.

Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the color of his flesh like lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain—
Corb. Ha! how? not from his brain?
Mos. Yes, sir, and from his brain—
Corb. I conceive you; good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolvèd[1] corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he with the swimming of his head? 51
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy;[2] he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left[3] to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent; sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.
Mos. I was a-coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he giv'n me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing! ha?
Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. O, O, O!
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a carcass, sir, when he but heard 61
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good—
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True:
I know it too.
Mos. [*aside*] By your own scale, sir.[4]
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him yet. See, Mosca, look,

[1] Weeping.
[2] Dizziness.
[3] Ceased.
[4] By your own standard.

Here I have brought a bag of bright chequines,[1]
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. [*taking the bag*] Yea, marry, sir.
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine; 71
No talk of opiates to this great elixir!
Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile,* if not *potabile.*[2]
Mos. It shall be ministered to him in his bowl.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessèd cordial!
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venter:
Give me 't again.
Mos. At no hand:[3] pardon me: 80
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How, how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover—
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gained sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And show him this.
[*Pointing to the money*]
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet, 90
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.

[1] A sequin, worth about two dollars.
[2] Liquid gold was a sovereign remedy.
[3] By no means.

Corb. And disinherit
My son!
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that color[1]
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but color?[2]
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to enforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present, 100
And last, produce your will; where, without thought,
Or least regard unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience and mere gratitude—
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project. 110
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir—
Corb. Published me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him—
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man—
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir—
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good—
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow grey withal,) how to work things— 120
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he
For whom I labor here.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. [*Going*]

[1] Pretence. [2] O, only a pretence.

Mos. Rook go with you, raven![1]
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir!
Corb. And—
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.
Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull[2] my brother of his blessing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth restored to me, why not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!
Corb. What sayest thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir. 130
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit*]
Volp. [*leaping from his couch*] O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides—
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope[3]
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humor.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'hem words;[4]
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence. 140
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!
Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often called on, as[5] no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,[6]
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckoned life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer! 151

[1] May you be cheated, you old raven. Mosca is taking advantage of Corbaccio's deafness.
[2] Cheat.
[3] The hope of these dupes.
[4] Deceive them.
[5] That.
[6] Power to walk.

Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With charms like Æson, have his youth restored;
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he,
And all turns air! [*another knocks*] Who's that there, now? a third!
Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his voice.
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
Volp. [*lies down as before*] Dead.
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. [*anointing them*] Who's there?

SCENE V

MOSCA, VOLPONE, [*Enter*] CORVINO

Signior Corvino! come most wished for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
Corv. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.
Corv. He is not dead?
Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good;
He knows no man.
Corv. How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
So much remembrance left as to know you, sir:
He still[1] calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient,[2] sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. [*faintly*] Signior Corvino!
Mos. Hark.
Volp. Signior Corvino!
Mos. He calls you; step and give it him.
—He's here, sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir?
Tell him it doubles the twelve caract.
Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you—
Corv. Say
I have a diamant for him, too.
Mos. Best show it, sir;
Put it into his hand: 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling yet.
See how he grasps it!
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman!
How pitiful the sight is!
Mos. Tut, forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter
Under a visor.
Corv. Why, am I his heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the will
Till he be dead; but here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others, too,
I cannot number 'hem, they were so many;
All gaping here for legacies: but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino, took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I asked him
Whom he would have his heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be executor? *Corvino.* And,
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods he made,
Through weakness, for consent: and sent home th' others,
Nothing bequeathed them, but to cry and curse.
Corv. O, my dear Mosca. (*They embrace*) Does he not perceive us?
Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those he had begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.
Corv. Has he children?
Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gipsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk.
Knew you not that, sir? 'tis the common fable.
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;
H'is the true father of his family,
In all save me:—but he has given 'hem nothing.
Corv. That's well, that's well! Art sure he does not hear us?

[1] Continually. [2] Of first quality.

Mos. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense. [*Shouts in* VOLPONE'S *ear*
The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserved it
Throughly and throughly, and the plague to boot!—
You may come near, sir.—Would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
Covered with hide instead of skin—Nay, help, sir[1]—
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end!
Corv. Or like an old smoked wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks!
Mos. Excellent, sir! speak out:
You may be louder yet; a culverin[2]
Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.
Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still[3] running.
Mos. 'Tis good! And what his mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up—
Corv. By no means.
Mos. Pray you, let me:
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow
As well as any woman that should keep[4] him.
Corv. Do as you will; but I'll begone.
Mos. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you use no violence.
Mos. No, sir! why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you, sir?
Corv. Nay, at your discretion.
Mos. Well, good sir, begone.
Corv. I will not trouble you now to take[5] my pearl.
Mos. Puh! nor your diamant. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here, whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you?

[1] To Corvino to join him in the abuse.
[2] A small cannon.
[3] Ever.
[4] Nurse.
[5] From Volpone who still clutches it.

Corv. Grateful Mosca!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.
Mos. Excepting one.
Corv. What's that?
Mos. Your gallant wife, sir. [*Exit* CORV.]
Now he is gone: we had no other means
To shoot him hence but this.
Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. [*another knocks*] Who's there?
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures
Than will Volpone. [*Exit* MOS.] Let me see; a pearl!
A diamant! plate! chequines! Good morning's purchase.
Why, this is better than rob churches, yet;
Or fat,[1] by eating, once a month, a man.

[*Re-enter* MOSCA]

Who is't?
Mos. The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politick Would-be,
(This is the style, sir, is directed me,)[2]
Hath sent to know how you have slept tonight,
And if you would be visited?
Volp. Not now:
Some three hours hence.
Mos. I told the squire[3] so much.
Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine; then, then:
'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valor
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!
Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is *politic,*
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:
But had she Signior Corvino's wife's face—
Volp. Hath she so rare a face?
Mos. O, sir, the wonder,

[1] Fatten.
[2] I am told thus to introduce her.
[3] Messenger.

The blazing star of Italy! a wench
O' the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
Than silver, snow, or lilies; a soft lip, 111
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!
Volp. Why had not I known this before?
Mos. Alas, sir,
Myself but yesterday discovered it.
Volp. How might I see her?
Mos. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold;
Never do's come abroad, never takes air
But at a windore.[1] All her looks are sweet,
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watched 121
As near[2] as they are.
Volp. I must see her.
Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of spies ten thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge,
When he goes out, when he comes in, examined.
Volp. I will go see her, though but at her windore.
Mos. In some disguise then.
Volp. That is true; I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same; we'll think. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II, SCENE I

[*St. Mark's Place; a retired corner before Corvino's House*]

[*Enter* Sir] POLITICK WOULD-BE, *and* PEREGRINE

Sir P. Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his soil:
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
My dearest plots,[1] hath brought me out; much less
That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with Ulysses! 10
But a peculiar humor of my wife's
Laid for this height of Venice,[2] to observe,
To quote, to learn the language, and so forth—
I hope you travel, sir, with license?
Per. Yes.
Sir P. I dare the safelier converse—How long, sir,
Since you left England?
Per. Seven weeks.
Sir P. So lately!
You ha' not been with my lord ambassador?
Per. Not yet, sir.
Sir P. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate?[3]
I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long 20
To hear how 'twill be seconded.
Per. What was 't, sir?
Sir P. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's.
Per. [*aside*] This fellow,
Do's he gull me, trow? or is gulled?—Your name, sir?
Sir P. My name is Politick Would-be.
Per. [*aside*] O, that speaks him.—
A knight, sir?
Sir P. A poor knight, sir.
Per. Your lady
Lies[4] here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires and fashions, and behavior,
Among the courtesans? the fine Lady Would-be?
Sir P. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee ofttimes 30
Suck from one flower.
Per. Good Sir Politick,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, sir, of your raven.
Sir P. On your knowledge?

[1] Window. [2] Carefully.

[1] Most cherished plans.
[2] To see Venice in the height of the season.
[3] What news from England.
[4] Lodges.

Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the Tower.[1]
Sir P. Another whelp?
Per. Another, sir.
Sir P. Now heaven!
What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!
And the new star! these things concurring, strange,
And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?
Per. I did, sir.
Sir P. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porcpices seen above the bridge,
As they give out?
Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.
Sir P. I am astonished.
Per. Nay, sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these.
Sir P. What should these things portend?
Per. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discovered in the river,
As high as Woolwich, that had waited there,
Few know how many months, for the subversion
On the Stode[2] fleet.
Sir P. Is't possible? believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain, or the archduke's:
Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!
Will they not leave these projects?[3] Worthy sir,
Some other news.
Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.
Sir P. Is Mass[4] Stone dead?
Per. H'is dead, sir; why, I hope
You thought him not immortal?—[*aside*] O, this knight,
Were he well known, would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write[5]
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously.

[1] An actual occurrence a year or so before. The raven above may cloak a topical allusion or be only Sir P's affected mode of speech.
[2] Near Hamburg.
[3] Give up these plots.
[4] Messer or Master.
[5] Write a play on.

Sir P. Stone dead!
Per. Dead.—Lord! how deeply, sir, you apprehend it!
He was no kinsman to you?
Sir P. That I know of.[1]
Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.
Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?
Sir P. I did so. Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Living within the state, and so I held him.
Per. Indeed, sir?
Sir P. While he lived, in action,
He has received weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
For all parts of the world, in cabbages;
And those dispensed again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,
Lemons, pome-citrons, and such-like; sometimes
In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.
Per. You make me wonder.
Sir P. Sir, upon my knowledge.
Nay, I've observed him, at your public ordinary,[2]
Take his advertisement[3] from a traveller,
A concealed statesman, in a trencher of meat;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a toothpick.
Per. Strange!
How could this be, sir?
Sir P. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid as[4] he
Must easily read the cipher.
Per. I have heard,
He could not read, sir.
Sir P. So 'twas given out,
In policy, by those that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to 't,[5] as sound a noddle—
Per. I have heard, sir,
That your baboons were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation near to China.
Sir P. Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two; but they

[1] Not that I know of.
[2] Eating house.
[3] Information.
[4] That.
[5] In addition to this.

Were so extremely given to women, as[1]
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here, on Wednesday last,
From one of their own coat,[2] they were returned,
Made their relations,[3] as the fashion is,
And now stand fair for fresh employment.
Per. [*aside*] Heart!
This Sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing.—
It seems, sir, you know all.
Sir P. Not all, sir; but
I have some general notions. I do love 100
To note and to observe: though I live out,
Free from the active torrent, yet I'ld mark
The currents and the passages of things,
For mine own private use; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.
Per. Believe it, sir, I hold
Myself in no small tie[4] unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it,
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behavior, and my bearing, which 110
Is yet so rude and raw.
Sir P. Why, came you forth
Empty of rules for travel?
Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar grammar,
Which he that cried[5] Italian to me, taught me.
Sir P. Why, this it is that spoils all our brave bloods,
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of outside, and mere bark. You seem
To be a gentleman of ingenuous race:—
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with, 120
In this high kind,[6] touching some great men's sons,
Persons of blood and honor.—
Per. Who be these, sir?

SCENE II

[*To them enter*] Mosca *and* Nano [*disguised, followed by persons with materials for erecting a stage*]

Mos. Under that windore, there 't must be. The same.

[1] That. [2] Kind, that. [3] Reports.
[4] Obligation. [5] Spoke.
[6] As to these important matters.

Sir P. Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your instructor
In the dear tongues,[1] never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?
Per. Yes, sir.
Sir P. Why,
Here you shall see one.
Per. They are quacksalvers,
Fellows that live by venting oils and drugs.
Sir P. Was that the character he gave you of them?
Per. As I remember.
Sir P. Pity his ignorance.
They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admired statesmen, professed favorites, 11
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes;
The only languaged men of all the world!
Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd[2] impostors;
Made all of terms and shreds; no less beliers
Of great men's favors, than their own vile med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for twopence, ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.
Sir P. Sir, calumnies are answered best with silence. 20
Yourself shall judge.—Who is it mounts, my friends?
Mos. Scoto of Mantua,[3] sir.
Sir P. Is't he? Nay, then
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied[4] to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in this nook, that has been wont t' appear
In face of the Piazza!—Here he comes.

[*Enter* Volpone, *disguised as a mountebank Doctor, and followed by a crowd of people*]

Volp. Mount, zany. [*To* Nano]
Grege.[5] Follow, follow, follow, follow!

[1] Modern languages.
[2] Vulgar.
[3] An Italian juggler, then in England.
[4] Imagined.
[5] Jonson's classical word for the crowd.

Sir P. See how the people follow him!
h'is a man
May write ten thousand crowns in bank
here. Note,
[VOLPONE *mounts the stage*]
Mark but his gesture:—I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up.
Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.
Volp. 'Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons! It may seem strange that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in the face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia,[1] should now, after eight months' absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza.'
Sir P. Did not I now object the same?
Per. Peace, sir.
Volp. 'Let me tell you: I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate than I [am] accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession (Alessandro Buttone, I mean), who gave out, in public, I was condemned *a sforzato*[2] to the galleys, for poisoning the Cardinal Bembo's —cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground *ciarlitani*,[3] that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccaccio, like stale Tabarine, the fabulist:[4] some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turks' galleys, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christians' galleys, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, enjoined them by their confessors, for base pilferies.'
Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.
Volp. 'These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapped up in several *scartoccios*,[1] are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet these meagre, starved spirits, who have half stopped the organs of their minds with earthy oppilations,[2] want not their favorers among your shrivelled salad-eating artisans, who are overjoyed that they may have their half-pe'rth of physic; though it purge 'hem into another world, it makes no matter.'
Sir P. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir?
Volp. 'Well, let 'hem go. And, gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamors of the *canaglia*,[3] shall be the scene of pleasure and delight; for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell.'
Sir P. I told you, sir, his end.
Per. You did so, sir.
Volp. 'I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast as it is fetched away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the terra-firma;[4] worshipful merchants; ay, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily; for, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuffed with *moscadelli*, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him, on pain of death, to drink nothing but water cocted[5] with aniseeds? O, health, health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honorable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life'—
Per. You see his end.
Sir P. Ay, is 't not good?
Volp. 'For when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducket, or your chequin of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed *unguento*,[6] this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humors, that proceed

[1] Residence of the procurators.
[2] With hard labor.
[3] Small impostors.
[4] A French mountebank whose jests were published.

[1] Folded papers, envelopes.
[2] Obstructions.
[3] Crowd.
[4] Main land.
[5] Boiled down.
[6] Ointment.

either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes—'

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Sir P. Pray you, observe.

Volp. 'To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace,[1]—for the vertigine[2] in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy; the *mal caduco,*[3] cramps, convulsions, paralysies, epilepsies, *tremor-cordia,* retired nerves, ill vapors of the spleen, stoppings of the liver, the stone, the strangury, *hernia ventosa, iliaca, passio;*[4] stops a *dysenteria* immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures *melancholia hypondriaca,* being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt. (*Pointing to his bill*[5] *and his vial*) For this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be termed an abstract of the theoric and practic in the Æsculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And,—Zan Fritada,[6] prithee sing a verse extempore in honor of it.'

Sir P. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Sir P. Is not his language rare?

Per. But[7] alchemy, I never heard the like; or Broughton's books.[8]

[NANO *sings*]

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
That to their books put med'cines all in,
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, sassafras not named;
Ne yet of guacum[9] *one small stick, sir,*
Nor Raymond Lully's[10] *great elixir.*
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword.

[1] Salve. [2] Dizziness. [3] Epilepsy. [4] Colic.
[5] Advertisement, poster.
[6] Volpone's name for Nano.
[7] Except.
[8] Mystical comments on the Old Testament.
[9] A resinous drug.
[10] A famous alchemist.

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volp. 'No more.—Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed *oglio del Scoto;* with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of th' aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appeared on my part, before the signiory of the *Sanita* and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assayed, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestowed great cost in furnaces, stills, alembics, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples,[1] besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists), but when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for these may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable.

For myself, I always from my youth have endeavored to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money: I spared nor cost nor labor, where anything was worthy to be learned. And gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, I will undertake by virtue of chymical art, out of the honorable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the balloo,[2]

[1] Herbs.
[2] A popular Italian game of ball.

I have been at my book; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honor and reputation.'

Sir P. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. 'But to our price—'

Per. And that withal,[1] Sir Pol.

Volp. 'You all know, honorable gentlemen, I never valued this *ampulla,* or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six; six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me; take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the Cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip,[2] with divers other princes, have given me; but I despise money. Only to show my affection to you, honorable gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices,[3] framed my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels.—Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honorable assembly some delightful recreation.'

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance
Is here, to get some three or four gazettes,[4]
Some threepence in the whole! for that 'twill come to.

[NANO *sings*]

You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?
Tart of palate? quick of ear?
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
Or, I will come nearer to't,
Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases,
Yet fright all aches[5] *from your bones?*
Here's a med'cine for the nones.[6]

Volp. 'Well, I am in a humor at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I asked you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a *moccinigo.*[1] Six-pence it will cost you, or six hundred pound—expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a *bagatine,*[2]—that I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to show I am not contemned by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better than if I had presented it with a double pistolet.'[3]

Per. Will you be that *heroic spark,* Sir Pol?

CELIA, *at a window* [*above*], *throws down her handkerchief*

O, see, the windore has prevented[4] you.

Volp. 'Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamored on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despised, an object. Here is a poulder concealed in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth,[5] nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the poulder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, cleared her wrinkles, firmed her gums, filled her skin, colored her hair; from her derived to Helen, and at the sack of

[1] And that especially.
[2] Familiar friend.
[3] Duties.
[4] A trifling Italian coin.
[5] Dissyllable *aitches.*
[6] For the purpose.

[1] A Venetian coin worth less than twenty cents.
[2] A small Italian piece.
[3] A Spanish gold piece.
[4] Anticipated you.
[5] Value it truly.

Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated), wherewith the ladies there now color their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks,[1] firm as a wall: makes them white as ivory, that were black as—'

SCENE III

[*To them enter*] CORVINO

Cor. Spite o' the devil, and my shame! come down here;
Come down;—No house but mine to make your scene?
He beats away the mountebank, etc.
Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?
What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir?
No windores on the whole Piazza, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine?
Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new christened,
And called the *Pantalone di besogniosi,*[2]
About the town.
Per. What should this mean, Sir Pol?
Sir P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home.
Per. It may be some design on you.
Sir P. I know not.
I'll stand upon my guard.
Per. It is your best, sir.
Sir P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,
They have been intercepted.
Per. Indeed, sir!
Best have a care.
Sir P. Nay, so I will
Per. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

[*Exeunt*]

[1] The pieces of wood which caused the quills to pluck the strings of a virginal.
[2] Fool of beggars.

SCENE IV

[*A Room in Volpone's House*]

[*Enter*] VOLPONE *and* MOSCA

Volp. O, I am wounded!
Mos. Where, sir?
Volp. Not without;
Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.
But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
Where now he flings about his burning heat,
As in a furnace an ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopped. The fight is all within me.
I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;
My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of cinders.
Mos. 'Las, good sir,
Would you had never seen her!
Volp. Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her!
Mos. Sir, 'tis true;
I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy; but I'm bound in conscience,
No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.
Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?
Mos. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of aught
Within a human compass.
Volp. O, there spoke
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me too:
So thou in this but crown my longings, Mosca.
Mos. Use but your patience.
Volp. So I have.
Mos. I doubt not
To bring success to your desires.
Volp. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.
Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.
Volp. True:
Besides, I never meant him for my heir.—
Is not the color o' my beard and eyebrows

To make me known?
Mos. No jot.
Volp. I did it well.
Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the happiness! and yet I would
Escape your epilogue.[1]
Volp. [*Grimacing*] But were they gulled
With a belief that I was Scoto?
Mos. Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguished!
I have not time to flatter you now, we'll part:
And as I prosper, so applaud my art.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V

[*A Room in Corvino's House*]

[*Enter*] CORVINO, [*with his sword in his hand, dragging in*] CELIA

Corv. Death of mine honor, with the city's fool!
A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank!
And at a public windore! where, whilst he,
With his strained action, and his dole of faces,
To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted lechers,
Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favors forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call? their whistle?
Or were you enamored on his copper rings,
His saffron jewel, with the toadstone in't,
Or his embroidered suit, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a hearse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starched beard! Well, you shall have him, yes!
He shall come home, and minister unto you
The fricace[2] for the mother.[3] Or, let me see,
I think you'd rather mount; would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes, truly, you may!

[1] His beating by Corvino.
[2] Salve. [3] Hysteria.

And so you may be seen, down to th' foot.
Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
Make one: I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!
For if you thought me an Italian,
You would be damned ere you did this, you whore!
Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice.
Cel. Good sir, have patience.
Corv. What couldst thou propose[1]
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonor, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs
As thou wert gazed upon with goatish eyes?
Cel. Alas, sir, be appeased! I could not think
My being at the windore should more now
Move your impatience than at other times.
Corv. No! not to seek and entertain a parley
With a known knave, before a multitude!
You were an actor with your handkerchief,
Which he most sweetly kissed in the receipt,
And might, no doubt, return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet; your sister's,
Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn.
Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses?
Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?
And that so seldom—
Corv. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
First, I will have this bawdy light[2] dammed up;
And till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line; o'er which if thou but chance
To set thy desp'rate foot, more hell, more horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjuror that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.

[1] Expect. [2] Window.

Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee,
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards;
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backwards: nay, since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your own,
Being too open, makes me use you thus:
Since you will not contain your subtle nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers.[1] (*Knock within*) One knocks.
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the windore; if thou dost—
Nay, stay, hear this—let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy.[2]
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away!—Who's there? [*Exit* CELIA]

[*Enter* SERVANT]

Serv. 'Tis Signior Mosca, sir.

SCENE VI

CORVINO, [*enter*] MOSCA

Corv. Let him come in. [*Exit* SERV.]
His master's dead; there's yet
Some good to help the bad.—My Mosca, welcome!
I guess your news.
Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.
Corv. Is't not his death?
Mos. Rather the contrary.
Corv. Not his recovery?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corv. I am cursed,
I am bewitched, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?
Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil;
Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it,
Whilst I was busy in an inner room—
Corv. Death! that damned mountebank! but for the law

[1] Passers by. [2] Dead body.

Now, I could kill the rascal: it cannot be
His oil should have that virtue. Ha' not I
Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in
To th' *osteria*,[1] with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forced tricks, been glad
Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod[2] earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:[3]
I know 'hem to a dram.
Mos. I know not, sir;
But some on't, there, they poured into his ears,
Some in his nostrils, and recovered him;
Applying but the fricace.
Corv. Pox o' that fricace![4]
Mos. And since, to seem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had,
At extreme fees, the college of physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
Where one would have a cataplasm[5] of spices,
Another a flayed ape clapped to his breast,
A third would ha' it a dog, a fourth an oil,
With wild cats' skins: at last, they all resolved
That to preserve him, was no other means
But some young woman must be straight sought out,
Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him;
And to this service most unhappily,
And most unwillingly, am I now employed,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most;
Because I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my sole dependence, sir;
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate[6]
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,

[1] Inn.
[2] Sodden or boiled.
[3] These preposterous ingredients are not Jonson's fancy but based on study.
[4] Salve. [5] Poultice. [6] Blame.

Venteres, or whatsoever, are all frustrate!
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all
Now striving who shall first present him; therefore—
I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat;
Prevent[1] them if you can.
Corv. Death to my hopes!
This is my villainous fortune! Best to hire
Some common courtesan.
Mos. Ay, I thought on that, sir; 51
But they are all so subtle, full of art—
And age again doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may, perchance,
Light on a quean may cheat us all.
Corv. 'Tis true.
Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no tricks, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it;[2]
Some wench you may command. Ha' you no kinswoman?
Godso—Think, think, think, think, think, think, think, sir.
One o' the doctors offered there his daughter. 60
Corv. How!
Mos. Yes, Signior Lupo, the physician.
Corv. His daughter!
Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why, alas,
He knows the state of's body, what it is;
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever;
Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seized that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one or two—
Corv. I pray thee give me leave. [*Walks aside*] If any man
But I had had this luck—The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affections[3] 71
As this dull doctor? In the point of honor,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.
Mos. I hear him coming.[4]
Corv. She shall do't: 'tis done.
Slight! if this doctor, who is not engaged,
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing,
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am

[1] Anticipate.
[2] Advised beforehand.
[3] My relations and those dear to me. J
[4] Falling into my trap.

So deeply in? I will prevent him: Wretch!
Covetous wretch!—Mosca, I have determined.
Mos. How, sir?
Corv. We'll make all sure. The party you wot of 80
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.
Mos. Sir, the thing,
But that I would not seem to counsel you,
I should have motioned[1] to you, at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their throats.[2]
Why, 'tis directly taking a possession!
And in his next fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled; it had been done before
But for your scrupulous doubts.
Corv. Ay, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I'll be brief 90
And so be thou, lest they should be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal
And willingness I do it: swear it was
On the first hearing, as thou mayst do, truly,
Mine own free motion.
Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starved clients shall be banished all;
And only you received. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good, you must not know't. 100
Corv. But do not you forget to send now.
Mos. Fear not.
[*Exit*]

SCENE VII

Corv. Where are you, wife? my Celia! wife!

[*Enter* Celia]

What, blubbering?
Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st me in earnest;
Ha! by this light I talked so but to try thee:

[1] Suggested.
[2] Be certain, if you do this, you will have beaten them all.

Methinks, the lightness of the occasion
Should ha' confirmed thee. Come, I am not jealous.
Cel. No?
Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was;
It is a poor unprofitable humor.
Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the world,
And that the fiercest spies are tamed with gold? 10
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't;
And see I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,
In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put 'hem all on, and, with 'hem, thy best looks:
We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I am free from jealousy or fear.
[*Exeunt*]

ACT III, SCENE I

[*A Street*]

Enter Mosca

Mos. I fear I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosp'rous parts,
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy i' my blood: I know not how,
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake,
I am so limber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropped from above,
Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles, here on earth.
I muse, the mystery[1] was not made a science, 10
It is so liberally professed! Almost
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites or sub-parasites. And yet
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,
To know who's fit to feed 'hem; have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense;[1] or get
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and fleer, 20
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,[2]
Echo my lord, and lick away[3] a moth:
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
Present to any humor, all occasion;
And change a visor swifter than a thought!
This is the creature had the art born with him; 30
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their zanies.

[1] Profession.

SCENE II

Mosca, [*enter*] Bonario

Who's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's son?
The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happ'ly met.
Bon. That cannot be by thee.
Mos. Why, sir?
Bon. Nay, pray thee, know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loath to interchange discourse
With such a mate[4] as thou art.
Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.
Bon. Not I, by heaven;
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.
Mos. Baseness!
Bon. Ay, answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery? 10
Thy means of feeding?
Mos. Heaven be good to me!
These imputations are too common, sir,
And eas'ly stuck on virtue when she's poor
You are unequal[5] to me, and howe'er

[1] The love of gossip.
[2] Bows and smiles.
[3] Brush off.
[4] Fellow.
[5] Unjust.

Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That, ere you know me, thus proceed in censure:
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman. [*Weeps*]
Bon. [*aside*] What! do's he weep? the sign is soft and good.
I do repent me that I was so harsh.
Mos. 'Tis true, that, swayed by strong necessity,
I am enforced to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy;[1] 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment
Out of my mere observance,[2] being not born
To a free fortune: but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,
Trained[3] their credulity with perjuries,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation,
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.
Bon. [*aside*] This cannot be a personated passion.—
I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature;
'Pray thee forgive me: and speak out thy bus'ness.
Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem
At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master;
Yet for the pure love which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you—
Bon. How!
Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his blood: 'tis true, sir.
The work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
T' abound in you; and for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.
Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust

[1] Obsequiousness. [2] Service. [3] Lured.

Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so unnatural.
Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes
Your piety;[1] and formed, no doubt, it is
From your own simple innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhorred. But, sir,
I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing; and if you
Shall be but pleased to go with me, I'll bring you,
I dare not say where you shall see, but where
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed,
Hear yourself written bastard, and professed
The common issue of the earth.
Bon. I'm mazed!
Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
And score your vengeance on my front and face;
Mark me your villain: you have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weeps blood in anguish—
Bon. Lead; I follow thee. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

[*A Room in Volpone's House*]

[*Enter*] VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE

Volp. Mósca stays long, methinks. Bring forth your sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.
Nan. Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.
A question it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicates of a rich man,
In pleasing him, claim the precedency can?
Cas. I claim for myself.
And. And so doth the fool.
Nan. Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.
First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,
And everything, as[2] it is little, is pretty;
Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,

[1] Filial affection. [2] Because.

So soon as they see him, 'It's a pretty little ape'?
And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation
Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion?
Beside, this feat[1] body of mine doth not crave
Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.
Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his brain, it must always come after;
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face. 20
One knocks
Volp. Who's there? my couch; away! look! Nano, see:
[*Exeunt* AND. *and* CAS.
Give me my caps first—go, inquire. [*Exit* NANO] Now, Cupid,
Send it be Mosca, and with fair return!
Nan. [*within*] It is the beauteous madam—
Volp. Would-be,—is it?
Nan. The same.
Volp. Now torment on me! Squire her in;
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever:
Nay, quickly. [*Retires to his couch*] That my fit were past! I fear
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other:[2]
Would she were taking now her tedious leave. 30
Lord, how it threats me what I am to suffer!

SCENE IV

[*To him enter*] NANO [*with*] Lady POLITICK WOULD-BE

Lady P. I thank you, good sir. Pray you signify
Unto your patron I am here.—This band
Shows not my neck enough,—I trouble you, sir;
Let me request you bid one of my women
Come hither to me. In good faith, I am dressed
Most favorably to-day! It is no matter:
'Tis well enough.

[*Enter* 1 WAITING-WOMAN]

Look, see these petulant things,
How they have done this!
Volp. [*aside*] I do feel the fever
Entering in at mine ears; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence!
Lady P. Come nearer: is this curl 10
In his[1] right place, or this? Why is this higher
Than all the rest? You ha' not washed your eyes yet!
Or do they not stand even i' your head?
Where is your fellow? call her.
[*Exit* 1 WOMAN]
Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red.

[*Re-enter* 1 *with* 2 WOMAN]

Lady P. I pray you view
This tire,[2] forsooth: are all things apt, or no?
1 *Wom.* One hair a little here sticks out, forsooth.
Lady P. Does't so, forsooth, and where was your dear[3] sight,
When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-eyed?[4] 20
And you, too? Pray you, both approach and mend it.
Now, by that light I muse y'are not ashamed!
I, that have preached these things so oft unto you,
Read you the principles, argued all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Called you to counsel of so frequent dressings—
Nan. [*aside*] More carefully than of your fame or honor.
Lady P. Made you acquainted what an ample dowry
The knowledge of these things would be unto you,
Able alone to get you noble husbands 30
At your return: and you thus to neglect it!

[1] Dainty. [2] Celia.

[1] Its. [2] Head-dress. [3] Precious.
[4] Near-sighted? more likely in derision, keen-eyed.

Besides, you seeing what a curious[1] nation
Th' Italians are, what will they say of me?
'The English lady cannot dress herself.'
Here's a fine imputation to our country!
Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.
This fucus[2] was too coarse too; it's no matter.—
Good sir, you'll give them entertainment?
[*Exeunt* NANO *and* WAITING-WOMEN]
Volp. The storm comes toward me.
Lady P. [*goes to the couch*] How does my Volpone?
Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
That a strange fury entered now my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.
Lady P. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remember't—
Volp. [*aside*] Out on my fate! I ha' giv'n her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me hers.
Lady P. Methought the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate—
Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.
Lady P. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boiled with syrup of apples,
Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,
Your elecampane root,[3] myrobolanes—[4]
Volp. [*aside*] Ah me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by the wing!
Lady P. Burnt silk and amber. You have muscadel,
Good i' the house—
Volp. You will not drink, and part?
Lady P. No, fear not that. I doubt we shall not get
Some English saffron, half a dram would serve;
Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried mints;
Bugloss, and barley-meal—
Volp. [*aside*] She's in again!
Before I feigned diseases, now I have one.
Lady P. And these applied with a right scarlet cloth.
Volp. [*aside*] Another flood of words! a very torrent!
Lady P. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?
Volp. No, no, no.
I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.
Lady P. I have a little studied physic; but now
I'm all for music, save, i' the forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A lady, indeed, t' have all letters and arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,
Is your true rapture: when there is concent[1]
In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed,
Our sex's chiefest ornament.
Volp. The poet
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says that your highest female grace is silence.
Lady P. Which of your poets? Petrarch, or Tasso, or Dante?
Guarini, Ariosto? Aretine?
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.
Volp. [*aside*] Is everything a cause to my destruction?
Lady P. I think I ha' two or three of 'hem about me.
Volp. [*aside*] The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still
Than her eternal tongue! nothing can scape it.
Lady P. Here's Pastor Fido—
Volp. [*aside*] Profess obstinate silence;
That's now my safest.
Lady P. All our English writers,
I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;
Almost as much as from Montagnié:
He has so modern and facile a vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear!
Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonneting, trusted 'hem with much;
Dante is hard, and few can understand him.
But for a desperate wit, there's Aretine;

[1] Particular.
[2] Rouge.
[3] A medicinal herb.
[4] Sweetmeats.

[1] Agreement.

Only his pictures are a little obscene—
You mark me not.
Volp. Alas, my mind's perturbed.
Lady P. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,
Make use of our philosophy—
Volp. O'y me! 100
Lady P. And as we find our passions do rebel,
Encounter 'hem with reason, or divert 'hem,
By giving scope unto some other humor
Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgement,
And clouds the understanding, than too much
Settling and fixing, and, as 'twere, subsiding
Upon one object. For the incorporating
Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves some certain fæces 110
That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,
Assassinates our knowledge.
Volp. [*aside*] Now, the spirit
Of patience help me!
Lady P. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more a days;[1] and make you well:
Laugh and be lusty.
Volp. [*aside*] My good angel save me!
Lady P. There was but one sole man in all the world
With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he
Would lie you, often, three, four hours together
To hear me speak; and be sometimes so rapt,
As he would answer me quite from the purpose, 120
Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse,
An't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep,
How we did spend our time and loves together,
For some six years.
Volp. O, O, O, O, O, O!
Lady P. For we were *coætanei*,[2] and brought up—
Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me!

[1] More frequently.
[2] Equals in age.

SCENE V

[*To them enter*] MOSCA

Mos. God save you, madam!
Lady P. Good sir.
Volp. Mosca! welcome,
Welcome to my redemption.
Mos. Why, sir?
Volp. O,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly; there,
My madam with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The cock-pit[1] comes not near it. All my house,
But now, steamed like a bath with her thick breath,
A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words 10
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence.
Mos. Has she presented?[2]
Volp. O, I do not care!
I'll take her absence upon any price,
With any loss.
Mos. Madam—
Lady P. I ha' brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.
Mos. 'Tis well.
I had forgot to tell you I saw your knight,
Where you would little think it.—
Lady P. Where?
Mos. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the water in a gondole, 19
With the most cunning courtesan of Venice.
Lady P. Is't true?
Mos. Pursue 'hem, and believe your eyes:
Leave me to make your gift. [*Exit* LADY P. *hastily*] I knew 'twould take:
For, lightly, they that use themselves most license,
Are still[3] most jealous.
Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what sayst thou?

[1] As a place of noise and disturbance.
[2] Has she made her present.
[3] Ever.

[*Re-enter* LADY P. WOULD-BE]

Lady P. But do you hear, sir?—
Volp. Again! I fear a paroxysm.
Lady P. Which way
Rowed they together?
Mos. Toward the Rialto.
Lady P. I pray you lend me your dwarf.
Mos. I pray you take him.
[*Exit* LADY P.]
Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will;
When he is gone, I'll tell you more.
[*Exit*]
Volp. My blood,
My spirits are returned; I am alive:
And, like your wanton gamester at primero,[1]
Whose thought had whispered to him, not go less,[2]
Methinks I lie, and draw—for an encounter.[3]
[*Draws the curtains*]

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] MOSCO [*and*] BONARIO

[*Showing an arras*]

Mos. Sir, here concealed you may hear all. But, pray you,
Have patience, sir [*one knocks*]—the same's your father knocks:
I am compelled to leave you. [*Exit*]
Bon. Do so.—Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.
[*Retires*]

SCENE VII

[*Enter*] MOSCA *and* CORVINO, CELIA *following*

Mos. Death on me![4] you are come too soon; what meant you?
Did not I say I would send?
Corv. Yes, but I feared
You might forget it, and then they prevent[5] us.

[1] A game at cards.
[2] Don't make a smaller wager.
[3] These words are terms of primero with a play on Volpone's position on his couch.
[4] This is the turning-point of the play. Mosca's plans halt here for the first time.
[5] Anticipate.

Mos. [*aside*] Prevent! Did e'er man haste so for his horns?
A courtier would not ply it so for a place.
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return. [*Exit*]
Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me.[1]
Corv. Now I will:
Hark hither. [*They retire*]

[*Enter*] MOSCA *and* BONARIO [*from behind the arras*]

Mos. (*to* BONARIO) Sir, your father hath sent word,
It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery—at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you, sir.
Bon. Yes, I will stay there—[*aside*] I do doubt this fellow. [*Exit*]
Mos. [*looking after him*] There; he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his father, I can keep him off.
[*Draws the curtains of* VOLPONE'S *couch*]

[CORVINO *advances, forcing in* CELIA]

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back, and therefore,
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.
It must be done. Nor would I move't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.
Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever;
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.
Corv. Believe it, I have no such humor, I.
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad;
Not horn-mad, you see? Go to, show yourself
Obedient, and a wife.
Cel. O heaven!
Corv. I say it,
Do so.

[1] Unless you tell me.

Cel. Was this the train?[1]
Corv. I've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down; how much
It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means, and the necessity of those means
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venter.
Cel. Before your honor?
Corv. Honor! tut, a breath:
There's no such thing in nature; a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching, clothes for being looked on?
Why, this's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others' fingers: only knows to gape
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;
And what can this man hurt you?
Cel. [*aside*] Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entered him?
Corv. And for your fame,
That's such a jig;[2] as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are i' my pocket? Save yourself,
(If you'll proclaim't, you may,) I know no other
Should come to know it.
Cel. Are heaven and saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?
Corv. How!
Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still,[3] emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood
That had read Aretine, conned all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were professed critic in lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a sin: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physic,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.
Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?
Volp. Thou art mine honor, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring them.
Mos. [*advancing*] Please you draw near, sir.
Corv. Come on, what—
You will not be rebellious? by that light—
Mos. Sir,
Signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.
Volp. O!
Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute—
Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca.
Mos. Freely, unasked, or unintreated—
Corv. Well.
Mos. As the true fervent instance of his love,
His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty
Only of price[1] in Venice—
Corv. 'Tis well urged.
Mos. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.
Volp. Alas, I am past, already! Pray you, thank him
For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labor e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;
Applying fire to stone—uh, uh, uh, uh! [*Coughing*]
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him
What I have done for him; marry, my state is hopeless.
Will him to pray for me; and t' use his fortune
With reverence when he comes to't.
Mos. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.
Corv. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee, come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.

[1] Plot. [2] Trifle. [3] Forever.

[1] Unparalleled.

Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals, do anything—
Corv. Be damned!
Heart, I will drag thee hence home by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rochet![1]—Do not tempt me: come,
Yield, I am loath—Death! I will buy some slave 100
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him alive!
And at my windore hang you forth, devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,
And burning corsives,[2] on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incensed, I'll do 't!
Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.
Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deserved it:
Think who it is intreats you. Pray thee, sweet;—
Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires, 110
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him.
Or touch him but. For my sake. At my suit—
This once. No! not! I shall remember this.
Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?
Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advised.
Corv. No, no.
She has watched her time. God's precious, this is scurvy,
'Tis very scurvy; and you are—
Mos. Nay, good sir.
Corv. An arrant locust—by heaven, a locust!—
Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tears prepared,
Expecting how thou'lt bid 'hem flow—
Mos. Nay, pray you, sir! 120
She will consider.

[1] A fish having a large mouth.
[2] Corrosives, to brand a criminal.

Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy—
Corv. 'Sdeath! if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, 't were somewhat;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin!
Mos. Ay, now you have put your fortune in her hands.
Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit[1] her.
If you were absent, she would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What woman can before her husband? pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here.
Corv. Sweet Celia, 130
Thou mayst redeem all yet; I'll say no more:
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there. [*Exit with* Mosca]
Cel. O God, and his good angels! whither, whither,
Is shame fled human breasts? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honors, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a cause of life,[2]
Now placed beneath the basest circumstance,
And modesty an exile made, for money?
Volp. Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,
He leaps off from his couch
That never tasted the true heaven of love.
Assure thee, Celia, he that wouldst sell thee, 141
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a copeman.[3]
Why art thou mazed to see me thus revived?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;
'Tis thy great work: that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times raised me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebank,
To see thee at thy windore: ay, before 150
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended

[1] Excuse.
[2] The marriage tie.
[3] One who would deal with him.

With the blue Proteus, or the hornèd flood.[1]
Now art thou welcome.
Cel. Sir!
Volp. Nay, fly me not.
Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am now as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight
As, when, in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy, 160
For entertainment of the great Valois,[2]
I acted young Antinous; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
To admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing.

SONG

Come, my Celia, let us prove
While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set may rise again; 170
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removèd by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal: 180
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some serene[3] blast me, or dire lightning strike
This my offending face!
Volp. Why droops my Celia?
Thou hast, in the place of a base husband, found
A worthy lover; use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possessed and crowned.
See, here, a rope of pearl; and each more orient[4] 190
Than the brave Egyptian queen caroused:

[1] The ocean.
[2] An allusion to the entertainment of Henry VI at Venice, 1574.
[3] Mildew.
[4] Precious.

Dissolve and drink 'hem. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
A diamant would have bought Lollia Paulina,[1]
When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels,
That were the spoils of provinces; take these
And wear, and lose 'hem; yet remains an ear-ring
To purchase them again, and this whole state.
A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing; we will eat such at a meal. 200
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,
Shall be our food, and, could we get the phœnix,
Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.
Cel. Good sir, these things might move a mind affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:
If you have conscience—
Volp. 'Tis the beggar's virtue; 210
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.
Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath
Gathered in bags, and mixed with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be preparèd gold and amber;
Which we will take until my roof whirl round
With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,
My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,
Whilst we, in changèd shapes, act Ovid's tales, 220
Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:
So of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attirèd like some sprightly dame of France,

[1] A Roman heiress.

Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
Sometimes unto the Persian sophy's wife;
Or the grand signior's mistress; and for change,
To one of our most artful courtesans, 230
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wandering souls
Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures, [*Sings*]

That the curious shall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierced—or eyes
That can be opened—a heart that may be touched— 240
Or any part that yet sounds man about you—
If you have touch of holy saints—or heaven—
Do me the grace to let me scape—if not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betrayed,
By one whose shame I would forget it were:
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust,
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness,)
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face, 251
Or poison it with ointments for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands
With what may cause an eating leprosy,
E'en to my bones and marrow; anything
That may disfavor me, save in my honor—
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health;
Report, and think you virtuous—
Volp. Think me cold,
Frozen, and impotent, and so report me? 260
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think.
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long;
I should have done the act, and then have parleyed.
Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her*]
Cel. O! just God!
Volp. In vain—
[Bonario] *leaps out from where* Mosca *had placed him*
Bon. Forbear, foul ravisher! libidinous swine!
Free the forced lady, or thou diest, impostor.
But that I'm loath to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst yet 270
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar and this dross, thy idol.—
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:
And he ere long shall meet his just reward.
[*Exeunt* Bon. *and* Cel.]
Volp. Fall on me. roof, and bury me in ruin!
Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!
I am unmasked, unspirited, undone,
Betrayed to beggary, to infamy—

SCENE VIII

[*Enter*] Mosca [*wounded and bleeding*]

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched shame of men,
To beat out my unlucky brains?
Volp. Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed?
Mos. O, that his well-driven sword
Had been so courteous to have cleft me down
Unto the navel, ere I lived to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engagèd by my error!
Volp. Woe on thy fortune!
Mos. And my follies, sir.
Volp. Th' hast made me miserable.
Mos. And myself, sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearkened so? 10
Volp. What shall we do?
Mos. I know not; if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.

Will you be pleased to hang me, or cut my throat?
And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,[1]
Since we have lived like Grecians.
They knock without
Volp. Hark! who's there?
I hear some footing; officers, the *saffi*,[2]
Come to apprehend us! I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now
Mine ears are boring.[3]
Mos. To your couch, sir, you
Make that place good, however. [VOLPONE *lies down as before*] Guilty men
Suspect what they deserve still. Signior Corbaccio!

SCENE IX

[*Enter*] CORBACCIO

Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?
Mos. O, undone, amazed, sir.
Your son, I know not by what accident,
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your will, and making him your heir,
Entered our house, with violence, his sword drawn,
Sought for you, called you wretch, unnatural,
Vowed he would kill you.
Corb. Me!
Mos. Yes, and my patron.
Corb. This act shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the will.
Mos. 'Tis well, sir.
Corb. Right and well:
Be you as careful now for me.

[*Enter* VOLTORE, *behind*]

Mos. My life, sir,
Is not more tendered;[4] I am only yours.
Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou?
Mos. I fear
He'll outlast May.
Corb. To-day?
Mos. No, last out May, sir.
Corb. Couldst thou not gi' him a dram?

[1] Commit suicide.
[2] The police.
[3] Punishments of criminals.
[4] Cared for.

Mos. O, by no means, sir.
Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.
Volt. [*coming forward*] This is a knave, I see.
Mos. [*seeing* VOLT.—*aside*] How! Signior Voltore! did he hear me?
Volt. Parasite!
Mos. Who's that?—O, sir, most timely welcome—
Volt. Scarce,
To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.
You are his, *only?* and mine also, are you not?
Mos. Who? I, sir!
Volt. You, sir. What device is this
About a will?
Mos. A plot for you, sir.
Volt. Come,
Put not your foists[1] upon me; I shall scent 'hem.
Mos. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear Corbaccio
Hath made your patron there his heir.
Mos. 'Tis true,
By my device, drawn to it by my plot,
With hope—
Volt. Your patron should reciprocate?
And you have promised?
Mos. For your good I did, sir.
Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his father pass the deed;
Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,
(Which I did mean t'help on), would sure enrage him
To do some violence upon his parent,
On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope:
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My only aim was to dig you a fortune
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—
Volt. I cry thee mercy, Mosca.
Mos. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And see the change!
Volt. Why, what success?
Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.
Whilst we expected th' old Raven, in comes
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband—

[1] Tricks.

Volt. What, with a present?
Mos. No, sir, on visitation;
(I'll tell you how anon;) and staying long,
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, and makes her swear
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
T' affirm my patron to have done her rape:
Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,
With that pretext he's gone, t' accuse his father,
Defame my patron, defeat you—
Volt. Where is her husband?
Let him be sent for straight.
Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.[1]
Mos. Sir, I will.
Volt. This must be stopped.
Mos. O you do nobly, sir.
Alas, 'twas labored all, sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
But Fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir.
Corb. [*listening*] What's that?
Volt. Wilt please you, sir, to go along?
[*Exit* Corbaccio, followed by Voltore]
Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.
Volp. [*rising from his couch*] Need makes devotion:
Heaven your labor bless! [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV, SCENE I

[*A Street*]

[*Enter*] Sir Politick Would-be [*and*] Peregrine

Sir P. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
What observation is! You mentioned me
For some instructions! I will tell you, sir,
(Since we are met here in this height of Venice,)
Some few particulars I have set down,
Only for this meridian, fit to be known
Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
For they are old.

[1] Senate house.

Per. Sir, I have better.
Sir P. Pardon,
I meant, as they are themes.[1]
Per. O, sir, proceed:
I'll slander you no more wit, good sir.
Sir P. First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
Very reserved and locked; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father: scarce
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice
Both of your company and discourse; beware
You never speak a truth—
Per. How!
Sir P. Not to strangers,
For those be they you must converse with most;
Others I would not know, sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a saver in 'hem:
You shall have tricks else passed upon you hourly.
And then, for your religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity of all;
And, for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the laws o' th' land, you could content you.
Nic. Machiavel and Monsieur Bodin,[2] both
Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals,
The metal of your glass; (these are main matters
With your Italian;) and to know the hour
When you must eat your melons and your figs.
Per. Is that a point of state too?
Sir P. Here it is:
For your Venetian, if he see a man
Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir,
I now have lived here 'tis some fourteen months:
Within the first week of my landing here
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well—
Per. [*aside*] And nothing else.

[1] Subjects to discuss.
[2] Bodin, a famous writer on politics, like Machiavelli.

Sir P. I had read Contarene,[1] took me a house,
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with movables—
Well, if I could but find one man, one man
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I would—
Per. What, what, sir?
Sir P. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again.[2] I would command it.
Per. As how?
Sir P. With certain projects that I have;
Which I may not discover.
Per. [*aside*] If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me instantly.
Sir P. One is, and that
I care not greatly who knows, to serve the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that purpose:
He cannot write his name, but that's his mark.
Per. He is a chandler?
Sir P. No, a cheesemonger.
There are some other too with whom I treat
About the same negotiation;
And I will undertake it: for 'tis thus.
I'll do't with ease, I have cast[3] it all. Your hoy[4]
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk:[5] but this is now,
If my main project fail.
Per. Then you have others?
Sir P. I should be loath to draw the subtle air
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir: where'er I come,
I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon

[1] A writer on Venice.
[2] *i.e.*, about money.
[3] Calculated.
[4] Sloop.
[5] Allow for the deduction.

Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call my Cautions; and, sir, which
I mean, in hope of pension, to propound
To the Great Council, then unto the Forty,
So to the Ten.[1] My means are made already—
Per. By whom?
Sir P. Sir, one that though his place b' obscure,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. H'is
A *commandadore.*
Per. What! a common serjeant?
Sir P. Sir, such as they are, put it in their mouths,
What they should say, sometimes; as well as greater:
I think I have my notes to show you—
[*Searching his pockets*]
Per. Good sir.
Sir P. But you shall swear unto me, on your gentry,
Not to anticipate—
Per. I, sir!
Sir P. Nor reveal
A circumstance—My paper is not with me.
Per. O, but you remember, sir.
Sir P. My first is
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is here without its box.
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case,[2] that you or I were ill affected
Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets,
Might not I go into the Arsenal,
Or you come out again, and none the wiser?
Per. Except yourself, sir.
Sir P. Go to, then. I therefore
Advertise to the state, how fit it were
That none but such as were known patriots,
Sound lovers of their country, should be suffered
T' enjoy them in their houses; and even those
Sealed at some office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in pockets.
Per. Admirable!
Sir P. My next is, how t' inquire, and be resolved,
By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arrived from Soria,[3] or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,

[1] Departments of the government of Venice.
[2] Suppose.
[3] Syria.

Be guilty of the plague: and where they use
To lie out forty, fifty days, sometimes,
About the Lazaretto, for their trial;
I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.
Per. Indeed, sir!
Sir P. Or—I will lose my labor.
Per. My faith, that's much.
Sir P. Nay, sir, conceive me. It will cost me in onions,
Some thirty livres—
Per. Which is one pound sterling.
Sir P. Beside my water-works: for this I do, sir.
First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick walls;
But those the state shall venter. On the one
I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that
I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other
Is full of loopholes, out of which I thrust
The noses of my bellows; and those bellows
I keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,
Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract th' infection, and your bellows blowing
The air upon him, will show instantly,
By his changed color, if there be contagion;
Or else remain as fair as at the first.
Now it is known, 'tis nothing.
Per. You are right, sir.
Sir P. I would I had my note.
Per. Faith, so would I:
But you ha' done well for once, sir.
Sir P. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could show you reasons
How I could sell this state now to the Turk,
Spite of their galleys, or their—
[*Examining his papers*]
Per. Pray you, Sir Pol.
Sir P. I have 'hem not about me.
Per. That I feared:
They are there, sir.
Sir P. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.
Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here?
[*Reads*]
Notandum,
'A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwithstanding,
I put on new, and did go forth; but first
I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,
I went and bought two toothpicks, whereof one
I burst immediately, in a discourse
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout *ragion del stato*.[1]
From him I went and paid a *moccinigo*[2]
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
I cheapened[3] sprats; and at St. Mark's I urined.'

Faith these are politic notes!
Sir P. Sir, I do slip
No action of my life, but thus I quote it.[4]
Per. Believe me, it is wise!
Sir P. Nay, sir, read forth.

SCENE II

[*Enter, at a distance,*] Lady Politick Would-be, Nano, [*and two* Waiting-]women

Lady P. Where should this loose knight be, trow? sure he's housed.
Nan. Why, then, he's fast.
Lady P. Ay, he plays both with me.[5]
I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion than his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How comes it off! [*Rubbing her cheeks*]
1 *Wom.* My master's yonder.
Lady P. Where?
2 *Wom.* With a young gentleman.
Lady P. That same's the party;
In man's apparel! Pray you, sir, jog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.
Sir P. [*seeing her*] My lady!
Per. Where?
Sir P. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is,
Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behavior; and for beauty
I durst compare—
Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.

[1] Politics.
[2] About nine pence.
[3] Bargained for.
[4] Note it.
[5] Fast and loose.

Sir P. Nay, and for discourse—
Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.
Sir P. [*introducing* PER.] Madam,
Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is—
Lady P. None.
Sir P. Yes, one
Has put his face as soon into the world—
Lady P. You mean, as early? but to-day?
Sir P. How's this? 20
Lady P. Why, in this habit, sir; you apprehend me:
Well, Master Would-be, this doth not become you;
I had thought the odor, sir, of your good name
Had been more precious to you; that you would not
Have done this dire massacre on your honor;
One of your gravity, and rank besides!
But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies; chiefly their own ladies.
Sir P. Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my knighthood—
Per. [*aside*] Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath! 30
Sir P. I reach[1] you not.
Lady P. Right, sir, your policy
May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you. [*To* PER.]
I would be loath to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward, or violent, as the courtier says;
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means: and however
I may deserve from Master Would-be, yet
T' have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
Th' unkind instrument to wrong another, 40
And one she knows not, ay, and to persever;
In my poor judgment, is not warranted
From being a solecism in our sex,[2]
If not in manners.
Per. How is this!
Sir P. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.
Lady P. Marry, and will, sir.
Since you provoke me with your impudence,

[1] Comprehend. [2] "A sin against womanhood."

And laughter of your light land-siren here,
Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite—
Per. What's here?
Poetic fury and historic storms!
Sir P. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth 50
And of our nation.
Lady P. Ay, your Whitefriars nation.[1]
Come, I blush for you, Master Would-be, I;
And am ashamed you should ha' no more forehead,[2]
Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male outside.
Sir P. Nay,
An you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid. [*Exit*]
Lady P. Ay, you may carry't clear, with your state-face!
But for your carnival concupiscence,[3] 60
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Here will I dis'ple.[4]
Per. This is fine, i' faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?
Madam—
Lady P. Go to, sir.
Per. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far.
Lady P. This cannot work you
Out of my snare.
Per. Why, am I in it, then? 70
Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines,
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-apple.[5]
Lady P. This cannot be endured by any patience.

SCENE III

[*To them enter* MOSCA]

Mos. What is the matter, madam?
Lady P. If the senate

[1] Whitefriars was a sanctuary where wrong-doers lived free from the law.
[2] Assurance. [3] Peregrine taken for a woman.
[4] Discipline. [5] Red on the side towards the sun.

Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'hem
To all the world no aristocracy.
Mos. What is the injury, lady?
Lady P. Why, the callet[1]
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguised.
Mos. Who? this! what means your lady-ship? the creature
I mentioned to you is apprehended now,
Before the senate; you shall see her—
Lady P. Where?
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port.
Lady P. Is't possible! how has my judgment wandered?
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have erred;
And plead your pardon.
Per. What, more changes yet!
Lady P. I hope you ha' not the malice to remember
A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir—
Mos. Will you go, madam?
Lady P. Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.
[*Exeunt* Lady Would-be, Mosca, Nano, *and* Waiting-women]
Per. This is rare!
Sir Politick Would-be? no, Sir Politick Bawd,
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise Sir Pol, since you have practised thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter plot.
[*Exit*]

SCENE IV

[*The Scrutineo, or Senate House*]

[*Enter*] Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the business,[2]
Your constancy is all that is required
Unto the safety of it.
Mos. Is the lie
Safely conveyed[3] amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Then shrink not.
Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?
Mos. O, sir,
By no means; I devised a formal tale,
That salved your reputation. But be valiant, sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him that this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heir—
Mos. Co-halter!
Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croaker's[1] here.
Corv. Ay, what shall he do?
Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Why, we'll think:
Sell him for mummia:[2] he's half dust already.
Do you not smile, (*to* Voltore) to see this buffalo,[3]
How he doth sport it with his head?—[*aside*] I should,
If all were well and past.—Sir, (*to* Corbaccio) only you
Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.
Corb. Ay, peace.
Mos. ([*turning*] *to* Corvino) But you shall eat it.—[*Aside*] Much!—Worshipful sir, (*to* Voltore)
Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beat along,
As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.
Volt. Here they come, ha' done.
Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir, I can produce.
Volt. Who is it?
Mos. Sir, I have her.

SCENE V

[*Enter*] Avocatori, [*and take their seats,*] Bonario, Celia, Notario, Commandadori, Saffi, *and other* Officers of Justice]

1 *Avoc.* The like of this the senate never heard of.

[1] Wanton. [2] Conduct of this matter. [3] Arranged.

[1] Corbaccio's. [2] Mummy, a drug. [3] Horned beast.

2 *Avoc.* 'Twill come most strange to them when we report it.
4 *Avoc.* The gentleman has been ever held
Of unreprovèd name.
3 *Avoc.* So the young man.
4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural part that of his father.
2 *Avoc.* More of the husband.
1 *Avoc.* I not know to give
His act a name, it is so monstrous!
4 *Avoc.* But the impostor, he's a thing created
T' exceed example!
1 *Avoc.* And all after-times!
2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true voluptuary
Described but him.
3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited? 10
Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.
1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here?
Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself so weak,
So feeble—
4 *Avoc.* Who are you?
Bon. His parasite,
His knave, his pander. I beseech the court
He may be forced to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.
Volt. Upon my faith and credit with your virtues,
He is not able to endure the air. 20
2 *Avoc.* Bring him, however.
3 *Avoc.* We will see him.
4 *Avoc.* Fetch him.
Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be obeyed; [*Exeunt* Officers]
But sure, the sight will rather move your pities
Than indignation. May it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me:
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.
3 *Avoc.* Speak free.
Volt. Then know, most honored fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abusèd ears, 30
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman,
That wants no artificial looks or tears
To help the visor she has now put on,
Hath long been known a close[1] adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the act
With him; and by this man, the easy husband, 40
Pardoned; whose timeless[2] bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person,
That ever man's own goodness made accused.
For these not knowing how to owe[3] a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being placed
So above all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit; and in place
Of thanks, devise t' extirpe the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods
To observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures 50
Discovered in their evils: and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes:—but that anon
Will more appear.—This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact,[4] with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And grieved in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a parent (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood), at last decreed
To disinherit him.
1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!
2 *Avoc.* The young man's fame was ever fair and honest. 60
Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, my honored sires, his father
Having this settled purpose, by what means
To him betrayed, we know not, and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
(I cannot style him better), by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,

[1] Secret.
[2] Untimely.
[3] Own.
[4] Deed.

Entered Volpone's house (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, designed 70
For the inheritance), there sought his father:—
But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent!
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By his more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;
(Mischief doth never end where it begins)
An act of horror, fathers! he dragged forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid 81
Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded
His servant in the face; and with this strumpet,
The stale[1] to his forged practice,[2] who was glad
To be so active,—I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,[3]
As most remarkable,—thought at once to stop
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves, 90
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.

1 *Avoc.* What proofs have you of this?

Bon. Most honored fathers,
I humbly crave there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.

2 *Avoc.* Forbear.

Bon. His soul moves in his fee.

3 *Avoc.* O, sir.

Bon. This fellow,
For six sols[4] more would plead against his Maker.

1 *Avoc.* You do forget yourself.

Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope: can any man imagine

[1] Stalking horse. [2] Invented plot. [3] Evidences. [4] Small coins.

That he will spare his accuser, that would not 100
Have spared his parent?

1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.[1]

Volt. Signior Corbaccio!

[Corbaccio *comes forward*]

4 *Avoc.* What is he?

Volt. The father.

2 *Avoc.* Has he had an oath?

Not. Yes.

Corb. What must I do now?

Not. Your testimony's craved.

Corb. Speak to the knave?
I'll ha' my mouth first stopped with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.[2]

1 *Avoc.* But for what cause?

Corb. The mere portent of nature!
He is an utter stranger to my loins.

Bon. Have they made[3] you to this?

Corb. I will not hear thee, 110
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide!
Speak not, thou viper.

Bon. Sir, I will sit down,
And rather wish my innocence should suffer
Than I resist the authority of a father.

Volt. Signior Corvino!

[Corvino *comes forward*]

2 *Avoc.* This is strange.

1 *Avoc.* Who's this?

Not. The husband.

4 *Avoc.* Is he sworn?

Not. He is.

3 *Avoc.* Speak then.

Corv. This woman, please your fatherhoods, is a whore,
Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich,
Upon record—

1 *Avoc.* No more.

Corv. Neighs like a jennet.

Not. Preserve the honor of the court.

Corv. I shall, 120
And modesty of your most reverend ears.
And yet I hope that I may say these eyes
Have seen her glued unto that piece of cedar,
That fine well-timbered gallant; and that here

[1] Living being. [2] Disown him. [3] Wrought.

The letters may be read, thorough the horn,[1]
That makes the story perfect.
Mos. Excellent! sir.
Corv. [*aside to* MOSCA] There is no shame in this now, is there?
Mos. None.
Corv. Or if I said, I hoped that she were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater than whore and woman; a good Catholic
May make the doubt.
3 *Avoc.* His grief hath made him frantic.
1 *Avoc.* Remove him hence.
2 *Avoc.* Look to the woman.
[CELIA] *swoons*
Corv. Rare!
Prettily feigned again!
4 *Avoc.* Stand from about her.
1 *Avoc.* Give her the air.
3 *Avoc.* What can you say?
[*To* MOSCA]
Mos. My wound,
May it please your wisdoms, speaks for me, received
In aid of my good patron, when he missed
His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue given her to cry out, 'A rape!'
Bon. O most laid[2] impudence! Fathers—
3 *Avoc.* Sir, be silent;
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.
2 *Avoc.* I do begin to doubt th' imposture here.
4 *Avoc.* This woman has too many moods.
Volt. Grave fathers,
She is a creature of a most professed
And prostituted lewdness.
Corv. Most impetuous,
Unsatisfied, grave fathers!
Volt. May her feignings
Not take your wisdoms: but this day[3] she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw 'em
Together on the water, in a gondola.

[1] As easily as the letters of an A B C card through the transparent horn that covers it.
[2] Carefully contrived.
[3] Only today.

Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw 'hem too,
Without; who then had in the open streets
Pursued them, but for saving her knight's honor.
1 *Avoc.* Produce that lady.
2 *Avoc.* Let her come.
[*Exit* MOSCA]
4 *Avoc.* These things,
They strike with wonder.
3 *Avoc.* I am turned a stone.

SCENE VI

[*Re-enter*] MOSCA [*with*] Lady WOULD-BE

Mos. Be resolute, madam.
Lady P. Ay, this same is she.
[*Pointing to* CELIA]
Out, thou camelion harlot! now thine eyes
Vie tears with the hyena. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wrongèd face? I cry your pardons,
I fear I have forgettingly transgressed
Against the dignity of the court—
2 *Avoc.* No, madam.
Lady P. And been exorbitant—
2 *Avoc.* You have not, lady.
4 *Avoc.* These proofs are strong.
Lady P. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honors, or my sex's.
3 *Avoc.* We do believe it.
Lady P. Surely you may believe it.
2 *Avoc.* Madam, we do.
Lady P. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse—
4 *Avoc.* We know it.
Lady P. To offend
With pertinacy—
3 *Avoc.* Lady—
Lady P. Such a presence!
No surely.
1 *Avoc.* We well think it.
Lady P. You may think it.
1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome. What witnesses have you,
To make good your report?
Bon. Our consciences.
Cel. And heaven, that never fails the innocent.
4 *Avoc.* These are no testimonies.
Bon. Not in your courts,
Where multitude and clamor overcomes.
1 *Avoc.* Nay, then you do wax insolent.

VOLPONE *is brought in [on a couch] as impotent*

Volt. Here, here,
The testimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues:
See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,
The rider on men's wives, the great impostor,
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? or these eyes
Covet a concubine? Pray you mark these hands;
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?
Perhaps he doth dissemble!
Bon. So he does.
Volt. Would you have him tortured?
Bon. I would have him proved.
Volt. Best try him then with goads, or burning irons;
Put him to the strappado;[1] I have heard
The rack hath cured the gout; faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady; be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honored fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.
O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him? which of you
Are safe, my honored fathers? I would ask,
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if their plot
Have any face or color like to truth?
Or, if, unto the dullest nostril here,
It smell not rank, and most abhorrèd slander?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endangered by their fable;
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons, when they're hot, and fleshed
In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
Damned deeds are done with greatest confidence.

[1] In which the victim was hoisted up and suddenly dropped.

1 *Avoc.* Take 'hem to custody, and sever them.
2 *Avoc.* 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.
1 *Avoc.* Let the old gentleman be returned with care.
[*Exeunt* Officers *with* VOLPONE]
I'm sorry our credulity wronged him.
4 *Avoc.* These are two creatures!
3 *Avoc.* I've an earthquake in me.
2 *Avoc.* Their shame, even in their cradles, fled their faces.
4 *Avoc.* You have done a worthy service to the state, sir,
In their discovery. [*To* VOLT.]
1 *Avoc.* You shall hear, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees upon 'hem.
[*Exeunt* AVOCATORI, NOTARIO, *and* OFFICERS *with* BONARIO *and* CELIA]
Volt. We thank your fatherhoods.—How like you it?
Mos. Rare.
I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipped with gold for this;
I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city;
The earth I'd have want men ere you want living:
They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's.
Signior Corvino, I would have you go
And show yourself that you have conquered.
Corv. Yes.
Mos. It was much better that you should profess
Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been proved.
Corv. Nay, I considered that:
Now it is her fault.
Mos. Then it had been yours.
Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate still.
Mos. I' faith,
You need not, I dare ease you of that care.
Corv. I trust thee, Mosca. [*Exit*]
Mos. As your own soul, sir.
Corb. Mosca!
Mos. Now for your business, sir.
Corb. How! ha' you business?
Mos. Yes, yours, sir.
Corb. O, none else?
Mos. None else, not I.
Corb. Be careful then.

Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.[1]
Corb. Dispatch it.
Mos. Instantly.
Corb. And look that all, 80
Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, cortines.[2]
Mos. Cortine-rings, sir:
Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.
Mos. Sir, I must tender it.
Corb. Two chequines[3] is well.
Mos. No, six, sir.
Corb. 'Tis too much.
Mos. He talked a great while;
You must consider that, sir.
Corb. Well, there's three—
Mos. I'll give it him.
Corb. Do so, and there's for thee. [*Exit*]
Mos. [*aside*] Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence
Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,
Worthy this age?—[*To* Volt.] You see, sir, how I work 91
Unto your ends: take you no notice.
Volt. No,
I'll leave you. [*Exit*]
Mos. All is yours, the devil and all:
Good advocate!—Madam, I'll bring you home.
Lady P. No, I'll go see your patron.
Mos. That you shall not:
I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his will, and for
The zeal you have shown to-day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you shall be now
Put in the first; which would appear as begged 100
If you were present. Therefore—
Lady P. You shall sway me. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V, SCENE I

[*A Room in Volpone's House*]

[*Enter*] Volpone

Volp. Well, I am here, and all this brunt is past.
I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment: here 'twas good, in private;
But in your public,—*cave*[1] whilst I breathe.
'Fore God, my left leg gan to have the cramp,
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsy. Well! I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villainous disease,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'hem. 10
Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright
This humor from my heart. (*He drinks*) Hum, hum, hum!
'Tis almost gone already; I shall conquer.
Any device now of rare ingenious knavery,
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again. (*Drinks again*) So, so, so, so!
This heat is life; 'tis blood by this time:—Mosca!

SCENE II

[*Enter*] Mosca

Mos. How now, sir? does the day look clear again?
Are we recovered, and wrought out of error,
Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more?
Volp. Exquisite Mosca!
Mos. Was it not carried learnedly?
Volp. And stoutly:
Good wits are greatest in extremities.
Mos. It were folly beyond thought to trust
Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.
Volp. O, more than if I had enjoyed the wench: 10
The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.
Mos. Why, now you speak, sir. We must here be fixed;
Here we must rest; this is our masterpiece;
We cannot think to go beyond this.
Volp. True,
Thou hast played thy prize, my precious Mosca.
Mos. Nay, sir,

[1] Leave the matter wholly with me.
[2] Curtains. [3] About four dollars.

[1] Beware of it.

To gull the court—
Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.
Mos. Yes, and to make
So rare a music out of discords—
Volp. Right.
That yet to me's the strangest, how th'hast borne it!
That these, being so divided 'mongst themselves, 20
Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,
Or doubt their own side.
Mos. True, they will not see't,
Too much light blinds 'hem, I think. Each of 'hem
Is so possessed and stuffed with his own hopes
That anything unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it—
Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.
Mos. Right, sir.
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signiors
Of land that yields well; but if Italy 30
Have any glebe[1] more fruitful than these fellows,
I am deceived. Did not your advocate rare?
Volp. O—'My most honored fathers, my grave fathers,
Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds
May pass, most honored fathers'—I had much ado
To forbear laughing.
Mos. 'T seemed to me, you sweat, sir.
Volp. In troth, I did a little.
Mos. But confess, sir,
Were you not daunted?
Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected; 40
Never but still myself.
Mos. I think it, sir.
Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this, sir,
And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserved,
In my poor judgement, I speak it under favor,

[1] Soil.

Not to contrary you, sir, very richly—
Well—to be cozened.
Volp. Troth, and I think so, too.
By that I heard him in the latter end.[1]
Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,[2] 50
Then use his vehement figures—I looked still
When he would shift a shirt,[3] and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain—
Volp. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, e'en now—to vex 'hem all,
This very instant.
Mos. Good sir.
Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.
Mos. Castrone, Nano!

[*Enter* Castrone *and* Nano]

Nan. Here.
Volp. Shall we have a jig now?[4]
Mos. What you please, sir.
Volp. Go,
Straight give out about the streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with constancy, 61
Sadly,[5] do you hear? impute it to the grief
Of this late slander.

[*Exeunt* Cast. *and* Nano]

Mos. What do you mean, sir?
Volp. O,
I shall have instantly my vulture, crow,
Raven, come flying hither, on the news,
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation—
Mos. And then to have it ravished from their mouths!
Volp. 'Tis true. I will ha' thee put on a gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;
Show 'hem a will. Open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight
Put in thy name.

[1] From the conclusion of his speech.
[2] Emphasize.
[3] Continually for the moment when he would have to change, etc.
[4] Some more fun. [5] Seriously.

Mos. It will be rare, sir. [*Gives him a paper*]
Volp. Ay,
When they e'en gape, and find themselves deluded—
Mos. Yes.
Volp. And thou use them scurvily! Dispatch.
Get on thy gown.
Mos. [*putting on a gown*] But what, sir, if they ask
After the body?
Volp. Say, it was corrupted.
Mos. I'll say it stunk, sir; and was fain t' have it
Coffined up instantly, and sent away.
Volp. Anything; what thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.
Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels: I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken:
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces.
O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter!
Mos. [*putting on a cap, and setting out the table, etc.*] Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.
Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.
Mos. But your clarissimo, old round-back,[1] he
Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch.
Volp. And what Corvino?
Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets, he must run mad;
My lady, too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship—
Volp. Yes,
And kissed me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flowed all with oils—
Mos. And sweat, sir. Why your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savors: it transforms
The most deformèd, and restores 'hem lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.[2] Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle

[1] Corbaccio. [2] Cestus (Jonson).

To pass Acrisius'[1] guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
Volp. I think she loves me.
Mos. Who? the lady, sir?
She's jealous of you.
Volp. Dost thou say so? [*Knocking within*]
Mos. Hark,
There's some already.
Volp. Look.
Mos. It is the vulture;
He has the quickest scent.
Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture. [*Goes behind the curtain*]
Mos. I am set.
Volp. But, Mosca,
Play the artificer now, torture 'hem rarely.

SCENE III

[*Enter*] VOLTORE

Volt. How now, my Mosca?
Mos. [*writing*] Turkey carpets, nine—
Volt. Taking an inventory! that is well.
Mos. Two suits of bedding, tissue—
Volt. Where's the will?
Let me read the while.

[*Enter* Servants *with* CORBACCIO *in a chair*]

Corb. So, set me down.
And get you home. [*Exeunt* Servants]
Volt. Is he come now, to trouble us!
Mos. Of cloth of gold, two more—
Corb. Is it done, Mosca?
Mos. Of several velvets, eight—
Volt. I like his care.
Corb. Dost thou not hear?

[*Enter* CORVINO]

Corv. Ha! is the hour come, Mosca?
VOLPONE *peeps from behind a traverse*
Volp. Ay, now they muster.
Corv. What does the advocate here,
Or this Corbaccio?
Corb. What do these here?

[*Enter* Lady POLITICK WOULD-BE]

Lady P. Mosca!
Is this thread spun?

[1] The father of Danae.

Mos. Eight chests of linen—
Volp. O,
My fine Dame Would-be, too!
Corv. Mosca, the will,
That I may show it these, and rid 'hem hence.
Mos. Six chests of diaper, four of damask.—There.
[*Gives them the will carelessly, over his shoulder*]
Corb. Is that the will?
Mos. Down-beds, and bolsters—
Volp. Rare!
Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:
They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!
How their swift eyes run over the long deed,
Unto the name and to the legacies,
What is bequeathed them there—
Mos. Ten suits of hangings— 20
Volp. Ay, in their garters, Mosca. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp.
Volt. Mosca the heir!
Corb. What's that?
Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my merchant,
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost,
He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reached his despair yet.
Corb. All these
Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man.
[*Takes the will*]
Corv. But, Mosca—
Mos. Two cabinets—
Corv. Is this in earnest?
Mos. One
Of ebony—
Corv. Or do you but delude me?
Mos. The other, mother of pearl—I am very busy. 30
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
Item, one salt of agate—not my seeking.
Lady P. Do you hear, sir?
Mos. A perfumed box—Pray you forbear,
You see I'm troubled—made of an onyx—
Lady P. How!
Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.
Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?
Lady P. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.
Mos. Madam!
Marry, and shall: pray you, fairly quit my house.
Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but hark you,
Remember what your ladyship offered me 40
To put you in an heir; go to, think on it:
And what you said e'en your best madams did
For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
Go home, and use the poor Sir Pol, your knight, well,
For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melancholic. [*Exit* Lady Would-be]
Volp. O, my fine devil!
Corv. Mosca, pray you a word.
Mos. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence yet?
Methinks, of all, you should have been the example.
Why should you stay here? with what thought, what promise?
Hear you; do you not know, I know you an ass, 50
And that you would most fain have been a wittol,[1]
If fortune would have let you? that you are
A declared cuckold, on good terms? This pearl,
You'll say, was yours? right: this diamant?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works
May help to hide your bad. I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in title,[2] it sufficeth:
Go home, be melancholic too, or mad. 60
[*Exit* Corvino]
Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villainy becomes him!
Volt. Certain he doth delude all these for me.
Corb. Mosca the heir!
Volp. O, his four eyes have found it.
Corb. I am cozened, cheated, by a parasite slave;
Harlot,[3] thou hast gulled me.

[1] Cuckold. [2] Of cuckold.
[3] Scoundrel, used of both sexes.

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs,[1] that here, in hope of prey,
Have, any time this three years, snuffed about,
With your most groveling nose, and would have hired
Me to the poisoning of my patron, sir:
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Professed the disinheriting of your son?
Perjured yourself? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters! [*Exit* CORBACCIO] Go, go, stink.
Volp. Excellent varlet!
Volt. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy—
Mos. Sir!
Volt. Sincere.
Mos. [*writing*] A table
Of porphyry—I mar'le you'll be thus troublesome.
Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.
Mos. Why, who are you?
What! who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend sir! Good faith, I am grieved for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving travails:
But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could almost wish to be without it,
But that the will o' the dead must be observed.
Marry, my joy is that you need it not:
You have a gift, sir (thank your education),
Will never let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes.[2] Would I had
But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!
If I have any suits, as I do hope,
Things being so easy and direct, I shall not,
I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
Conceive me—for your fee, sir. In mean time,
You that have so much law, I know ha' the conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine.
Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, sir. [*Exit* VOLTORE]
Volp. [*comes from behind the curtain*] Bid him eat lettuce[1] well. My witty mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus!—Mosca, go,
Straight take my habit of *clarissimo,*
And walk the streets; be seen, torment 'hem more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast?
Mos. I doubt it will lose them.
Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet 'hem in and ask 'hem questions:
How I would vex 'hem still at every turn!
Mos. Sir, I can fit you.
Volp. Canst thou?
Mos. Yes, I know
One o' the *commandadori,* sir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his habit.
Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'hem.
Mos. Sir, you must look for curses—
Volp. Till they burst;
The Fox fares ever best when he is cursed. [*Exeunt*]

[1] Alluding to his cane. [2] Law suits.

[1] A soporific.

SCENE IV

[*A Hall in Sir Politick's House*]

[*Enter*] PEREGRINE [*disguised, and*] *three* MERCHANTS

Per. Am I enough disguised?
1 *Mer.* I warrant you.
Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.
2 *Mer.* If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.
3 *Mer.* To Zant, or to Aleppo!
Per. Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' Book of Voyages,[2]
And his gulled story registered for truth.

[2] Hakluyt.

Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our discourse,
Know your approaches.
1 *Mer.* Trust it to our care.
[*Exeunt* MERCHANTS]

[*Enter* WAITING-WOMAN]

Per. Save you, fair lady! Is Sir Pol within?
Wom. I do not know, sir.
Per. Pray you say unto him
Here is a merchant, upon urgent business,
Desires to speak with him.
Wom. I will see, sir. [*Exit*]
Per. Pray you.
I see the family is all female here.

[*Re-enter* WAITING-WOMAN]

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state,
That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him.
Per. Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. [*Exit* WOMAN] What might be
His grave affair of state now! how to make
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
One o' th' ingredients?

[*Re-enter* WAITING-WOMAN]

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows
By your word *tidings*,[1] that you are no statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.
Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done—
But—here he deigns to come.
[*Exit* WOMAN]

Enter SIR POLITICK

Sir P. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanced to-day
Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;

[1] The accepted term was intelligence.

And I was penning my apology,
To give her satisfaction, as you came now
Per. Sir, I am grieved I bring you worse disaster:
The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,
That told you he was newly arrived—
Sir P. Ay, was
A fugitive punk?
Per. No, sir, a spy set on you:
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you professed to him to have a plot
To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.
Sir P. O me!
Per. For which warrants are signed by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers—
Sir P. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books—
Per. All the better, sir.
Sir P. And some essays. What shall I do?
Per. Sir, best
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest:
Or, if you could lie round, a frail[1] were rare,
And I could send you aboard.
Sir P. Sir, I but talked so,
For discourse' sake merely.
[*They knock without*]
Per. Hark! they are there.
Sir P. I am a wretch, a wretch!
Per. What will you do, sir?
Have you ne'er a currant-butt[2] to leap into?
They'll put you to the rack; you must be sudden.
Sir P. Sir, I have an engine—[3]
3 *Mer.* [*within*] Sir Politick Would-be!
2 *Mer.* [*within*] Where is he?
Sir P. That I've thought upon before time.
Per. What is it?
Sir P. I shall ne'er endure the torture.
Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, help me.
Here I have a place, sir, to put back my legs,
Please you to lay it on, sir, [*lies down while* PER. *places the shell upon him*]—with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, like a tortoise,
Till they are gone.

[1] Basket.
[2] Wine-cask. Q. *curren-but.*
[3] Contrivance.

Per. And call you this an engine?
Sir P. Mine own device—Good sir, bid my wife's women
To burn my papers. [*Exit* PER.]

[*The three* MERCHANTS] *rush in*

1 *Mer.* Where is he hid?
3 *Mer.* We must,
And will sure find him.
2 *Mer.* Which is his study?

[*Re-enter* PEREGRINE]

1 *Mer.* What
Are you, sir?
Per. I'm a merchant, that came here
To look upon this tortoise.
3 *Mer.* How!
1 *Mer.* St. Mark!
What beast is this?
Per. It is a fish.
2 *Mer.* Come out here!
Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a cart.
1 *Mer.* What, to run over him?
Per. Yes, sir.
3 *Mer.* Let's jump upon him.
2 *Mer.* Can he not go?
Per. He creeps, sir.
1 *Mer.* Let's see him creep.
Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
2 *Mer.* Heart, I will see him creep, or prick his guts.
3 *Mer.* Come out here!
Per. Pray you, sir.—[*aside to* Sir POL.] Creep a little.
1 *Mer.* Forth.
2 *Mer.* Yet further.
Per. Good sir!—Creep.
2 *Mer.* We'll see his legs.
They pull off the shell and discover him
3 *Mer.* Ods so, he has garters!
1 *Mer.* Ay, and gloves!
2 *Mer.* Is this
Your fearful tortoise?
Per. [*discovering himself*] Now, Sir Pol, we are even;
For your next project I shall be prepared:
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Twere a rare motion[1] to be seen in Fleet Street.
2 *Mer.* Ay, i' the Term.
1 *Mer.* Or Smithfield, in the fair.[1]
3 *Mer.* Methinks 'tis but a melancholic sight.
Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise!
[*Exeunt* PER. *and* MERCHANTS]

[*Re-enter* WAITING-WOMAN]

Sir P. Where's my lady?
Knows she of this?
Wom. I know not, sir.
Sir P. Enquire.—
O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
The freight of the gazetti,[2] ship-boys' tale;
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.[3]
Wom. My lady's come most melancholic home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for physic.
Sir P. And I, to shun this place and clime for ever,
Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V

[*A Room in Volpone's House*]

[*Enter*] VOLPONE *and* MOSCA, *the first in the habit of a commandadore, the other, of a clarissimo*

Volp. Am I then like him?
Mos. O, sir, you are he:
No man can sever[4] you.
Volp. Good.
Mos. But what am I?
Volp. 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo; thou becom'st it!
Pity thou wert not born one.
Mos. [*aside*] If I hold
My made one,[5] 'twill be well.
Volp. I'll go and see
What news first at the court. [*Exit*]
Mos. Do so. My Fox
Is out of his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,

[1] Show.

[1] Bartholomew Fair.
[2] Newspapers.
[3] Eating houses.
[4] Distinguish.
[5] The position I am making for myself.

I'll make him languish in his borrowed case,[1]
Except he come to composition with me.—
Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!

[*Enter* ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE, *and* NANO]

All. Here.
Mos. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go, sport.— [*Exeunt*]
So, now I have the keys, and am possessed.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him: I am his heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.
To cozen him of all, were but a cheat
Well placed: no man would construe it a sin:
Let his sport pay for't. This is called the Fox-trap. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI

[*A Street*]

[*Enter*] CORBACCIO, CORVINO

Corb. They say the court is set.
Corv. We must maintain
Our first tale good, for both our reputations.
Corb. Why, mine's no tale: my son would there have killed me.
Corv. That's true, I had forgot:—[*aside*] mine is,[2] I'm sure.—
But for your will, sir.
Corb. Ay, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

[*Enter* VOLPONE *as a commandadore*]

Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.
Corv. Of what?
Volp. The sudden good
Dropped down upon you—
Corb. Where?
Volp. And none knows how,
From old Volpone, sir.
Corb. Out, arrant knave!
Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you furious.
Corb. Away, thou varlet.
Volp. Why, sir?
Corb. Dost thou mock me?
Volp. You mock the world, sir; did you not change wills?
Corb. Out, harlot![1]
Volp. O! belike you are the man,
Signior Corvino? faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal; I love your spirit;
You are not over-leavened with your fortune.
You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat,[2]
With such an autumn.—Did he gi' you all, sir?
Corv. Avoid, you rascal!
Volp. Troth, your wife has shown
Herself a very woman; but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good estate,
To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:
Except Corbaccio have a share.
Corb. Hence, varlet!
Volp. You will not be a'known,[3] sir; why, 'tis wise.
Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble:
No man will seem to win. [*Exeunt* CORVINO *and* CORBACCIO] Here comes my vulture,
Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

SCENE VII

[*Enter*] VOLTORE

Volt. Outstripped thus, by a parasite! a slave,
Would run on errands, and make legs[4] for crumbs.
Well, what I'll do—
Volp. The court stays for your worship.
I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learned hands,
That understand the fingering—
Volt. What do you mean?
Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations,[5]
That, at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseased,
A handsome, pretty, customed[6] bawdy-house

[1] Disguise.
[2] A tale.
[1] Rascal.
[2] Butt.
[3] Recognized.
[4] Bow.
[5] Repair.
[6] Frequented.

As any was in Venice, none dispraised;
But fell with him: his body and that house
Decayed together.
Volt. Come, sir, leave your prating.
Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your hand,
That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.
'Tis a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents;
As your learned worship knows—
Volt. What do I know?
Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir;
God decrease it!
Volt. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune? [*Exit*]
Volp. His blessing on your heart, sir; would 'twere more!—
Now to my first again, at the next corner. [*Exit*]

SCENE VIII

[*The Scrutineo, or Senate House*]

[*Enter*] CORBACCIO [*and*] CORVINO. MOSCA [*passes over the Stage, before them*] [1]

Corb. See, in our habit! [2] see the impudent varlet!
Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gun-stones! [3]

[*Enter*] VOLPONE

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?
Corb. Again, t' afflict us! monster!
Volp. In good faith, sir,
I'm heartily grieved, a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reached. I never brooked [4]
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen:
There still [5] was somewhat in his look, did promise
The bane of a *clarissimo*.
Corb. Knave—
Volp. Methinks
Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your name,[1]
Should not have sung your shame, and dropped your cheese,
To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness.
Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seems to me
Nailed to your jolt-head [2] with those two chequines,[3]
Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach.
Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valor well,
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.
Corv. Tarry,
I'd speak with you.
Volp. Sir, sir, another time—
Corv. Nay, now.
Volp. O God, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.
[*As he is running off,*] MOSCA *walks by them*
Corb. What, come again!
Volp. Upon 'hem, Mosca; save me.
Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.
Corv. Let's fly him.
[*Exeunt* CORV. *and* CORB.]
Volp. Excellent basilisk! [4] turn upon the vulture.

SCENE IX

[*Enter*] VOLTORE

Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now;
Your winter will come on.
Mos. Good advocate,
Pray thee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a solecism, as madam says.
Get you a biggin [5] more; your brain breaks loose. [*Exit*
Volt. Well, sir.
Volp. Would you have me beat the insolent slave,
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes? [6]

[1] F. *Mosca passant.*
[2] That of a *clarissimo* or gentleman.
[3] Cannon-balls.
[4] Could endure.
[5] Always.

[1] Of crow.
[2] Fool's head.
[3] Gold buttons on his cap.
[4] The basilisk killed by a look.
[5] Cap.
[6] The first he has ever had.

Volt. This same
Is doubtless some familiar.[1]
Volp. Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you. I am mad, a mule[2]
That never read Justinian, should get up, 10
And ride an advocate! Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done 't:
This's but confederacy to blind the rest.
You are the heir.
Volt. A strange, officious,
Troublesome knave! Thou dost torment me.
Volp. I know—
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozened;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still[3] should go together. [*Exeunt*] 20

SCENE X

[*Enter*] Four Avocatori, Notario, Bonario, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Commandadori, [Saffi, *etc.*][4]

1 *Avoc.* Are all the parties here?
Not. All but the advocate.
2 *Avoc.* And here he comes.

[*Enter* Voltore *and* Volpone]

1 *Avoc.* Then bring 'hem forth to sentence.
Volt. O, my most honored fathers, let your mercy
Once win upon your justice, to forgive—
I am distracted—
Volp. [*aside*] What will he do now?
Volt. O,
I know not which t' address myself to first;
Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents—
Corv. [*aside*] Will he betray himself?
Volt. Whom equally
I have abused, out of most covetous ends—
Corv. The man is mad!
Corb. What's that?
Corv. He is possessed.
Volt. For which, now struck in conscience, here I prostrate 11
Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.
1, 2 *Avoc.* Arise.
Cel. O heaven, how just thou art!
Volp. [*aside*] I am caught
I' mine own noose—
Corv. [*to* Corbaccio] Be constant, sir; nought now
Can help but impudence.
1 *Avoc.* Speak forward.
Com. Silence!
Volt. It is not passion in me, reverend fathers,
But only conscience, conscience, my good sires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
That knave, hath been the instrument of all.
1 *Avoc.* Where is that knave? fetch him.
Volp. I go. [*Exit*]
Corv. Grave fathers,
This man's distracted; he confessed it now:
For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir, 22
Who now is dead—
3 *Avoc.* How!
2 *Avoc.* Is Volpone dead?
Corv. Dead since,[1] grave fathers.
Bon. O sure vengeance!
1 *Avoc.* Stay,
Then he was no deceiver.
Volt. O no, none:
This parasite, grave fathers.
Corv. He does speak
Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made
The thing he gaped for: please your fatherhoods,
This is the truth, though I'll not justify
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.
Volt. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine, Corvino: 31
But I'll use modesty.[2] Pleaseth your wisdoms,
To view these certain notes, and but confer[3] them;
And as I hope favor, they shall speak clear truth.
Corv. The devil has entered him!
Bon. Or bides in you.
4 *Avoc.* We have done ill, by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir.
2 *Avoc.* For whom?
4 *Avoc.* Him that they call the parasite.
3 *Avoc.* 'Tis true,

[1] Spirit.
[2] A fellow of base birth.
[3] Ever.
[4] The order of the F. is somewhat rearranged.

[1] The court met. [2] Be moderate. [3] Compare.

He is a man of great estate, now left.
4 *Avoc.* Go you, and learn his name, and say the court
Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few doubts. [*Exit* Notary]
2 *Avoc.* This same's a labyrinth!
1 *Avoc.* Stand you unto your first report?
Corv. My state,
My life, my fame—
Bon. Where is't?
Corv. Are at the stake.
1 *Avoc.* Is yours so too?
Corb. The advocate's a knave,
And has a forkèd tongue—
2 *Avoc.* Speak to the point.
Corb. So is the parasite too.
1 *Avoc.* This is confusion.
Volt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but those—
[*Giving them papers*]
Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit hath writ:
It cannot be but he is possessed, grave fathers.
[*The scene closes*]

SCENE XI

[*A Street*]

Enter Volpone

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck! and run
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly scaped, was free and clear,
Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine when I devised it,
And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.

[*Enter* Nano, Androgyno, *and* Castrone]

How now! Who let you loose? whither go you now?
What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?
Nan. Sir, Master Mosca called us out of doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the keys.
And. Yes.
Volp. Did Master Mosca take the keys? Why, so!
I am farther in. These are my fine conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crotchets,
And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:
His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the court;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:
When I provoked him, then I lost myself.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE XII

[*The Scrutineo, or Senate House*]

Avocatori, [Bonario, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Commandadori, Saffi, *etc., as before*]

1 *Avoc.* These things can ne'er be reconciled. He here
[*Showing the papers*]
Professeth that the gentleman was wronged,
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forced by her husband, and there left.
Volt. Most true.
Cel. How ready is heaven to those that pray!
1 *Avoc.* But that
Volpone would have ravished her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence.
Corv. Grave fathers, he is possessed; again, I say,
Possessed; nay, if there be possession, and
Obsession, he has both.
3 *Avoc.* Here comes our officer.

[*Enter* Volpone]

Volp. The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.
4 *Avoc.* You might invent some other name, sir varlet.
3 *Avoc.* Did not the notary meet him?
Volp. Not that I know.
4 *Avoc.* His coming will clear all.
2 *Avoc.* Yet it is misty.
Volt. May't please your fatherhoods—

Volp. (VOLPONE *whispers the Advocate*) Sir, the parasite
Willed me to tell you that his master lives;
That you are still the man; your hopes the same;
And this was only a jest—
Volt. How?
Volp. Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.
Volt. Art sure he lives?
Volp. Do I live, sir?
Volt. O me! 20
I was too violent.
Volp. Sir, you may redeem it.
They said you were possessed: fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good.—(VOLTORE *falls*) God bless the man!—
Stop your wind hard, and swell—See, see, see, see!
He vomits crooked pins![1] his eyes are set,
Like a dead hare's hung in a poulter's shop!
His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior?
Now it is in his belly.
Corv. Ay, the devil!
Volp. Now in his throat.
Corv. Ay, I perceive it plain.
Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out! stand clear. See where it flies, 30
In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!
Do you not see it, sir?
Corb. What? I think I do.
Corv. 'Tis too manifest.
Volp. Look! he comes t' himself!
Volt. Where am I?
Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You are dispossessed.
1 *Avoc.* What accident is this!
2 *Avoc.* Sudden, and full of wonder!
3 *Avoc.* If he were
Possessed, as it appears, all this is nothing.
Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.
1 *Avoc.* Show him that writing:—do you know it, sir?
Volp. [*whispers* VOLT.] Deny it, sir, forswear it; know it not. 40
Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand;

[1] This and the following were common superstitions.

But all that it contains is false.
Bon. O practice![1]
2 *Avoc.* What maze is this!
1 *Avoc.* Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the parasite?
Volt. Grave fathers,
No more than his good patron, old Volpone.
4 *Avoc.* Why, he is dead.
Volt. O no, my honored fathers,
He lives—
1 *Avoc.* How! Lives?
Volt. Lives.
2 *Avoc.* This is subtler yet!
3 *Avoc.* You said he was dead.
Volt. Never.
3 *Avoc.* You said so.
Corv. I heard so.
4 *Avoc.* Here comes the gentleman; make him way.

[*Enter* MOSCA]

3 *Avoc.* A stool.
4 *Avoc.* [*aside*] A proper man; and were Volpone dead, 50
A fit match for my daughter.
3 *Avoc.* Give him way.
Volp. [*aside to Mos.*] Mosca, I was almost lost; the advocate
Had betrayed all; but now it is recovered;
All's o' the hinge again—Say I am living.
Mos. What busy knave is this!—Most reverend fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,
But that my order for the funeral
Of my dear patron did require me—
Volp. [*aside*] Mosca!
Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.
Volp. [*aside*] Ay, quick, and cozen me of all.
2 *Avoc.* Still stranger! 60
More intricate!
1 *Avoc.* And come about again!
4 *Avoc.* [*aside*] It is a match, my daughter is bestowed.
Mos. [*aside to* VOLP.] Will you gi' me half?
Volp. First I'll be hanged.
Mos. I know
Your voice is good, cry not so loud.
1 *Avoc.* Demand
The advocate.—Sir, did you not affirm

[1] Trickery.

Volpone was alive?
Volp. Yes, and he is;
This gent'man told me so.—[*Aside to* Mos.] Thou shalt have half.
Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? speak, some that know him:
I never saw his face.—[*Aside to* Volp.] I cannot now
Afford it you so cheap.
Volp. No!
1 *Avoc.* What say you? 70
Volt. The officer told me.
Volp. I did, grave fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own life,
And that this creature [*points to* Mos.] told me.—[*aside*] I was born
With all good stars my enemies.
Mos. Most grave fathers,
If such an insolence as this must pass
Upon me I am silent; 'twas not this
For which you sent, I hope.
2 *Avoc.* Take him away.
Volp. Mosca!
3 *Avoc.* Let him be whipped.
Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?
3 *Avoc.* And taught to bear himself
Toward a person of his rank.
4 *Avoc.* Away. 80
[*The* Officers *seize* Volpone]
Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.
Volp. [*aside*] Soft, soft: Whipped!
And lose all that I have! If I confess,
It cannot be much more.
4 *Avoc.* Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be allied anon; I must be resolute;
The Fox shall here uncase.
(*He puts off his disguise*)
Mos. Patron!
Volp. Nay now
My ruin shall not come alone; your match
I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you,
Nor screw you into a family.
Mos. Why, patron!
Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave; [*pointing to* Mosca]
This [*to* Volt.], his own knave; this [*to* Corb.] avarice's fool; 90
This [*to* Corv.], a chimera of wittol, fool, and knave:
And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope
Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it.
You hear me brief.
Corv. May it please your fatherhoods—
Com. Silence.
1 *Avoc.* The knot is now undone by miracle.
2 *Avoc.* Nothing can be more clear.
3 *Avoc.* Or can more prove
These innocent.
1 *Avoc.* Give 'hem their liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.
2 *Avoc.* If this be held the highway to get riches,
May I be poor!
3 *Avoc.* This is not the gain, but torment.
1 *Avoc.* These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers, 101
Which trulier may be said to possess them.
2 *Avoc.* Disrobe that parasite.
Corv. Mos. Most honored fathers—
1 *Avoc.* Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice?
If you can, speak.
Corv. Volt. We beg favor,
Cel. And mercy.
1 *Avoc.* You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.
Stand forth; and first the parasite. You appear
T' have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
In all these lewd impostures, and now, lastly,
Have with impudence abused the court, 110
And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
Being a fellow of no birth or blood:
For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipped;
Then live a perpetual prisoner in our galleys.
Volp. I thank you for him.
Mos. Bane to thy wolfish nature!
1 *Avoc.* Deliver him to the Saffi.[1] [Mosca *is carried out*] Thou, Volpone,
By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure; but our judgement on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate

[1] Police.

To the hospital of the *Incurabili:* 120
And since the most was gotten by imposture,
By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramped with irons,
Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.
[*He is taken from the Bar*]
Volp. This is called mortifying of a Fox.
1 *Avoc.* Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal,
Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,
Art banished from their fellowship, and our state.
Corbaccio!—bring him near. We here possess
Thy son of all thy state,[1] and confine thee 130
To the monastery of San Spirito;
Where, since thou knewest not how to live well here,
Thou shalt be learned to die well.
Corb. Ha! what said he?
Com. You shall know anon, sir.
1 *Avoc.* Thou, Corvino, shalt
Be straight embarked from thine own house, and rowed
Round about Venice, through the Grand Canal,
Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,
Instead of horns! and so to mount, a paper
Pinned on thy breast, to the Berlina.[2]
Corv. Yes,

[1] Estate. [2] Pillory.

And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish, 140
Bruised fruit, and rotten eggs—'tis well. I am glad
I shall not see my shame yet.
1 *Avoc.* And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
And these are all your judgements.
All. Honored fathers—
1 *Avoc.* Which may not be revoked. Now you begin,
When crimes are done, and past, and to be punished,
To think what your crimes are: away with them.
Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and love to study 'hem. Mischiefs feed 150
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

VOLPONE [*comes forward*]

The seasoning of a play is the applause,
Now, though the Fox be punished by the laws,
He yet doth hope, there is no suffering due,
For any fact[1] *which he hath done 'gainst you;*
If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:
If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands.
[*Exeunt*]

[1] Deed.

MICHAELMAS Terme.

AS

IT HATH BEEN SVNdry times acted by the Children *of Paules.*

AT LONDON,

Printed for A.I. and are to be sould at the signe of the white horse in Paules Churchyard.
An. 1607.

"A Comedy called Mychaelmas Terme" was registered for printing, in the Stationers' Register May 15, 1607, appearing in the same year with the statement "as it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paules." As such light comedies of contemporary manners are the kind of ware that stales in a short time, the date of acting as within the previous year may be accepted. There was a second quarto, described on the title as newly corrected in 1630, after Middleton's death. Michaelmas term, which has reference to the fall term of the courts, is about equivalent to what was later called London in the season; although nothing could be further from anything in the nature of polite society than this story of sharp practice among the tradesfolks, the lawyers and the gulls, their dupes, of the day.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EASY
REARAGE
SALEWOOD
COCKSTONE } *Gentlemen*

QUOMODO, *a Woollen-draper*

SHORTYARD [*alias* BLASTFIELD]
FALSELIGHT [*alias* IDEM and others] } *his Attendants*

SIM, *Son to* QUOMODO

ANDREW LETHE, *an Adventurer, Son to* MOTHER GRUEL

HELLGILL, *a Pander*

Father to the Country Wench

Judge

DUSTBOX, *a Scrivener*

Tailor

Drawer

Boy

Beadle

Liverymen, Officers, etc.

THOMASINE, *Wife to* QUOMODO, *afterwards married to* EASY

SUSAN, *her Daughter*

THOMASINE'S Mother

MOTHER GRUEL

Country Wench, seduced by LETHE

MISTRESS COMINGS, *a Tirewoman*

WINEFRED, *Maid to* THOMASINE

INDUCTION

Michaelmas Term

The other Three Terms

Boy, etc.

SCENE: London

MICHAELMAS TERM[1]

Thomas Middleton

INDUCTION

Enter Michaelmas Term *in a whitish cloak, new come up out of the country, a* Boy *bringing his gown after him*

Mich. T. Boy!
Boy. Here, sir.
Mich. T. Lay by my conscience;
Give me my gown; that weed[2] is for the country:
We must be civil now, and match our evil:
Who first made civil black, he pleased the devil.
So:
Now know I where I am: methinks already
I grasp best part of the autumnian blessing
In my contentious fathom;[3] my hand's free:
From wronger and from wrongèd I have fee;
And what by sweat from the rough earth they draw
Is to enrich this silver harvest, law;
And so through wealthy variance and fat brawl,
The barn is made but steward to the hall.
Come they up thick enough?
Boy. O, like hops and harlots, sir.
Mich. T. Why dost thou couple them?
Boy. O very aptly; for as the hop well boiled will make a man not stand upon his legs, so the harlot in time will leave a man no legs to stand upon.
Mich. T. Such another, and be my heir! I have no child,
Yet have I wealth would redeem beggary.
I think it be a curse both here and foreign,
Where bags are fruitful'st there the womb's most barren:
The poor has all our children, we their wealth.
Shall I be prodigal when my life cools,
Make those my heirs whom I have beggared, fools?
It would be wondrous; rather beggar more;
Thou[4] shalt have heirs enow,[5] thou keep'st a whore:
And here comes kindred too with no mean purses,
Yet strive to be still blest with client's curses.

Music playing, enter the other three Terms, *the first bringing in a fellow poor, which the other two advanceth, giving him rich apparel, a page, and a pander; he then goes out*

Mich T. What subtilty have we here? a fellow
Shrugging for life's kind benefits, shift[1] and heat,
Crept up in three terms, wrapt in silk and silver,
So well appointed too with page and pander!
It was a happy gale that blew him hither.
First T. Thou father[2] of the Terms, hail to thee!
Sec. T. May much contention still keep with thee!
Third T. Many new fools come up and fee thee!
Sec. T. Let 'em pay dear enough that see thee!
First T. And like asses use such men;
When their load's off, turn 'em to graze again.
Sec. T. And may our wish have full effect,
Many a suit, and much neglect!
Third T. And as it hath been often found,
Let the clients' cups come round!
Sec. T. Help your poor kinsmen, when you ha' got 'em;
You may drink deep, leave us the bottom.
Third T. Or when there is a lamb fallen in,
Take you the lamb, leave us the skin.[3]
Mich. T. Your duty and regard hath moved us;
Never till now we thought you loved us.
Take comfort from our words, and make no doubt
You shall have suits come sixteen times about.
All Three. We humbly thank the patron of our hopes. *Exeunt*
Mich. T. With what a vassal-appetite they gnaw
On our reversions,[4] and are proud

[1] The autumn session of the London courts.
[2] Garment. [3] Arms' reach.
[4] Addressing himself. [5] Enough.

[1] Clothes.
[2] Michaelmas was the first of the four terms.
[3] For parchment.
[4] An estate due only on another's death.

Coldly to taste our meats, which eight returns[1]
Serve in to us as courses!
One day our writs, like wild-fowl, fly abroad,
And then return o'er cities, towns, and hills,
With clients, like dried straws, between their bills;
And 'tis no few birds pick to build their nests,
Nor no small money that keeps drabs and feasts!
But, gentlemen, to spread myself open unto you, in cheaper terms I salute you; for ours[2] have but sixpenny fees[3] all the year long; yet we despatch you in two hours,[4] without demur; your suits hang not long here after candles be lighted. Why we call this play by such a dear and chargeable title, *Michaelmas Term*, know it consents happily to our purpose, though perhaps faintly to the interpretation of many; for he that expects any great quarrels in law to be handled here will be fondly[5] deceived; this only presents those familiar accidents which happened in town in the circumference of those six weeks whereof Michaelmas Term is lord. *Sat sapienti*: I hope there's no fools i' th' house.

Exit with Boy

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

The Middle Aisle[6] *of St. Paul's*

Enter Rearage *meeting* Salewood

Sale. What, master Rearage?

Rear. Master Salewood? exceedingly well met in town. Comes your father up this term?

Sale. Why, he was here three days before the Exchequer gaped.[7]

Rear. Fie, such an early termer?

Sale. He's not to be spoke withal; I dare not ask him blessing till the last of November.

Rear. And how looks thy little venturing cousin?[8]

Sale. Faith, like a lute that has all the strings broke; nobody will meddle with her.

Rear. Fie, there are doctors enow in town will string her again, and make her sound as sweet as e'er she did. Is she not married yet?

Sale. Sh'as no luck; some may better steal a horse than others look on: I have known a virgin of five bastards wedded. Faith, when all's done, we must be fain to marry her into the north, I'm afraid.

Rear. But will she pass so, think you?

Sale. Pooh, any thing that is warm enough is good enough for them: so it comes in the likeness, though the devil be in't, they'll venture the firing.[1]

Rear. They're worthy spirits, i'faith. Heard you the news?

Sale. Not yet.

Rear. Mistress Difficult is newly fallen a widow.

Sale. Say true; is master Difficult, the lawyer, dead?

Rear. Easily dead, sir.

Sale. Pray, when died he?

Rear. What a question's that! when should a lawyer die but in the vacation? he has no leisure to die in the term-time; beside, the noise there would fetch him again.

Sale. Knew you the nature of his disease?

Rear. Faith, some say he died of an old grief he had, that the vacation[2] was fourteen weeks long.

Sale. And very likely: I knew 'twould kill him at last; 't'as troubled him a long time. He was one of those that would fain have brought in the heresy of a fifth term; often crying, with a loud voice, O why should we lose Bartholomew week?[3]

Rear. He savors; stop your nose; no more of him.

Enter Cockstone *meeting* Easy

Cock. Young master Easy, let me salute you sir.
When came you?

Easy. I have but inned my horse since, master Cockstone.

Cock. You seldom visit London, master Easy;
But now your father's dead, 'tis your only course:
Here's gallants of all sizes, of all lasts;
Here you may fit your foot, make choice of those
Whom your affection may rejoice in.

[1] Days for return of writs in court.
[2] Our players, Paul's boys.
[3] Low prices for entrance.
[4] Finish the play between prayers at four and closing at six.
[5] Foolishly.
[6] A public meeting-place.
[7] Court of the Exchequer opened.
[8] Adventurous.

[1] Take the risk.
[2] That before Michaelmas Term.
[3] Late in August.

Easy. You've easily possessed[1] me, I am free:
Let those live hinds that know not liberty! 60
Cock. Master Rearage?
Easy. Good master Salewood, I am proud of your society.
Rear. What gentleman might that be?
Cock. One master Easy; has good land in Essex;
A fair free-breasted gentleman, somewhat
Too open—bad in man, worse in woman,
The gentry-fault at first:—he is yet fresh,
And wants the city powdering. But what news?
Is't yet a match 'twixt master Quomodo's
The rich draper's daughter and yourself? 70
Rear. Faith, sir, I am vildly[2] rivall'd.
Cock. Vildly? by whom?
Rear. One Andrew Lethe, crept to a little warmth,
And now so proud that he forgets all storms;
One that ne'er wore apparel, but, like ditches,
'Twas cast[3] before he had it; now shines bright
In rich embroideries. Him master Quomodo affects,
The daughter him, the mother only me:
I rest most doubtful, my side being weakest.
Cock. Yet the mother's side 80
Being surer[4] than the father's, it may prove,
Men plead for money best, women for love.
Rear. 'Slid,[5] master Quomodo!
Cock. How then? afraid of a woollen-draper!
Rear. He warned me his house, and I hate he should see me abroad. *They all retire*

Enter QUOMODO, *with his two spirits,*[6] SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT

Quo. O my two spirits, Shortyard and Falselight, you that have so enriched me! I have industry[7] for you both.
Sho. Then do you please us best, sir. 90
Quo. Wealthy employment.
Sho. You make me itch, sir.
Quo. You, Falselight, as I have directed you—
Fal. I am nimble.
Quo. Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;
With subtle art beguile the honest eye:

[1] Convinced. [2] Badly.
[3] Cleaned out, also ruined.
[4] More certain as to parentage.
[5] Originally God's lid, an oath.
[6] Familiars, accomplices.
[7] Employment.

Be near to my trap-window,[1] cunning Falselight.
Fal. I never failed it yet.
Quo. I know thou didst not.—
Exit FALSELIGHT
But now to thee, my true and secret Shortyard,
Whom I dare trust e'en with my wife; 100
Thou ne'er didst mistress harm, but master good:
There are too few of thy name gentlemen,
And that we feel, but citizens in abundance:
I have a task for thee, my pregnant spirit,
To exercise thy pointed wits upon.
Sho. Give it me, for I thirst.
Quo. Thine ear shall drink it.
Know, then, I have not spent this long vacation
Only for pleasure's sake:—give me the man
Who out of recreation culls advantage,
Dives into seasons, never walks but thinks, 110
Ne[2] rides but plots:—my journey was toward Essex—
Sho. Most true.
Quo. Where I have seen what I desire.
Sho. A woman?
Quo. Pooh, a woman! yet beneath her,
That which she often treads on, yet commands her;
Land, fair neat[3] land.
Sho. What is the mark you shoot at?
Quo. Why, the fairest, to cleave the heir in twain,
I mean his title; to murder his estate,
Stifle his right in some detested prison:
There are means and ways enow to hook in gentry,
Besides our deadly enmity, which thus stands, 120
They're busy 'bout our wives, we 'bout their lands.
Sho. Your revenge is more glorious.
To be a cuckold is but for one life;
When land remains to you, your heir, or wife.
Quo. Ah, sirrah, do we sting 'em? This fresh gallant
Rode newly up before me.
Sho. I beseech his name.
Quo. Young master Easy.
Sho. Easy? it may fall right.
Quo. I have inquired his haunt—stay, 130
—hah! ay, that 'tis, that's he, that's he!

[1] False lights. [2] Not. [3] Unencumbered.

Sho. Happily!

Quo. Observe, take surely note of him; he's fresh and free: shift thyself speedily into the shape of gallantry: I'll swell thy purse with angels.[1] Keep foot by foot with him, outdare his expenses, flatter, dice, and brothel to him; give him a sweet taste of sensuality; train him to every wasteful sin, that he may quickly need health, but especially money; ravish him 140 with a dame or two,—be his bawd for once, I'll be thine for ever;—drink drunk with him, creep into bed to him,[2] kiss him, and undo him, my sweet spirit.

Sho. Let your care dwell in me; soon shall it shine:
What subtilty's in man that is not mine?

Quo. O my most cheerful spirit! go, despatch. *Exit* SHORTYARD

Gentry is the chief fish we tradesmen catch. [*Exit*

Easy. What's here?

Sale. O, they are bills for chambers.[3] 150

Easy. [*Reads*] "Against St. Andrew's,[4] at a painter's house, there's a fair chamber ready furnished to be let; the house not only endued with a new fashion forepart,[5] but, which is more convenient for a gentleman, with a very provident[6] back door."

Sale. Why, here's virtue still: I like that thing that's necessary as well as pleasant.

Cock. What news in yonder paper?

Rear. Hah! seek you for news? there's for you! 161

Enter LETHE, *who remains behind, reading the bills*

Sale. Who's this?
In the name of the black angels,[7] Andrew Gruel!

Rear. No, Andrew Lethe.

Sale. Lethe?

Rear. Has forgot his father's name,
Poor Walter Gruel, that begot him, fed him,
And brought him up.

Sale. Not hither. 170

Rear. No;
'Twas from his thoughts; he brought him up below.[8]

Sale. But does he pass for Lethe?

Rear. 'Mongst strange eyes,
That no more know him than he knows himself,

[1] Gold coins. [2] Be intimate with him.
[3] Signs "rooms to let." [4] November 30.
[5] Front of brick or stone. [6] Convenient.
[7] Devils. [8] In the country.

That's nothing now; for master Andrew Lethe,
A gentleman of most receivèd[1] parts,
Forgetfulness, lust, impudence, and falsehood,
And one especial courtly quality,
To wit, no wit at all. I am his rival 179
For Quomodo's daughter; but he knows it not.

Sale. Has spied us o'er his paper.

Rear. O, that's a warning
To make our duties ready.

Cock. Salute him? hang him!

Rear. Pooh, wish his health awhile; he'll be laid[2] shortly:
Let him gorge venison for a time, our doctors
Will bring him to dry mutton.[3] Seem respective,[4]
To make his pride swell like a toad with dew.

LETHE *comes forward*

Sale. Master Lethe.

Rear. Sweet master Lethe. 190

Let. Gentlemen, your pardon; I remember you not.

Sale. Why, we supped with you last night, sir.

Let. O, cry you mercy! 'tis so long ago,
I'd quite forgot you; I must be forgiven.
Acquaintance, dear society, suits, and things,
Do so flow to me,
That had I not the better memory,
'Twould be a wonder I should know myself.
Esteem is made of such a dizzy metal;[5]
I have received of many, gifts o'er night, 200
Whom I've forgot ere morning: meeting the men,
I wish'd 'em to remember me again:
They do so; then if I forget again,
I know what helped before, that will help then:
This is my course; for memory I've been told
Twenty preserves;[6] the best I find is gold;
Ay truly! Are you not knights yet,[7] gentlemen?

Sale. Not yet.

Let. No? that must be looked into; 'tis your own fault. I have some stores of venison: 210 where shall we devour it, gentlemen?

Sale. The Horn[8] were a fit place.

Let. For venison fit:
The horn having chased it,
At the Horn we'll—
Rhyme to that?

Cock. Taste it.

[1] Acknowledged. [2] Put down.
[3] Cheap diet. [4] Respectful.
[5] Popularity is so bewildering. (Sampson).
[6] Preservatives.
[7] An allusion to King James' many knightings.
[8] An Inn in Fleet Street.

Sale. Waste it.
Rear. Cast it.
Let. That's the true rhyme indeed! we hunt our venison twice, I tell you; first out a' th' park, next out a' th' belly.
Cock. First dogs take pains to make it fit for men,
Then men take pains to make it fit for dogs.
Let. Right.
Cock. Why, this is kindness; a kind gallant you,
And love to give the dogs more than their due:
We shall attend you, sir.
Let. I pray do so.
Sale. The Horn.
Let. Easily remembered that, you know. *Exeunt all except* LETHE
But now unto my present business. The daughter yields, and Quomodo consents; only my mistress Quomodo, her mother, without regard runs full against me, and sticks hard. Is there no law for a woman that will run upon a man at her own apperil?[1] Why should not she consent, knowing my state, my sudden fortunes? I can command a custard, and other bake-meats, death of sturgeon:[2] I could keep house with nothing. What friends have I! how well am I beloved! e'en quite throughout the scullery. Not consent? 'tis e'en as I have writ: I'll be hanged, and she love me not herself, and would rather preserve me, as a private friend, to her own pleasures, than any way advance her daughter upon me to beguile herself. Then how have I relieved her in that point? let me peruse this letter. [*Reads*]—"Good mistress Quomodo, or rather, as I hope ere the term end, mother Quomodo, since only your consent keeps aloof off, and hinders the copulation of your daughter, what may I think, but that it is a mere[3] affection in you, doting upon some small inferior virtue of mine, to draw me in upon yourself? If the case stand so, I have comfort for you; for this you may well assure yourself, that by the marriage of your daughter I have the better means and opportunity to yourself, and without the least suspicion."—This is moving stuff, and that works best with a citizen's wife: but who shall I get to convey this now? My page I ha' lent forth; my pander I have employed about the country to look out some third sister, or entice some discontented gentlewoman from her husband, whom the laying out[1] of my appetite shall maintain. Nay, I'll deal like an honorable gentleman, I'll be kind to women; that which I gather i' th' day, I'll put into their purses at night. You shall have no cause to rail at me; no, faith: I'll keep you in good fashion, ladies; no meaner men than knights shall ransom home your gowns and recover your smocks:[2] I'll not dally with you.—Some poor widow woman would come as a necessary bawd now! and see where fitly comes—

Enter MOTHER GRUEL

my mother! Curse of poverty! does she come up to shame me, to betray my birth, and cast soil upon my new suit? Let her pass me; I'll take no notice of her,—scurvy murrey[3] kersey!
Moth. G. By your leave, and[4] like your worship—
Let. [*aside*] Then I must proudly venture it.—To me, good woman?
Moth. G. I beseech one word with your worship.
Let. Prithee, be brief then.
Moth. G. Pray, can your worship tell me any tidings of one Andrew Gruel, a poor son of mine own?
Let. I know a gallant gentleman of the name, one master Andrew Gruel, and well received amongst ladies.
Moth. G. That's not he, then: he is no gentleman that I mean.
Let. Good woman, if he be a Gruel, he's a gentleman i' th' mornings, that's a gentleman a' th' first; you cannot tell me.
Moth. G. No, truly; his father was an honest, upright tooth-drawer.
Let. O my teeth!
Moth. G. An't please your worship, I have made a sore journey out, all this vacant time,[5] to come up and see my son Andrew. Poor Walter Gruel, his father, has laid[6] his life, and left me a lone woman; I have not one husband in all the world: therefore my coming up is for relief, an't like your worship, hoping that my son Andrew is in some place about the kitchen.
Let. Kitchen! pooh, faugh!
Moth. G. Or a serving-man to some knight of worship.
Let. [*aside*] O, let me not endure her!—Know you not me, good woman?

[1] Peril, risk. [2] Perhaps keg of sturgeon. [3] Pure.

[1] Farming out. [2] From pawn. [3] Mulberry-colored. [4] If it like. [5] Vacation. [6] Given up.

Moth. G. Alas, an't please your worship, I never saw such a glorious suit since the hour I was kersened.[1]

Let. [*aside*] Good, she knows me not; my glory does disguise me;

Beside, my poorer name being drenched in Lethe,
She'll hardly understand[2] me. What a fresh air can do!
I may employ her as a private drudge,
To pass my letters and secure my lust;
And ne'er be noted mine, to shame my blood,
And drop my staining birth upon my raiment.—

Faith, good woman, you will hardly get to the speech of master Andrew, I tell you.

Moth. G. No? marry, hang him! and like your worship, I have known the day when nobody cared to speak to him.

Let. You must take heed how you speak ill of him, I can tell you, now; he's so employed.

Moth. G. Employed? for what?

Let. For his 'haviour, wisdom, and other virtues.

Moth. G. He, virtues? no, 'tis well known his father was too poor a man to bring him up to any virtues; he can scarce write and read.

Let. He's the better regarded for that amongst courtiers, for that's but a needy quality.

Moth. G. If it be so, then he'll be great shortly, for he has no good parts about him.

Let. Well, good woman, or mother, or what you will—

Moth. G. Alack the day! I know your worship scorns to call me mother; 'tis not a thing fit for your worship indeed, such a simple old woman as I am.

Let. In pity of thy long journey, there's sixpence British:[3] tend upon me; I have business for you.

Moth. G. I'll wait upon your worship.

Let. Two pole off at least.

Moth. G. I am a clean old woman, an't like your worship.

Let. It goes not by cleanness here, good woman; if you were fouler, so you were braver, you might come nearer. *Exit*

Moth. G. Nay, and that be the fashion, I hope I shall get it shortly; there's no woman so old but she may learn: and as an old lady delights in a young page or monkey, so there are young courtiers will be hungry upon an old woman, I warrant you. *Exit*

[1] Christened.
[2] Perhaps in the sense "to have knowledge of . . . by information received" (NED); hence "find me out."
[3] Sixpence Scotch was a penny.

SCENE II

A Street

Enter HELLGILL *and* Country Wench

Hell. Come, leave your puling and sighing.

Coun. W. Beshrew you now, why did you entice me from my father?

Hell. Why? to thy better advancement. Wouldst thou, a pretty, beautiful, juicy squall,[1] live in a poor thrummed[2] house i' th' country, in such servile habiliments, and may well pass for a gentlewoman i' th' city? does not five hundred do so, thinkest thou, and with worse faces? O, now in these latter days, the devil reigning, 'tis an age for cloven creatures! But why sad now? yet indeed 'tis the fashion of any courtesan to be seasick i' th' first voyage; but at next she proclaims open wars, like a beaten soldier. Why, Northamptonshire lass, dost dream of virginity now? remember a loose-bodied gown,[3] wench, and let it go; wires[4] and tires, bents and bums, felts and falls, thou that shall deceive the world, that gentlewomen indeed shall not be known from others. I have a master, to whom I must prefer thee after the aforesaid deckening;[5] Lethe by name, a man of one most admired property; he can both love thee, and for thy better advancement, be thy pander himself; an excellent spark of humility.

Coun. W. Well, heaven forgive you! you train me up to't.

Hell. Why, I do acknowledge it, and I think I do you a pleasure in't.

Coun. W. And if I should prove a harlot now, I should be bound to curse you.

Hell. Bound? nay, and you prove a harlot, you'll be loose enough.

Coun. W. If I had not a desire to go like a gentlewoman, you should be hanged ere you should get me to't, I warrant you.

Hell. Nay, that's certain, nor a thousand more of you; I know you are all chaste enough till one thing or other tempt you: deny a satin gown and you dare now?

Coun. W. You know I have no power to do't, and that makes you so wilful; for what

[1] Little woman. [2] Thatched.
[3] Garb of a common woman.
[4] For head-dresses. [5] Decking.

woman is there such a beast that will deny any thing that is good?

Hell. True; they will not, most dissemble.[1]

Coun. W. No; and she bear a brave mind, she will not, I warrant you.

Hell. Why, therefore take heart, faint not at all;
Women ne'er rise but when they fall: 50
Let a man break, he's gone, blown up;
A woman's breaking sets her up:
Virginity is no city trade,
You're out a' th' freedom when you're a maid:
Down with the lattice, 'tis but thin;
Let coarser beauties work within,
Whom the light mocks; thou art fair and fresh;
The gilded flies will light upon thy flesh.

Coun. W. Beshrew your sweet enchantments, you have won!

Hell. [*aside*] How easily soft women are undone! 60
So farewell wholesome weeds, where treasure pants;
And welcome silks, where lie disease and wants!—
Come, wench; now flow thy fortunes in to bless thee;
I'll bring thee where thou shalt be taught to dress thee.

Coun. W. O, as soon as may be! I am in a swoon till I be a gentlewoman; and you know what flesh is man's meat till it be dressed?

Hell. Most certain, no more; a woman.

Exeunt

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

The Horn Tavern

REARAGE, SALEWOOD, LETHE, EASY, *and* SHORTYARD *discovered at dice:* Boy *attending*

Rear. Gentlemen, I ha' sworn I'll change the room.[2] Dice? devils!

Let. You see I'm patient, gentlemen.

Sale. Ay, the fiend's in't! you're patient; you put up all.

Rear. Come, set[3] me, gentlemen!

Sho. An Essex gentleman, sir?

Easy. An unfortunate one, sir.

Sho. I'm bold to salute you, sir: you know not master Alsup there? 10

Easy. O, entirely well.

Sho. Indeed, sir?

Easy. He's second to my bosom.

Sho. I'll give you that comfort then, sir, you must not want money as long as you are in town, sir.

Easy. No, sir?

Sho. I am bound in my love to him to see you furnished; and in that comfort I recover my salute again,[1] sir. 20

Easy. Then I desire to be more dear unto you.

Sho. [*aside*] I rather study to be dear unto you.—Boy, fill some wine.—I knew not what fair impressure[2] I received at first, but I began to affect your society very speedily.

Easy. I count myself the happier.

Sho. To master Alsup, sir; to whose remembrance I could love to drink till I were past remembrance. *drinks* 30

Easy. I shall keep Christmas with him, sir, where your health shall likewise undoubtedly be remembered; and thereupon I pledge you. [*drinks*] I would sue for your name, sir.

Sho. Your suit shall end in one term, sir; my name is Blastfield.

Easy. Kind master Blastfield, your dearer acquaintance. *drinks*

Rear. Nay, come, will ye draw in,[3] gentlemen? set me. 40

Easy. Faith, I'm scattered.[4]

Sho. Sir, you shall not give out so meanly of yourself in my company for a million: make such[5] privy to your disgrace! you're a gentleman of fair fortunes; keep me[6] your reputation: set 'em all; there's crowns[7] for you. [*giving him money*

Easy. Sir, you bind me infinitely in these courtesies.

Sho. You must always have a care of 49 your reputation here in town, master Easy: although you ride down with nothing, it skills not.

Easy. I'm glad you tell me that yet, then I'm indifferent.—Well, come; who throws? I set all these.

Sho. Why, well said.

Sale. This same master Lethe here begins to undo us again.

Let. Ah, sir, I came not hither but to win!

Sho. And then you'll leave us; that's your fashion. 60

[1] Q. dissembler. [2] As unlucky. [3] Wager.

[1] Put my hat on again. [2] Impression.
[3] Join the game. [4] Penniless.
[5] Such gentlemen as these. [6] For my sake.
[7] Five-shilling pieces.

Let. He's base that visits not his friends.
Sho. But he's more base that carries out his winnings;
None will do so but those have base beginnings.
Let. It is a thing in use, and ever was.
I pass this time.
Sho. I wonder you should pass,
And that you're suffered.
Let. Tut, the dice are ours;
Then wonder not at those that have most powers.
Rear. The devil and his angels!
Let. Are these they?
Welcome, dear angels! where you're cursed ne'er stay. *retires*
Sale. Here's luck!
Easy. Let's search him, gentlemen; I think he wears a smock.[1]
Sho. I knew the time he wore not half a shirt. Just like a pea.
Easy. No? how did he for the rest?
Sho. Faith, he compounded with a couple of napkins at Barnet, and so trussed up the lower parts.
Easy. 'Twas a pretty shift, i'faith!
Sho. But master Lethe has forgot that too.
Easy. A mischief on't, to lose all! I could—
Sho. Nay, but, good master Easy, do not do yourself that tyranny, I beseech you; I must not ha' you alter your body now for the purge of a little money: you undo me, and[2] you do.
Easy. 'Twas all I brought up with me, I protest, master Blastfield; all my rent till next quarter.
Sho. Pox of money! talk not on't, I beseech you,— what said I to you? mass, I am out of cash myself too.—Boy!
Boy. Anon, sir.
Sho. Run presently to master Gum the mercer, and will him to tell out two or three hundred pound for me, or more, according as he is furnished: I'll visit him i' th' morning, say.
Boy. It shall be said, sir. *going*
Sho. Do you hear, boy?
Boy. Yes, sir.
Sho. If master Gum be not sufficiently ready, call upon master Profit the goldsmith.
Boy. It shall be done, sir. *going*
Sho. Boy!
Boy. [*aside*] I knew I was not sent yet; now is the time.

[1] He is a common fellow, not a true gamester. [2] If.

Sho. Let them both rest till another occasion; you shall not need to run so far at this time; take one nigher hand; go to master Quomodo the draper, and will him to furnish me instantly.
Boy. Now I go, sir. *Exit*
Easy. It seems you're well known, master Blastfield, and your credit very spacious here i' th' city.
Sho. Master Easy, let a man bear himself portly, the whoresons will creep to him a' their bellies, and their wives a' their backs: there's a kind of bold grace expected throughout all the parts of a gentleman. Then for your observances, a man must not so much as spit but within line and fashion. I tell you what I ha' done: sometimes I carry my water all London over only to deliver it proudly at the Standard;[1] and do I pass altogether unnoted, think you? no, a man can no sooner peep out his head but there's a bow bent at him out of some watch-tower or other.
Easy. So readily, sir?
Sho. Push, you know a bow's quickly ready, though a gun be long a-charging, and will shoot five times to his once. Come, you shall bear yourself jovially: take heed of setting your looks to your losses, but rather smile upon your ill luck, and invite 'em tomorrow to another breakfast of bones.[2]
Easy. Nay, I'll forswear dicing.
Sho. What? peace, I am ashamed to hear you: will you cease in the first loss? show me one gentleman that e'er did it. Fie upon't, I must use you to company, I perceive; you'd be spoiled else. Forswear dice! I would your friends heard you, i'faith!
Easy. Nay, I was but in jest, sir.
Sho. I hope so, what would gentlemen say of you? there goes a gull that keeps his money! I would not have such a report go on you for the world, as long as you are in my company. Why, man, fortune alters in a minute; I ha' known those have recovered so much in an hour, their purses were never sick after.
Rear. O, worse than consumption of the liver! consumption of the patrimony!
Sho. How now? Mark their humors,[3] master Easy.
Rear. Forgive me, my posterity yet ungotten!
Sho. That's a penitent maudlin dicer.
Rear. Few know the sweets that the plain

[1] The great conduit in Cheapside. [2] Dice.
[3] Qualities.

life allows: Vild[1] son that surfeits of his father's brows!

Sho. Laugh at him, master Easy.

Easy. Ha, ha, ha!

Sale. I'll be damned, and these be not the bones of some quean[2] that cozened me in her life, and now consumes me after her death.

Sho. That's the true, wicked, blasphemous, and soul-shuddering dicer, that will curse you all service-time, and attribute his ill luck always to one drab or other!

Enter HELLGILL

Let. Dick Hellgill? the happy news?

Hell. I have her for you, sir.

Let. Peace: what is she?

Hell. Young, beautiful, and plump; a delicate piece of sin.

Let. Of what parentage?

Hell. O, a gentlewoman of a great house.

Let. Fie, fie!

Hell. [*aside*] She newly came out of a barn —yet too good for a tooth-drawer's son.

Let. Is she wife or maid?

Hell. That which is daintiest, maid.

Let. I'd rather she'd been a wife.

Hell. A wife, sir? why?

Let. O, adultery is a great deal sweeter in my mind.

Hell. [*aside*] Diseases gnaw thy bones!— I think she has deserved to be a wife, sir.

Let. That will move well.

Hell. [*aside*] Her firstlings shall be mine: Swine look but for the husks; the meat be thine.

Re-enter Boy

Sho. How now, boy?

Boy. Master Quomodo takes your worship's greeting exceeding kindly, and in his commendations returns this answer, that your worship shall not be so apt to receive it as he willing to lend it.

Sho. Why, we thank him, i'faith.

Easy. Troth, and you ha' reason to thank him, sir; 'twas a very friendly answer.

Sho. Push, a gentleman that keeps his days even here i' th' city, as I myself watch[3] to do, shall have many of those answers in a twelve-month, master Easy.

Easy. I promise you, sir, I admire your carriage, and begin to hold a more reverend respect of you.

Sho. Not so, I beseech you; I give my friends leave to be inward[1] with me.—Will you walk, gentlemen?

Let. We're for you.—
Present her with this jewel, my first token.
Giving jewel to HELLGILL

Enter Drawer

Dra. There are certain countrymen without, inquiring for master Rearage and master Salewood.

Rear. Tenants?

Sale. Thou revivest us, rascal.

Rear. When's our next meeting, gentlemen?

Sho. Tomorrow night;
This gentleman, by me, invites you all.—
Do you not, master Easy?

Easy. Freely, sir.

Sale. We do embrace your love.—
[*aside*] A pure, fresh gull.

Sho. Thus make you men at parting dutiful,
And rest beholding to you; 'tis the slight,[2]
To be remember'd when you're out of sight.

Easy. A pretty virtue! *Exeunt*

SCENE II

A Street

Enter the Country Wench's Father

Fath. Where shall I seek her now? O, if she knew
The dangers that attend on women's lives,
She'd rather lodge under a poor thatch'd roof
Than under carvèd ceilings! She was my joy,
And all content that I received from life,
My dear and only daughter.
What says the note she left? let me again
With staider grief peruse it.

[*Reads*] "Father, wonder not at my so sudden departure, without your leave or knowledge. Thus, under pardon, I excuse it: had you had knowledge of it, I know you would have sought to restrain it, and hinder me from what I have long desired. Being now happily preferred to a gentleman's service in London about Holborn, if you please to send, you may hear well of me."

As false as she is disobedient!
I've made larger inquiry, left no place
Where gentry keeps[3] unsought, yet cannot hear;
Which drives me most into a shameful fear.

[1] Vile. [2] Harlot. [3] Am careful.

[1] Intimate. [2] Trick. [3] Lives.

Woe worth[1] th' infected cause that makes me visit
This man-devouring city! where I spent
My unshapen youth, to be my age's curse,
And surfeited away my name and state
In swinish riots, that now, being sober,
I do awake a beggar: I may hate her:
Whose youth voids wine, his age is cursed with water.
O heavens, I know the price of ill too well!
What the confusions are in whom they dwell,
And how soon maids are to their ruins won,
One minute, and eternally undone;
So in mine may it, may it not be thus!
Though she be poor, her honor's precious.
May be my present form, and her fond[2] fear,
May chase her from me, if her eye should get me;
And therefore, as my love and wants advise,
I'll serve, until I find her, in disguise.
Such is my care to fright her from base evils,
I leave calm state to live amongst you, devils.
Exit

SCENE III

QUOMODO'S *Shop*

Enter THOMASINE *and* MOTHER GRUEL

Tho. Were these fit words, think you, to be sent to any citizen's wife,—to enjoy the daughter, and love the mother too for a need? I would foully scorn that man that should love me only for a need, I tell you. And here the knave writes again, that by the marriage of my daughter, a has the better means and opportunity to myself: he lies in his throat, like a villain; he has no opportunity of me for all that; 'tis for his betters to have opportunity of me, and that he shall well know. A base, proud knave! a has forgot how he came up and brought two of his countrymen to give their words to my husband for a suit of green kersey;[3] a has forgot all this: and how does he appear to me when his white satin suit's on, but like a maggot crept out of a nutshell—a fair body and a foul neck: those parts that are covered of him looks indifferent well, because we cannot see 'em; else, for all his cleansing, pruning, and paring, he's not worthy a broker's daughter; and so tell him.

Moth. G. I will indeed, forsooth.

Tho. And as for my child, I hope she'll be ruled in time, though she be foolish yet, and not be carried away with a cast of manchets,[1] a bottle of wine, or a custard; and so, I pray, certify[2] him.

Moth. G. I'll do your errand effectually.

Tho. Art thou his aunt,[3] or his—

Moth. G. Alas, I am a poor drudge of his!

Tho. Faith, and thou wert his mother, he would make thee his drudge, I warrant him.

Moth. G. Marry, out upon him! sir-reverence[4] of your mistress-ship.

Tho. Here's somewhat for thy pains: fare thee well. *Giving money*

Moth. G. 'Tis more than he gave me since I came to him. *Exit*

Enter QUOMODO *and* SUSAN

Quo. How now? what prating have we here? whispers? dumbshows? Why, Thomasine, go to: my shop is not altogether so dark as some of my neighbors', where a man may be made cuckold at one end, while he's measuring with his yard at tother.

Tho. Only commendations sent from master Lethe, your worshipful son-in-law that should be.

Quo. O, and that you like not! he that can make us rich in custom, strong in friends, happy in suits; bring us into all the rooms a' Sundays,[5] from the leads[6] to the cellar; pop us in with venison till we crack again, and send home the rest in an honorable napkin: this man you like not, forsooth.

Sus. But I like him, father.

Quo. My blessing go with thy liking!

Sus. A number of our citizens hold our credit by't, to come home drunk, and say, we ha' been at court: then how much more credit is't to be drunk there indeed!

Quo. Tut, thy mother's a fool.—Pray, what's master Rearage, whom you plead for so?

Tho. Why, first, he is a gentleman.

Quo. Ay, he's often first a gentleman that's last a beggar.

Sus. My father tells you true: what should I do with a gentleman? I know not which way to lie with him.

Quo. 'Tis true, too. Thou knowest, beside, we undo gentlemen daily.

Tho. That makes so few of 'em marry with our daughters, unless it be one green fool

[1] Woe be to. [2] Foolish. [3] Coarse cloth.

[1] A couple of rolls of white bread. [2] Assure. [3] Bawd. [4] Begging pardon. [5] Open every opportunity to us. [6] Roof.

or other. Next, master Rearage has land and living; tother but his walk i' th' street, and his snatching diet: he's able to entertain you in a fair house of his own; tother in some nook or corner, or place us behind the cloth,[1] like a company of puppets: at his house you shall be served curiously, sit down and eat your meat with leisure; there we must be glad to take it standing, and without either salt, cloth, or trencher, and say we are befriended too.

Quo. O, that gives a citizen a better appetite than his garden.

Sus. So say I, father; methinks it does me most good when I take it standing: I know not how all women's minds are.

Enter FALSELIGHT

Quo. Faith, I think they are all of thy mind for that thing.—How now, Falselight?

Fal. I have descried my fellow Shortyard, alias Blastfield, at hand with the gentleman.

Quo. O my sweet Shortyard!—Daughter, get you up to your virginals.[2] [*Exit* SUSAN] —By your leave, mistress Quomodo—

Tho. Why, I hope I may sit i' th' shop, may I not?

Quo. That you may, and welcome, sweet honey-thigh, but not at this season; there's a buck to be struck.

Tho. [*aside*] Well, since I'm so expressly forbidden, I'll watch above i' th' gallery, but I'll see your knavery. *Exit*

Quo. Be you prepared as I tell you.

Fal. You ne'er feared me.[3] *Retires*

Quo. O that sweet, neat, comely, proper, delicate, parcel of land! like a fine gentlewoman i' th' waist, not so great as pretty, pretty; the trees in summer whistling, the silver waters by the banks harmoniously gliding. I should have been a scholar; an excellent place for a student; fit for my son that lately commenced[4] at Cambridge, whom now I have placed at inns of court.[5] Thus we that seldom get lands honestly, must leave our heirs to inherit our knavery: but, whist; one turn about my shop, and meet with 'em.

Enter EASY *and* SHORTYARD

Easy. Is this it, sir?

Sho. Ay; let me see; this is it; sign of Three Knaves;[6] 'tis it.

[1] Treat them as inferiors, not guests.
[2] Harpsichord. [3] Had anxiety for me.
[4] Took his degree. [5] The Law Schools.
[6] A mockery of the sign of the shop.

Quo. Do you hear, sir? what lack you,[1] gentlemen? see good kerseys or broadcloths here; I pray come near—master Blastfield!

Sho. I thought you would know me anon.

Enter THOMASINE *above*

Quo. You're exceeding welcome to town, sir: your worship must pardon me; 'tis always misty weather in our shops here; we are a nation the sun ne'er shines upon. Came this gentleman with you?

Sho. O, salute him fairly; he's a kind gentleman, a very inward[2] of mine.

Quo. Then I cry you mercy, sir; you're especially welcome.

Easy. I return you thanks, sir.

Quo. But how shall I do for you now, master Blastfield?

Sho. Why, what's the matter?

Quo. It is my greatest affliction at this instant, I am not able to furnish you.

Sho. How, master Quomodo? pray, say not so; 'slud,[3] you undo me then.

Quo. Upon my religion, master Blastfield, bonds lie forfeit in my hands; I expect the receipt of a thousand every hour, and cannot yet set eye of a penny.

Sho. That's strange, methinks.

Quo. 'Tis mine own pity that plots against me, master Blastfield; they know I have no conscience to take the forfeiture, and that makes 'em so bold with my mercy.

Easy. I am sorry for this.

Quo. Nevertheless, if I might entreat your delay but the age of three days, to express my sorrow now, I would double the sum, and supply you with four or five hundred.

Sho. Let me see; three days?

Quo. Ay, good sir, and it may be possible.

Easy. Do you hear, master Blastfield?

Sho. Hah?

Easy. You know I've already invited all the gallants to sup with me tonight.

Sho. That's true, i'faith.

Easy. 'Twill be my everlasting shame if I have no money to maintain my bounty.

Sho. I ne'er thought upon that.—[*aside*] I looked still when that should come from him.[4]—We have strictly examined our expenses; it must not be three days, master Quomodo.

[1] The cry of shopkeeper inviting trade.
[2] Intimate. [3] God's blood.
[4] I was expecting that.

Quo. No? then I'm afraid 'twill be my grief, sir.

Easy. Master Blastfield, I'll tell you what you may do now.

Sho. What, good sweet bedfellow?

Easy. Send to master Gum, or master Profit, the mercer and goldsmith.

Sho. Mass, that was well remembered of thee.—[*aside*] I perceive the trout will be a little troublesome ere he be catched.—Boy!

Enter Boy

Boy. Here, sir.

Sho. Run to master Gum, or master Profit, and carry my present occasion of money to 'em.

Boy. I run, sir. *Exit*

Quo. Methinks, master Blastfield, you might easily attain to the satisfaction of three days: here's a gentleman, your friend, I dare say will see you sufficiently possessed till then.

Easy. Not I, sir, by no means: master Blastfield knows I'm further in want than himself: my hope rests all upon him; it stands upon the loss of my credit tonight, if I walk without money.

Sho. Why, master Quomodo, what a fruitless motion have you put forth! you might well assure yourself this gentleman had it not, if I wanted it: why, our purses are brothers; we desire but equal fortunes: in a word, we're man and wife; they can but lie[1] together, and so do we.

Easy. As near as can be, i'faith.

Sho. And, to say truth, 'tis more for the continuing of this gentleman's credit in town, than any incitement from mine own want only, that I covet to be so immediately furnished: you shall hear him confess as much himself.

Easy. 'Tis most certain, master Quomodo.

Re-enter Boy

Sho. O, here comes the boy now.—How now, boy? what says master Gum or master Profit?

Boy. Sir, they're both walked forth this frosty morning to Brainford,[2] to see a nurse-child.[3]

Sho. A bastard be it! spite and shame!

Easy. Nay, never vex yourself, sweet master Blastfield.

[1] In a double sense. [2] Brentford.
[3] A child at nurse.

Sho. Bewitched, I think.

Quo. Do you hear, sir? you can persuade with him?

Easy. A little, sir.

Quo. Rather than he should be altogether destitute, or be too much a vexation to himself, he shall take up a commodity[1] of cloth of me, tell him.

Easy. Why, la! by my troth, 'twas kindly spoken.

Quo. Two hundred pounds' worth, upon my religion, say.

Sho. So disastrously!

Easy. Nay, master Blastfield, you do not hear what master Quomodo said since, like an honest, true citizen, i'faith; rather than you should grow diseased upon't,[2] you shall take up a commodity of two hundred pounds' worth of cloth.

Sho. The mealy moth consume it! would he ha' me turn pedlar now? what should I do with cloth?

Quo. He's a very wilful gentleman at this time i'faith: he knows as well what to do with it as I myself, iwis.[3] There's no merchant in town but will be greedy upon't, and pay down money upo' th' nail; they'll despatch it over to Middleburgh[4] presently,[5] and raise double commodity by exchange: if not, you know 'tis term-time, and Michaelmas term too, the drapers' harvest for foot-cloths,[6] riding-suits, walking-suits, chamber-gowns, and hall-gowns.[7]

Easy. Nay, I'll say that, it comes in as fit a time as can be.

Quo. Nay, take me with you[8] again ere you go, sir: I offer him no trash, tell him, but present money, say: where I know some gentlemen in town ha' been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawks' hoods and brown paper.

Easy. O horrible! are there such fools in town?

Quo. I offer him no trash, tell him; upon my religion, you may say.—[*aside*] Now, my sweet Shortyard; now the hungry fish begins to nibble; one end of the worm is in his mouth, i'faith.

Tho. [*aside*] Why stand I here (as late our graceless dames,

[1] A common practice to furnish part of the money in goods for the borrower to sell. [2] Worried about it.
[3] Certainly. [4] A place of barter in Holland.
[5] At once. [6] Housings for a horse.
[7] Ceremonial gowns. [8] Understand me.

That found no eyes), to see that gentleman[1] 270
Alive, in state and credit executed,
Help to rip up himself, does all he can?
Why am I wife to him that is no man?
I suffer in that gentleman's confusion.

Easy. Nay, be persuaded in that, master Blastfield; 'tis ready money at the merchant's: beside, the winter season and all falls in as pat as can be to help it.

Sho. Well, master Easy, none but you could have persuaded me to that.—Come, 280 would you would despatch then, master Quomodo: where's this cloth?

Quo. Full and whole within, all of this piece, of my religion, master Blastfield. Feel't; nay, feel't, and spare not, gentlemen, your fingers and your judgment.

Sho. Cloth's good.

Easy. By my troth, exceeding good cloth; a good wale[2] 't 'as.

Quo. Falselight! 290

Fal. I'm ne'er out a' the shop, sir.

Quo. Go, call in a porter presently, to carry away the cloth with the star-mark.—Whither will you please to have it carried, master Blastfield?

Sho. Faith, to master Beggarland, he's the only merchant now; or his brother, master Stilliard-down;[3] there's little difference.

Quo. You've happened upon the money-men, sir; they and some of their brethren, I 300 can tell you, will not stick to offer thirty thousand pound to be cursed still:[4] great monied men, their stocks lie in the poors' throats. But you'll see me sufficiently discharged, master Blastfield, ere you depart?

Sho. You have always found me righteous in that.

Quo. Falselight!

Fal. Sir?

Quo. You may bring a scrivener[5] along 310 with you.

Fal. I'll remember that, sir. *Exit*

Quo. Have you sent for a citizen, master Blastfield?

Sho. No, faith, not yet.—Boy!

Easy. What must you do with a citizen, sir?

Sho. A custom they're bound to a' late by the default of evil debtors; no citizen must lend money without two be bound in the bond; 320 the second man enters but for custom sake.

[1] Easy now alive etc. [2] Stripe.
[3] Equal to false balance. [4] Continually.
[5] Notary.

Easy. No? and must he needs be a citizen?

Sho. By th' mass, stay; I'll learn that.—Master Quomodo—

Quo. Sir?

Sho. Must the second party, that enters into bond only for fashion's sake, needs be a citizen? what say you to this gentleman for one?

Quo. Alas, sir! you know he's a mere 330 stranger to me: I neither am sure of his going or abiding; he may inn here tonight, and ride away tomorrow: although I grant the chief burden lies upon you, yet we are bound to make choice of those we know, sir.

Sho. Why, he's a gentleman of a pretty living, sir.

Quo. It may be so; yet, under both your pardons, I'd rather have a citizen.

Easy. I hope you will not disparage me 340 so: 'tis well known I have three hundred pound a year in Essex.

Sho. Well said; to him thyself, take him up roundly.

Easy. And how doubtfully soe'er you account of me, I do not think but I might make my bond pass for a hundred pound i' th' city.

Quo. What, alone, sir?

Easy. Alone, sir? who says so? perhaps I'd send down for a tenant or two. 350

Quo. Ay, that's another case, sir.

Easy. Another case let it be then.

Quo. Nay, grow not into anger, sir.

Easy. Not take me into a bond! as good as you shall, goodman goosecap.[1]

Quo. Well, master Blastfield, because I will not disgrace the gentleman, I'm content for once; but we must not make a practice on't.

Easy. No, sir, now you would, you shall 360 not.

Quo. [*aside*] Cuds[2] me, I'm undone! he's gone again.

Sho. [*aside*] The net's broke.

Tho. [*aside*] Hold there, dear gentleman!

Easy. Deny me that small courtesy! 'Sfoot,[2] a very Jew will not deny it me.

Sho. [*aside*] Now must I catch him warily.

Easy. A jest indeed! not take me into a bond, quo' they.[3] 370

Sho. Master Easy, mark my words: if it stood not upon the eternal loss of thy credit against supper—

Easy. Mass, that's true.

[1] Booby. [2] Attenuated oaths.
[3] Forsooth.

Sho. The pawning of thy horse for his own victuals—

Easy. Right, i'faith.

Sho. And thy utter dissolution amongst gentlemen, for ever—

Easy. Pox on't!

Sho. Quomodo should hang, rot, stink—

Quo. [*aside*] Sweet boy, i'faith!

Sho. Drop, damn.

Quo. [*aside*] Excellent Shortyard!

Easy. I forgot all this: what meant I to swagger before I had money in my purse?—How does master Quomodo? is the bond ready?

Quo. O sir!

Enter DUSTBOX[1]

Easy. Come, we must be friends; here's my hand.

Quo. Give it the scrivener: here he comes.

Dust. Good day, master Quomodo; good morrow, gentlemen.

Quo. We must require a little aid from your pen, good master Dustbox.

Dust. What be the gentlemen's names that are bound, sir?

Quo. [*while* DUSTBOX *writes*] Master John Blastfield, esquire, i' th' wild[2] of Kent: and —what do they call your bedfellow's name?

Sho. Master Richard Easy; you may easily hit on't.

Quo. Master Richard Easy, of Essex, gentleman, both bound to Ephestian Quomodo, citizen and draper, of London; the sum, two hundred pound.—What time do you take, master Blastfield, for the payment?

Sho. I never pass my month, you know.

Quo. I know it, sir: October sixteenth today; sixteenth of November, say.

Easy. Is it your custom to return so soon, sir?

Sho. I never miss you.

Enter FALSELIGHT, *disguised as a Porter, sweating*

Fal. I am come for the rest of the same piece, master Quomodo.

Quo. Star-mark; this is it: are all the rest gone?

Fal. They're all at master Stilliard-down's by this time.

Easy. How the poor rascal's all in a froth!

Sho. Push,[3] they're ordained to sweat for gentlemen: porters' backs and women's bellies bear up the world.

Exit FALSELIGHT *with the remainder of the cloth*

Easy. 'Tis true, i'faith; they bear men and money, and that's the world.

Sho. You've found it, sir.

Dust. I'm ready to your hands, gentlemen.

Sho. Come, master Easy.

Easy. I beseech you, sir.

Sho. It shall be yours, I say.

Easy. Nay, pray, master Blastfield.

Sho. I will not, i'faith.

Easy. What do you mean, sir?

Sho. I should show little bringing up, to take the way of a stranger.

Easy. By my troth, you do yourself wrong though, master Blastfield.

Sho. Not a whit, sir.

Easy. But to avoid strife, you shall have your will of me for once.

Sho. Let it be so, I pray.

Quo. [*while* EASY *signs the bond*] Now I begin to set one foot upon the land: methinks I am felling of trees already: we shall have some Essex logs yet to keep Christmas with, and that's a comfort.

Tho. [*aside*] Now is he quartering out;[1] the executioner
Strides over him: with his own blood he writes:
I am no dame that can endure such sights.

Exit above

Sho. [*aside*] So, his right wing is cut; will not fly far
Past the two city hazards, Poultry and Wood Street.[2]

Easy. How like you my Roman hand, i'faith?

Dust. Exceeding well, sir, but that you rest too much upon your R's, and make your E's too little.

Easy. I'll mend that presently.

Dust. Nay, 'tis done now, past mending. [SHORTYARD *signs the bond*]—You both deliver this to master Quomodo as your deed?

Sho. and Easy. We do, sir.

Quo. I thank you, gentlemen.

Sho. Would the coin would come away now! we have deserved for't.

Re-enter FALSELIGHT *disguised as before*

Fal. By your leave a little, gentlemen.

[1] Sandbox for blotting.
[2] Weald in southeastern England.
[3] Pish.

[1] Being quartered as one executed.
[2] Two city counters or debtors' prisons.
[3] As contrasted with the older form of writing.

Sho. How now? what's the matter? speak.
Fal. As fast as I can, sir: all the cloth's come back again.
Quo. How? 470
Sho. What's the news?
Fal. The passage to Middleburgh is stopped,[1] and therefore neither master Stilliard-down nor master Beggarland, nor any other merchant, will deliver present money upon't.
Quo. Why, what hard luck have you, gentlemen!

Exit FALSELIGHT

Easy. Why, master Blastfield!
Sho. Pish! 480
Easy. You're so discontented too presently, a man cannot tell how to speak to you.
Sho. Why, what would you say?
Easy. We must make somewhat on't now, sir.
Sho. Ay, where? how? the best is, it lies all upon my neck.—Master Quomodo, can you help me to any money for't? speak.
Quo. Troth, master Blastfield, since myself is so unfurnished, I know not the means 490 how: there's one i' th' street, a new setter up; if any lay out money upon't, 'twill be he.
Sho. His name?
Quo. Master Idem: but you know we cannot give but greatly to your loss, because we gain and live by't.
Sho. 'Sfoot, will he give anything?
Easy. Ay, stand upon that.
Sho. Will he give anything? the brokers will give nothing: to no purpose. 500
Quo. Falselight!

Re-enter FALSELIGHT *above*

Fal. Over your head, sir.
Quo. Desire master Idem to come presently, and look upo' th' cloth.
Fal. I will, sir. *Exit above*
Sho. What if he should offer but a hundred pound?
Easy. If he want twenty on't,[2] let's take it.
Sho. Say you so? 510
Easy. Master Quomodo, he will have four or five hundred pound for you of his own within three or four days.

Enter THOMASINE

Sho. 'Tis true, he said so indeed.

[1] Blockaded. [2] Lack twenty of that.

Easy. Is that your wife, master Quomodo?
Quo. That's she, little Thomasine.
Easy. Under your leave, sir, I'll show myself a gentleman.[1]
Quo. Do, and welcome, master Easy.
Easy. I have commission for what I do, 520 lady, from your husband. *Kisses her*
Tho. You may have a stronger commission for the next, an't please you, that's from myself.

Enter SIM

Easy. You teach me the best law, lady.
Tho. [*aside*] Beshrew my blood, a proper springall[2] and a sweet gentleman. [*Exit*
Quo. My son, Sim Quomodo:—here's more work for you, master Easy; you must salute him too,—[*aside*] for he's like to be heir of 530 thy land, I can tell thee.
Sim. *Vim, vitam, spemque salutem.*
Quo. He shows you there he was a Cambridge man, sir; but now he's a Templar:[3] has he not good grace to make a lawyer?
Easy. A very good grace to make a lawyer.
Sho. [*aside*] For indeed he has no grace at all.
Quo. Some gave me counsel to make 540 him a divine—
Easy. Fie, fie!
Quo. But some of our livery[4] think it an unfit thing, that our own sons should tell us of our vices: others to make him a physician; but then, being my heir, I'm afraid he would make me away: now, a lawyer, they're all willing to, because 'tis good for our trade, and increaseth the number of cloth gowns; and indeed 'tis the fittest for a citizen's son, for 550 our word is, What do ye lack? and their word is, What do you give?
Easy. Exceeding proper.

Re-enter FALSELIGHT *disguised as* IDEM

Quo. Master Idem, welcome.
Fal. I have seen the cloth, sir.
Quo. Very well.
Fal. I am but a young setter up; the uttermost I dare venture upon't is threescore pound.
Sho. What? 560
Fal. If it be for me so, I am for it; if not, you have your cloth, and I have my money.

[1] Offer the usual courtesy, a kiss.
[2] Handsome youngster. [3] Law student.
[4] Guild, the Woolen Drapers.

Easy. Nay, pray, master Blastfield, refuse not his kind offer.

Sho. A bargain then, master Idem, clap hands.[1]—[*aside*] He's finely cheated!—Come, let's all to the next tavern, and see the money paid.

Easy. A match.

Quo. I follow you, gentlemen; take my son along with you. [*Exeunt all but* QUOMODO] —Now to my keys: I'm master Idem, he must fetch the money. First have I caught him in a bond for two hundred pound; and my two hundred pounds' worth a' cloth again for threescore pound. Admire me, all you students at inns of cozenage.[2]

[*Exit*

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

The COUNTRY WENCH'S *Lodging*

The Country Wench *discovered, dressed gentlewoman-like, in a new-fashioned gown: the* Tailor *points*[3] *it; while* MISTRESS COMINGS, *a tirewoman,*[4] *is busy about her head:* HELLGILL *looking on*

Hell. You talk of an alteration: here's the thing itself. What base birth does not raiment make glorious? and what glorious births do not rags make infamous? Why should not a woman confess what she is now, since the finest are but deluding shadows, begot between tirewomen and tailors? for instance, behold their parents!

Mrs. C. Say what you will, this wire[5] becomes you best.—How say you, tailor?

Tai. I promise you 'tis a wire would draw me from my work seven days a week.

Coun. W. Why, do you work a' Sundays, tailor?

Tai. Hardest of all a' Sundays, because we are most forbidden.

Coun. W. Troth, and so do most of us women; the better day the better deed, we think.

Mrs. C. Excellent, exceeding, i'faith! a narrow-eared wire sets out a cheek so fat and so full: and if you be ruled by me, you shall wear your hair still like a mock-face[6] behind: 'tis such an Italian world, many men know not before from behind.

Tai. How like you the sitting of this gown now, mistress Comings?

Mrs. C. It sits at marvellous good ease and comely discretion.

Hell. Who would think now this fine sophisticated squall[1] came out of the bosom of a barn, and the loins of a hay-tosser?

Coun. W. Out, you saucy, pestiferous pander! I scorn that, i'faith.

Hell. Excellent! already the true phrase and style of a strumpet. Stay; a little more of the red, and then I take my leave of your cheek for four and twenty hours.—Do you not think it impossible that her own father should know her now, if he saw her?

Coun. W. Why, I think no less: how can he know me, when I scarce know myself?

Hell. 'Tis right.

Coun. W. But so well you lay wait for a man for me!

Hell. I protest I have bestowed much labor about it; and in fit time, good news I hope.

Enter a Servant, *bringing in the* Country Wench's Father *disguised*

Ser. I've found one yet at last, in whose preferment I hope to reap credit.

Coun. W. Is that the fellow?

Ser. Lady, it is.

Coun. W. Art thou willing to serve me, fellow?

Fath. So please you, he that has not the heart to serve such a mistress as your beautiful self, deserves to be honored for a fool, or knighted for a coward.

Coun. W. There's too many of them already.

Fath. 'Twere sin then to raise the number.

Coun. W. Well, we'll try both our likings for a month, and then either proceed or let fall the suit.

Fath. Be it as you have spoke, but 'tis my hope a longer term.

Coun. W. No, truly; our term ends once a month: we should get more than the lawyers, for they have but four terms a year, and we have twelve, and that makes 'em run so fast to us in the vacation.

Fath. [*aside*] A mistress of a choice beauty! Amongst such imperfect creatures I ha' not

[1] Shake hands.
[2] Swindling.
[3] Ties the laces.
[4] Hair-dresser.
[5] Head-dress.
[6] An arrangement of the back hair.

[1] Little woman.

seen a perfecter. I should have reckoned the fortunes of my daughter amongst the happiest, had she lighted into such a service; whereas now I rest doubtful whom or where she serves.

Coun. W. There's for your bodily advice, tailor; and there's for your head-counsel [*giving money to the* Tailor *and to* Mistress COMINGS]; and I discharge you both till tomorrow morning again.

Tai. At which time our neatest attendance.

Mrs. C. I pray, have an especial care, howsoever you stand or lie, that nothing fall upon your hair to batter your wire.

Coun. W. I warrant you for that. [*Exit* Mistress COMINGS, *with the* Tailor]—Which gown becomes me best now, the purple satin or this?

Hell. If my opinion might rule over you—

Enter LETHE, REARAGE, *and* SALEWOOD

Let. Come, gallants, I'll bring you to a beauty shall strike your eyes into your hearts: what you see, you shall desire, yet never enjoy.

Rear. And that's a villainous torment.

Sale. And is she but your underput,[1] master Lethe?

Let. No more, of my credit; and a gentlewoman of a great house, noble parentage, unmatchable education, my plain pung.[2] I may grace her with the name of a courtesan, a backslider, a prostitution, or such a toy; but when all comes to all, 'tis but a plain pung. Look you, gentlemen, that's she; behold her!

Coun. W. O my beloved strayer! I consume in thy absence.

Let. La, you now! You shall not say I'll be proud to you, gentlemen; I give you leave to salute her.—[*aside*] I'm afraid of nothing now, but that she'll utterly disgrace 'em, turn tail to 'em, and place their kisses behind her. No, by my faith, she deceives me; by my troth, sh'as kissed 'em both with her lips. I thank you for that music, masters. 'Slid, they both court her at once; and see, if she ha' not the wit to stand still and let 'em! I think if two men were brewed into one, there is that woman would drink 'em up both.

Rear. [*To* Wench] A coxcomb! he a courtier!

Coun. W. He says he has a place there.[3]

Sale. So has the fool, a better place than he, and can come where he dare not show his head.

Let. Nay, hear you me, gentlemen—

Sale. I protest you were the last man we spoke on: we're a little busy yet; pray, stay there awhile; we'll come to you presently.

Let. [*aside*] This is good, i'faith: endure this, and be a slave for ever! Since you neither savor of good breeding nor bringing up, I'll slice your hamstrings, but I'll make you show mannerly.—Pox on you, leave courting: I ha' not the heart to hurt an Englishman, i'faith, or else—

Sale. What else?

Let. Prithee, let's be merry; nothing else.—Here, fetch some wine.

Coun. W. Let my servant go for't.

Let. Yours? which is he?

Fath. This, sir.—[*aside*] But I scarce like my mistress now: the loins can ne'er be safe where the flies be so busy.

Wit, by experience bought, foils wit at school:
Who proves a deeper knave than a spent fool?—

I am gone for your worship's wine, sir. *Exit*

Hell. Sir, you put up too much indignity; bring company to cut your own throat. The fire is not yet so hot, that you need two screens before it; 'tis but new kindled yet: if 'twere risen to a flame, I could not blame you then to put others before you; but, alas, all the heat yet is comfortable; a cherisher, not a defacer!

Let. Prithee, let 'em alone; they'll be ashamed on't anon, I trow, if they have any grace in 'em.

Hell. [*aside*] I'd fain have him quarrel, fight, and be assuredly killed, that I might beg his place, for there's ne'er a one void yet.

Coun. W. You'll make him mad anon.

Sale. 'Tis to that end.

Enter SHORTYARD *and* EASY

Sho. Yet at last master Quomodo is as firm as his promise.

Easy. Did I not tell you still he would?

Sho. Let me see; I am seven hundred pound in bond now to the rascal.

Easy. Nay, you're no less, master Blastfield; look to't. By my troth, I must needs confess, sir, you ha' been uncommonly kind to me since I ha' been to town: but master Alsup shall know on't.

Sho. That's my ambition, sir.

[1] Mistress.
[2] Harlot.
[3] At court.

Easy. I beseech you, sir,—stay, this is Lethe's haunt; see, we have catched him.

Let. Master Blastfield and master Easy? you're kind gentlemen both.

Sho. Is that the beauty you famed so?

Let. The same.

Sho. Who be those so industrious about her?

Let. Rearage and Salewood: I'll tell you the unmannerliest trick of 'em that ever you heard in your life.

Sho. Prithee, what's that?

Let. I invited 'em hither to look upon her; brought 'em along with me; gave 'em leave to salute her in kindness: what do they but most saucily fall in love with her, very impudently court her for themselves, and, like two crafty attorneys, finding a hole in my lease, go about to defeat me of my right?

Sho. Ha' they so little conscience?

Let. The most uncivilest part[1] that you have seen! I know they'll be sorry for it when they have done; for there's no man but gives a sigh after his sin of women; I know it by myself.

Sho. You parcel of a rude, saucy, and unmannerly nation—

Let. [*aside*] One good thing in him, he'll tell 'em on't roundly.

Sho. Cannot a gentleman purchase a little fire to thaw his appetite by, but must you, that have been daily singed in the flame, be as greedy to beguile him on't? How can it appear in you but maliciously, and that you go about to engross hell to yourselves? heaven forbid that you should not suffer a stranger to come in! the devil himself is not so unmannerly. I do not think but some of them rather will be wise enough to beg offices there before you, and keep you out; marry, all the spite will be, they cannot sell 'em again.

Easy. Come, are you not to blame? not to give place,—to us, I mean.

Let. A worse and worse disgrace!

Coun. W. Nay, gentlemen, you wrong us both then: stand from me; I protest I'll draw my silver bodkin[2] upon you.

Sho. Clubs,[3] clubs!—Gentlemen, stand upon your guard.

Coun. W. A gentlewoman must swagger a little now and then, I perceive; there would be no civility in her chamber else. Though it be my hard fortune to have my keeper there a coward, the thing that's kept is a gentlewoman born.

Sho. And, to conclude, a coward, infallible of your side:[1] why, do you think, i'faith, I took you to be a coward? do I think you'll turn your back to any man living? you'll be whipped first.

Easy. And then indeed she turns her back to some man living.

Sho. But that man shows himself a knave, for he dares not show his own face when he does it;[2] for some of the common council in Henry the Eighth's days thought it modesty at that time that one vizzard[3] should look upon another.

Easy. 'Twas honestly considered of 'em, i'faith.

Enter Mother Gruel

Sho. How now? what piece of stuff[4] comes here?

Let. [*aside*] Now, some good news yet to recover my repute, and grace me in this company.—Gentlemen, are we friends among ourselves?

Sho. United.

Re-enter Father *with wine*

Let. Then here comes Rhenish[5] to confirm our amity.—Wagtail,[6] salute them all; they are friends.

Coun. W. Then, saving my quarrel, to you all.

Sho. To's all. *They drink*

Coun. W. Now beshrew your hearts, and you do not.

Sho. To sweet master Lethe.

Let. Let it flow this way, dear master Blastfield.—Gentlemen, to you all.

Sho. This Rhenish wine is like the scouring stick to a gun, it makes the barrel clear; it has an excellent virtue, it keeps all the sinks in man and woman's body sweet in June and July; and, to say truth, if ditches were not cast once a year, and drabs once a month, there would be no abiding i' th' city.

Let. Gentlemen, I'll make you privy to a letter I sent.

Sho. A letter comes well after privy; it makes amends.

[1] Act.
[2] Hair-pin.
[3] The cry of the London apprentices to rally.

[1] By your own reasoning. (Sampson).
[2] The executioner was masked.
[3] Mask.
[4] Old petticoat.
[5] Rhine-wine.
[6] Harlot.

Let. There's one Quomodo a draper's daughter in town, whom for her happy portion I wealthily affect.

Rear. And not for love?—This makes for me his rival:
Bear witness. [*To* SALEWOOD]

Let. The father does elect me for the man,
The daughter says the same.

Sho. Are you not well? 280

Let. Yes, all but for the mother;[1] she's my sickness.

Sho. Byrlady, and the mother is a pestilent, wilful, troublesome sickness, I can tell you, if she light upon you handsomely.

Let. I find it so: she for a stranger pleads,
Whose name I ha' not learn'd.

Rear. [*aside*] And e'en now he called me by it.

Let. Now, as my letter told her, since 290 only her consent kept aloof off, what might I think on't but that she merely[2] doted upon me herself?

Sho. Very assuredly.

Sale. This makes still for you.

Sho. Did you let it go so, i'faith?

Let. You may believe it, sir.—Now, what says her answer?

Sho. Ay, her answer.

Moth. G. She says you're a base, proud 300 knave, and like your worship.

Let. How!

Sho. Nay, hear out her answer, or there's no goodness in you.

Moth. G. You ha' forgot, she says, in what pickle your worship came up, and brought two of your friends to give their words for a suit of green kersey.

Let. Drudge, peace, or—

Sho. Show yourself a gentleman: she had 310 the patience to read your letter, which was as bad as this can be: what will she think on't? not hear her answer!—Speak, good his drudge.

Moth. G. And as for her daughter, she hopes she'll be ruled by her in time, and not be carried away with a cast of manchets,[3] a bottle of wine, and a custard; which once made her daughter sick, because you came by it with a bad conscience.

Let. Gentlemen, I'm all in a sweat. 320

Sho. That's very wholesome for your body: nay, you must keep in your arms.

[1] *Hysterica passio*, and also in allusion to Mistress Quomodo.
[2] Absolutely.
[3] *Cf. II, iii, 26.*

Moth. G. Then she demanded of me whether I was your worship's aunt[1] or no?

Let. Out, out, out!

Moth. G. Alas, said I, I am a poor drudge of his! Faith, and[2] thou wert his mother, quoth she, he'd make thee his drudge, I warrant him. Marry, out upon him, quoth I, an't like your worship. 330

Let. Horror, horror! I'm smothered: let me go; torment me not. *Exit*

Sho. And you love me, let's follow him, gentlemen.

Rear. and Sale. Agreed. *Exeunt*

Sho. I count a hundred pound well spent to pursue a good jest, master Easy.

Easy. By my troth, I begin to bear that mind too.

Sho. Well said, i'faith: hang money! 340 good jests are worth silver at all times.

Easy. They're worth gold, master Blastfield. *Exeunt all except* Country Wench *and her* Father

Country W. Do you deceive me so? Are you toward marriage,[3] i'faith, master Lethe? it shall go hard but I'll forbid the banes:[4] I'll send a messenger into your bones, another into your purse, but I'll do't. *Exit*

Fath. Thou fair and wicked creature steep'd in art!
Beauteous and fresh, the soul the foulest part. 350
A common filth is like a house possessed,
Where, if not spoiled, you'll come out 'fraid at least.
This service likes not me: though I rest poor,
I hate the basest use to screen a whore.
The human stroke ne'er made him; he that can
Be bawd to woman never leaped from man;
Some monster won his mother.
I wish'd my poor child hither; doubled wrong!
A month and such a mistress were too long.
Yet here awhile in others' lives I'll see 360
How former follies did appear in me. *Exit*

SCENE II

A Street

Enter EASY *and* BOY

Easy. Boy!

Boy. Anon, sir.

Easy. Where left you master Blastfield, your master, say you?

[1] Bawd.
[2] If.
[3] Looking to be married.
[4] Banns.

Boy. An hour since I left him in Paul's, sir:—[*aside*] but you'll not find him the same man again next time you meet him.

Easy. Methinks I have no being without his company; 'tis so full of kindness and delight: I hold him to be the only companion in earth.

Boy. [*aside*] Ay, as companions go now-a-days, that help to spend a man's money.

Easy. So full of nimble wit, various discourse, pregnant apprehension, and uncommon entertainment! he might keep company with any lord for his grace.

Boy. [*aside*] Ay, with any lord that were past it.

Easy. And such a good, free-hearted, honest, affable kind of gentleman.—Come, boy, a heaviness will possess me till I see him. *Exit*

Boy. But you'll find yourself heavier then, by a seven hundred pound weight. Alas, poor birds that cannot keep the sweet country, where they fly at pleasure, but must needs come to London to have their wings clipped, and are fain to go hopping home again! *Exit*

SCENE III

A Street near St. Paul's

Enter SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *disguised as a Sergeant and a Yeoman*

Sho. So, no man is so impudent to deny that: spirits can change their shapes, and soonest of all into sergeants, because they are cousin-germans[1] to spirits; for there's but two kind of arrests till doomsday,—the devil for the soul, the sergeant for the body; but afterward the devil arrests body and soul, sergeant and all, if they be knaves still and deserve it. Now, my yeoman Falselight.

Fal. I attend you, good sergeant Shortyard.

Sho. No more master Blastfield now. Poor Easy, hardly beset!

Fal. But how if he should go to prison? we're in a mad state[2] then, being not sergeants.

Sho. Never let it come near thy belief that he'll take prison, or stand out in law, knowing the debt to be due, but still expect the presence of master Blastfield, kind master Blastfield, worshipful master Blastfield; and at the last—

[1] First cousins.
[2] Difficult position.

Boy. [*within*] Master Shortyard, master Falselight!

Sho. The boy? a warning-piece.[1] See where he comes.

Enter EASY *and* BOY

Easy. Is not in Paul's.

Boy. He is not far off sure, sir.

Easy. When was his hour, sayst thou?

Boy. Two, sir.

Easy. Why, two has struck.

Boy. No, sir, they are now a-striking.[2]

Sho. Master Richard Easy of Essex, we arrest you.

Easy. Hah?

Boy. Alas, a surgeon! he's hurt i' th' shoulder. *Exit*

Sho. Deliver your weapons quietly, sir.

Easy. Why, what's the matter?

Sho. You're arrested at the suit of master Quomodo.

Easy. Master Quomodo?

Sho. How strange you make it! You're a landed gentleman, sir, I know; 'tis but a trifle, a bond of seven hundred pound.

Easy. La, I knew you had mistook; you should arrest one master Blastfield; 'tis his bond, his debt.

Sho. Is not your name there?

Easy. True, for fashion's sake.

Sho. Why, and 'tis for fashion's sake that we arrest you.

Easy. Nay, and it be no more, I yield to that: I know master Blastfield will see me take no injury as long as I'm in town, for master Alsup's sake.

Sho. Who's that, sir?

Easy. An honest gentleman in Essex.

Sho. O, in Essex? I thought you had been in London, where now your business lies: honesty from Essex will be a great while a-coming, sir; you should look out an honest pair of citizens.

Easy. Alas, sir, I know not where to find 'em!

Sho. No? there's enow in town.

Easy. I know not one, by my troth; I am a mere stranger for these parts: master Quomodo is all, and the honestest that I know.

Sho. To him then let's set forward.—Yeoman Spiderman, cast an eye about for master Blastfield.

[1] Signal gun.
[2] They, the clocks, also the sergeants.

Easy. Boy!—Alas, the poor boy was frightened away at first!

Sho. Can you blame him, sir? we that daily fray away knights, may fright away boys, I hope. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV

QUOMODO'S *Shop*

Enter QUOMODO *and* Boy; THOMASINE *watching above*

Quo. Ha! have they him, sayst thou?

Boy. As sure as—

Quo. The land's mine: that's sure enough, boy.

Let me advance thee, knave, and give thee a kiss:
My plot's so firm, I dare it now to miss.
Now shall I be divulged a landed man
Throughout the livery: one points, another whispers,
A third frets inwardly; let him fret and hang!
Especially his envy I shall have
That would be fain, yet cannot be a knave; 10
Like an old lecher girt in a furrèd gown,
Whose mind stands stiff, but his performance down.

Now come my golden days in. Whither is the worshipful master Quomodo and his fair bedfellow rid forth? To his land in Essex. Whence come those goodly loads of logs? From his land in Essex. Where grows this pleasant fruit, says one citizen's wife in the Row?[1] At master Quomodo's orchard in Essex. O, O, does it so? I thank you for that good news, i'faith. 21

Boy. Here they come with him, sir. *Exit*

Quo. Grant me patience in my joys, that being so great, I run not mad with 'em!

Enter SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *disguised as before, bringing in* EASY

Sho. Bless master Quomodo!

Quo. How now, sergeants? who ha' you brought me here?—Master Easy!

Easy. Why, la you now, sergeants; did I not tell you you mistook?

Quo. Did you not hear me say, I had 30 rather ha' had master Blastfield, the more sufficient man a great deal?

Sho. Very true, sir; but this gentleman lighting into our hands first—

[1] Goldsmith's Row in Cheapside.

Quo. Why did you so, sir?

Sho. We thought good to make use of that opportunity, and hold him fast.

Quo. You did well in that, I must needs say, for your own securities: but 'twas not my mind, master Easy, to have you first; you must needs think so. 41

Easy. I dare swear that, master Quomodo.

Quo. But since you are come to me, I have no reason to refuse you; I should show little manners in that, sir.

Easy. But I hope you spake not in that sense, sir, to impose the bond upon me?

Quo. By my troth, that's my meaning, sir; you shall find me an honest man; you see I mean what I say. Is not the day past, 50 the money untendered? you'd ha' me live uprightly, master Easy?

Easy. Why, sir, you know master Blastfield is the man.

Quo. Why, sir, I know master Blastfield is the man; but is he any more than one man? Two entered into bond to me, or I'm foully cozened.[1]

Easy. You know my entrance was but for fashion sake. 60

Quo. Why, I'll agree to you: you'll grant 'tis the fashion likewise, when the bond's due, to have the money paid again.

Sho. So we told him, sir, and that it lay in your worship's courtesy to arrest which you please.

Quo. Marry, does it, sir—these fellows know the law. Beside, you offered yourself into bond to me, you know, when I had no stomach to you: now beshrew your heart for your 70 labor! I might ha' had a good substantial citizen, that would ha' paid the sum roundly, although I think you sufficient enough for seven hundred pound: beside the forfeiture, I would be loath to disgrace you so much before sergeants.

Easy. If you would ha' the patience, sir, I do not think but master Blastfield is at carrier's[2] to receive the money.

Quo. He will prove the honester man 80 then, and you the better discharged. I wonder he should break with me; 'twas never his practice. You must not be angry with me now, though you were somewhat hot when you entered into bond; you may easily go in angrily, but you cannot come out so.

[1] Cheated.

[2] Inn, the office in London of a provincial carrier or messenger.

Easy. No, the devil's in't for that!

Sho. Do you hear, sir? a' my troth, we pity you: ha' you any store of crowns[1] about you?

Easy. Faith, a poor store; yet they shall be at their service that will strive to do me good.—[*aside*] We were both drunk last night, and ne'er thought upon the bond.

Sho. I must tell you this, you have fell into the hands of a most merciless devourer, the very gull a' the city: should you offer him money, goods, or lands now, he'd rather have your body in prison, he's a' such a nature.

Easy. Prison? we're undone then!

Sho. He's a' such a nature, look; let him owe any man a spite, what's his course? he will lend him money today, a' purpose to 'rest him tomorrow.

Easy. Defend me!

Sho. Has at least sixteen at this instant proceeded in both the counters;[2] some bachelors, some masters, some doctors of captivity of twenty years' standing; and he desires nothing more than imprisonment.

Easy. Would master Blastfield would come away!

Sho. Ay, then things would not be as they are. What will you say to us, if we procure you two substantial subsidy citizens[3] to bail you, spite on's heart, and set you at liberty to find out master Blastfield?

Easy. Sergeant, here, take all; I'll be dear to you, do but perform it.

Sho. Much![4]

Fal. Enough, sweet sergeant; I hope I understand thee.

Sho. I love to prevent the malice of such a rascal; perhaps you might find master Blastfield tonight.

Easy. Why, we lie together,[5] man; there's the jest on't.

Sho. Fie: and you'll seek to secure your bail, because they will be two citizens of good account, you must do that for your credit sake.

Easy. I'll be bound to save them harmless.

Sho. A pox on him, you cut his throat then: no words.

Easy. What's it you require me, master Quomodo?

Quo. You know that before this time, I hope, sir; present money, or present imprisonment.

Sho. I told you so.

Easy. We ne'er had money of you.

Quo. You had commodities, an't please you.

Easy. Well, may I not crave so much liberty upon my word, to seek out master Blastfield?

Quo. Yes, and[1] you would not laugh at me: we are sometimes gulls[2] to gentlemen, I thank 'em; but gentlemen are never gulls to us, I commend 'em.

Sho. Under your leave, master Quomodo, the gentleman craves the furtherance of an hour; and it sorts well with our occasion at this time, having a little urgent business at Guildhall;[3] at which minute we'll return, and see what agreement is made.

Quo. Nay, take him along with you, sergeant.

Easy. I'm undone then!

Sho. He's your prisoner; and being safe in your house at your own disposing, you cannot deny him such a request: beside he hath a little faith in master Blastfield's coming, sir.

Quo. Let me not be too long delayed, I charge you.

Easy. Not an hour, i'faith, sir.

Exeunt SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT

Quo. O master Easy, of all men living I never dreamed you would ha' done me this injury! make me wound my credit, fail in my commodities, bring my state[4] into suspicion! for the breaking of your day to me has broken my day to others.

Easy. You tell me of that still which is no fault of mine, master Quomodo.

Quo. O, what's a man but his honesty, master Easy? and that's a fault amongst most of us all. Mark but this note; I'll give you good counsel now. As often as you give your name to a bond, you must think you christen a child, and take the charge on't, too; for as the one, the bigger it grows, the more cost it requires, so the other, the longer it lies, the more charges it puts you to. Only here's the difference; a child must be broke, and a bond must not; the more you break children, the more you keep 'em under; but the more you break bonds, the more they'll leap in your

[1] Money.
[2] Prisons.
[3] Citizens of sufficient wealth.
[4] Much I will.
[5] Lodge at the same house.

[1] If.
[2] Fools.
[3] London City Hall.
[4] Financial credit.

face; and therefore, to conclude, I would never undertake to be gossip[1] to that bond which I would not see well brought up.

Easy. Say you so, sir? I'll think upon your counsel hereafter for't.

Quo. [*aside*] Ah, fool, thou shouldest ne'er ha' tasted such wit,[2] but that I know 'tis too late!

Tho. [*aside*] The more I grieve.

Quo. To put all this[3] into the compass of a little hoop-ring,[4]—
Make this account come better days or worse,
So many bonds abroad, so many boys at nurse.

Easy. A good medicine[5] for a short memory: but since you have entered so far, whose children are desperate debts, I pray?

Quo. Faith, they are like the offsprings of stolen lust, put to the hospital: their fathers are not to be found; they are either too far abroad, or too close within:[6] and thus for your memory's sake,—
The desperate debtor hence derives his name,
One that has neither money, land, nor fame;
All that he makes prove bastards, and not bands:[7]
But such as yours at first are born to lands.

Easy. But all that I beget hereafter I'll soon disinherit, master Quomodo.

Quo. [*aside*] In the meantime, here's a a shrewd knave will disinherit you.

Easy. Well, to put you out of all doubt, master Quomodo, I'll not trust to your courtesy; I ha' sent for bail.

Quo. How? you've cozened me there, i'faith!

Easy. Since the worst comes to the worst, I have those friends i' th' city, I hope, that will not suffer me to lie[8] for seven hundred pound.

Quo. And you told me you had no friends here at all: how should a man trust you now?

Easy. That was but to try your courtesy, master Quomodo.

Quo. [*aside*] How unconscionably he gulls himself!—They must be wealthy, subsidymen, sir, at least forty pound i' th' king's books,[9] I can tell you, that do such a feat for you.

[1] God-parent.
[2] Wisdom.
[3] This good advice.
[4] Make a posy or little rhyme for a ring.
[5] Remedy.
[6] In prison.
[7] Bonds.
[8] Lie in prison.
[9] Assessed at £40.

Re-enter SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT, *disguised as wealthy Citizens in satin suits*

Easy. Here they come, whatsoe'er they are.

Quo. Byrlady, alderman's deputies!—I am very sorry for you, sir; I cannot refuse such men.

Sho. Are you the gentleman in distress?

Easy. None more than myself, sir.

Quo. [*aside*] He speaks truer than he thinks; for if he knew the hearts that owe[1] those faces! A dark shop's good for somewhat.

Easy. That was all, sir.

Sho. And that's enough; for by that means you have made yourself liable to the bond, as well as that Basefield.

Easy. Blastfield, sir.

Sho. O, cry you mercy; 'tis Blastfield indeed.

Easy. But, under both your worships' favors, I know where to find him presently.

Sho. That's all your refuge.

[*Re-enter* Boy]

Boy. News, good news, master Easy!

Easy. What, boy?

Boy. Master Blastfield, my master, has received a thousand pound, and will be at his lodging at supper.

Easy. Happy news! Hear you that, master Quomodo?

Quo. 'Tis enough for you to hear that; you're the fortunate man, sir.

Easy. Not now, I beseech your good worships.

Sho. Gentleman, what's your tother name?

Easy. Easy.

Sho. O, master Easy. I would we could rather pleasure you otherwise, master Easy; you should soon perceive it. I'll speak a proud word: we have pitied more gentlemen in distress than any two citizens within the freedom;[2] but to be bail to seven hundred pound action is a matter of shrewd weight.

Easy. I'll be bound to secure you.

Sho. Tut, what's your bond, sir?

Easy. Body, goods, and lands, immediately before master Quomodo.

Sho. Shall we venture once again, that have been so often undone by gentlemen?

Fal. I have no great stomach[3] to't; it will appear in us more pity than wisdom.

[1] Own.
[2] City limits.
[3] Inclination.

Easy. Why should you say so, sir?

Sho. I like the gentleman's face well; he does not look as if he would deceive us.

Easy. O, not I, sir!

Sho. Come, we'll make a desperate voyage once again; we'll try his honesty, and take his single bond, of body, goods, and lands.

Easy. I dearly thank you, sir.

Sho. Master Quomodo—

Quo. Wour worships.

Sho. We have took a course to set your prisoner free.

Quo. Your worships are good bail; you content me.

Sho. Come, then, and be a witness to a recullisance.[1]

Quo. With all my heart, sir.

Sho. Master Easy, you must have an especial care now to find out that Blastfield.

Easy. I shall have him at my lodging, sir.

Sho. The suit will be followed against you else; master Quomodo will come upon us, and forsake you.

Easy. I know that, sir.

Sho. Well, since I see you have such a good mind to be honest, I'll leave some greater affairs, and sweat with you to find him myself.

Easy. Here then my misery ends:
A stranger's kindness oft exceeds a friend's.

Exeunt

Tho. Thou art deceived; thy misery but begins:
To beguile goodness is the core of sins.
My love is such unto thee, that I die
As often as thou drink'st up injury;
Yet have no means to warn thee from't, for he
That sows in craft does reap in jealousy.

Exit above

SCENE V

A Street

Enter Rearage *and* Salewood

Rear. Now the letter's made up and all; it wants but the print of a seal, and away it goes to master Quomodo. Andrew Lethe is well whipped in't; his name stands in a white sheet[2] here, and does penance for him.

Sale. You have shame enough against him, if that be good.

[1] Recognizance.
[2] Like a penitent.

Rear. First, as a contempt of that reverend ceremony he has in hand, to wit, marriage.

Sale. Why do you say, to wit, marriage, when you know there's none will marry that's wise?

Rear. Had it not more need then to have wit to put to't, if it be grown to a folly?

Sale. You've won; I'll give't you.[1]

Rear. 'Tis no thanks now:[2] but, as I was saying, as a foul contempt to that sacred ceremony, he most audaciously keeps a drab in town, and, to be free from the interruption of blue beadles[3] and other bawdy officers, he most politicly lodges her in a constable's house.

Sale. That's a pretty point, i'faith.

Rear. And so the watch, that should fetch her out, are her chiefest guard to keep her in.

Sale. It must needs be; for look, how the constable plays his conscience, the watchmen will follow the suit.

Rear. Why, well then.

Enter Easy, *and* Shortyard *disguised as a rich Citizen*

Easy. All night from me? he's hurt, he's made away!

Sho. Where shall we seek him now? you lead me fair jaunts, sir.

Easy. Pray, keep a little patience, sir; I shall find him at last, you shall see.

Sho. A citizen of my ease and substance to walk so long a-foot!

Easy. You should ha' had my horse, but that he has eaten out his head,[4] sir.

Sho. How? would you had me hold him by the tail, sir, then?

Easy. Manners forbid! 'tis no part of my meaning, sir. O, here's master Rearage and master Salewood: now we shall hear of him presently.—Gentlemen both.

Sale. Master Easy? how fare you, sir?

Easy. Very well in health. Did you see master Blastfield this morning?

Sale. I was about to move it to you.[5]

Rear. We were all three in a mind then.

Sale. I ha' not set eye on him these two days.

Rear. I wonder he keeps so long from us, i'faith.

Easy. I begin to be sick.

[1] I give up.
[2] It doesn't matter.
[3] Officers in charge of petty offences.
[4] I've ceased to maintain him.
[5] Ask you.

Sale. Why, what's the matter?

Easy. Nothing, in troth, but a great desire I had to have seen him.

Rear. I wonder you should miss on't lately; you're his bedfellow.

Easy. I lay alone to-night, i'faith, I do not know how. O, here comes master Lethe; he can dispatch me.—

Enter LETHE

Master Lethe!

Let. What's your name, sir? O, cry you mercy, master Easy.

Easy. When parted you from master Blastfield, sir?

Let. Blastfield's an ass: I have sought him these two days to beat him.

Easy. Yourself all alone, sir?

Let. Ay, and three more. *Exit*

Sho. [*aside*] I am glad I am where I am, then; I perceive 'twas time of all hands.

Rear. Content, i'faith; let's trace him. *Exit with* SALEWOOD

Sho. What, have you found him yet? neither? what's to be done now? I'll venture my body no further for any gentleman's pleasure: I know not how soon I may be called upon, and now to overheat myself—

Easy. I'm undone!

Sho. This is you that slept with him! you can make fools of us; but I'll turn you over to Quomodo for't.

Easy. Good sir—

Sho. I'll prevent[1] mine own danger.

Easy. I beseech you, sir—

Sho. Though I love gentlemen well, I do not mean to be undone for 'em.

Easy. Pray, sir, let me request you, sir; sweet sir, I beseech you, sir— *Exeunt*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

QUOMODO'S *Shop*

Enter QUOMODO, SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *disguised as before, after whom* EASY *follows hard*

Sho. Made fools of us! not to be found!

Quo. What, what!

Easy. Do not undo me quite, though, master Quomodo.

[1] Anticipate.

Quo. You're very welcome, master Easy: I ha' nothing to say to you; I'll not touch you; you may go when you please; I have good bail here, I thank their worships.

Easy. What shall I say, or whom shall I beseech?

Sho. Gentlemen! 'slid, they were born to undo us, I think: but, for my part, I'll make an oath before master Quomodo here, ne'er to do gentlemen good while I live.

Fal. I'll not be long behind you.

Sho. Away! if you had any grace in you, you would be ashamed to look us i' th' face, ywis:[1] I wonder with what brow you can come amongst us. I should seek my fortunes far enough, if I were you; and neither return to Essex, to be a shame to my predecessors, nor remain about London, to be a mock to my successors.

Quo. [*aside*] Subtle Shortyard!

Sho. Here are his lands forfeited to us, Master Quomodo; and to avoid the inconscionable trouble of law, all the assurance he made to us we willingly resign to you.

Quo. What shall I do with rubbish? give me money: 'tis for your worships to have land, that keep great houses; I should be hoisted.[2]

Sho. But, master Quomodo, if you would but conceive it aright, the land would fall fitter to you than to us.

Easy. [*aside*] Curtsying about my land!

Sho. You have a towardly son and heir, as we hear.

Quo. I must needs say, he is a Templar indeed.

Sho. We have neither posterity in town, nor hope for any abroad: we have wives, but the marks have been out of their mouths[3] these twenty years; and, as it appears, they did little good when they were in. We could not stand about it, sir; to get riches and children too, 'tis more than one man can do: and I am of those citizens' minds that say, let our wives make shift for children and they will, they get none of us; and I cannot think, but he that has both much wealth and many children has had more helps coming in than himself.

Quo. I am not a bow wide[4] of your mind, sir: and for the thrifty and covetous hopes I

[1] Indeed.
[2] Overtaxed.
[3] Marks on the teeth of a horse, *i.e.*, the wives are old.
[4] The length of a bow.

have in my son and heir, Sim Quomodo, that he will never trust his land in wax and parchment,[1] as many gentlemen have done before him—

Easy. [*aside*] A by-blow[2] for me.

Enter THOMASINE

Quo. I will honestly discharge you, and receive it in due form and order of law, to strengthen it for ever to my son and heir, that he may undoubtedly enter upon't without the let or molestation of any man, at his or our pleasure whensoever.

Sho. 'Tis so assured unto you.

Quo. Why, then, master Easy, you're a free man, sir; you may deal in what you please, and go whither you will.—Why, Thomasine, master Easy is come from Essex; bid him welcome in a cup of small[3] beer.

Tho. [*aside*] Not only vild,[4] but in it tyrannous.

Quo. If it please you, sir, you know the house; you may visit us often, and dine with us once a quarter.

Easy. Confusion light on you, your wealth, and heir!
Worm gnaw your conscience as the moth your ware!
I am not the first heir that robbed or begged.

Exit

Quo. Excellent, excellent, sweet spirits!

Exit THOMASINE

Sho. Landed master Quomodo!

Quo. Delicate Shortyard, commodious Falselight,
Hug and away, shift, shift[5]
'Tis slight,[6] not strength, that gives the greatest lift.

Exeunt SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT

Now my desires are full,—for this time.
Men may have cormorant wishes, but, alas,
A little thing, three hundred pound a year,
Suffices nature, keeps life and soul together!—
I'll have 'em lopped[7] immediately; I long
To warm myself by th' wood.
A fine journey in the Whitsun holydays, i'faith, to ride down with a number of citizens and their wives, some upon pillions,[8] some upon side-saddles, I and little Thomasine i' th' middle, our son and heir, Sim Quomodo, in a peach-color taffeta jacket, some horse-length, or a long yard before us;—there will be a fine show on's, I can tell you;—where we citizens will laugh and lie down,[1] get all our wives with child against a bank,[2] and get up again. Stay; hah! hast thou that wit, i'faith? 'twill be admirable: to see how the very thought of green fields puts a man into sweet inventions! I will presently possess Sim Quomodo of all the land; I have a toy[3] and I'll do't: and because I see before mine eyes that most of our heirs prove notorious rioters after our deaths, and that cozenage in the father wheels about to folly in the son, our posterity commonly foiled at the same weapon at which we played rarely; and being the world's beaten[4] word,—what's got over the devil's back (that's by knavery) must be spent under his belly (that's by lechery): being awake in these knowings, why should not I oppose 'em now, and break destiny of her custom, preventing that by policy, which without it must needs be destiny? And I have took the course: I will forthwith sicken, call for my keys, make my will, and dispose of all; give my son this blessing, that he trust no man, keep his hand from a quean and a scrivener,[5] live in his father's faith, and do good to nobody: then will I begin to rave like a fellow of a wide conscience,[6] and, for all the world, counterfeit to the life that which I know I shall do when I die,—take on[7] for my gold, my lands, and my writings, grow worse and worse, call upon the devil, and so make an end. By this time I have indented[8] with a couple of searchers,[9] who, to uphold my device, shall fray[10] them out a' th' chamber with report of sickness;[11] and so, la, I start up, and recover again! for in this business I will trust, no, not my spirits, Falselight and Shortyard, but, in disguise, note the condition of all; how pitiful my wife takes my death, which will appear by November in her eye, and the fall of the leaf[12] in her body, but especially by the cost she be-

[1] Legal documents.
[2] Side-thrust.
[3] Light.
[4] Vile.
[5] Bestir yourself.
[6] Cunning.
[7] The trees denuded of limbs for profit.
[8] Back saddle for a second rider.

[1] Laugh heartily; also a game of cards.
[2] Stake of money.
[3] Notion.
[4] Worn out.
[5] Harlot and notary.
[6] Wandering wit.
[7] Rave about.
[8] Made an arrangement with.
[9] Inspectors.
[10] Frighten.
[11] Plague.
[12] Autumn.

stows upon my funeral, there shall I try her love and regard; my daughter's marrying to my will and liking; and my son's affection after my disposing:[1] for, to conclude, I am as jealous of this land as of my wife, to know what would become of it after my decease.

Exit

SCENE II

The COUNTRY WENCH'S *Lodging*

Enter Country Wench *and* Father

Fath. Though I be poor, 'tis my glory to live honest.

Coun. W. I prithee, do not leave me.

Fath. To be bawd!
Hell has not such an office.
I thought at first your mind had been preserved
In virtue and in modesty of blood;
That such a face had not been made to please
Th' unsettled appetites of several men;
Those eyes turned up through prayer, not through lust:
But you are wicked, and my thoughts unjust.[2]

Coun. W. Why, thou art an unreasonable fellow, i'faith. Do not all trades live by their ware, and yet called honest livers? do they not thrive best when they utter[3] most, and make it away by the great?[4] is not wholesale the chiefest merchandise? do you think some merchants could keep their wives so brave[5] but for their wholesale? You're foully deceived and you think so.

Fath. You are so glued to punishment and shame,
Your words e'en deserve whipping.
To bear the habit of a gentlewoman,
And be in mind so distant![6]

Coun. W. Why, you fool you, are not gentlewomen sinners? and there's no courageous sinner amongst us but was a gentlewoman by the mother's side, I warrant you: besides, we are not always bound to think those our fathers that marry our mothers, but those that lie with our mothers; and they may be gentlemen born, and born again for ought we know, you know.

Fath. True:
Corruption may well be generation's first;
We're bad by nature, but by custom worst.

Exeunt

SCENE III

QUOMODO'S *Shop*

Tho. [*within*] O, my husband!
Sim. [*within*] My father, O, my father!
Fal. [*within*] My sweet master, dead!

Enter SHORTYARD *and* Boy

Sho. Run, boy; bid 'em ring out; he's dead, he's gone.

Boy. Then is as arrant a knave gone as e'er was called upon.[1] *Exit*

Sho. The happiest good that ever Shortyard felt!
I want to be expressed,[2] my mirth is such.
To be struck now e'en when joys are high!
Men only kiss their knaveries, and so die;
I've often marked it.
He was a famous cozener while he lived,
And now his son shall reap't; I'll ha' the lands,
Let him study law after; 'tis no labor
To undo him for ever! but for Easy,
Only good confidence did make him foolish,
And not the lack of sense; that was not it:
'Tis worldly craft beats down a scholar's wit.
For this our son and heir now, he
From his conception was entailed an ass,
And he has kept it well, twenty-five years now:
Then the slightest art will do't; the lands lie fair:
No sin to beggar a deceiver's heir. *Exit*

A bell tolls; a confused cry within

Enter THOMASINE *and* WINEFRED *in haste*

Tho. Here, Winefred, here, here, here; I have always found thee secret.

Win. You shall always find me so, mistress.

Tho. Take this letter and this ring—

Giving them

Win. Yes, forsooth.

Tho. O, how all the parts about me shake! —enquire for one master Easy, at his old lodging i' the Blackfriars.

Win. I will indeed, forsooth.

Tho. Tell him, the party that sent him a hundred pound tother day to comfort his heart, has likewise sent him this letter and

[1] Regard for my disposition of affairs.
[2] Mistaken.
[3] Sell.
[4] Do business wholesale.
[5] Well dressed.
[6] Far from gentility.

[1] Summoned by death.
[2] I am unable to express.

this ring, which has that virtue to recover him again for ever, say: name nobody, Winefred.

Win. Not so much as you, forsooth.

Tho. Good girl! thou shalt have a mourning-gown[1] at the burial of mine honesty.

Win. And I'll effect your will a' my fidelity.[2] *Exit* 41

Tho. I do account myself the happiest widow that ever counterfeited weeping, in that I have the leisure now both to do that gentleman good and do myself a pleasure; but I must seem like a hanging moon,[3] a little waterish awhile.

Enter REARAGE *and* Country Wench's Father

Rear. I entertain both thee and thy device; 'Twill put 'em both to shame.

Fath. That is my hope, sir; Especially that strumpet.

Rear. Save you, sweet widow! 50 I suffer for your heaviness.

Tho. O master Rearage, I have lost the dearest husband that ever woman did enjoy!

Rear. You must have patience yet.

Tho. O, talk not to me of patience, and you love me, good master Rearage.

Rear. Yet, if all tongues go right, he did not use you so well as a man mought.[4]

Tho. Nay, that's true indeed, master Rearage; he ne'er used me so well as a woman 60 might have been used, that's certain; in troth, 't'as been our greatest falling out, sir; and though it be the part of a widow to show herself a woman[5] for her husband's death, yet when I remember all his unkindness, I cannot weep a stroke, i'faith, master Rearage: and, therefore, wisely did a great widow in this land comfort up another: "Go to, lady, quoth she, leave blubbering; thou thinkest upon thy husband's good parts when thou sheddest 70 tears; do but remember how often he has lain from thee, and how many naughty slippery turns he has done thee, and thou wilt ne'er weep for him, I warrant thee." You would not think how that counsel has wrought with me, master Rearage; I could not dispend another tear now, and you would give me ne'er so much.

Rear. Why, I count you the wiser, widow; it shows you have wisdom when you can 80 check your passion:[1] for mine own part, I have no sense to sorrow for his death, whose life was the only rub[2] to my affection.

Tho. Troth, and so it was to mine: but take courage now; you're a landed gentleman, and my daughter is seven hundred pound strong to join with you.

Rear. But Lethe lies i' th' way.

Tho. Let him lie still:
You shall tread o'er him or I'll fail in will.

Rear. Sweet widow! *Exeunt* 90

SCENE IV

Before QUOMODO'S *door*

Enter QUOMODO *disguised as a Beadle*

Quo. What a beloved man did I live! My servants gall their fingers with ringing, my wife's cheeks smart with weeping, tears stand in every corner,—you may take water in my house. But am not I a wise fool now? what if my wife should take my death so to heart that she should sicken upon't, nay, swoon, nay, die? When did I hear of a woman do so? let me see; now I remember me, I think 'twas before my time; yes, I have heard of those 10 wives that have wept, and sobbed, and swooned; marry, I never heard but they recovered again; that's a comfort, la, that's a comfort; and I hope so will mine. Peace; 'tis near upon the time, I see: here comes the worshipful livery;[3] I have the hospital boys;[4] I perceive little Thomasine will bestow cost of me.

I'll listen to the common censure[5] now,
How the world tongues me when my ear lies low. 20

Enter the Livery, *etc.*

First Liveryman.[6] Who, Quomodo? merely enriched by shifts
And cozenages, believe it.

Quo. I see the world is very loath to praise me;
'Tis rawly[7] friends with me: I cannot blame it,
For what I've done has been to vex and shame it.
Here comes my son, the hope, the landed heir,

[1] As a funeral token.
[2] By my faith.
[3] A crescent moon that will hold water (seem to mourn).
[4] Might.
[5] Weep.

[1] Sorrow.
[2] Hindrance.
[3] The gild to which he belonged.
[4] Who sang at funerals.
[5] Verdict.
[6] Member of the gild.
[7] Rudely.

One whose rare thrift will say, men's tongues, you lie,
I'll keep by law what was got craftily.

Enter SIM

[*aside*] Methinks I hear him say so:
He does salute the livery with good grace
And solemn gesture.—
O my young worshipful master, you have parted from a dear father, a wise and provident father!

Sim. Art thou grown an ass now?

Quo. Such an honest father—

Sim. Prithee, beadle, leave thy lying; I am scarce able to endure thee, i'faith: what honesty didst thou e'er know by my father, speak? Rule your tongue, beadle, lest I make you prove it; and then I know what will become of you: 'tis the scurviest thing i' th' earth to belie the dead so, and he's a beastly son and heir that will stand by and hear his father belied to his face; he will ne'er prosper, I warrant him. Troth, if I be not ashamed to go to church with him, I would I might be hanged; I hear such filthy tales go on him. O, if I had known he had been such a lewd fellow in his life, he should ne'er have kept me company!

Quo. [*aside*] O, O, O!

Sim. But I am glad he's gone, though 'twere long first:[1] Shortyard and I will revel it, i'faith; I have made him my rent-gatherer already.

Quo. [*aside*] He shall be speedily disinherited, he gets not a foot, not the crown of a mole-hill: I'll sooner make a courtier my heir, for teaching my wife tricks, than thee, my most neglectful son. O, now the corse; I shall observe yet farther.

A counterfeit corse brought in, THOMASINE *and all the Mourners equally counterfeit*

[*aside*] O my most modest, virtuous, and remembering wife! she shall have all when I die, she shall have all.

Enter EASY

Tho. [*aside*] Master Easy? 'tis: O, what shift shall I make now?—O!

[*Falls down in a feigned swoon, while the coffin is carried out; the Mourners, except* THOMASINE'S Mother, *following it.*

Quo. [*aside*] Sweet wife, she swoons: I'll let her alone, I'll have no mercy[1] at this time; I'll not see her, I'll follow the corse. *Exit*

Easy. The devil grind thy bones, thou cozening rascal!

T.'s Moth. Give her a little more air; tilt up her head.—Comfort thyself, good widow; do not fall like a beast for a husband: there's more than we can well tell where to put 'em, good soul.

Tho. O, I shall be well anon.

T.'s Moth. Fie, you have no patience, i'faith: I have buried four husbands, and never offered 'em such abuse.

Tho. Cousin,[2] how do you?

Easy. Sorry to see you ill, coz.[2]

Tho. The worst is past, I hope.
Pointing after the coffin

Easy. I hope so too.

Tho. Lend me your hand,[3] sweet coz; I've troubled you.

T.'s Moth. No trouble indeed, forsooth.—Good cousin, have a care of her, comfort her up as much as you can, and all little enough, I warrant ye. *Exit*

Tho. My most sweet love!

Easy. My life is not so dear.

Tho. I've always pitied you.

Easy. You've shown it here,
And given the desperate hope.

Tho. Delay not now; you've understood my love;
I've a priest ready; this is the fittest season.
No eye offends us: let this kiss
Restore thee to more wealth, me to more bliss.

Easy. The angels have provided for me.
Exeunt

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

QUOMODO'S *Shop*

Enter SHORTYARD *with writings, having cozened* SIM QUOMODO

Sho. I have not scope enough within my breast
To keep my joys contained: I'm Quomodo's heir;
The lands, assurances,[4] and all are mine:
I've tripped his son's heels up above the ground

[1] Was a long time.

[1] Will not disclose that he is not dead.
[2] Used for any relationship or friend.
[3] A serious offer of hand might be a betrothal.
[4] Deeds.

His father left him: had I not encouragement?
Do not I know, what proves the father's prey,
The son ne'er looks on't, but it melts away?
Do not I know, the wealth that's got by fraud,
Slaves share it, like the riches of a bawd?
Why, 'tis a curse unquenchable, ne'er cools; 10
Knaves still commit their consciences to fools,
And they betray who owed[1] 'em. Here's all the bonds,
All Easy's writings: let me see. *Reads*

Enter THOMASINE *and* EASY

Tho. Now my desires wear crowns.
Easy. My joys exceed:
Man is ne'er healthful till his follies bleed.
Tho. O,
Behold the villain, who in all those shapes[2]
Confounded your estate!
Easy. That slave! that villain!
Sho. So many acres of good meadow—
Easy. Rascal!
Sho. I hear you, sir. 20
Easy. Rogue, Shortyard, Blastfield, sergeant, deputy, cozener!
Sho. Hold, hold!
Easy. I thirst the execution[3] of his ears.
Tho. Hate you that office.[4]
Easy. I'll strip him bare for punishment and shame.
Sho. Why, do but hear me, sir; you will not think
What I've done for you.
Easy. Given his son my lands!
Sho. Why, look you, 'tis not so; you're not told true:
I've cozened him again merely for you,
Merely for you, sir; 'twas my meaning then 30
That you should wed her, and have all again.
A' my troth, it's true, sir; look you then here, sir: *Giving the writings*
You shall not miss a little scroll,[5] sir. Pray, sir,
Let not the city know me for a knave;
There be richer men would envy my preferment,
If I should be known before 'em.
Easy. Villain, my hate to more revenge is drawn:
When slaves are found, 'tis their base art to fawn.—
Within there!

[1] Owned.
[2] Disguises.
[3] To cut off his ears.
[4] Ironical.
[5] A single paper.

Enter Officers *with* FALSELIGHT *bound*

Sho. How now? fresh warders![1] 40
Easy. This is the other, bind him fast.—Have I found you,
Master Blastfield? Officers *bind* SHORTYARD
Sho. This is the fruit of craft:
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,[2]
And finds it in his forehead, so does hit
The arrow of our fate; wit destroys wit;
The head the body's bane and his own bears.—
You ha' corn enough, you need not reap mine ears,
Sweet master Easy![3]
Easy. I loathe his voice; away!
Exeunt Officers *with* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT
Tho. What happiness was here! but are you sure you have all? 50
Easy. I hope so, my sweet wife.
Tho. What difference there is in husbands! not only in one thing but in all.
Easy. Here's good deeds and bad deeds; the writings that keep my lands to me, and the bonds that gave it away from me.
These, my good deeds, shall to more safety turn,
And these, my bad, have their deserts and burn.
I'll see thee again presently: read there. *Exit*
Tho. Did he want all, who would not love his care? *Reads the writings* 60

Enter QUOMODO *disguised as before*

Quo. [*aside*] What a wife hast thou, Ephestian Quomodo! so loving, so mindful of her duty; not only seen to weep, but known to swoon! I knew a widow about Saint Antlings[4] so forgetful of her first husband, that she married again within the twelvemonth; nay, some, byrlady, within the month: there were sights to be seen! Had they my wife's true sorrows, seven months nor seven years would draw 'em to the stake. I would 70 most tradesmen had such a wife as I: they hope they have; we must all hope the best: thus in her honor,—

A modest wife is such a jewel,
Every goldsmith cannot show it;[5]

[1] More guards.
[2] Arrow.
[3] Q. *Blastfield.*
[4] In Budge Row.
[5] Not every one can show it.

He that's honest and not cruel
Is the likeliest man to owe[1] *it—*

and that's I: I made it by myself; and coming to her as a beadle for my reward this morning, I'll see how she takes my death next her heart.

Tho. Now, beadle. 81

Quo. Bless your mistress-ship's eyes from too many tears, although you have lost a wise and worshipful gentleman.

Tho. You come for your due, beadle, here i' th' house?

Quo. Most certain; the hospital money,[2] and mine own poor forty pence.

Tho. I must crave a discharge[3] from you, beadle. 90

Quo. Call your man; I'll heartily set my hand to a memorandum.

Tho. You deal the truelier.

Quo. [*aside*] Good wench still.

Tho. George!

Enter Servant

Here is the beadle come for his money; draw a memorandum that he has received all his due he can claim here i' th' house after this funeral.

Quo. [*aside, while the* Servant *writes the memorandum*] What politic directions she gives him, all to secure herself! 'tis time, i'faith, now to pity her: I'll discover myself to her ere I go; but came it off with some lively jest now, that were admirable. I have it: after the memorandum is written and all, I'll set my own name to't, Ephestian Quomodo: she'll start, she'll wonder how Ephestian Quomodo came hither, that was buried yesterday: you're beset, little Quomodo.[4] 100 110

Tho. [*running over the memorandum*] Nineteen, twenty—five pound, one, two, three, and fourpence.

Quo. [*signing it; aside*] So; we shall have good sport when 'tis read. *Exit* Servant

Enter Easy, *as* Thomasine *is giving the money to* Quomodo

Easy. How now, lady? paying away money so fast?

Tho. The beadle's due[5] here, sir.

Quo. [*aside*] Who's this?

[1] Own.
[2] A fee for the singers perhaps.
[3] Receipt.
[4] You are taken in, my little wife.
[5] Fee.

'Tis Easy! what makes Easy in my house? 120
He is not my wife's overseer,[1] I hope.

Easy. What's here?

Quo. [*aside*] He makes me sweat!

Easy. [*reads*] "Memorandum, that I have received of Richard Easy all my due I can claim here i' th' house, or any hereafter for me: in witness whereof I have set to mine own hand, Ephestian Quomodo."

Quo. [*aside*] What have I done! was I mad? 130

Easy. Ephestian Quomodo?

Quo. Ay; well, what then, sir? get you out of my house first,
You master prodigal Had-land; away!

Tho. What, is the beadle drunk or mad?
Where are my men to thrust him out a' doors?

Quo. Not so, good Thomasine, not so.

Tho. This fellow must be whipped.

Quo. Thank you, good wife.

Easy. I can no longer bear him.

Tho. Nay, sweet husband.

Quo. [*aside*] Husband? I'm undone, beggared, cozened, confounded for ever! married already?—Will it please you know me now, mistress Harlot and master Horner? who am I now? *Discovers himself* 140

Tho. O, he's as like my tother husband as can be!

Quo. I'll have judgement; I'll bring you before a judge: you shall feel, wife, whether my flesh be dead or no; I'll tickle you, i'faith, i'faith. *Exit*

Tho. The judge that he'll solicit knows me well. 150

Easy. Let's on then, and our grievances first tell. *Exeunt*

SCENE II

A Street

Enter Rearage *and* Susan

Rear. Here they come.

Sus. O, where?

Enter Officers *with* Lethe *and* Country Wench *in custody;* Salewood, Hellgill, *and* Mother Gruel

Let. Heart of shame!
Upon my wedding morning so disgraced!
Have you so little conscience, officers,
You will not take a bribe?

[1] Steward.

Coun. W. Master Lethe, we may lie together lawfully hereafter, for we are coupled together before people enow, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* LETHE *and* Country Wench, [*and others*]

Rear. There goes the strumpet!

Sus. Pardon my wilful blindness, and enjoy me;
For now the difference appears too plain
'Twixt a base slave and a true gentleman.

Rear. I do embrace thee in the best of love.—
How soon affections fail, how soon they prove!

Exeunt

SCENE III

An Apartment in the Judge's *House*

Enter Judge, EASY *and* THOMASINE *in talk with him:* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *in the custody of* Officers

Jud. His cozenages are odious: he the plaintiff!
Not only framed deceitful in his life,
But so to mock his funeral!

Easy. Most just:
The livery all assembled, mourning weeds
Throughout his house e'en down to his last servant,
The herald richly hired[1] to lend him arms
Feigned from his ancestors (which I dare swear knew
No other arms but those they labored with),
All preparations furnished, nothing wanted
Save that which was the cause of all, his death,—
If he be living!

Jud. 'Twas an impious part.[2]

Easy. We are not certain yet it is himself,
But some false spirit that assumes his shape,[3]
And seeks still to deceive me.

Enter QUOMODO

Quo. O, are you come?—
My lord, they're here.—Good morrow, Thomasine.

Jud. Now, what are you?

Quo. I'm Quomodo, my lord, and this my wife;
Those my two men, they are bound wrongfully.

[1] Hired at great expense.
[2] Proceeding.
[3] A common superstition.

Jud. How are we sure you're he?

Quo. O, you cannot miss, my lord!

Jud. I'll try you:
Are you the man that lived the famous cozener?

Quo. O no, my lord!

Jud. Did you deceive this gentleman of his right,
And laid nets o'er his land?

Quo. Not I, my lord.

Jud. Then you're not Quomodo, but a counterfeit.—
Lay hands on him, and bear him to the whip.

Quo. Stay, stay a little,
I pray.—Now I remember me, my lord,
I cozened him indeed; 'tis wondrous true.

Jud. Then I dare swear this is no counterfeit;
Let all doubts cease; this man is Quomodo.

Quo. Why, la, you now, you would not believe this?
I am found what I am.

Jud. But setting these thy odious shifts[1] apart,
Why did that thought profane enter thy breast,
To mock the world with thy supposèd death?

Quo. Conceive you not that, my lord? a policy.

Jud. So.

Quo. For having gotten the lands, I thirsted still
To know what fate would follow 'em—

Jud. Being ill got.

Quo. Your lordship apprehends me.

Jud. I think I shall anon.

Quo. And thereupon,
I, out of policy, possessed my son,
Which since I have found lewd;[2] and now intend
To disinherit him for ever.
Not only this was in my death set down,
But thereby a firm trial of my wife,
Her constant sorrows, her remembering virtues;
All which are dews; the shine of a next morning
Dries 'em up all, I see't.

Jud. Did you profess wise cozenage, and would dare
To put a woman to her two days' choice,
When oft a minute does it?

Quo. Less, a moment,

[1] Tricks.
[2] Dishonest.

The twinkling of an eye, a glimpse, scarce something does it.
Your lordship yet will grant she is my wife?
Tho. O heaven!
Jud. After some penance and the dues of law,
I must acknowledge that.
Quo. I scarce like 60
Those dues of law.
Easy. My lord,
Although the law too gently 'lot his wife,
The wealth he left behind he cannot challenge.
Quo. How?
Easy. Behold his hand against it.
Showing writings
Quo. He does devise all means to make me mad,
That I may no more lie with my wife
In perfect memory; I know't: but yet
The lands will maintain me in my wits; 70
The lands will do much for me.
Jud. [*reads*] "In witness whereof I have set to mine own hand, Ephestian Quomodo."
'Tis firm enough your own, sir.
Quo. A jest, my lord; I did I knew not what.
Jud. It should seem so: deceit is her own foe;
Craftily gets, and childishly lets go:
But yet the lands are his.
Quo. I warrant ye.
Easy. No, my good lord, the lands know the right heir;
I am their master once more.
Quo. Have you the lands? 80
Easy. Yes, truly, I praise heaven.
Quo. Is this good dealing?
Are there such consciences abroad? How,
Which way could he come by 'em?
Sho. My lord,
I'll quickly resolve[1] you that it comes to me.
This cozener, whom too long I called my patron,
To my thought dying,[2] and the fool his son
Possessed of all, which my brain partly sweat for,
I held it my best virtue, by a plot
To get from him what for him was ill got—
Quo. O beastly Shortyard!
Sho. When, no sooner mine, 91
But I was glad more quickly to resign.
Jud. Craft once discovered shows her abject line.

[1] Explain.
[2] I believing dead.

Quo. [*aside*] He hits me everywhere; for craft once known
Does teach fools wit, leaves the deceiver none.
My deeds have cleft me, cleft me!

Enter Officers *with* LETHE *and the* Country Wench; REARAGE, SUSAN, SALEWOOD, HELLGILL, *and* MOTHER GRUEL

First Off. Room there.
Quo. A little yet to raise my spirit,
Here master Lethe comes to wed my daughter:
That's all the joy is left me.—Hah! who's this?
Jud. What crimes have those brought forth?
Sale. The shame of lust:
Most viciously on this his wedding morning 101
This man was seized in shame with that bold strumpet.
Jud. Why, 'tis she he means to marry.
Let. No, in truth.
Jud. In truth you do:
Who for his wife his harlot doth prefer,
Good reason 'tis that he should marry her.
Coun. W. I crave it on my knees; such was his vow at first.
Hell. [*aside*] I'll say so too, and work out mine own safety.—
Such was his vow at first indeed, my lord,
Howe'er his mood has changed him.
Let. O vild slave! 110
Coun. W. He says it true, my lord.
Jud. Rest content,
He shall both marry and taste punishment.
Let. O, intolerable! I beseech your good lordship, if I must have an outward punishment, let me not marry an inward, whose lashes will ne'er out, but grow worse and worse. I have a wife stays for me this morning with seven hundred pound in her purse: let me be speedily whipped and be gone, I 120 beseech your lordship.
Sale. He speaks no truth, my lord: behold the virgin,
Wife to a well-esteemèd gentleman,
Loathing the sin he follows.[1]
Let. I was betrayed; yes, faith.
Rear. His own mother, my lord,
Which he confessed through ignorance and disdain,
His name so changed to abuse the world and her.
Let. Marry a harlot, why not? 'tis an

[1] Who loathes the sin such a man follows.

honest man's fortune. I pray, did not one 130
of my countrymen marry my sister? why, well then, if none should be married but those who are honest, where should a man seek a wife after Christmas? I pity that gentleman that has nine daughters to bestow, and seven of 'em seeded already; they will be good stuff by that time.

I do beseech your lordship to remove
The punishment; I am content to marry her.

Jud. There's no removing of your punishment— 140

Let. O, good my lord!

Jud. Unless one here assembled,
Whom you have most unnaturally abused,
Beget your pardon.

Let. Who should that be?
Or who would do't that has been so abused?
A troublesome penance!—Sir—

Quo. Knave in your face! leave your mocking,
Andrew; marry your quean, and be quiet.

Let. Master Easy—

Easy. I'm sorry you take such a bad course, sir. 150

Let. Mistress Quomodo—

Tho. Enquire my right name again[1] next time; now go your ways like an ass as you came.

Let. Mass, I forget my mother all this while; I'll make her do't at first.—Pray, mother, your blessing for once.

[1] Against.

Moth. G. Call'st me mother? Out, I defy thee, slave!

Let. Call me slave as much as you will, 160
but do not shame me now: let the world know you are my mother.

Moth. G. Let me not have this villain put upon me, I beseech your lordship.

Jud. He's justly cursed: she loathes to know him now,
Whom he before did as much loathe to know.—
Wilt thou believe me, woman?

Moth. G. That's soon done.

Jud. Then know him for a villain; 'tis thy son.

Moth. G. Art thou Andrew, my wicked son Andrew?

Let. You would not believe me, mother. 170

Moth. G. How art thou changed! Is this suit fit for thee, a tooth-drawer's son? This country has e'en spoiled thee since thou camest hither: thy manners better than thy clothes, but now whole clothes and ragged manners: it may well be said that truth goes naked; for when thou hadst scarce a shirt, thou hadst more truth about thee.

Jud. Thou art thine own affliction, Quomodo. 179
Shortyard, we banish thee; it is our pleasure.

Sho. Henceforth no woman shall complain for measure.

Jud. And that all error from our works may stand,
We banish Falselight evermore the land.

Exeunt omnes

THE KNIGHT OF the Burning Peſtle.

——————— *Quod ſi*
Iudicium ſubtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares:
Bœotum in craſſo iurares aere natos.
Horat. in Epiſt. ad Oct. Aug.

LONDON,
Printed for *Walter Burre*, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Crane in Paules Church-yard.
1613.

This satire on the absurdities of certain historical plays, deeply loved by the citizens of London, was acted in all likelihood in 1607 and at Blackfriars. It is fair to state that some recent opinion as to the date of this play assigns it to 1610. On a careful consideration of Oliphant's arguments, I still feel—aside from other reasons—the cumulative force of allusion to several plays in the text, not one of which can be conclusively shown to date later than 1606. Things went much too fast on the Elizabethan stage to admit of stale topical allusions. See E. H. C. Oliphant, *The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*, 1927, p. 169 ff., and E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, 1923, iii, p. 220, who adheres to the earlier date. Despite some confusion in the ascription of the titles of various editions and the surmises of some scholars, it may be confidently assigned to the single authorship of Francis Beaumont. A first quarto appeared in 1613 with an Epistle signed "W. B.," in which we learn that this play was "in eight daies . . . begot and born, and was exposed to the world who . . . utterly rejected it." There were two subsequent quartos, both printed in 1635. As to the relations of the subject, Burre, the publisher of the first quarto, writes: "Perhaps it will be thought to bee of the race of Don Quixote: we both may confidently sweare, it is his elder above a yeare." Notwithstanding, it is likely that Beaumont had heard of Cervantes' famous romance which appeared in its native Spanish in 1605 and in a Brussels edition in 1607; Streton's English version was not in print until 1612.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

PROLOGUE
A CITIZEN
His WIFE
RALPH, *his Apprentice*[1]
Boys

VENTUREWELL, *a Merchant*
HUMPHREY
MERRYTHOUGHT
JASPER } *His Sons*
MICHAEL }
TIM } *Apprentices*
GEORGE }

WILLIAM HAMMERTON
GEORGE GREENGOOSE
HOST
TAPSTER
BARBER
Three Men, supposed captives
SERGEANT
Soldiers and Attendants

LUCE, *Daughter of Venturewell*
MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT
POMPIONA, *Daughter of the King of Moldavia*
WOMAN, *supposed a captive*

SCENE: London and the neighboring Country, excepting Act IV, Scene II, where it is in Moldavia.]

[1] Ralph. Qq. *Rafe, Raph.* Pronounced to rime with *safe.*

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

Francis Beaumont

[INDUCTION]

[*Several* Gentlemen *sitting on Stools upon the Stage. The* Citizen, *his* Wife, *and* Ralph *sitting below among the Audience*]

Enter Prologue

[*Pro.*] From all that's near the court, from all that's great,
Within the compass of the city walls,
We now have brought our scene ——

Citizen [*leaps on the stage*]

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy![1]

Pro. What do you mean, sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning. These seven years there hath been plays at this house,[2] I have observed it, you have still[3] girds[4] at citizens; and now you call your play "The London Merchant." Down with your title,[5] boy! down with your title! 11

Pro. Are you a member of the noble city?[6]

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a freeman?[7]

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.[8]

Pro. So, grocer, then, by your sweet favor, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir? yes, sir! If you were not resolved to play the Jacks,[9] what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your 20 betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with "The Legend of Whittington,"[10] or "The Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange,"[11] or "The story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks?"[12]

[1] The play was first acted by the children of the Queen's Revels.
[2] Blackfriars was notorious for satirical plays.
[3] Always.
[4] Jibes.
[5] The placard announcing the name of the play.
[6] Citizen.
[7] Member of one of the trades-guilds.
[8] *I.e.*, a member of the Grocers' Company.
[9] Play knavish tricks.
[10] A lost play, author unknown.
[11] Heywood's *If you know not me, You know nobody*, pt. II.
[12] Peele's *Edward I.*

Pro. You seem to be an understanding man: what would you have us do, sir? 29

Cit. Why, present something notably in honor of the commons of the city.

Pro. Why, what do you say to "The Life and Death of fat Drake, or the Repairing of Fleet-privies?"

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

Pro. O, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable[1] things. 40

Pro. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him ——

Wife. (*below*) Husband, husband!

Ralph. (*below*) Peace, mistress.

Wife. [*below*] Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant ye.—Husband, husband!

Cit. What sayst thou, cony?[2]

Wife. [*below*] Let him kill a lion with a 49 pestle, husband! Let him kill a lion with a pestle!

Cit. So he shall.—I'll have him kill a lion with a pestle.

Wife. [*below*] Husband! shall I come up, husband?

Cit. Ay, cony.—Ralph, help your mistress this way.—Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room.—I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife. I thank you, sir.—So.

[Wife *comes on the stage*]

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all; I'm 60 something troublesome. I'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen[3] "Jane Shore"[4] once; and my husband hath promised me, any time this twelvemonth, to carry[5] me to "The Bold Beauchamps,"[6] but in truth he did not. I pray you, bear with me.

[1] Wonderful.
[2] Sweetheart.
[3] Was to have seen.
[4] Heywood's *Edward IV.*
[5] Take.
[6] A lost play, possibly also Heywood's.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things. [*Stools are brought*] 70

Pro. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him: every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph play him! Beshrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembered, wife.—Come up, Ralph.—I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a suit of reparel[1] and necessaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on[2] him, I'll be hanged. 80

[Ralph *comes on the stage*]

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparel!—I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true. He will act you[3] sometimes at our house, that all the neighbors cry out on[4] him; he will fetch you[3] up a couraging[5] part so in the garret, that we are all as feared, I warrant you, that we quake again: we'll fear[6] our children with him; if they be never so unruly, do but cry, "Ralph comes, Ralph comes!" to them, and they'll be as 90 quiet as lambs.—Hold up thy head, Ralph; show the gentlemen what thou canst do; speak a huffing[7] part; I warrant you, the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. "By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touched any ground,
And pluck up drowned honor from the lake of hell."[8] 100

Cit. How say you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, "Mucedorus,"[9] before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have played Jeronimo[10] with a shoemaker for a wager.

Pro. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.[11]

Cit. In, Ralph, in, Ralph; and set out the grocery in their kind,[12] if thou lov'st me. 111

[1] (Ap-)parel. [2] Disparage. [3] Ethical dative.
[4] Exclaim at, but also curse.
[5] (En-)couraging. [6] Frighten. [7] Ranting.
[8] With slight changes from *1 Henry IV*, I, iii, 201.
[9] A popular comedy of unknown authorship.
[10] See *The Spanish Tragedy*, above.
[11] Into the tiring[-room,] or dressing room.
[12] Represent the Grocers as they deserve.

[*Exit* Ralph]

Wife. I warrant our Ralph will look finely when he's dressed.

Pro. But what will you have it called?

Cit. "The Grocer's Honor."

Pro. Methinks "The Knight of the Burning[1] Pestle" were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so.—Begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down. 121

Pro. I pray you, do.

Cit. What stately music have you? You have shawms.[2]

Pro. Shawms? No.

Cit. No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so.[3] Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shawms. I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them. 130

Pro. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be: there's two shillings; [*Gives money*] let's have the waits[4] of Southwark; they are as rare fellows as any are in England; and that will fetch them all o'er the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Pro. You shall have them. Will you sit down, then?

Cit. Ay.—Come, wife. 140

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

[Citizen *and* Wife *sit down*]

Pro. From all that's near the court, from all that's great,
Within the compass of the city walls,
We now have brought our scene. Fly far from hence
All private taxes,[5] immodest phrases,
Whatever may but show like vicious!
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things.—
Thus much for that we do; but for Ralph's part you must answer for yourself. 151

Cit. Take you no care for Ralph; he'll discharge himself, I warrant you.

[*Exit* Prologue]

Wife. I' faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

[1] Illuminated; perhaps, represented heraldically as giving forth rays.
[2] A reed instrument like an oboe.
[3] "If I didn't think you had."
[4] Town band.
[5] Attacks on individuals.

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in Venturewell's House*]

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL] *and* JASPER, *his* Prentice

Vent. Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeemed
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new-cast thee;
Adding the trust of all I have, at home,
In foreign staples,[1] or upon the sea,
To thy direction; tied the good opinions
Both of myself and friends to thy endeavors;
So fair were thy beginnings. But with these,
As I remember, you had never charge 10
To love your master's daughter, and even[2] then
When I had found a wealthy husband for her;
I take it, sir, you had not: but, however,[3]
I'll break the neck of that commission,
And make you know you are but a merchant's factor.[4]

Jasp. Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service,
In which my labor hath been all my profit:
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back; 20
Nor have I given a pension[5] to my blood,
Or lavishly in play consumed your stock;
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim are strangers
To all my temperate actions. For your daughter,
If there be any love to my deservings
Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it;
Nor am I able to refrain[6] her wishes.
She's private to herself, and best of knowledge[7]
Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for. 30
Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,[8]
One that hath little left of nature in him.

Vent. 'Tis very well, sir: I can tell your wisdom
How all this shall be cured.

Jasp. Your care becomes you.

[1] Markets.
[2] Just.
[3] In any case.
[4] Agent.
[5] Licence.
[6] Restrain.
[7] Is her own confidant, and knows best.
[8] So unimpressive in bearing.

Vent. And thus it must be, sir: I here discharge you
My house and service; take your liberty;
And when I want a son, I'll send for you. *Exit*

Jasp. These be the fair rewards of them that love!
O, you that live in freedom, never prove[1] 40
The travail of a mind led by desire!

Enter LUCE

Luce. Why, how now, friend? Struck with my father's thunder?

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.

Luce. But mine.

Jasp. But yours, and only yours, I am;
That's all I have to keep me from the statute.[2]
You dare be constant still?

Luce. O, fear me[3] not!
In this I dare be better than a woman:
Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me, 50
Were they both equal to a prince's power.

Jasp. You know my rival?

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly,
Even as I love an ague or foul weather.
I prithee, Jasper, fear him not.

Jasp. O, no!
I do not mean to do him so much kindness.
But to our own desires: you know the plot
We both agreed on.

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.

Jasp. I desire no more.
Farewell, and keep my heart; 'tis yours.

Luce. I take it;
He must do miracles makes me forsake it. 60

Exeunt [*severally*]

Cit. Fie upon 'em, little infidels! what a matter's here now! Well, I'll be hanged for a halfpenny, if there be not some abomination knavery in this play. Well; let 'em look to 't; Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks a-brewing ——

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too, husband, a' God's name; Ralph will find all out, I warrant you, an they were older than they are. [*Enter* Boy]—I pray, my pretty youth, is 70 Ralph ready?

Boy. He will be presently.

[1] Find out.
[2] The Statute of Apprentices, 1563, which made those who left their masters liable to imprisonment. Jasper means, "At least I'll have a mistress."
[3] As to me.

Wife. Now, I pray you, make my commendations unto him, and withal carry him this stick of liquorice. Tell him his mistress sent it him; and bid him bite a piece; 'twill open his pipes the better, say. [*Exit* Boy]

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*Another Room in Venturewell's House*]

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL] *and* Master HUMPHREY

Vent. Come, sir, she's yours; upon my faith, she's yours;
You have my hand: for other idle lets[1]
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They are scattered and no more. My wanton prentice,
That like a bladder blew himself with love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknown.
Hum. I thank you, sir,
Indeed, I thank you, sir; and, ere I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood and gentle seem.
Vent. O, sir, I know it certain.
Hum. Sir, my friend,
Although, as writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a pudding hath his two,
O, let it not seem strange, I pray, to you,
If in this bloody simile I put
My love, more endless than frail things or gut!

Wife. Husband, I prithee, sweet lamb, tell me one thing; but tell me truly.—Stay, youths, I beseech you, till I question my husband.
Cit. What is it, mouse?
Wife. Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? how it behaves itself, I warrant ye, and speaks and looks, and perts up the head!—I pray you, brother, with your favor, were you never none of Master Moncaster's[2] scholars?
Cit. Chicken, I prithee heartily, contain thyself: the childer are pretty childer; but when Ralph comes, lamb——
Wife. Ay, when Ralph comes, cony!—Well, my youth, you may proceed.

Vent. Well, sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope,
Assured of my consent; get but my daughter's,
And wed her when you please. You must be bold,
And clap in close unto her: come, I know
You have language good enough to win a wench.

Wife. A whoreson tyrant! hath been an old stringer[1] in his days, I warrant him.

Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.
Vent. What, Luce! within there!

Enter LUCE

Luce. Called you, sir?
Vent. I did.
Give entertainment to this gentleman;
And see you be not froward.—To her, sir:
My presence will but be an eye-sore to you.
Exit
Hum. Fair Mistress Luce, how do you? Are you well?
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell
How doth your little sister and your brother;
And whether you love me or any other.
Luce. Sir, these are quickly answered.
Hum. So they are,
Where women are not cruel. But how far
Is it now distant from the place we are in,
Unto that blessed place, your father's warren?
Luce. What makes you think of that, sir?
Hum. Even that face;
For, stealing rabbits whilom[2] in that place,
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,[3]
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began——
Luce. Your game, sir.
Hum. Let no game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the same,
Be evermore remembered, thou fair killer,
For whom I sat me down, and brake my tiller.[4]

Wife. There's a kind gentleman, I warrant you; when will you do as much for me, George?

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, I am sorry for your losses,
But, as the proverb says, I cannot cry.
I would you had not seen me!
Hum. So would I,
Unless you had more maw[5] to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood?
Send for a constable, and raise the town.

[1] Hindrances.
[2] Richard Mulcaster, a famous schoolmaster, noted as a trainer and manager of boy actors in his schools—the Merchant Tailors' and Paul's—and at court.

[1] Rake.
[2] Once.
[3] Which.
[4] Crossbow.
[5] Inclination.

Hum. O, no! my valiant love will batter down
Millions of constables, and put to flight 70
Even that great watch of Midsummer-day at night.[1]
Luce. Beshrew me, sir, 'twere good I yielded, then;
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance.
Hum. Yield, then; I am full
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves.
Look, Lucy, look; the dog's tooth nor the dove's
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipped about[2] with silk, as you may see.
If you desire the price, shoot from your eye 80
A beam to this place, and you shall espy
F S,[3] which is to say, my sweetest honey,
They cost me three and twopence, or no money.
Luce. Well, sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you;
What would you more?
Hum. Nothing.
Luce. Why, then, farewell.
Hum. Nor so, nor so; for, lady, I must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together:
God grant me time and patience and fair weather!
Luce. Speak, and declare your mind in terms so brief.
Hum. I shall: then, first and foremost, for relief 90
I call to you, if that you can afford it;
I care not at what price, for, on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I'll speak of now; for love hath tossed me
In furious blanket like a tennis-ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!
Hum. I thank you heartily; and, as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast, 100
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet
Will bring me presently to that quandàry,
I shall bid all adieu.
Luce. Now, by St. Mary,
That were great pity!
Hum. So it were, beshrew me;

[1] The annual military muster of the citizens.
[2] Bound.
[3] The merchant's price mark.

Then, ease me, lusty Luce, and pity shew me.
Luce. Why, sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my father's grant; get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.
Hum. The worshipful your sire will not deny me; 110
For I have asked him, and he hath replied,
"Sweet Master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy bride."
Luce. Sweet Master Humphrey, then I am content.
Hum. And so am I, in truth.
Luce. Yet take me with you;[1]
There is another clause must be annexed,
And this it is: I swore, and will perform it,
No man shall ever 'joy me as his wife
But he that stole me hence. If you dare venture,
I am yours; you need not fear; my father loves you;
If not, farewell for ever!
Hum. Stay, nymph, stay: 120
I have a double gelding, colored bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind;
Another for myself, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree.
Luce. I am satisfied;
And so I give my hand. Our course must lie
Through Waltham-forest, where I have a friend
Will entertain us. So, farewell, Sir Humphrey,
And think upon your business. *Exit*
Hum. Though I die,
I am resolved to venture life and limb
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. 130
Exit

Wife. By my faith and troth, George, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young man that ever trod on shoe-leather.—Well, go thy ways; if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault, 'faith.

Cit. I prithee, mouse, be patient; a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoke for't.

Wife. That's my good lamb, George.—Fie, this stinking tobacco kills me![2] would there were none in England!—Now, I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco 141 do you? Nothing, I warrant you: make chimneys o' your faces! O, husband, husband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph.

[1] "Don't go too fast."
[2] Qq. *men.*

[SCENA TERTIA]

Enter RALPH, *like a* Grocer *in 's shop with two* Prentices [TIM *and* GEORGE, RALPH *is*] *reading "Palmerin of England"*

Cit. Peace, fool! let Ralph alone.—Hark you, Ralph; do not strain yourself too much at the first.—Peace!—Begin, Ralph.

Ralph. [*reads*] Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, galloped amain after the giant; and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, "Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her that is worth the greatest lord in the world"; and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides[1] his elephant. And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall; so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, "All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me."[2]—I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer, and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

Wife. Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins[3] will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue.—On, Ralph!

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor ladies.

Wife. Ay, by my faith, are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken knights in this age: they will call one "the son of a whore," that Palmerin of England would have called "fair sir"; and one that Rosicleer would have called "right beauteous damsel," they will call "damned bitch."

Wife. I'll be sworn will they, Ralph; they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood,[1] and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum[2] and dragon's-water[3] to visited houses,[4] that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

Cit. Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!

Wife. They go finely, by my troth.

Ralph. Why should not I, then, pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer-errant. I will be the said knight.—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice, Tim, shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Wife. Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but "the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle"; and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but "fair lady," if she have her desires, if not, 'distressed damsel"; that you call all forests and heaths "deserts," and all horses "palfreys."

Wife. This is very fine, faith.—Do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.

[1] Off.
[2] The passage is condensed from *Palmerin d'Oliva*, the romance to which *Palmerin of England* is a sequel.
[3] Giants.

[1] *I.e.*, a counter.
[2] Antidote against poison.
[3] Specific used against the plague.
[4] *I.e.*, visited by the plague.

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out. Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking,[1] and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus: "Fair sir, the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle commanded me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsel, or otherwise."

Cit. Whoreson blockhead, cannot remember!

Wife. I'faith, and Ralph told him on't before; all the gentlemen heard him.—Did he not, gentlemen? Did not Ralph tell him on't?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

Wife. That's a good boy! See, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child.

Ralph. Relieve her, with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my prentices, but my trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak my shield and arming[2] pestle.

[*Exeunt* Tim *and* George]

Cit. Go thy ways, Ralph! As I'm a true man, thou art the best on[3] 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph. What say you, mistress?

Wife. I prithee, come again quickly, sweet Ralph.

Ralph. By and by. *Exit*

[SCENA QUARTA]

[*A Room in Merrythought's House*]

Enter Jasper *and his mother*, Mistress Merrythought

Mist. Mer. Give thee my blessing? No, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hanged first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Thou art thy father's own son, of the right[4] blood of the Merrythoughts. I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries, "A merry heart lives long-a."

[1] Spurring.
[2] Armorial.
[3] Of.
[4] Genuine.

And thou art a wastethrift, and art run away from thy master that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou think'st to 'bezzle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it.—Come hither, Michael!

Enter Michael

Come, Michael, down on thy knees; thou shalt have my blessing.

Mich. [*kneels*] I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me.

Mist. Mer. God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing; he shall be hanged first; shall he not, Michael? How sayst thou?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mist. Mer. That's a good boy!

Wife. I'faith, it's a fine-spoken child.

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love
I must preserve the duty of a child.
I ran not from my master, nor return
To have your stock maintain my idleness.

Wife. Ungracious child, I warrant him; hark, how he chops logic with his mother!—Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her she lies.

Cit. If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flay him, and salt him, whoreson haltersack.[1]

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love,
Which I must ever, though I never gain it;
And, howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of blood hid in these veins
But I remember well belongs to you
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. I' faith, I had sorrow enough for thee, God knows; but I'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael,

Exeunt Jasper *and* Michael

Mer. (*within*)

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mist. Mer. Hark, my husband! he's singing and hoiting;[2] and I'm fain to cark and

[1] Gallows-bird.
[2] Rioting.

care,[1] and all little enough.[2]—Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter old MERRYTHOUGHT

Mer. [*sings*]

Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves;
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would have little list to sing, i-wis.[3]

Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? Thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest.

Mer. And will do.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How! why, how have I done hitherto this forty years? I never came into my dining room, but, at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink a'[4] th' table; my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever; use makes perfectness. If all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this; is not he, George?

Cit. Yes, cony.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live, George.

Cit. Ay, by lady, cony, hold thee there.[5]

Mist. Mer. Well, Charles; you promised to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael. I pray you, pay Jasper his portion: he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock; he says his master turned him away, but, I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No, indeed, Mistress Merrythought; though he be a notable gallows,[6] yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place; 'twas, i' faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter; my husband was by.

[1] To be burdened and full of care.
[2] To little enough purpose.
[3] Certainly.
[4] On.
[5] "Stick to that."
[6] Gallows-bird.

Cit. Hang him, rogue! he served him well enough: love his master's daughter! By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.

Wife. Ay, George; but yet truth is truth.

Mer. Where is Jasper? He's welcome, however. Call him in; he shall have his portion. Is he merry?

Mist. Mer. Ah, foul chive him,[1] he is too merry!—Jasper! Michael!

Re-enter JASPER *and* MICHAEL

Mer. Welcome, Jasper! though thou run'st away, welcome! God bless thee! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad,[2] and I hope hast learned experience enough to govern it; thou art of sufficient years. Hold thy hand—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there's ten shillings for thee. [*Gives money*] Thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course. If fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband;[3] that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still!
But, father ——

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone.

Thou hast my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee!
Farewell, Jasper! [*Sings*]

But yet, or ere you part, O, cruel,
Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel!

So, now begone; no words. *Exit* JASPER

Mist. Mer. So, Michael, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou hast my blessing; begone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee; I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant

[1] "Ill luck to him."
[2] Out in the world.
[3] Be thrifty.

thee. [*Exit* MICHAEL]—Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer. What! you will not!

Mist. Mer. Yes, indeed will I.

Mer. [*sings*]

Heigh-ho, farewell, Nan!
I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mist. Mer. You shall not think, when all your own is gone, to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife; I expect it not: all I have to do in this world, is to be merry; which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be, [*Sings*]

When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skies aloft for me are left.

Exeunt [*severally*]

Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman for all that. (*Music*) Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present[1] death for these fiddlers, to tune their rebecks[2] before the great Turk's grace; it's not, George? (Boy *danceth*) But, look, look! here's a youth dances!—Now, good youth, do a turn a'[3] th' toe.—Sweetheart, i'faith, I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols.—He'll ride the wild mare,[4] gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him.—I thank you, kind youth; pray, bid Ralph come.

Cit. Peace, cony!—Sirrah, you scu·vy boy, bid the players send Ralph; or, by God's ——[5] an they do not, I'll tear some of their periwigs beside their heads: this is all riff-raff.

[*Exit* BOY]

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in Venturewell's House*]

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL] *and* HUMPHREY

Vent. And how, faith, how goes it now, son Humphrey?

Hum. Right worshipful, and my beloved friend
And father dear, this matter's at an end.

[1] Instant.
[2] Fiddles.
[3] On.
[4] Here, to cut wild capers.
[5] Ed. 1778, *God's wounds.*

Vent. 'Tis well; it should be so. I'm glad the girl
Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl
From hence—and you must wink;[1] for so, I say,
The story tells,—to-morrow before day.

Wife. George, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be a match? Tell me but what thou think'st, sweet rogue. Thou seest the poor gentleman, dear heart, how it labors and throbs, I warrant you, to be at rest! I'll go move the father for't.

Cit. No, no; I prithee, sit still, honeysuckle; thou'lt spoil all. If he deny him, I'll bring half-a-dozen good fellows myself, and in the shutting[2] of an evening, knock 't up,[3] and there's an end.

Wife. I'll buss[4] thee for that, i' faith, boy. Well, George, well, you have been a wag in your days, I warrant you; but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

Vent. How was it, son? You told me that to-morrow
Before day-break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must; and thus it is agreed:
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed,
I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian,
The honest host of the Red Roaring Lion,
In Waltham situate. Then, if you may,
Consent in seemly sort; lest, by delay,
The Fatal Sisters come, and do the office,
And then you'll sing another song.

Vent. Alas,
Why should you be thus full of grief to me,
That do as willing as yourself agree
To any thing, so it be good and fair?
Then, steal her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both; I'll sleep and never see it,
To make your joys more full. But tell me why
You may not here perform your marriage?

Wife. God's blessing a'[5] thy soul, old man! I' faith, thou art loath to part true hearts. I see a has her, George; and I'm as glad on't!—Well, go thy ways, Humphrey, for a fair-spoken man; I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of London; an I should

[1] Shut your eyes.
[2] Close.
[3] "Fix it up."
[4] Kiss.
[5] On.

say the suburbs too, I should not lie.—Why dost thou not rejoice with me, George?

Cit. If I could but see Ralph again, I were as merry as mine host, i' faith.

Hum. The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare:
—Help me, O Muses nine!—Your daughter sware
A foolish oath, and more it was the pity;
Yet no one but myself within this city
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble science;[1]
And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?
Truly, I cannot tell, unless it were
For her own ease; for, sure, sometimes an oath,
Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth;
And this it was she swore, never to marry
But such a one whose mighty arm could carry
—As meaning me, for I am such a one—
Her bodily away, through stick and stone,
Till both of us arrive, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham-forest.

Vent. If this be all, you shall not need to fear
Any denial in your love: proceed;
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Hum. Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,
And twenty more good nights,—that makes three-score! *Exeunt* [*severally*]

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*Waltham Forest*]

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT *and her son* MICHAEL

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; art thou not weary, boy?

Mich. No, forsooth, mother, not I.

Mist. Mer. Where be we now, child?

Mich. Indeed, forsooth, mother, I cannot tell, unless we be at Mile-End. Is not all the world Mile-End, mother?

Mist. Mer. No, Michael, not all the world, boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter: there has been a pitched field,[2] my child, between the naughty Spaniels[3] and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed: my neighbor Coxstone was there, boy, and killed them all with a birding-piece.[1]

Mich. Mother, forsooth—

Mist. Mer. What says my white boy?[2]

Mich. Shall not my father go with us too?

Mist. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up;[3] he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives; let him stay at home, and sing for his supper, boy. Come, child, sit down, and I'll show my boy fine knacks, indeed. [*They sit down: and she takes out a casket*] Look here, Michael; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold by th' eye,[4] my boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this, mother?

Mist. Mer. Ay, Michael, thou shalt have all, Michael.

Cit. How likest thou this, wench?

Wife. I cannot tell; I would have Ralph, George; I'll see no more else, indeed, la; and I pray you, let the youths understand so much by word of mouth; for, I tell you truly, I'm afraid a'[5] my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise: the child's a fatherless child; and say they should put him into a strait[6] pair of gaskins,[7] 't were worse than knot-grass;[8] he would never grow after it.

Enter RALPH, Squire [TIM], *and* Dwarf [GEORGE]

Cit. Here's Ralph, here's Ralph!

Wife. How do you do, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say. It's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are thy friends, Ralph; the gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou play'st thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a' God's name!

Ralph. My trusty squire, unlace my helm; give me my hat.
Where are we, or what desert may this be?

George. Mirror of knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham-down; in whose bottom stands the enchanted valley.

Mist. Mer. O, Michael, we are betrayed,

[1] A master of fencing.
[2] A sham-battle at Mile-End, the green used as a training ground.
[3] For Spaniards.

[1] Fowling-piece.
[2] Darling.
[3] Go hang.
[4] A-plenty.
[5] For.
[6] Narrow.
[7] Breeches.
[8] Believed to arrest growth.

we are betrayed! Here be giants! Fly, boy! fly, boy, fly!

Exit with MICHAEL [*leaving the casket*]

Ralph. Lace on my helm again. What noise is this?
A gentle lady, flying the embrace
Of some uncourteous knight! I will relieve her.
Go, squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle 60
In honor of all ladies, swears revenge
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her;
Go, comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That bears her company.

Tim. I go, brave knight. [*Exit*]

Ralph. My trusty dwarf and friend, reach me my shield;
And hold it while I swear. First, by my knighthood;
Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul,
My famous ancestor; then by my sword
The beauteous Brionella[1] girt about me;
By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honor
The living trophy; and by all respect 71
Due to distressèd damsels here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair lady
And that forsaken squire till by my valor
I gain their liberty!

George. Heaven bless the knight
That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen!

Exeunt

Wife. Ay, marry, Ralph, this has some savor in't; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, George, I will not have him go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall. Call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again; I 82 prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an thou lov'st me, George!

Cit. Peace a little, bird: he shall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

Enter JASPER

Jasp. Now, Fortune, if thou be'st not only ill, 90
Show me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length,
And stand. This is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. O, age
Where only wealthy men are counted happy!
How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles,
When I am only rich in misery?
My father's blessing and this little coin
Is my inheritance; a strong revènue!
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee: [*Throws away the money*]
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air 101
Breeds me a fresher fortune.—How! illusion?
Spies the casket
What, hath the devil coined himself before me?
'Tis metal good, it rings well; I am waking,
And taking, too, I hope. Now, God's dear blessing
Upon his heart that left it here! 'Tis mine;
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine.

Exit [*with the casket*]

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embezzle away the money; the poor gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows. 111

Cit. And reason good, sweetheart.

Wife. But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale in's ear shall fetch him again with a wanion,[1] I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides, George, here be a number of sufficient[2] gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself, and the musicians, if we be called in question. But here comes Ralph, George; thou shalt hear him speak as[3] he were an emperal.[4] 120

[SCENA TERTIA]

[*Another Part of the Forest*]

Enter RALPH *and* Dwarf [GEORGE]

Ralph. Comes not sir squire again?

George. Right courteous knight,
Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, *and* Squire [TIM]

For and[5] the Squire of Damsels, as I take it.

Ralph. Madam, if any service or devoir
Of a poor errant knight may right your wrongs,
Command it; I am prest[6] to give you succor;
For to that holy end I bear my armor.

Mist. Mer. Alas, sir, I am a poor gentle-

[1] The mistress of Ptolme, the friend of Palmerin.

[1] With a vengeance.
[2] Competent.
[3] Qq. *an.*
[4] Obs. form of *imperial.* An imperial personage.
[5] And also.
[6] Ready.

woman, and I have lost my money in this forest!

Ralph. Desert, you would say, lady; and not lost
Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your tears,
Which ill befits the beauty of that face,
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.

Mist. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your mastership, you looked so grim, and, as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a giant than a mortal man.

Ralph. I am as you are, lady; so are they: all mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire?

Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep, do you think, when he hath lost his inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of valor, weep not; I am here
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dares deny
Distressèd squires and ladies equity.
I have but one horse, on which shall ride
This lady fair behind me, and before,
This courteous squire: fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed
Beside us, squire and dwarf, to do us need!

Exeunt

Cit. Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do? By the faith of my body, wench, for clean[1] action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.[2]

Wife. And so they may, i' faith; for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve companies[3] of London cannot match him, timber for timber.[4] Well, George, an he be not inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel: but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant thee, duckling.

[SCENA QUARTA]

[*Another Part of the Forest*]

Enter Humphery *and* Luce

Hum. Good Mistress Luce, however I in fault am

[1] Crisp.
[2] In homage.
[3] Crafts-guilds.
[4] Quality for quality.

For your lame horse, you're welcome unto Waltham;
But which way now to go, or what to say,
I know not truly, till it be broad day.

Luce. O, fear not, Master Humphrey; I am guide
For this place good enough.

Hum. Then, up and ride;
Or, if it please you, walk, for your repose;
Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose;[1]
Either of which shall be indifferent
To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent
Is so entangled ever to your will,
As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.

Luce. Faith, an you say the word, we'll e'en sit down,
And take a nap.

Hum. 'Tis better in the town,
Where we may nap together; for, believe me,
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

Luce. You're merry, Master Humphrey.

Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my dam.

Luce. Your nurse had the less labor.

Hum. Faith, it may be,
Unless it were by chance I did beray[2] me.

Enter Jasper

Jasp. Luce! dear friend Luce!

Luce. Here, Jasper.

Jasp. You are mine.

Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine.
What do you think I am?

Jasp. An arrant noddy.[3]

Hum. A word of obloquy! Now, by God's body,
I'll tell thy master; for I know thee well.

Jasp. Nay, an you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that; and tell him, sir, I gave it:
And say, I paid you well. [*Beats him*]

Hum. O, sir, I have it,
And do confess the payment! Pray, be quiet.

Jasp. Go, get [you] to your night-cap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones.

Luce. Alas, poor Humphrey;
Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and comfrey;[4]

[1] Make yourself comfortable. (Oliphant).
[2] Befoul. [3] Fool.
[4] A healing herb.

A little oil of roses and a feather
To 'noint thy back withal.
Hum. When I came hither,
Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory![1]
Luce. Farewell, my pretty Nump;[2] I am very sorry
I cannot bear thee company.
Hum. Farewell:
The devil's dam was ne'er so banged in hell.
Exeunt LUCE *and* JASPER

Wife. This young Jasper will prove me another thing, a' my conscience, an he may be suffered. George, dost not see, George, how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a' folks, as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his lesson[3] for wronging the poor gentleman, I am no true woman. His friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, i-wis, than ha' taught him these fegaries:[4] he's e'en in the high way to the gallows, God bless him!

Cit. You're too bitter, cony; the young man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither, Master Humphrey; has he hurt you? Now, beshrew his fingers for't! Here, sweetheart, here's some green ginger for thee. Now, beshrew my heart, but a has peppernel[5] in's head, as big as a pullet's egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat! Take the peace on him,[6] sweetheart, take the peace on him.

Cit. No, no; you talk like a foolish woman: I'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge[7] him up well-favoredly.—Sirrah boy, come hither. (*Enter* Boy) Let Ralph come in and fight with Jasper.

Wife. Ay, and beat him well; he's an unhappy[8] boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon; the plot of our play lies contrary; and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play.

Cit. Plot me no plots! I'll ha' Ralph come out; I'll make your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why, sir, he shall; but if any thing fall out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways, goodman boy! [*Exit* Boy] I'll hold[9] him a penny, he shall have his bellyful of fighting now. Ho, here comes Ralph! No more!

[1] The butt of a popular ballad.
[2] Short for Humphrey, with a pun on *numps*, a blockhead.
[3] Teach him.
[4] For vagaries.
[5] Apparently a lump or swelling. (*NED*).
[6] Have him bound to keep the peace.
[7] Beat.
[8] Mischievous.
[9] Bet.

[SCENA QUINTA]

[*The Same*]

[HUMPHREY *manet.*] *Enter* RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, Squire [TIM], *and* Dwarf [GEORGE]

Ralph. What knight is that, squire? Ask him if he keep
The passage, bound by love of lady fair,
Or else but prickant.[1]
Hum. Sir, I am no knight;
But a poor gentleman, that this same night
Had stolen from me, on yonder green,
My lovely wife, and suffered—to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulders—such a greeting,
That whilst I live I shall think of that meeting.

Wife. Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an thou sparest him, Ralph, I would thou wert hanged.
Cit. No more, wife, no more.

Ralph. Where is the caitiff wretch hath done this deed?
Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious knight.—
And thou, fair squire, repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse
And the rich casket, till some better leisure.

Enter JASPER *and* LUCE

Hum. Here comes the broker[2] hath purloined my treasure.
Ralph. Go, squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant knight-at-arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him.
Tim. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, knight,
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady.
Jasp. Tell the knight that sent thee,
He is an ass; and I will keep the wench,
And knock his head-piece.
Ralph. Knight, thou art but dead
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

Wife. Break's pate, Ralph; break's pate, Ralph, soundly!

[1] Errant.
[2] Here, meddler.

Jasp. Come, knight; I am ready for you.
Now your Pestle (*Snatches away his pestle*)
Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar's of.
"With that he stood upright in his stirrups, and gave the Knight of the calf-skin such a knock [*Knocks* RALPH *down*] that he forsook his horse, and down he fell; and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet ——"

Hum. Nay, an my noble knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go,[1] I needs must run.
Exeunt HUMPHREY *and* RALPH

Wife. Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life, boy;
Jasper comes, Jasper comes!

Jasp. Come Luce, we must have other arms for you:
Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu!
Exeunt

Wife. Sure the devil—God bless us!—is in this springald![2] Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-drake?[3] I am afraid my boy's miscarried:[4] if he be, though he were Master Merrythought's son a thousand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no; I have found out the matter, sweetheart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted: he could no more have stood in Ralph's hands than I can in my lord mayor's. I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet. Be no more vexed, for it shall be so.

[SCENA SEXTA]

[*Before the Bell Inn, Waltham*]

Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, Squire [TIM], *and* Dwarf [GEORGE]

Wife. O, husband, here's Ralph again!—Stay, Ralph, let me speak with thee. How dost thou, Ralph? Art thou not shrewdly[5] hurt?—The foul great lungies[6] laid unmercifully on thee: there's some sugar-candy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more.

Mist. Mer. Truly, Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed, la, mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort, gentle dame, and you, fair squire;
For in this desert there must needs be placed
Many strong castles held by courteous knights;
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well said, Ralph!—George, Ralph was ever comfortable,[1] was he not?

Cit. Yes, duck.

Wife. I shall ne'er forget him. When we had lost our child,—you know it was strayed almost, alone, to Puddle-Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drowned itself but for a sculler,—Ralph was the most comfortablest to me: "Peace, mistress," says he, "let it go; I'll get you another as good." Did he not, George, did he not say so?

Cit. Yes, indeed did he, mouse.

George. I would we had a mess of pottage and a pot of drink, squire, and were going to bed!

Tim. Why, we are at Waltham town's end, and that's the Bell Inn.

George. Take courage, valiant knight, damsel, and squire!
I have discovered, not a stone's cast off,
An ancient castle, held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain.[2]
There plenty is of food, and all prepared
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his guests;
The first hight[3] Chamberlino, who will see
Our beds prepared, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never footman stretched his buttered hams;[4]
The second hight Tapstero, who will see
Our pots full fillèd, and no froth therein;
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,
Who will our palfreys slick with wisps of straw,

[1] Walk.
[2] Youngster.
[3] Fiery dragon.
[4] Come to misfortune.
[5] Severely.
[6] Great dirty lout.

[1] Comforting. [2] Entertainment.
[3] Is called.
[4] Running footmen had their legs greased to keep them supple.

And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff.[1]

Wife. That same dwarf's a pretty boy, but the squire's a groutnol.[2]

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance. [TIM *knocks at the door*]

Enter TAPSTER

Tap. Who's there?—You're welcome, gentlemen: will you see a room?

George. Right courteous and valiant
Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the Squire Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair Squire Tapstero, I a wandering knight,
Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought;
Where, hearing of the goodly entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damsels and all errant knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. *Exeunt*

Wife. George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, Nell?

Wife. Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? Prithee, sweetheart, let him.

Cit. So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock them all.

[SCENA SEPTIMA]

[*A Room in Venturewell's House*]

Enter HUMPHREY *and* Merchant [VENTUREWELL]

Wife. O, George, here's Master Humphrey again now, that lost Mistress Luce, and Mistress Luce's father. Master Humphrey will do somebody's errand,[3] I'll warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in arms I ne'er shall clasp her;
For she is stol'n away by your man Jasper.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Vent. Unhappy that I am, to lose my child!
Now I begin to think on Jasper's words,
Who oft hath urged to me thy foolishness.
Why didst thou let her go? Thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father, forgive me. I shall tell you true.
Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue.
Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge-binding.[1]

Vent. Get men and horses straight: we will be there
Within this hour. You know the place again?

Hum. I know the place where he my loins did swaddle;
I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Vent. Meantime I will go talk with Jasper's father. *Exeunt* [*severally*]

Wife. George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that Master Humphrey has not Mistress Luce yet? Speak, George, what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No, Nell; I warrant thee Jasper is at Puckeridge[2] with her by this.

Wife. Nay, George, you must consider Mistress Luce's feet are tender; and besides 'tis dark; and, I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham-forest with her yet.

Cit. Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me, that Ralph has her not yet?

Wife. I will not lay against Ralph, honey, because I have not spoken with him. But look, George, peace! here comes the merry old gentleman again.

[SCENA OCTAVA]

[*A Room in Merrythought's House*]

Enter old MERRYTHOUGHT

Mer. [*sings*]
When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

I have money, and meat, and drink beforehand, till to-morrow at noon; why should I be sad? Methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits within me! [*Sings*]

[1] A trick to prevent horses from eating.
[2] Blockhead.
[3] "Get the best of him."

[1] Something used to bind together the bushes composing a hedge. (*NED*).
[2] Some twelve miles beyond Waltham Forest.

I am three merry men, and three merry men!

To what end should any man be sad in this world? Give me a man who when he goes to hanging cries,

Troul[1] the black bowl to me!

and a woman that will sing a catch in her travail! I have seen a man come by my door with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hatband, carrying his head as if he looked for pins in the street; I have looked out of my window half a year after, and have spied that man's head upon London-bridge.[2] 'Tis vile: never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work; his mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this, George; 'tis worth noting: Godfrey my tailor, you know, never sings, and he had fourteen yards to make this gown: and I'll be sworn, Mistress Penistone the draper's wife had one made with twelve.

Mer. [*sings*]

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes,
Or meets with achès in the bone,
Or catarrhs or griping stone;
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look, George; how sayest thou by this, George? Is't not a fine old man?—Now, God's blessing a' thy sweet lips!—When wilt thou be so merry, George? Faith, thou art the frowning'st little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL]

Cit. Peace, cony; thou shalt see him taken down too, I warrant thee. Here's Luce's father come now.

Mer. [*sings*]

As you came from Walsingham,
From that holy land,
There met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

Vent. O, Master Merrythought, my daughter's gone!
This mirth becomes you not; my daughter's gone!

Mer. [*sings*]

Why, an if she be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Vent. Mock not my misery; it is your son
Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him,
Has stol'n my only joy, my child, away.

Mer. [*sings*]

He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a grey;
He never turned his face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Vent. Unworthy of the kindness I have shown
To thee and thine! too late I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

Mer. Your daughter! what a stir's here wi' your daughter? Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing,

Down, down, down they fall;
Down, and arise they never shall.

Vent. O, might I behold her once again,
And she once more embrace her agèd sire!

Mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes! "And she once more embrace her agèd sire?" You'll make a dog on[1] her, will ye? She cares much for her agèd sire, I warrant you. [*Sings*]

She cares not for her daddy, nor
She cares not for her mammy,
For she is, she is, she is, she is
My lord of Lowgave's lassy.

Vent. For this thy scorn I will pursue that son
Of thine to death.

Mer. Do; and when you ha' killed him, [*Sings*]
Give him flowers enow, palmer, give him flowers enow;
Give him red, and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Vent. I'll fetch my daughter——

Mer. I'll hear no more a'[2] your daughter; it spoils my mirth.

[1] Pass.
[2] Displayed there after his execution as a traitor or heretic.

[1] Of. [2] Of.

Vent. I say, I'll fetch my daughter.
Mer. [*sings*]

Was never man for lady's sake,
Down, down,
Tormented as I, poor Sir Guy,
De derry down,
For Lucy's sake, that lady bright,
Down, down,
As ever men beheld with eye,
De derry down. 100

Vent. I'll be revenged, by heaven!
Exeunt [*severally*]

Music

Wife. How dost thou like this, George?
Cit. Why, this is well, cony; but if Ralph were hot once, thou shouldst see more.
Wife. The fiddlers go again, husband.
Cit. Ay, Nell; but this is scurvy music. I gave the whoreson gallows[1] money, and I think he has not got me the waits of Southwark. If I hear 'em not anon,[2] I'll twinge him by the ears.—You musicians, play *Baloo!*[3] 110
Wife. No, good George, let's ha' *Lachrymae!*[4]
Cit. Why, this is it, cony.
Wife. It's all the better, George. Now, sweet lamb, what story is that painted upon the cloth?[5] The Confutation of St. Paul?
Cit. No, lamb; that's Ralph and Lucrece.[6]
Wife. Ralph and Lucrece! Which Ralph? Our Ralph?
Cit. No, mouse; that was a Tartarian.[7] 120
Wife. A Tartarian! Well, I would the fiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again!

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[*Waltham Forest*]

Enter JASPER *and* LUCE

Jasp. Come, my dear dear; though we have lost our way,
We have not lost ourselves. Are you not weary
With this night's wand'ring, broken from your rest,
And frighted with the terror that attends
The darkness of this wild, unpeopled place?
Luce. No, my best friend; I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you
The end of all my full desires, stand by me.
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers, 10
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,
Whilst I, possessed with all content and quiet,
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.
Jasp. You have caught me, Luce, so fast, that, whilst I live,
I shall become your faithful prisoner,
And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down,
And rest your body, too, too delicate
For these disturbances.—[*They sit down*] So: will you sleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are;[1] 20
I know you are not skilful in these watches,
For women are no soldiers. Be not nice,[2]
But take it;[3] sleep, I say.
Luce. I cannot sleep;
Indeed, I cannot, friend.
Jasp. Why, then we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our senses.
Luce. I'll sing, or say,[4] or anything but sleep.
Jasp. Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that enchanting voice.
Luce. You mock me, Jasper. [*They sing*]

SONG

Jasp. Tell me, dearest, what is love?
Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above; 30
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire;
'Tis a smile
Doth beguile
Jasp. The poor hearts of men that prove.[5]

Tell me more, are women true?
Luce. Some, Love, change, and so do you.
Jasp. Are they fair and never kind?
Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.

[1] Gallows-bird.
[2] At once.
[3] A popular tune.
[4] A pavane, or slow dance tune, by Dowland.
[5] Cheap wall-hanging.
[6] By confusion with *The Rape of Lucrece*, Ralph being spelled Rafe.
[7] Thief.

[1] Overtax your strength.
[2] Fastidious.
[3] Acquiesce.
[4] Talk.
[5] Try (it).

Jasp. Are they froward?
Luce. Ever toward
Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more; I see the god
Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace
Upon your eyelids.
Luce. I am very heavy. [*Sleeps*]
Jasp. Sleep, sleep; and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts!
Keep from her fair blood distempers, startings,
Horrors, and fearful shapes! Let all her dreams
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures as the ravished soul
Gives to the senses!—So; my charms have took.—
Keep her, you powers divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind!
She is only fair and constant, only kind,
And only to thee, Jasper. O, my joys!
Whither will you transport me? Let not fulness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together
And overcharge my spirits! I am weak.
Some say—however ill—the sea and women
Are governed by the moon; both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes; yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies, to bring on pleasing war
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love and present fear,
Which are the best of Cupid. O, thou child
Bred from despair,[1] I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men!
Which to make good, and please myself the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after-times her constancy.—
[*Draws his sword*]
Luce! Luce! awake!
Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distempered looks? What makes[2] your sword
Drawn in your hand? Who hath offended you?
I prithee, Jasper, sleep; thou art wild with watching.
Jasp. Come, make your way to heaven, and bid the world,

[1] *I.e.*, such opinion as to women. [2] Does.

With all the villainies that stick upon it,
Farewell; you're for another life.
Luce. O, Jasper,
How have my tender years committed evil,
Especially against the man I love,
Thus to be cropped untimely?
Jasp. Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Dischargèd me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorned my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come; by this hand you die;
I must have life and blood, to satisfy
Your father's wrongs.

Wife. Away, George, away! raise the watch at Ludgate, and bring a mittimus[1] from the justice for this desperate villain!—Now, I charge you, gentlemen, see the king's peace kept!—O, my heart, what a varlet's this to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentlewoman!
Cit. I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.[2]

Luce. O, Jasper, be not cruel!
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me.
I am a woman, made of fear and love,
A weak, weak woman. Kill not with thy eyes;
They shoot me through and through. Strike, I am ready;
And, dying, still I love thee.

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL], HUMPHREY, *and his men*

Vent. Whereabouts?
Jasp. [*Aside*] No more of this; now to myself again.
Hum. There, there he stands, with sword, like martial knight,
Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the fight,
You that be wise; for, were I good Sir Bevis,
I would not stay his coming, by your leaves.[3]
Vent. Sirrah, restore my daughter!
Jasp. Sirrah, no.
Vent. Upon him, then!
[*They attack* JASPER, *and force* LUCE *from him*]

Wife. So; down with him, down with him, down with him! Cut him i' th' leg, boys, cut him i' th' leg!

[1] Warrant for arrest. [2] Locked up.
[3] Perhaps dissyllabic for the rime.

Vent. Come your ways, minion: I'll provide a cage
For you, you're grown so tame.—Horse her away.
Hum. Truly, I'm glad your forces have the day. *Exeunt all except* JASPER
Jasp. They are gone, and I am hurt; my love is lost, 120
Never to get again. O, me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed and die! I cannot. O, my folly,
Thou hast betrayed me! Hope, where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou be'st anywhere remaining.
Shall I but see my love again? O, no!
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.
O, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving live, or losing die! *Exit*

Wife. Is a gone, George? 131
Cit. Ay, cony.
Wife. Marry, and let him go, sweetheart. By the faith a' my body, a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble, as they say, as 'twere an aspen-leaf. Look a' my little finger, George, how it shakes. Now, i' truth, every member of my body is the worse for't.
Cit. Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse; he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine own dear heart, how it quivers! 141

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*Before the Bell Inn, Waltham*]

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, RALPH, MICHAEL, Squire [TIM], Dwarf [GEORGE], Host, *and* Tapster

Wife. O, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph? How hast thou slept tonight? Has the knight used thee well?
Cit. Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone.

Tap. Master, the reckoning is not paid.
Ralph. Right courteous knight, who, for the order's sake
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs, 11
Stiffened with hard achievements in wild desert.
Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.
Ralph. Thou merry Squire Tapstero, thanks to thee
For comforting our souls with double jug;
And, if adventurous fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair;
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens, 20
And false enchanters that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.
Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a true knight, I will not bate a penny.

Wife. George, I prithee, tell me, must Ralph pay twelve shillings now?
Cit. No, Nell, no; nothing but the old knight is merry with Ralph. 30
Wife. O, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well;
But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your squires will follow arms,
He shall receive from my heroic hand
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.
Host. Fair knight, I thank you for your noble offer;
Therefore, gentle knight,
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap[1] you. 40

Wife. Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? The knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be beholding to him; give him his money, George, and let him go snick-up.[2]
Cit. Cap Ralph? No! Hold your hand, Sir Knight of the Bell; there's your money. [*Gives money*] Have you any thing to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph!
Wife. I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be 50 capped for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that.—Now take thy course, Ralph.

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket. Shall we, Michael?
Mich. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling. 60

[1] Arrest.
[2] Go hang.

Wife. Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a mouse-skin; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and, I warrant you, he shall be well; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them; it's very sovereign for his head, if he be costive. 71

Mist. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire.
If pricking through these deserts, I do hear
Of any traitorous knight, who through his guile
Hath light[1] upon your casket and your purse,
I will dispoil him of them, and restore them.

Mist. Mer. I thank your worship. 81
Exit with MICHAEL

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield; squire, elevate my lance.—
And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell.

Cit. Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight,
If aught you do of sad[2] adventures know,
Where errant knight may through his prowess win
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and 90 bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone, sir. *Exit*

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame;
And where I would not have you lose your life
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight; tell what he is and where;
For here I vow, upon my blazing badge, 100
Never to blaze a day in quietness,
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quelled[1] that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this distressèd town,
There doth stand a lowly house,
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won,[2] 110
Ycelpèd[3] Barbaroso. In his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turned up; and him before he wears
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massacres,
And ladies gent.[4] Without his door doth hang
A copper basin on a prickant spear;[5]
At which no sooner gentle knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight
And sets him down in an enchanted chair; 121
Then with an engine, which he hath prepared,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown;
Next makes him wink,[6] and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord.[7]
And knocks his bullets[8] round about his cheeks;
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him. 131

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight him. Kind sir,
Go but before me to this dismal cave,
Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Rosicleer
That damnèd brood of ugly giants slew,
And Palmerin Frannarco[9] overthrew,
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted knight, thus far I will perform 140

[1] Happened.
[2] Serious.

[1] Killed. [2] Dwell.
[3] Called.
[4] Gent(le), high-born.
[5] *I.e.*, a pole pointing upward, the usual sign of the barber-surgeon.
[6] Close his eyes.
[7] For bore, caliber (?).
[8] Balls of soap.
[9] A giant in the romance of *Palmerin d'Oliva*.

This your request: I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint George, set on before! March squire and page! *Exeunt*

Wife. George, dost think Ralph will confound the giant?

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing he does. Why, Nell, I saw him wrastle with the great Dutchman, and hurl him. 150

Wife. Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bigness. And yet they say there was a Scottishman higher than he, and that they two and a knight met, and saw one another for nothing. But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, methinks the little child that was so fair grown about the members was the prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite. 160

Cit. Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie[1] was better.

Wife. Ninivie! O, that was the story of Jone and the wall,[2] was it not, George?

Cit. Yes, lamb.

[SCENA TERTIA]

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT

Wife. Look, George, here comes Mistress Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph come and fight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to see't.

Cit. Good Mistress Merrythought, begone, I pray you, for my sake; I pray you, forbear a little; you shall have audience presently;[3] I have a little business.

Wife. Mistress Merrythought, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph 10 have despatched the giant out of the way, we shall think ourselves much bound to you. I thank you, good Mistress Merrythought.

Exit MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT

Enter a Boy

Cit. Boy, come hither. Send away Ralph and this whoreson giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith, sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our play, and make it to be hissed; and it cost money; you will not suffer us to go on with our plot.—I pray, gentlemen, rule him. 20

Cit. Let him come now and despatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll kiss him. I warrant thee, the youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll send him to you presently.[1]

Wife. [*kissing him*] I thank you, little youth. (*Exit* Boy) Faith, the child hath a sweet breath, George; but I think it be 30 troubled with the worms; *carduus benedictus*[2] and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't.

[SCENA QUARTA]

[*Before a Barber's Shop, Waltham*]

Enter RALPH, Host, TIM, *and* GEORGE

Wife. O, Ralph's here, George!—God send thee good luck, Ralph!

Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is.
Lo, where the spear and copper basin are!
Behold that string, on which hangs many a tooth,[3]
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wand'ring knights!
I dare not stay to sound;[4] he will appear.

Exit

Ralph. O, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear,
The cobbler's maid in Milk-street, for whose sake
I take these arms, O, let the thought of thee 10
Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeds;
And, in the honor of thy beauteous self, 12
May I destroy this monster Barbaroso!—
Knock, squire, upon the basin, till it break
With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak.

[TIM *knocks upon the basin*]

Enter Barber

Wife. O, George, the giant, the giant!—Now, Ralph, for thy life!

Bar. What fond[5] unknowing wight is this, that dares

[1] *I.e.*, the puppet-show of Nineveh.
[2] Jonah and the whale.
[3] Shortly.

[1] At once.
[2] A cordial.
[3] The barber-surgeon was also a dentist.
[4] Knock. [5] Foolish.

So rudely knock at Barbaroso's cell,
Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind? 20

Ralph. I, traitorous caitiff, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against ladies gent
And errant knights. Traitor to God and men,
Prepare thyself! This is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villainies.

Bar. Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby[1]
This fond reproach: thy body will I bang;
Takes down his pole
And, lo, upon that string thy teeth shall hang! 30
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint George for me! *They fight*

Bar. Gargantua for me!

Wife. To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant; set out thy leg before, Ralph!

Cit. Falsify a blow,[2] Ralph, falsify a blow! The giant lies open on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off,[3] bear't off still! there, boy!—
O, Ralph's almost down, Ralph's almost down!

Ralph. Susan, inspire me! Now have up again. 40

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph! down with him, down with him, Ralph!

Cit. Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!
[RALPH *knocks down the* Barber]

Wife. There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph!

Cit. No, Ralph; get all out of him first.

Ralph. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee! The just gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villainies which thou hast done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home 50
By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad Avernus, whither it must go,
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

Bar. Go in, and free them all; thou hast the day.

[1] Pay for.
[2] To make a blow under cover of a feint. (*NED*). Parry.

Ralph. Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds. *Exeunt* TIM *and* GEORGE

Bar. I crave for mercy, as thou art a knight,
And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.

Ralph. Thou show'd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any; 60
Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

Re-enter Squire [TIM], *leading one winking*[1], *with a Basin under his Chin*

Tim. Behold, brave knight, here is one prisoner,
Whom this wild man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the first wise word I heard the squire speak.

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been used,
That I may give him condign punishment.

1 *Kn.* I am a knight that took my journey post
Northward from London; and in courteous wise
This giant trained[2] me to his loathsome den, 70
Under pretence of killing of the itch;
And all my body with a powder strewed,
That smarts and stings; and cut away my beard,
And my curled locks wherein were ribands tied;
And with a water washed my tender eyes,
Whilst up and down about me still he skipped,
Whose virtue is, that, till my eyes be wiped
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face.

Wife. Alas, poor knight!—Relieve him, 80
Ralph; relieve poor knights, whilst you live.

Ralph. My trusty squire, convey him to the town,
Where he may find relief.—Adieu, fair knight.
Exit 1 Knight

Re-enter Dwarf [GEORGE], *leading one, with a patch o'er his nose*

George. Puissant Knight, of the Burning Pestle hight,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast

[1] With eyes closed.
[2] Tricked.

Hath scorched and scored[1] in this inhuman wise.
Ralph. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this cave.
2 *Kn.* I am a knight, Sir Pockhole is my name,
And by my birth I am a Londoner, 90
Free by my copy,[2] but my ancestors
Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard this way
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache;
And I, faint knight, to ease my weary limbs,
Light[3] at this cave; when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instruments of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaster stands.
Relieve me, gentle knight, out of his hands!

Wife. Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, 100 and send him away; for in truth his breath stinks.

Ralph. Convey him straight after the other knight.—
Sir Pockhole, fare you well.
2 *Kn.* Kind sir, good night. *Exit*

Man. Deliver us! *Cries within*
Woman. Deliver us!

Wife. Hark, George, what a woeful cry there is! I think some woman lies-in there.

Man. Deliver us!
Women. Deliver us! 110
Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? Speak, Barbaroso,
Or, by this blazing steel, thy head goes off!
Bar. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.
Send lower down into the cave,
And in a tub that's heated smoking hot,
There may they find them, and deliver them.
Ralph. Run, squire and dwarf; deliver them with speed. *Exeunt* TIM *and* GEORGE

Wife. But will not Ralph kill this giant? Surely I am afeard, if he let him go, he will do as much hurt as ever he did. 120
Cit. Not so, mouse, neither, if he could convert him.
Wife. Ay, George, if he could convert him; but a giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a witch, that had the devil's mark about her, —God bless us!—that had a giant to her son, that was called Lob-lie-by-the-fire; didst never hear it, George?

Re-enter Squire [TIM], *leading a* Man, *with a glass of lotion in his hand, and* Dwarf [GEORGE], *leading a* Woman, *with diet-bread and drink* [*in her hand*]

Cit. Peace, Nell, here comes the prisoners.

George. Here be these pinèd wretches, manful knight, 131
That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.
Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this sad cave, and what your usage was?
Man. I am an errant knight that followed arms
With spear and shield; and in my tender years
I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my lady dear,
And stole her from her friends in Turnbull-street,[1]
And bore her up and down from town to town, 140
Where we did eat and drink, and music hear;
Till at the length at this unhappy town
We did arrive, and coming to this cave,
This beast us caught, and put us in a tub,
Where we this two months sweat,[2] and should have done
Another month, if you had not relieved us.
Woman. This bread and water hath our diet been,
Together with a rib cut from a neck
Of burnèd mutton; hard hath been our fare.
Release us from this ugly giant's snare! 150
Man. This hath been all the food we have received;
But only twice a day, for novelty,
He gave a spoonful of this hearty[3] broth
To each of us, through this same slender quill.
Pulls out a syringe
Ralph. From this infernal monster you shall go,
That useth knights and gentle ladies so!—
Convey them hence.
Exeunt Man *and* Woman

Cit. Cony, I can tell thee, the gentlemen like Ralph.
Wife. Ay, George, I see it well enough.—160

[1] Cut and scratched.
[2] Certificate of citizenship.
[3] (A-)light(-ed).

[1] A street of evil resort.
[2] A common method of treating syphilis.
[3] Strong.

Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for gracing my man Ralph; and I promise you, you shall see him oft'ner.

Bar. Mercy, great knight! I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.
Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet shalt thou swear
Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform
Thy promise utterèd.
Bar. I swear and kiss. [*Kisses the Pestle*]
Ralph. Depart, then, and amend.—
[*Exit* Barber]
Come, squire and dwarf; the sun grows towards his set,
And we have many more adventures yet.
Exeunt

Cit. Now Ralph is in this humor, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.

Wife. Ay, George, but it is well as it is. I warrant you, the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant. But, look, George: here comes Mistress Merrythought, and her son Michael.—Now you are welcome, Mistress Merrythought; now Ralph has done, you may go on.

[SCENA QUINTA]

[*A Street before Merrythought's House*]

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL

Mist. Mer. Mick, my boy—
Mich. Ay, forsooth, mother.
Mist. Mer. Be merry, Mick; we are at home now; where, I warrant you, you shall find the house flung out of the windows. [*Music within*] Hark! hey, dogs, hey! this is the old world, i' faith, with my husband.[1] If I get in among 'em, I'll play 'em such a lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping[2] hither again. —Why, Master Merrythought! husband! Charles Merrythought!
Mer. [*appearing above, and singing*]

If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,
And hollow, and laugh again,
And then cry, "There, boys, there!" why, then,
One, two, three, and four,
We shall be merry within this hour.

[1] "He's at his old tricks!" [2] Fiddling.

Mist. Mer. Why, Charles, do you not know your own natural[1] wife? I say, open the door, and turn me out those mangy companions;[2] 'tis more than time that they were[3] fellow and fellow-like with you. You are a gentleman, Charles, and an old man, and father of two children; and I myself, though I say it, by my mother's side niece to a worshipful gentleman and a conductor;[4] he has been three times in his majesty's service at Chester, and is now the fourth time, God bless him and his charge, upon his journey.
Mer. [*sings*]

Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear!
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again;
You cannot be lodgèd here.

Hark you, Mistress Merrythought, you that walk upon adventures, and forsake your husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what, shall I think myself the worse? Faith, no, I'll be merry. You come not here; here's none but lads of mettle, lives of a hundred years and upwards; care never drunk their bloods, nor want made 'em warble "Heigh-ho, my heart is heavy."
Mist. Mer. Why, Master Merrythought, what am I, that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? Am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? Have I not brought you children? Are they not like you, Charles? look upon thine own image, hard-hearted man! And yet for all this ——
Mer. [*sings*]

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear!
The weather is warm,
'Twill do thee no harm:
Thou canst not be lodgèd here.—

Be merry, boys! some light music, and more wine! [*Exit above*]

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope, George, is he?
Cit. What if he be, sweetheart?
Wife. Marry, if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant[5] old man to use his bed-fellow so scurvily.

[1] Lawful, perhaps with a pun on "fool."
[2] An insulting word.
[3] High time they stopped being.
[4] Commander.
[5] For ignorant; rude, badly-behaved.

Cit. What! how does he use her, honey?

Wife. Marry, come up, sir saucebox! I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot you are grown! You are a fine man, an you had a fine dog; it becomes you sweetly!

Cit. Nay, prithee, Nell, chide not; for, as I am an honest man and a true Christian grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy, then, George! you know we are all frail and full of infirmities.—D'ye hear, Master Merrythought? May I crave a word with you?

Mer. [*appearing above*] Strike up lively, lads!

Wife. I had not thought, in truth, Master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion, as I may say, being a gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions,[1] could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife; for your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory world; nay, she's your own rib. And again——

Mer. [*sings*]
I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kissed me under the breech,
As thou art a lady gay.

Wife. Marry, with a vengeance! I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i' faith, greybeard, i' faith——

Cit. I prithee, sweet honeysuckle, be content.

Wife. Give me such words, that am a gentle woman born! Hang him, hoary rascal! Get me some drink, George; I am almost molten with fretting; now, beshrew his knave's heart for it! [*Exit* Citizen]

Mer. Play me a light lavolta.[2] Come, be frolic.[3]
Fill the good fellows wine.

Mist. Mer. Why, Master Merrythought, are you disposed to make me wait here? You'll open, I hope; I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something; if not—— [*Sings*]
You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you.—

Come aloft,[1] boys, aloft! [*Exit above*]

Mist. Mer. Now a churl's fart in your teeth, sir!—Come, Mick, we'll not trouble him; a shall not ding us i' th' teeth[2] with his bread and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee. We'll go to Master Venturewell's, the merchant: I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster: will not that do well for thee, Mick? And let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father; I'll use him in his kind,[3] I warrant ye. [*Exeunt*]

[*Re-enter* Citizen *with Beer*]

Wife. Come, George, where's the beer?

Cit. Here, love.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet.—Gentlemen, I'll begin[4] to you all: I desire more of your acquaintance with all my heart. [*Drinks*] Fill the gentlemen some beer, George. *Music*

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA

Boy danceth

Wife. Look, George, the little boy's come again: methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness[5] about his neck. George, I will have him dance *Fading.*—*Fading* is a fine jig, I'll assure you, gentlemen.—Begin, brother.—Now a capers, sweetheart!—Now a turn i' th' toe, and then tumble! cannot you tumble, youth?

Boy. No, indeed, forsooth.

Wife. Nor eat fire?

Boy. Neither.

Wife. Why, then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points[6] withal.

Enter Jasper *and* Boy

Jasp. There, boy, deliver this; but do it well. [*Gives a letter*]
Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows,
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy business?

Boy. Sir, you need not fear;

[1] Qualities. [2] A lively dance. [3] Gay.

[1] "Be lively." [2] Reproach, flout us.
[3] Pay him back in his own coin.
[4] Drink a toast. [5] Armor.
[6] Tagged laces used to attach the hose, or breeches to the doublet.

I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it;
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertains to this employment.
Jasp. There, my boy;
Take it, but buy no land. [*Gives money*]
Boy. Faith, sir, 'twere rare
To see so young a purchaser. I fly,
And on my wings carry your destiny.
Jasp. Go and be happy! [*Exit* Boy] Now, my latest hope,
Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand fixed, thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all
You powers that rule in men, celestial! *Exit*

Wife. Go thy ways; thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew in London. I warrant him, he'll come to some naughty[1] end or other; for his looks say no less; besides, his father, you know, George, is none of the best; you heard him take me up like a flirt-gill,[2] and sing bawdy songs upon me; but i' faith, if I live, George ——

Cit. Let me alone,[3] sweetheart. I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches[4] for one year, and make him sing *peccavi* ere I leave him; and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good George, do!

Cit. What shall we have Ralph do now, boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will, sir.

Cit. Why, so, sir; go and fetch me him, then, and let the Sophy of Persia come and christen him a child.[5]

Boy. Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; 'tis stale; it has been had before at the Red Bull.[6]

Wife. George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be very weary, and come to the King of Cracovia's[7] house, covered with velvet; and there let the king's daughter stand in her window, all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry[8] him into her father's house; and then let Ralph talk with her.

[1] Disgraceful. [2] A loose woman. [3] Leave it to me.
[4] The Chancery Court, which had jurisdiction over cases of morals.
[5] An allusion to an incident in a play called *The Travailes of the Three English Brothers* (1607), by Day, Rowley, and Wilkins.
[6] A popular theater.
[7] Probably an allusion to some now unknown romance.
[8] Take.

Cit. Well said, Nell; it shall be so.—Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir boy, let's ha't as you can, then.

Boy. Besides, it will show ill-favoredly to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's daughter.

Cit. Will it so, sir? You are well read in histories![1] I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet?[2] Was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of "The Four Prentices of London,"[3] where they toss their pikes so. I pray you, fetch him in, sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done.—It is not our fault, gentlemen. *Exit*

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant 'ee, George.

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*The Palace of the King of Moldavia*[4]]

Enter the Lady [Pompiona], Ralph, Squire, *and* Dwarf

Wife. O, here they come, how prettily the King of Cracovia's daughter is dressed!

Cit. Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant thee.

Pomp. Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's court,
King of Moldavia; unto me Pompiona,
His daughter dear! But, sure, you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.
Ralph. Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad[5] adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderness;
Besides, my horse's back is something galled,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks, fair lady, be to you
For using errant knight with courtesy!
Pomp. But say, brave knight, what is your name and birth?
Ralph. My name is Ralph; I am an Englishman,
As true as steel, a hearty Englishman,
And prentice to a grocer in the Strand

[1] Tales.
[2] The king's fool in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.
[3] By Heywood.
[4] In Roumania. The Prince of Moldavia was in London in 1607, and is referred to in several plays.
[5] Serious.

By deed indent,[1] of which I have one part;
But fortune calling me to follow arms,
On me this holy order I did take
Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.
Pomp. Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food;
My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and nipitato[2] called,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.
Ralph. Lady, 'tis true; you need not lay your lips
To better nipitato than there is.
Pomp. And of a wild fowl he will often speak,
Which powdered[3]-beef-and-mustard callèd is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly, Ralph, it was not 'long of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favor in your shield?
Ralph. I am a knight of religious order,
And will not wear a favor of a lady's
That trusts in Antichrist and false traditions.

Cit. Well said, Ralph! convert her, if thou canst.

Ralph. Besides, I have a lady of my own
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
I took these arms; and Susan is her name,
A cobbler's[4] maid in Milk Street; whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake whilst life and Pestle last.
Pomp. Happy that cobbling dame, whoe'er she be,
That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten thee!
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away!
Ralph. Lady, farewell; I needs must take my leave.
Pomp. Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies dost deceive!

Cit. Hark thee, Ralph: there's money for thee [*gives money*]; give something in the King of Cracovia's house; be not beholding to him.

Ralph. Lady, before I go, I must remember
Your father's officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent.

[1] Indenture.
[2] A mock-learned form of nipitate, strong ale.
[3] Cured with saltpeter.
[4] Botcher, clumsy workman.

Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid!
There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain;
And another shilling for his cook,
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well;
And twelve-pence for your father's horse-keeper,
For 'nointing my horse' back, and for his butter[1]
There is another shilling; to the maid
That washed my boot-hose[2] there's an English groat,
And two-pence to the boy that wiped my boots;
And last, fair lady, there is for yourself
Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo Fair.
Pomp. Full many thanks; and I will keep them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph.
Ralph. Advance, my squire and dwarf! I cannot stay.
Pomp. Thou kill'st my heart in passing thus away. *Exeunt*

Wife. I commend Ralph yet, that he will not stoop to a Cracovian; there's properer[3] women in London than any are there, i-wis. But here comes Master Humphrey and his love again now, George.
Cit. Ay, cony; peace.

[SCENA TERTIA]

[*A Room in Venturewell's House*]

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL], HUMPHREY, LUCE, *and* Boy

Vent. Go, get you up;[4] I will not be entreated;
And, gossip mine, I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again with boys and unthrifts.
Come, they are women's tears; I know your fashion,—
Go, sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key
Safe as you love your life.
Exeunt LUCE *and* Boy
Now, my son Humphrey,
You may both rest assurèd of my love
In this, and reap your own desire.
Hum. I see this love you speak of, through your daughter,

[1] Used as ointment.
[2] Stockings without feet, worn with boots.
[3] Handsomer.
[4] Upstairs.

Although the hole be little; and hereafter 10
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.
Vent. I do believe you, my good son, and thank you;
For 't were an impudence to think you flattered.
Hum. It were, indeed: but shall I tell you why?
I have been beaten twice about the lie.
Vent. Well, son, no more of compliment. My daughter
Is yours again: appoint the time and take her.
We'll have no stealing for it; I myself
And some few of our friends will see you married. 20
Hum. I would you would, i' faith! for, be it known,
I ever was afraid to lie alone.
Vent. Some three days hence, then.
Hum. Three days! let me see:
'Tis somewhat of the most;[1] yet I agree,
Because I mean against[2] the appointed day
To visit all my friends in new array.

Enter Servant

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without would speak with your worship.
Vent. What is she?
Serv. Sir, I asked her not. 30
Vent. Bid her come in. [*Exit* Servant]

Enter Mistress Merrythought *and* Michael

Mist. Mer. Peace be to your worship! I come as a poor suitor to you, sir, in the behalf of this child.
Vent. Are you not wife to Merrythought?
Mist. Mer. Yes, truly. Would I had ne'er seen his eyes! He has undone me and himself and his children; and there he lives at home, and sings and hoits[3] and revels among his drunken companions! but, I warrant you, 40 where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth he knows not; and therefore, if it like your worship, I would entreat your letter to the honest host of the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my child under the protection of his tapster, in some settled course of life.
Vent. I'm glad the heavens have heard my prayers. Thy husband,
When I was ripe in sorrows, laughed at me;

[1] Rather long.
[2] In anticipation of.
[3] Riots.

Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeemed him from his fall, and made him mine, 50
To show his love again, first stole my daughter,
Then wronged this gentleman, and, last of all,
Gave me that grief had almost brought me down
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Relieved my sorrows. Go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied: for I here profess
An everlasting hate to all thy name.
Mist. Mer. Will you so, sir? how say you by that?[1]—Come, Mick; let him keep his wind to cool his porridge. We'll go to thy nurse's, 60 Mick: she knits silk stockings, boy; and we'll knit too, boy, and be beholding to none of them all. *Exit with* Michael

Enter a Boy *with a letter*

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this house.
Vent. How then, boy?
Boy. Then to yourself, sir, comes this letter.
Vent. From whom, my pretty boy?
Boy. From him that was your servant; but no more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead: 70
Grief of your purchased anger[2] broke his heart.
I saw him die, and from his hand received
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither.
Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.
Vent. [*reads*] Sir, that I have wronged your love I must confess; in which I have purchased to myself, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgiveness; let my body, 80 if a dying man may so much prevail with you, be brought to your daughter, that she may truly know my hot flames are now buried, and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever happy! Jasper
God's hand is great in this. I do forgive him;
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again.—Boy, bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all. 90
Boy. 'Tis here without, sir.
Vent. So, sir; if you please,
You may conduct it in; I do not fear it.

[1] "What do you say to that?"
[2] Grief at having incurred your anger.

Hum. I'll be your usher, boy; for, though I say it,
He owed me something once, and well did pay it. *Exeunt*

[SCENA QUARTA]

[*Another Room in Venturewell's House*]

Enter LUCE

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures.—Thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, O, Death! bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruel friend!—
O, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,
To be a say[1] to Fortune in her changes, 11
And grow to number times and woes together!
How happy had I been, if, being born,
My grave had been my cradle!

Enter Servant

Serv. By your leave,
Young mistress; here's a boy hath brought a coffin:
What a would say, I know not; but your father
Charged me to give you notice. Here they come. [*Exit*]

Enter two bearing a Coffin, JASPER *in it*

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.
Boy. Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief
To that great store you have already. Jasper— 20
That whilst he lived was yours, now dead
And here enclosed—commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a tear
From those fair eyes, though he deserved not pity,
To deck his funeral; for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he died.
Luce. He shall have many.—
Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I loved.
Exeunt Coffin-carrier *and* Boy
Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. O, my friend! 30
Hast thou deceived me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after. But, believe me,
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
In punishing the fault I could have pardoned,
With so untimely death; thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving;
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
And all myself, before thou goest from me. 40
These[1] are but sparing rites; but if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge,
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
And fill one coffin and one grave together.

SONG

Come, you whose loves are dead,
And, whiles I sing,
Weep, and wring 50
Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew;
Ribands black and candles blue
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning,[2]
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow, 60
For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.
[*Removes the Cloth, and* JASPER *rises out of the Coffin*]
Jasp. And thus you meet the living.
Luce. Save me, heaven!
Jasp. Nay, do not fly me, fair;[3] I am no spirit:
Look better on me; do you know me yet?
Luce. O, thou dear shadow of my friend!
Jasp. Dear substance;
I swear I am no shadow: feel my hand,
It is the same it was; I am your Jasper,
Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving.

[1] Byword.

[1] Qq. *There.* [2] So ed. 1750. Qq. *mourning.*
[3] Fair one.

Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof[1] 71
I put in practice of your constancy;
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body; for which boldness
Doom me to any thing: if death, I take it,
And willingly.

Luce. This death I'll give you for it; [*Kisses him*]
So; now I am satisfied you are no spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest friend.
Why do you come thus to me?

Jasp. First, to see you; 80
Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be;
For I am locked up here, and watched at all hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

Jasp. Nothing more possible. Within this coffin
Do you convey yourself. Let me alone;[2]
I have the wits of twenty men about me.
Only I crave the shelter of your closet
A little, and then fear me not.[3] Creep in,
That they may presently[4] convey you hence: 89
Fear nothing, dearest love; I'll be your second.

[LUCE *lies down in the Coffin, and* JASPER *covers her with the cloth*]

Lie close.[5] So; all goes well yet.—Boy!

[*Re-enter* Boy *and* Men]

Boy. At hand, sir.

Jasp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

[*Exeunt* Men *with the Coffin*]

Jasp. Now must I go conjure.

Exit [*into a Closet*]

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL]

Vent. Boy, boy!

Boy. Your servant, sir.

Vent. Do me this kindness, boy:—hold, here's a crown: before thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his old merry father, and salute him from me, and bid him sing; he hath cause. 100

Boy. I will, sir.

Vent. And then bring me word what tune he is in,
And have another crown; but do it truly.

[1] Test. [2] Trust me. [3] Fear not for me.
[4] Instantly. [5] "Lie low."

I have fitted him a bargain now will vex him.

Boy. God bless your worship's health, sir!

Vent. Farewell, boy! *Exeunt* [*severally*]

[SCENA QUINTA]

[*Merrythought's House*]

Enter MERRYTHOUGHT

Wife. Ah, old Merrythought, art thou there again? Let's hear some of thy songs.

Mer. [*sings*]

Who can sing a merrier note
Than he that cannot change a groat?[1]

Not a denier[1] left, and yet my heart leaps. I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets. My wife and both my sons are I know not where; I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to sup- 10 per; yet am I merry still, for I know I shall find it upon the table at six o'clock; therefore, hang thought! [*Sings*]

I would not be a serving-man
To carry the cloak-bag[2] still,
Nor would I be a falconer
The greedy hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too;
But I would eat and drink of the best, 20
And no work would I do.

This is it that keeps life and soul together, —mirth; this is the philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young.

Enter a Boy

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

Mer. Will they not? let 'em choose![3] The best is, I have mirth at home, and need not 30 send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves. [*Sings*]

For Jillian of Berry, she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill;
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

[1] Coins of small value.
[2] Portmanteau.
[3] "That's up to them."

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess, and go your way; 40
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

Enter another Boy

2 *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Mer. Hang bread and supper! Let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch; boy, follow me, come sing this catch.

Ho, ho, nobody at home!
Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none.
Fill the pot, Eedy, 50
Never more need I.

Mer. So, boys; enough. Follow me: let's change our place, and we shall laugh afresh.
Exeunt

Wife. Let him go, George; a shall not have any countenance from us, not a good word from any i' th' company, if I may strike stroke in't.

Cit. No more a sha'not, love. But, Nell, I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honor and glory of all grocers. —Sirrah! you there, boy! Can none of you hear? 62

[*Enter* Boy]

Boy. Sir, your pleasure?

Cit. Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit,[1] with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks.

Boy. Why, sir, you do not think of our plot; what will become of that, then?

Cit. Why, sir, I care not what become 70 on't: I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myself; I'll have something done in honor of the city. Besides, he hath been long enough upon adventures. Bring him out quickly; or, if I come in amongst you ——

Boy. Well, sir, he shall come out, but if our play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for't.

Cit. Bring him away, then!
Exit Boy

Wife. This will be brave, i' faith! George, shall not he dance the morris too, for the credit of the Strand? 81

Cit. No, sweetheart, it will be too much for the boy. *Enter* Ralph [*dressed as a May-lord*]

[1] Street fountain.

O, there he is, Nell! he's reasonable well in reparel:[1] but he has not rings enough.

Ralph. London, to thee I do present the merry month of May;
Let each true subject be content to hear me what I say:
For from the top of conduit-head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My name is Ralph, by due descent though not ignoble I 90
Yet far inferior to the stock[2] of gracious grocery;
And by the common counsel of my fellows in the Strand,
With gilded staff and crossèd scarf, the May-lord here I stand.
Rejoice, O, English hearts, rejoice! rejoice, O, lovers dear!
Rejoice, O, city, town, and country! rejoice, eke every shire!
For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort,
The little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do make fine sport;
And now the birchen-tree doth bud, that makes the schoolboy cry;
The morris rings,[3] while hobby-horse doth foot it featously;[4]
The lords and ladies now abroad, for their disport and play, 100
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and sometimes in the hay;
Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge the blood;
Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither good;
Now little fish on tender stone begin to cast their bellies,[5]
And sluggish snails, that erst were mewed,[6] do creep out of their shellies;
The rumbling rivers now do warm, for little boys to paddle;
The sturdy steed now goes to grass, and up they hang his saddle;
The heavy hart, the bellowing buck, the rascal,[7] and the pricket,[8]
Are now among the yeoman's peas, and leave the fearful thicket;

[1] Apparel. [2] Qq. *flock*.
[3] The dancers wore bells attached to the garters.
[4] Gracefully; here, of course, ironical.
[5] *I.e.*, to spawn. [6] Stabled.
[7] A deer out of condition to be hunted.
[8] A buck in his second year.

And be like them, O, you, I say, of this same noble town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping off your gown,
With bells on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders tied,
With scarfs and garters as you please, and "Hey for our town!" cried,
March out, and show your willing minds, by twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon[1] or to Newington, where ale and cakes are plenty;
And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the youths of London
Lay thrumming of our caps[2] at home, and left our custom undone.
Up, then, I say, both young and old, both man and maid a-maying,
With drums, and guns that bounce aloud, and merry tabor playing!
Which to prolong, God save our king, and send his country peace,
And root out treason from the land! And so, my friends, I cease. *Exit*

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in Venturewell's House*]

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL]

Vent. I will have no great store of company at the wedding; a couple of neighbors and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef stuck with rosemary.

Enter JASPER, *his face mealed*

Jasp. Forbear thy pains, fond man! it is too late.
Vent. Heaven bless me! Jasper!
Jasp. Ay, I am his ghost,
Whom thou hast injured for his constant love,
Fond worldly wretch! who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know, thy daughter is quite borne away
On wings of angels, through the liquid air,
To far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face; but she and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves,
Where neither father's anger, poverty,
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men,
Shall make us sever our united hearts.
And never shalt thou sit or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and filled with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.
Vent. Forgive me, Jasper! O, what might I do,
Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost?
Jasp. There is no means; too late thou think'st of this.
Vent. But tell me what were best for me to do?
Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. *Exit*

Wife. Look, George; his very ghost would have folks beaten.

Enter HUMPHREY

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair Mistress Luce;
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice.
Vent. Hence, fool, out of my sight with thy fond passion![1]
Thou hast undone me. [*Beats him*]
Hum. Hold, my father dear,
For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no peer!
Vent. Thy father, fool! There's some blows more; begone.— [*Beats him*]
Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeased
To see thy will performed. Now will I go
To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs. *Exit*
Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And Mistress Luce is gone. Help me, device![2]
Since my true love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles
In passion[3] in Saint Faith's church under Paul's. *Exit*

Wife. George, call Ralph hither; if you love me, call Ralph hither: I have the bravest

[1] Hoxton.
[2] Proverbial for "wasting time."

[1] Foolish lament.
[2] Invention.
[3] Sorrow.

thing for him to do, George; prithee, call him quickly.

Cit. Ralph! why, Ralph, boy!

Enter RALPH

Ralph. Here, sir.

Cit. Come hither, Ralph; come to thy mistress, boy.

Wife. Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths together in battle'ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-End in pompous[1] fashion, and there exhort your soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning, Ralph; and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, "Kill, kill, kill!" My husband shall lend you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's a scarf; for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't. Do it bravely, Ralph; and think before whom you perform, and what person you represent.

Ralph. I warrant you, mistress; if I do it not for the honor of the city and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedom![2]

Wife. 'Tis well spoken, i' faith. Go thy ways; thou art a spark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph!

Ralph. I warrant you, sir. *Exit*

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his service; I shall take him[3] else. I was there myself a pikeman once, in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick,[4] and yet, I thank God, I am here. *Drum within*

Wife. Hark, George, the drums!

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran, tan! O, wench, an thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, Drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward[5] came up, and then thundered again, and together we go! "Sa, sa, sa, bounce!" quoth the guns; "Courage, my hearts!" quoth the captains; "Saint George!" quoth the pikemen; and withal, here they lay, and there they lay: and yet for all this I am here, wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it, George; for indeed 'tis wonderful.

[1] Stately.
[2] *I.e.*, full membership in his company.
[3] "Catch him up."
[4] Ramrod.
[5] Company.

[SCENA SECUNDA]

[*A Street; afterwards Mile-End*]

Enter RALPH *and Company of* Soldiers (*among whom are* WILLIAM HAMMERTON, *and* GEORGE GREENGOOSE), *with drums and colors*

Ralph. March fair, my hearts! Lieutenant, beat the rear up.—Ancient,[1] let your colors fly; but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient.—Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition.—Sergeant, call a muster.

Serg. A stand!—William Hammerton, pewterer!

Ham. Here, captain!

Ralph. A corselet and a Spanish pike; 'tis well: can you shake it with a terror?

Ham. I hope so, captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me. [*He charges on* RALPH]—'Tis with the weakest: put more strength, William Hammerton, more strength. As you were again!—Proceed, Sergeant.

Serg. George Greengoose, poulterer!

Green. Here!

Ralph. Let me see your piece, neighbor Greengoose. When was she shot in?

Green. An't like you, master captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed; besides, there is a main[2] fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the army. Get you a feather, neighbor, get you a feather, sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do well enough yet. Where's your powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a paper! As I am a soldier and a gentleman, it craves[3] a martial court! You ought to die for't. Where's your horn? Answer me to that.

Green. An't like you, sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not you should be so; 'tis shame for you, and a scandal to all our neighbors, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't.—Stand, till I view you all.

[1] A corruption of *ensign*; color-bearer.
[2] Serious.
[3] Deserves.

What's become o' th' nose of your flask?

1 *Sold.* Indeed, la, captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the city's charge.—Where's the stone[1] of this piece?

2 *Sold.* The drummer took it out to light tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault, my friend; put it in again.—You want a nose,—and you a stone.—Sergeant, take a note on 't, for I mean to stop it in the pay.—Remove, and march! [*They march*] Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! Double your files! As you were! Faces about! Now, you with the sodden[2] face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah, it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So; make a crescent now: advance your pikes: stand and give ear!—Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-soldiers, I have brought you this day, from the shops of security and the counters of content, to measure out in these furious fields honor by the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, O let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this city fainted; but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns, for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's car[3] is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience; neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you.

To a resolved[4] mind his home is every-where:
I speak not this to take away
The hope of your return; for you shall see
—I do not doubt it—and that very shortly
Your loving wives again and your sweet children,
Whose care doth bear you company in baskets.
Remember, then, whose cause you have in hand,
And, like a sort[5] of true-born scavengers,
Scour me this famous realm of enemies.
I have no more to say but this: stand to your tacklings,[6] lads, and show to the world you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts!

All. Saint George, Saint George! *Exeunt*

Wife. 'Twas well done, Ralph! I'll send thee a cold capon a-field and a bottle of March beer; and, it may be come myself to see thee.

[1] Flint.
[2] Stupid.
[3] Truck.
[4] Resolute.
[5] Lot.
[6] Weapons.

Cit. Nell, the boy has deceived me much; I did not think it had been in him. He has performed such a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I'll have him captain of the galley-foist[1] or I'll want my will.

[SCENA TERTIA]

[*A Room in Merrythought's House*]

Enter MERRYTHOUGHT

Mer. Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoup,[2] boys? Care, live with cats; I defy thee! My heart is as sound as an oak; and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing; [*Sings*]

Come no more there, boys, come no more there;
For we shall never whilst we live come any more there.

Enter Boy, [*and two* Men] *with a Coffin*

Boy. God save you, sir!

Mer. It's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes, sir, I can sing; but 't is not so necessary at this time.

Mer. [*sings*]

Sing we, and chant it;
Whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Mer. [*sings*]

O, the Mimon round,
Full long, long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found,
And what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jasper in it. [*Exit with* Men]

Mer. Dead! [*Sings*]

Why, farewell he!
Thou wast a bonny boy,
And I did love thee.

Enter JASPER

Jasp. Then, I pray you, sir, do so still.

Mer. Jasper's ghost! [*Sings*]

Thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soon;
Declare to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court are done.

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I ne'er came there; 'tis too hot for me, sir.

[1] The Lord-Mayor's barge of state.
[2] "No more drink?"

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost!
[*Sings*]
And where is your true love? O, where is yours?

Jasp. Marry, look you, sir!
Heaves up coffin

Mer. Ah, ha! art thou good at that, i' faith?
[*Sings*]
With hey, trixy, terlery-whiskin,
The world it runs on wheels:
When the young man's ——[1]
Up goes the maiden's heels.

MRS. MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL *within*

Mist. Mer. [*within*] What, Master Merry- 40
thought! will you not let's in? What do you think shall become of us?

Mer. [*sings*]
What voice is that, that calleth at our door?

Mist. Mer. [*within*] You know me well enough; I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

Mer. [*sings*]
And some they whistled, and some they sung,
Hey, down, down!
And some did loudly say,
Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blew, 50
Away, Musgrave, away!

Mist. Mer. [*within*] You will not have us starve here, will you, Master Merrythought?

Jasp. Nay, good sir, be persuaded; she is my mother.
If her offences have been great against you,
Let your own love remember she is yours,
And so forgive her.

Luce. Good Master Merrythought,
Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mist. Mer. [*within*] Why, Master Merry-
thought, will you be a vexed[2] thing still? 60

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love again; but you shall sing before you enter; therefore despatch your song and so come in.

Mist. Mer. [*within*] Well, you must have your will, when all's done.—Michael, what song canst thou sing, boy?

Mich. [*within*] I can sing none, forsooth, but *A Lady's Daughter of Paris* properly.
[*They sing*]
It was a lady's daughter, &c. 69

[MERRYTHOUGHT *opens the Door*; *enter* MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL]

Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.
[*Sings*]
If such danger be in playing,
And jest must to earnest turn,
You shall go no more a-maying—

Vent. (*within*) Are you within, sir? Master Merrythought!

Jasp. It is my master's voice! Good sir, go hold him
In talk, whilst we convey ourselves into
Some inward room. [*Exit with* LUCE]

Mer. What are you? Are you merry?
You must be very merry, if you enter.

Vent. [*within*] I am, sir. 80

Mer. Sing, then.

Vent. [*within*] Nay, good sir, open to me.

Mer. Sing, I say, or, by the merry heart, you come not in!

Vent. [*within*] Well, sir, I'll sing. [*Sings*]
Fortune, my foe, &c.

[MERRYTHOUGHT *opens the Door*: *Enter* VENTUREWELL]

Mer. You are welcome, sir, you are welcome; you see your entertainment; pray you, be merry.

Vent. O, Master Merrythought, I am come to ask you 90
Forgiveness for the wrongs I offered you
And your most virtuous son! They're infinite;
Yet my contrition shall be more than they:
I do confess my hardness broke his heart,
For which just heaven hath given me punishment
More than my age can carry. His wand'ring spirit,
Not yet at rest, pursues me everywhere,
Crying, "I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty."
My daughter, she is gone, I know not how,
Taken invisible, and whether living 100
Or in [the] grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
O, Master Merrythought, these are the weights
Will sink me to my grave! Forgive me, sir.

Mer. Why, sir, I do forgive you; and be merry.
And if the wag in 's lifetime played the knave,
Can you forgive him, too?

Vent. With all my heart, sir.

Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Vent. I do, sir;
Now, by my soul, I do.

Re-enter LUCE *and* JASPER

Mer. [*sings*]
With that came out his paramour;

[1] Some word(s) omitted; qy, *a-friskin'*. [2] Angry.

She was as white as the lily flower: 110
Hey, troul, troly, loly!
With that came out her own dear knight;
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together; there's no more to be said i' th' matter.

Vent. I do, I do.

Cit. I do not like this. Peace, boys! Hear me, one of you! Everybody's part is come to an end but Ralph's, and he's left out. 120

Boy. 'Tis 'long of yourself,[1] sir; we have nothing to do with his part.

Cit. Ralph, come away!—Make on[2] him, as you have done of the rest, boys; come.

Wife. Now, good husband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He shall, Nell.—Ralph, come away quickly, and die, boy!

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he should die, sir, upon no occasion—and in a comedy, too. 130

Cit. Take you no care of that, sir boy; is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead?—Come away, Ralph!

Enter Ralph, *with a forked Arrow*[3] *through his head*

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my costive corpse[4]
Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand;
Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,
Whose master wrought with lingel[5] and with awl,
And underground he vampèd many a boot.
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,
To follow feats of arms in warlike wise 140
Through Waltham-desert; where I did perform
Many achievements, and did lay on ground
Huge Barbaroso, that insulting giant,
And all his captives soon set at liberty.
Then honor pricked me from my native soil
Into Moldavia, where I gained the love
Of Pompiona, his beloved daughter;
But yet proved constant to the black thumbed maid
Susan, and scornèd Pompiona's love;
Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins, 150
And money for her father's officers.
I then returnèd home, and thrust myself
In action, and by all men chosen was
Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,
With scarfs and rings, and posy[1] in my hand.
After this action I preferrèd was,
And chosen city-captain at Mile-End,
With hat and feather, and with leading-staff,[2]
And trained my men, and brought them all off clear,
Save one man that berayed him[3] with the noise. 160
But all these things I Ralph did undertake
Only for my belovèd Susan's sake.
Then coming home, and sitting in my shop
With apron blue, Death came unto my stall
To cheapen[4] *aqua vitae;* but ere I
Could take the bottle down and fill a taste,
Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body o'er,
And in an instant vanishèd away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction, i' faith. 170

Ralph. Then took I up my bow and shaft in hand,
And walked into Moorfields to cool myself;
But there grim cruel Death met me again,
And shot this forkèd arrow through my head;
And now I faint; therefore be warned by me,
My fellows every one, of forkèd[5] heads!
Farewell, all you good boys in merry London!
Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meet,
And pluck down houses of iniquity.[6]—
My pain increaseth.—I shall never more 180
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,
Nor daub a satin gown with rotten eggs;
Set up a stake, O, never more I shall!
I die! fly, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall!
O, O, O, &c.

Wife. Well said, Ralph! do your obeisance to the gentlemen, and go your ways: well said, Ralph! 188

Ralph [*rises, makes obeisance and*] *exit*

Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not depart[7] without a song.

Vent. A good motion.

Mer. Strike up, then!

[1] "That's your affair." [2] Do for.
[3] A burlesque of similar effects in other plays of the moment.
[4] This and many of the verses which follow burlesque the famous lines of Andrea's Ghost in *The Spanish Tragedy*, I, i.
[5] Shoemaker's thread.

[1] Nosegay.
[2] A truncheon.
[3] Befouled himself.
[4] Shop for.
[5] Hornèd.
[6] A common diversion of prentices on holidays.
[7] Separate.

SONG

Better music ne'er was known
Than a choir of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the gall or spleen,
Learn of us to keep his brow
Smooth and plain, as ours are now.
Sing, though before the hour of dying; 200
He shall rise, and then be crying,
"Hey, ho, 'tis nought but mirth
That keeps the body from the earth!"
Exeunt

EPILOGUS

Cit. Come, Nell, shall we go? The play's done.

Wife. Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than so; I'll speak to these gentlemen first.—I thank you all, gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to Ralph, a 209 poor fatherless child; and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle[1] of wine and a pipe of tobacco for you; for, truly, I hope you do like the youth, but I would be glad to know the truth; I refer it to your own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no; for I will wink,[2] and whilst[3] you shall do what you will. I thank you with all my heart. God give you good night!—Come, George. [*Exeunt*] 218

[1] A pot (two quarts).
[2] Shut my eyes.
[3] Meanwhile.

THE DESCRIPTION of the Masque.

With the NVPTIALL Songs.

Celebrating the happy Marriage of IOHN, *Lord* RAMSEY, *Vicount Hadington*, with the Lady ELIZABETH RATCLIFFE, Daughter to the right Honor: ROBERT, Earle of *Sussex.*

At Court

On the Shroue-Tuesday at night. 1608.

Deuised by BEN: IONSON.

Stati.—*Acceleret partu decimũ bona Cynthia menſem.*

The Hue and Cry after Cupid is the appropriate title which Gifford, the editor of Jonson, bestowed on this poetical little work. The title of the quarto of 1608 runs: *The Description of the Masque with the Nuptial Songs, at the Lord Viscount Haddington's Marriage at Court, on the Shrove-Tuesday at Night,* 1608. After the *Nuptial Songs,* we have the additional words: *"celebrating the happy marriage of John Lord Ramsey, Viscount Haddington, with the Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, daughter to the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Sussex."* The bridegroom was high in the favor of King James from the circumstance that it was he who had killed with his own hand the Earl of Gowry at Perth, August 3, 1600, when his assault was made upon the king. The bride is described by a contemporary as "one of the prime beauties of the kingdom." This masque favorably represents the species before it became disfigured with overelaboration and excess. And it surpasses most of its kind in brevity as well as poetry. *The Hue and Cry* was celebrated with great magnificence, five English and seven Scottish lords and gentlemen appearing as the masquers in it. A contemporary estimates the cost of the presentation at £300 for each of the masquers, making a total of £3600 or, roughly speaking in contemporary values, of about $30,000. None of the designs of Inigo Jones appear to have survived for this masque. The text offers no difficulties. I have followed it except for the shortening of Jonson's learned notes.

This is one of some thirty-five masques and entertainments that came from Jonson's pen between his welcome to King James "in passing to his coronation" in 1603 and his contribution to the entertainment of King Charles thirty years later at Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire. The more important of the masques intervening, such as *The Masque of Queens, Hymenaei* and the like, are full of ingenuity, taste and poetry. In most of them Jonson had the assistance of Inigo Jones, the royal architect whose cleverness and resource in the designing of setting, scenery and costume have never been surpassed, as scores of his drawings and designs extant go to show.

The Masques of Jonson have not been separately and completely republished. They are reprinted in the complete edition of Gifford-Cunningham.

THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

Ben Jonson

The worthy custom of honoring worthy marriages, with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our court, than nobles: expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travel, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personators, to those, for whose sake they would sustain these persons. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their honor in these celebrations, to do nothing in them beneath the dignity of either. With this proposed part of judgment, I adventure to give that abroad, which in my first conception I intended honorably fit: and, though it hath labored since, under censure, I, that know truth to be always of one stature, and so like a rule, as[1] who bends it the least way, must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to slight me (in these things being an artificer) and give themselves a peremptory license to judge who have never touched so much as to the bark, or utter[2] shell of any knowledge. But their daring dwell with them. They have found a place to pour out their follies; and I a seat, to sleep out the passage.

The scene to this Masque, was a high, steep, red cliff, advancing itself into the clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informed) the honorable family of the Radcliffes first took their name, *a clivo rubro,* and is to be written with that orthography; as I have observed out of Master Camden, in his mention of the earls of Sussex. This cliff was also a note of height, greatness, and antiquity. Before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, charged with spoils and trophies of Love and his mother, consecrate to marriage: amongst which were old and young persons figured, bound with roses, the wedding garments, rocks[1] and spindles, hearts transfixed with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like; all wrought round and bold:[2] and over head two personages, Triumph and Victory, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a garland of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seemed to be of burnished gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn music, a bright sky breaking forth; there were discovered first two doves, then two swans, with silver geers,[3] drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, Venus having left her star only flaming in her seat, came to the earth, the Graces throwing garlands all the way, and began to speak.

Venus. It is no common cause, ye will conceive,
My lovely Graces, makes your Goddess leave
Her state in heaven, tonight to visit earth.
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son;
And, whom long absent,[4] Venus is undone.
Spy, if you can, his footsteps on this green;
For here, as I am told, he late hath been,
With divers of his brethren,[5] lending light
From their best flames, to gild a glorious night; 10
Which I not grudge at being done for her,

[1] That. [2] Mere.

[1] Distaffs. [2] In high relief. [3] Trappings.
[4] Who being long absent.
[5] In allusion to *The Masque of Beauty* of the previous January in which Cupids were the torch-bearers.

Whose honors to mine own I still prefer.
But he not yet returning, I'm in fear,
Some gentle Grace, or innocent Beauty here,
Be taken with him: or he hath surprised
A second Psyche, and lives here disguised.
Find ye no track of his strayed feet?
1 *Grace.* Not I.
2 *Grace.* Nor I.
3 *Grace.* Nor I. 20
Venus. Stay, nymphs, we then will try
A nearer way. Look all these ladies' eyes,
And see if there he not concealèd lies;
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling breasts;
The wag affects to make himself such nests:
Perchance he hath got some simple heart to hide
His subtle shape in; I will have him cryed,
And all his virtues told! that, when they'd know
What spright he is, she soon may let him go,
That guards him now; and think herself right blest, 30
To be so timely rid of such a guest.
Begin, soft Graces, and proclaim reward
To her that brings him in. Speak to be heard.
1 *Grace.* Beauties, have ye seen this toy,[1]
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say?
He is Venus' runaway.
2 *Grace.* She that will but now discover 40
Where the wingèd wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish:
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.
3 *Grace.* He hath marks about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in, 50
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.
1 *Grace.* At his sight, the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;
Jove himself forsook his seat:
From the center to the sky,
Are his trophies rearèd high.

[1] The source of this fine lyric is Moschus.

2 *Grace.* Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights and heart, 60
But not stay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.
3 *Grace.* He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.
1 *Grace.* Still the fairest are his fuel. 70
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food;
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.
2 *Grace.* Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears; 80
And most treason in his tears.
3 *Grace.* Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler makes his gain
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'hem joys;
'Tis the ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.
1 *Grace.* If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
2 *Grace.* Though ye had a will to hide him, 90
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.
3 *Grace.* Since ye hear his falser play;
And that he's Venus' runaway.

At this, from behind the trophies, CUPID discovered himself, and came forth armed; attended with twelve boys, most antickly attired, that represented the Sports, and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love, under the titles of JOCI and RISUS; and are said to wait on VENUS, as she is Prefect of Marriage.

Cupid. Come, my little jocund Sports,
Come away; the time now sorts
With your pastime: this same night
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light.

With your revel fill the room,
That our triumphs be not dumb.

Wherewith they fell into a subtle, capricious dance, to as odd a music, each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antic faces, with other variety of ridiculous gesture, which gave much occasion of mirth and delight to the spectators. The dance ended, CUPID went forward.

Cupid. Well done, anticks! now my bow,
And my quiver bear to show; 101
That these beauties, here, may know,
By what arms this feat was done,
That hath so much honor won
Unto Venus and her son.

At which, his mother apprehended him, and circling him in, with the Graces, began to demand.

Venus. What feat, what honor is it that you boast,
My little straggler? I had given you lost,
With all your games, here.
Cupid. Mother!
Venus. Yes, sir, she. 110
What might your glorious cause of triumph be?
Ha' you shot Minerva or the Thespian dames?[1]
Heat[2] aged Ops[3] again, with youthful flames?
Or have you made the colder Moon to visit
Once more a sheepcote? Say, what conquest is it
Can make you hope such a renown to win?
Is there a second Hercules brought to spin?
Or, for some new disguise, leaves Jove his thunder?
Cupid. Nor that, nor those, and yet no less a wonder—
Which to tell, I may not stay: 120
And there slips from her
Hymen's presence bids away;
'Tis, already, at his night,
He can give you further light.
You my Sports, may here abide,
Till I call to light the bride.

[1] Such would be a miracle.
[2] Heated.
[3] Rhea, the mother of the gods.

Enter HYMEN[1]

Hymen. Venus, is this a time to quit your car?
To stoop to earth, to leave alone your star,
Without your influence, and, on such a night,
Which should be crowned with your most cheering sight, 129
As[2] you were ignorant of what were done
By Cupid's hand, your all-triumphing son?
Look on this state;[3] and if you yet not know,
What crown there shines, whose scepter here doth grow;
Think on thy loved Æneas, and what name,
Maro, the golden trumpet[4] of his fame,
Gave him, read thou in this. A prince that draws
By example more than others do by laws:
That is so just to his great act, and thought,
To do, not what kings may, but what kings ought.
Who, out of piety, unto peace is vowed, 140
To spare his subjects, yet to quell the proud;
And dares esteem it the first fortitude,
To have his passions, foes at home, subdued.[5]
That was reserved, until the Parcae spun
Their whitest wool; and then his thread begun,
Which thread, when treason would have burst,[6] a soul
To-day renowned and added to my roll,
Opposed; and, by that act, to his name did bring
The honor to be saver of his king.
This king whose worth, if gods for virtue love, 150
Should Venus with the same affections move,
As her Æneas; and no less endear
Her love to his safety, than when she did cheer,

[1] The god of marriage, "as you have him described in my *Hymenaei*" (Jonson). "In a saffron-colored robe, his under vesture white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine-tree."
[2] As if.
[3] The place occupied by royalty.
[4] Trumpeter.
[5] Flattery of royalty was of the essence of the masque.
[6] "In that monstrous conspiracy of Earl Gowry" (Jonson).

After a tempest, long-afflicted Troy,
Upon the Lybian shore; and brought them joy.

Venus. I love, and know his virtues, and do boast
Mine own renown, when I renown him most.
My Cupid's absence I forgive and praise,
That me to such a present grace could raise.
His champion shall hereafter be my care: 160
But speak his bride, and what her virtues are.

Hymen. She is a noble virgin, styled The Maid
Of the Red-cliff, and hath her dowry weighed
No less in virtue, blood, and form, than gold;
Thence, where my pillar's reared, you may behold,
Filled with Love's trophies, doth she take her name.
Those pillars did uxorious Vulcan frame,
Against this day, and underneath that hill,
He and his Cyclopes[1] are forging still
Some strange and curious piece, t' adorn the night, 170
And give these gracèd nuptials greater light.

Here VULCAN presented himself, as overhearing HYMEN, attired in a cassock girt to him, with bare arms, his hair and beard rough; his hat of blue, and ending in a cone; in his hand a hammer and tongs, as coming from the forge.

Vulcan. Which I have done; the best of all my life:
And have my end, if it but please my wife,
And she commend it, to the labored worth.
Cleave, solid rock! and bring the wonder forth.

At which, with a loud and full music, the cliff parted in the midst, and discovered an illustrious[2] concave, filled with an ample and glistering light, in which an artificial sphere was made of silver, eighteen foot in the diameter, that turned perpetually: the *coluri*[3] were heightened with gold; so were the arctic and antarctic circles, the tropics, the equinoctial, the meridian and horizon; only the zodiac was of pure gold: in which the masquers, under the characters of the twelve signs, were placed, answering them in number; whose offices,[1] with the whole frame, as it turned, VULCAN went forward to describe.

Vulcan. It is a sphere I've formèd round and even,
In due proportion to the sphere of heaven,
With all his[2] lines and circles; that compose
The perfect'st form, and aptly do disclose
The heaven of marriage: which I title it: 180
Within whose zodiac, I have made to sit,
In order of the signs, twelve sacred powers,
That are presiding at all nuptial hours:
The first, in Aries' place, respecteth pride
Of youth, and beauty; graces in the bride.
In Taurus, he loves strength and manliness;
The virtues which the bridegroom should profess.
In Gemini, that noble power is shown,
That twins their hearts, and doth of two make one.
In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way 190
With backward yielding to her husband's sway.
In Leo, he that doth instil the heat
Into the man: which from the following seat
Is tempered so, as[3] he that looks from thence
Sees yet they keep a Virgin innocence.
In Libra's room, rules he that doth supply
All happy beds with sweet equality.
The Scorpion's place he fills, that makes the jars,
And stings in wedlock; little strifes and wars:
Which he in th' Archer's throne doth soon remove 200
By making with his shafts new wounds of love.
And those the follower with more heat inspires,
As in the Goat the sun renews his fires.
In wet Aquarius' stead, reigns he that showers
Fertility upon the genial bowers.
Last, in the Fishes' place, sits he doth say,
In married joys all should be dumb as they.

[1] Trisyllabic. [2] Brightly lighted.
[3] The great circles which intersect at the poles and divide the equinoctial and the ecliptic. *Oxf. Dic.*

[1] Characteristics. [2] Its. [3] That.

And this hath Vulcan for his Venus done,
To grace the chaster triumph of her son.
Venus. And for this gift, will I to heaven return, 210
And vow for ever, that my lamp shall burn
With pure and chastest fire; or never shine,
But when it mixeth with thy sphere and mine.

Here VENUS returned to her chariot with the GRACES; while VULCAN, calling out the priests of HYMEN, who were the musicians, was interrupted by PYRACMON, one of the Cyclops, . . . BRONTES and STEROPES.

Vulcan. Sing then, ye priests.
Pyracmon. Stay, Vulcan, shall not these
Come forth and dance?
Vulcan. Yes, my Pyracmon,[1] please
The eyes of these spectators with our art.
Pyracmon. Come here, then, Brontes, bear a Cyclop's part, 219
And Steropes, both with your sledges stand,
And strike a time unto them as they land;
And as they forwards come, still guide their paces,
In musical and sweet proportioned graces;
While I upon the work and frame attend,
And Hymen's priests forth, at their seasons, send
To chaunt their hymns; and make this square admire
Our great artificer, the god of fire.

Here the musicians, attired in yellow, with wreaths of marjoram, and veils like HYMEN's priests, sung the first staff of the following Epithalamion: which, because it was sung in pieces between the dances, showed to be so many several songs; but was made to be read an entire poem. After the song, they came forth (descending in an oblique motion) from the Zodiac, and danced their first dance; then music interposed (but varied with voices, only keeping the same chorus), they danced their second dance. So after, their third and fourth dances, which were all full of elegancy and curious device. The two latter were made by M. Tho. Giles,[2] the two first by M. Hier[onimo] Herne: who, in the persons of the two Cyclopes, beat a time to them with their hammers. The tunes were M. Alphonso Ferrabosco's.[1] The device and act of the scene M. Inigo Jones[2] his, with addition of the trophies. For the invention of the whole and the verses, *Assertor qui dicat esse meos, imponent plagiario pudorem.*[3]

The attire of the masquers throughout was most graceful and noble; partaking of the best both ancient and later figure. The colors carnation and silver, enriched both with embroidery and lace. The dressing of their heads, feathers and jewels; and so excellently ordered to the rest of the habit, as[4] all would suffer under any description of the show. Their performance of all, so magnificent and illustrious, that nothing can add to the seal of it, but the subscription of their names:

The Duke of Lenox,	Lord Hay,
Earl of Arundell,	Lord Sankre,
Earl of Pembroke,	Sir Robert Riche,
Earl of Montgomery,	Sir John Kennethie,
Lord D'Aubigny,	[Master of Mar],
Lord of Walden,	Master Erskine.

EPITHALAMION

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise
The god, whose nights outshine his days;
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights;
Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be. 10
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star!
What joys or honors can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states,[5] of hands, of hearts!
When in the happy choice,

[1] One of the Cyclops.
[2] Sometime Master of Paul's and notoriously connected with the history of the stage.

[1] A musical Italian well known to the reign.
[2] The King's famous architect, deviser of the scenes and costumes of masques for thirty years, friend and enemy of Jonson.
[3] I dare assert that he who calls them mine will bring shame to the plagiary.
[4] That. [5] Station.

The spouse and spoused have the foremost voice!
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are,
And long perfection see: 20
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star!

The solemn state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light;
But there are rites behind
Have less of state, but more of kind:[1]
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's war:
That what these are, 30
Who will perfection see,
May haste to be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star!

Love's commonwealth consists of toys;
His council are those antic boys,
Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,
That triumph with him on these nights;
To whom we must give way,
For now their reign begins, and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's war, 40
And in that jar,
Make all that married be,
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star!

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
Her that would be a matron made?

[1] Nature.

Good-night, whilst yet we may
Good-night, to you a virgin, say:
To-morrow rise the same
Your mother is, and use a nobler name. 50
Speed well in Hymen's war,
That, what you are,
By your perfection, we
And all may see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star!

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.
This night no bridegroom ever slept;
And if the fair bride do,
The married say, 'tis his fault, too.
Wake then, and let your lights 60
Wake too; for they'll tell nothing of your nights.
But, that in Hymen's war,
You perfect are.
And such perfection we
Do pray should be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star!

That, ere the rosy-fingered morn
Behold nine moons, there may be born
A babe, t' uphold the fame
Of Ratcliffe's blood and Ramsey's name: 70
That may, in his great seed,
Wear the long honors of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are;
And all perfection we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishèd star!

THE FAITHFVLL Shepheardesse.

By IOHN FLETCHER.

Printed at London for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle ouer against the great North dore of S. *Paules*.

This experimental attempt to popularize the pastoral drama on the public stage was first printed in a quarto bearing no date, but probably 1609 or 1610. This quarto, like those that followed it, states on the title that it was written "by John Fletcher." It was not until the publication of the collected folio of the joint work of Fletcher and Beaumont that the latter's name was erroneously associated with this play. *The Faithful Shepherdess* was doubtless written not long before this printing of the first quarto, and it is certain from passages in the commendatory verses, printed with it, that it was at first "damned on the stage," though later it enjoyed a considerable repute, especially at court. A second quarto, duly registered December 8, 1628, appeared as "newly corrected" in 1629; another in 1634, with the statement that it was "acted before the king and queen on Twelfe Night last." Further quartos followed in 1656 and 1665. *The Faithful Shepherdess*, while original in its personages and in the conduct of its plot, is true to the traditions of the pastoral drama as practiced by Tasso, Guarini and Sannazaro.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

PERIGOT, [*beloved of Amoret*]
THENOT, [*infatuated with Constancy*]
DAPHNIS, [*the Modest Shepherd*]
ALEXIS, [*the Lustful Shepherd*]
SULLEN SHEPHERD
OLD SHEPHERD
PRIEST OF PAN
GOD OF THE RIVER

SATYR, [*Servant of Clorin*]
Shepherds

CLORIN, [*the Faithful Shepherdess*]
AMORET, [*beloved of Perigot*]
AMARILLIS, [*the faithless lover*]
CLOE, [*the Wanton*]
Shepherdesses

SCENE: Thessaly.]

TO THE READER

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country hired shepherds in gray cloaks, with curtailed dogs in strings,[1] sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure.[2] Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper[3] ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned;[4] so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

[1] Dogs with tails cut off, on leashes.
[2] *I.e.*, the judgment which must be passed on them.
[3] Common.
[4] Made doubtful, endangered.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

John Fletcher

ACT I, SCENE I

[*The Wood before* Clorin's *Bower*]

Enter Clorin, *a shepherdess*

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-lovèd ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights, and merry[1] games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt
With youthful coronals,[2] and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crowned with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,[3]
And hanging scrip[4] of finest cordevan.[5]
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,[6]
Whilst there are pipes or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honor of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavors, as I gained them, free
Of all green[1] wounds. I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charmed with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thickened with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applièd by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pulled from the fair head of the straight-grown pine;
On these I'll feed with free content, and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr [*bearing fruits, etc.*]

Sat. Through[2] yon same bending[3] plain,
That flings his[4] arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began;
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx[5] bright.—
But, behold, a fairer sight!

He stands amazed

By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair,[6] thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee

[1] Q 3. Some copies *jolly*. Q 1 omits.
[2] Garlands. [3] Crook. [4] Wallet.
[5] Cordova leather. [6] Spread, extend. (*NED*).

[1] Fresh. [2] Greg *thorough*.
[3] Rolling. [4] Its.
[5] The nymph later changed into a reed pipe.
[6] Fair one.

In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive what'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send 70
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that[1] the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learnèd poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that[2] crack them; 80
Deign, O fairest fair, to tak' them!
For these black-eyed Dryope[3]
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my claspèd knee to climb:[4]
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread!
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat, 90
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging[5] mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run 100
Swifter than the fiery sun. *Exit*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee!
What greatness, or what private hidden power
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal. 110
Yet I have heard—my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it—, if I keep
My virgin-flower uncropped, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts these groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so toll[1] me on,
Through mires and standing pools, to find my ruin. 120
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats[2]
Are rougher than himself and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines. Then, strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!
Exit

[1] That which. [2] *I.e.*, the squirrel whose teeth.
[3] One of the wood-nymphs. [4] To shin up.
[5] Steep.

[SCENE II]

[*In the Neighborhood of a Village*]

Enter an Old Shepherd, *with four couples of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses, *among whom are* PERIGOT *and* AMORET

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honor of our great god, and his rites
Performed, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan. *They kneel*

Enter Priest

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
Sprinkling them with water
Whatsoever this great day, 10
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires
They do kindle by their fires
I do wash you with this water;

[1] Lure. [2] Passions.

Be you pure and fair hereafter!
From your livers[1] and your veins
Thus I take away the stains: 20
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
Be ye fresh and free as air!
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purgèd conduits[2] beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear:
Go your ways, ye are all clear.

They rise and sing in praise of PAN

THE SONG

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm, 30
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighboring ground
Fills[3] the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honor spoke, 40
From that place the Morn is broke
To that place Day doth unyoke!

Exeunt omnes but PERIGOT *and* AMORET

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid;
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd; and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city; be thou ever true!
Peri. When I fall off from my affection, 50
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That, being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!
Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:

[1] Regarded as the seat of the passions.
[2] Veins. [3] Fills out.

I do believe thee; 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.[1]
Peri. O, you are fairer far 61
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star[2]
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep;
Straighter than the straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an agèd mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo!
Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You are sailed too far already from the coast 70
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to heaven? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not, then,
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vowed were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand. Be ever free 80
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!
Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say, sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood.
Maids must be fearful.[3] Sure you have not been 90
Washed white enough, for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver: go and purge again.
Peri. O, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,

[1] Ugly. [2] The North Star.
[3] Full of apprehension.

And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is consecrate 100
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children,[1] so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight,[2] which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness; 110
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-lovèd shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.
There grows all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke,[3] chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant.
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant 121
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aimed at, and ——

Amo. Thou hast prevailed: farewell. This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wished delight.

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave[4] to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name 130
Of a wild woodman, or affect[5] some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog
And deadly vapor from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!

Exit Amoret

Enter Amarillis, *another* Shepherdess *that is in love with* Perigot

[1] *Cf. The Changeling.* [2] Plight(-ed).
[3] *I.e.*, flames which provoke. . . [4] Cease.
[5] Love.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then, softly thus: I love thee, Perigot; 140
And would be gladder to be loved again
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip[1] the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee; thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds. What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily 150
Sent secret heat to all the neighboring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then, do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be numbered in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love.
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are given already. Do not love him, then, 160
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats, more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of every swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth, 170
Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixed and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly[2] maid.

Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: for, know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays:
This present night I have appointed been 180
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceived no longer, choose again:
These neighboring plains have many a comely swain,

[1] Embrace. [2] Simple.

Fresher and freer[1] far than I e'er was;
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell: be happy in a better choice! *Exit*
Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice
Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through. I must not leave to love; 190
I cannot; no, I must enjoy thee, boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shown
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after every several beauty, 200
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phoebe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyaeus;[2] whose nigh-starvèd flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks, like his master, lean and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought,[3] do a deed of wonder, 210
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'twas
My love, that ever-working passion, drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be avenged on; then, give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may 221
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.
Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found

[1] More generous. [2] Bacchus.
[3] Thoroughly wrought up.

To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures never was pleasing.
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure 230
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.
Sull. Shep. Name but that work, danger, or what can
Be compassed by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!
Amar. Then, thus I try thee, shepherd. This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promised equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever. Break their meeting 240
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.
Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move
By my great power, the center of their love
From his fixed being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.
Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work.
Exeunt

[SCENE III]

[*The Same*]

Enter Cloe

Cloe. How have I wronged the times or men, that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humor, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold 10
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring[1] swain.
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough;[2] nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon. Then, let it ever be

[1] For wealth-allured; a common Elizabethan license.
[2] Shows up well in comparison with others.

Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
Makes me complain.

Enter THENOT

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?[1] 20
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.
Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any; air as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curlèd[2] streams; with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any; 30
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbors o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love:
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep 40
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.
The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds,[3] that oft are sent
To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live t'admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age,[4] smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon,[5] so sure[6] a mould 50
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserved; she is my form[7] I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.

[1] Infatuated with a dilemma. *Cf.* II, ii, 152 ff.
[2] Rippling. [3] Roundelays. [4] *I.e.*, youth.
[5] Break in upon. [6] F_2 *pure*. [7] Pattern.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance[1] you do owe?
The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity. 60
Then, know, she's called the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vowed herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire. [*Exit*]
Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend;[2]
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action. Give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove! 70
[*Sings*]

THE SONG

Come, shepherds, come!
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire, 80
And give virgin blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter DAPHNIS

[*aside*] Here comes another. Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he 90
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wishèd thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,

[1] Worship. [2] Bent.

Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends; but since he's here, 100
Thus I attempt him.—Thou, of men most dear,
Welcome to her that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight 110
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,[1] 120
Nor the twice-ravished maid,[2] for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then 130
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove. Speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me ay.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so

[1] Silvanus' boy, Cyparissus, metamorphosed into a cypress.
[2] Helen had been carried off, when a child, by Theseus.

Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid, adieu.
Yet one word more: since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill, 140
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness; do not fear him, then,
But keep your 'pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.

Exit

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit 150
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his[1] sides?
O, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,[2]
Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture![3]

Enter Alexis

Alex. Can such beauty be
Safe in his[1] own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze 160
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein,
And wishèd freedom to the laboring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains more meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended 170
To live amongst us swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd; in all my life I have not seen
A man in whom greater contents hath been,
Than thou thyself art. I could tell thee more,

[1] Its. [2] Teen, sorrow. [3] Prometheus.

Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. O, lend me all thy red,
Thou shame-fast Morning, when from Tithon's[1] bed
Thou risest ever maiden!
Alex. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak, and be satisfied. O, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among 181
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be ——
Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet me in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.
Alex. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, whilst the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn 190
To coldness more than ice! O, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly, fly, thou day! *Exit*
Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail. *Exit*

ACT II, SCENE I

[*A Pasture*]

Enter Old Shepherd *with a bell, ringing, and the* Priest of Pan *following*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads;
See the heavy clouds down[2] falling,
And bright Hesperus loud[3] calling 10
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,[4]
Damps and vapors fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout 20
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease.
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the tother eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love 30
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So, farewell:
Thus I end my evening's knell. *Exeunt*

[1] Tithonus'. F_2 reads *Titans*.
[2] Q1–3 *lowde*; Q4 F2 *low*. [3] Qq. *down*.
[4] Unwholesome.

[SCENE II]

[*The Wood before* Clorin's *Bower*]

Enter Clorin, the Shepherdess, *sorting of herbs, and telling the natures of them*

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Helped by the great power of the virtuous moon
In her full light. O, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given, holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop[1] long before prime 10
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden power.
That is the clote,[2] bearing a yellow flower;
And this, black horehound;[3] both are very good
For sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood[4]
Dog's venomed teeth; these rhamnus[5] branches are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door, kill all enchantments, charms—
Were they Medea's verses—that do harms
To men or cattle; these for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy: 20

[1] Q1 some copies *lop*.
[2] Burdock; sometimes yellow water-lily.
[3] *Ballota nigra*. [4] Mad. [5] Buckthorn.

The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold,
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold;
This tormentil,[1] whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart;
And, here, narcissus root, for swellings best;
Yellow lysimachus,[2] to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums;
For leprosy, darnel and celandine,
With calamint,[3] whose virtues do refine 30
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breathed, or the best air;
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass,[4] from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;[5]
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies till the fit
Of burning lust be quenched, by appetite 41
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light;
And thou, light vervain, too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter:
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post and every bough
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, and with joy all the rooms.

Enter THENOT

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breathed, or ever shall 50
Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessèd star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banished from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from chaos; whither than that way 60
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself, yon blessèd star
That nightly shines! thou, all the constancy
That in all women was or e'er shall be;
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more blest,
Than that quick power which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense!

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place? 71
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruisèd here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the fearèd sound of crookèd horn,
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandered, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come, believe me, fair,
To seek you out, of whose great good the air 80
Is full, and strongly labors, whilst the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound[1]
Th' amazèd shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festered ill
Whose grief or greenness[2] to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein 90
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostumed,[3] to be cured by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
Dwells on my soul, and may be healed by you,
Fair, beauteous virgin.

Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: that man yet never knew
The way to health that durst not show his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offered sacrilegious foul disgrace 101
To the sweet rest of these interrèd bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight

[1] The red dead-nettle.
[2] Loosestrife or willow-herb.
[3] An aromatic plant.
[4] Satyrion, or hounds'-cod.
[5] *I.e.*, the terebinth tree, from which turpentine was originally obtained. (Greg).

[1] Amazement.
[2] Gravity or mortification, gangrene.
[3] Swollen into an abscess.

Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
The. Let me not,
Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.
Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body[1] up? for sure it will, 110
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with prayers appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.
The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder;[2] not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile 121
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamelled richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wandering[3] soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden-whiteness as the Alpsian[4] snow:
All these, were but your constancy away, 130
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, whilst this honored strictness you do keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.
Clo. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond[5] man, from silent grave
Those sparks, that long ago were buried here 140
With my dead friend's cold ashes?
The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he loved you, and be still
The same opinion speaks you: let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite

[1] The body she holds.
[2] Restored in ivory after his resuscitation from the cauldron of the gods. [3] Q 1 some copies *errant*.
[4] Alpine. [5] Foolish.

Desire and fancy[1] from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all 150
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery. If you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
O, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.
Clo. Do; and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about. 161
The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest
For ever, whilst I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning[2] of this arbor: yon same dell,
O'ertopped with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kissed this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which faith doth lay
Upon this head.
Clo. The gods give quick release 170
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!
Exeunt

[SCENE III]

[*Another Part of the Wood*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms when the morning-air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoot from his early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
And present burning. All to me in sight 10
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong

[1] Love. [2] View.

My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly praise; then loathe, and fly:
This do I hold a blessèd destiny. 20

Enter AMARILLIS

Amar. Hail, shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me!
Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? Shall I swear
His faith is false and he loves everywhere? 30
I'll say he mocked her the other day to you;
Which will by your confirming show as true,
For she[1] is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she[2] will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste; I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offered up her flame and sprite[2]
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed 39
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be pressed by me;
There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this show
More full of seeming, Hobinal, you know,[3]
Son to the agèd shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And roused us 'fore our time by his resort.
This to confirm, I've promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack and many a toy; 50
As grins[4] to catch him birds, with bow and bolt[5]
To shoot at nimble[6] squirrels in the holt;[7]
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb
Soft as his own locks or the down of swan.
This I have done to win you; which doth give
Me double pleasure: discord makes me live.
Amar. Loved swain, I thank ye. These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,

[1] Seward's emendation. Qq. F *he*. [2] Spirit.
[3] *I.e.*, whom you know. [4] Gins, traps.
[5] Arrow. [6] Q1 some copies *conies*.
[7] Wood.

His fixèd love from judgment, who doth know 60
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: give second,[1] and my love
Is everlasting thine.
Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.
Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
And, but[2] that matchless spring[3] which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this. By it doth grow, 70
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples[4] good for medicine[5] or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colors; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek 80
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well, my grandam that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipped o'er the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave [*Showing a scroll*]
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patients' brow 90
That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,[6]
Before I trusted them into this deep.
All this she showed me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crossed in love.
I'll this attempt now, shepherd; I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipped. Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,

[1] Support. [2] Except. [3] *I.e.*, Helicon.
[4] Herbs. [5] Dissyllabic.
[6] Putting a threefold spell upon him.

As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret; 100
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the night[1] shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hott'st fire of thine affection slake.
Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's power to see.
Exeunt

SCENE IV

[*Another Part of the Wood*]

Enter DAPHNIS

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-ey'd virgin; come, O come, my fair!
Be not abused with fear, nor let cold care
Of honor stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flame as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wandering thought, 11
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.
Alexis. (*within*) Cloe!
Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe!—O, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains[2]
Our hands shall give! I charge you, all my veins,
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
These mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion; do not wilder show 20
Than blushing modesty may entertain.
Alexis. (*within*) Cloe!
Daph. There sounds that blessèd name again,
And I will meet it.

Enter ALEXIS

Let me not mistake;
This is some shepherd. Sure, I am awake:

[1] Qq. *day*. [2] Pressures.

What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge. [*Retires*]
Alexis. O, my fire,
How thou consum'st me!—Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull 30
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stayest too long;
I am impatient of these mad delays:
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this center, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind!
Exit
Daph. [*coming forward*] Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? Or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold 40
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error;
But be they far from me with their fond[1] terror!
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.
Cloe. [*within*] Cloe!
Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure, this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell
Thy blessèd name again.
Cloe. (*within*) Here!
Daph. O, what a grief is this, to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter CLOE

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met:
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soak through your startups.[2]
Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wandered, that the better part
Of this good night is perished? O, my heart!
How have I longed to meet you, how[3] to kiss
Those lily hands, how[3] to receive the bliss 59
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! But I fear
I am too much unmannered, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviors; where regard of fame,[4]

[1] Foolish. [2] Rustic high-top boots.
[3] *I.e.*, how have I longed. [4] Reputation.

Honor and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the tother say,
Should rather have been tendered. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper: do not grieve,
Then, ever-kindest, that my first salute 70
Seasons so much of fancy;[1] I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixèd stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.
Cloe. Honest swain, 80
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.—[*aside*] No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy, not tempered to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward. 'Tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins; they never wear
Deservèd favors that deny to take
When they are offered freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art 90
Were merely[2] lost, to make him do his part!
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold.—
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way. When we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended 101
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An agèd oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.[3]
Daph. Be it so. *Exit*
Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefastness![4]
Alexis. (*within*) Cloe!
Cloe. 'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder.
Alexis. (*within*) Cloe!
Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough! *Exit*

[1] Amorousness. [2] Utterly.
[3] Dell. [4] "You foolish prude."

ACT III, SCENE I

[*Part of the Wood with the Holy Well*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd, *carrying* AMARILLIS *in a sleep*

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well
Thrice, with powerful magic spell
Filled with many a baleful word
Thou hast been dipped. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined
I do thy sleepy body bind.
I turn thy head into the east,
And thy feet into the west, 10
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north.
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,[1]
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.—
[*Lets her down into the well*]
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet; 20
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washèd be;
There stop.—Fly away,
Every thing that loves the day!
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Chameleons that alter hue, 30
Hares that yearly sexes change,[2]
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecatè with shapes[3] three,
Let this maiden changèd be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret!
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!—
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,

[1] Swoon. [2] A current superstition.
[3] Apparently a dissyllable. (Greg).

[*Draws her out of the well, in the shape of* AMORET]
Up out of this blessèd lake.
Rise both like her and awake! *She awaketh* 40
Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou missed in any magic rite,
For want of which any defect in me
May make our practices[1] discovered be?
Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus re-formed thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and plucked thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for Amoret!
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you. 50
Amar. Then, this deceit, which cannot crossèd[2] be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And, sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay;
Then will I lead him further to the grove:
But stay you here, and, if his own true love 60
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
[*Gives a scroll*]
The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT

Sull. Shep. Stand close;[3] here's Perigot, whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
[*Retires with* AMARILLIS]
Peri. This is the place, fair Amoret; the hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power
Delights to be, about yon sacred well, 71
Which they have blessed with many a powerful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayèd beasts have fall'n in; but when sight
Hath failed them, then their right way they have found
By help of them,[1] so holy is the ground.
But I will farther seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.—
My Amoret, Amoret! *Exit*
Amar. Perigot!
Peri. [*within*] My love!
Amar. I come, my love! *Exit*
Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be 81
Of my long-looked-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her glory in this little grove
To some new-lovèd shepherd!

Enter AMORET

Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? But, that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties! 90
Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion or of bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood;
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables: such a strong heart I have got
Because I come to meet with Perigot.— 100
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot?
Sull. Shep. (*coming forward*) Fair maid!
Amo. Ay me, thou art not Perigot!
Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot.
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathèd arms, and called on thee
And said, "Why, Amoret, stayest thou so long?"
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst missed thy way. Were it daylight,
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

[1] Tricks. [2] Thwarted. [3] "Keep back."

[1] *I.e.*, the powers.

Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay, 110
That made him[1] fearful I had lost my way.
As fast as my weak legs—that cannot be
Weary with seeking him—will carry me,
I'll follow; and, for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! *Exit*
Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She plucked her garments up, and tripped away,
And with a virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjured her.[2] Whilst she was here, 120
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did I not assay to win her love?
Would she[3] not sure have yielded unto me?
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger. O, vain fool, to let
Such blessed occasion pass! I'll follow yet; 131
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.
I come, sweet Amoret!

Enter ALEXIS *and* CLOE

[*aside*] Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust it up, alike all women be. [*Retires*]
Alexis. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.
Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd; for, I understood, 140
This night a number are about the wood;
Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.
Alexis. Then, boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found.
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground;
No maid seeks here her strayèd cow or sheep;
Fairies and fauns and satyrs do it keep.[4]
Then, carelessly rest here, and clip[5] and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss. 149

[1] Mason's conjecture. Qq. *me.*
[2] Proved false to her after swearing faith.
[3] Neilson's emendation. Qq. *She would.*
[4] Frequent. [5] Embrace.

Cloe. Then, lie by me: the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.
[*They lie down*]
Sull. Shep. [*coming forward*] Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,[1]
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonor, thou shalt buried be!
Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fauns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes
—A greater oath than thine—, I would not rise!
Sull. Shep. Then, from the cold earth never thou shalt move, 160
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.
[*Wounds him with his spear*]
Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!
Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love you less
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.
Alexis. O, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

Enter the Satyr; *the* Sullen Shepherd *runs one way, and* CLOE *another*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Gives a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me 170
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest;
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves; grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge. Here must I stay, 180
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire, seeming-bright,
Train[2] them in and leave them right;[3]
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathèd horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,

[1] The moon. [2] Lure. [3] On the right path.

Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone, 190
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.
Alexis. O, death!
Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure, I hear a mortal sound.—
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moonbeams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!
Alexis. O!
Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies, 200
Sleeping on the ground.—Arise!—
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes fouled with his blood.
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.
[*Exit carrying* ALEXIS]

Re-enter CLOE

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear: 210
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
Though he were hurt, I furnished was of one;
But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love!—
He's dead, or else is with his little might 220
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—
Then, where art thou that struck'st my love? O, stay!
Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice. I will make thee trim
With flowers and garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embraced.
But thou art fled.—What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Whom I did mean to mock; though hope be small 230
To make him bold, rather than none at all,
I'll try him; his heart, and my behavior too,
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.
Exit

Re-enter the Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mixed with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shaped these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.—
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,
And tender love for love.—But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone and fled. 241
And see, the wounded body is removed
By her of whom it was so well beloved.

Enter PERIGOT, *and* AMARILLIS *in the shape of* AMORET

But all these fancies must be quite forgot.
I must lie close; here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray, love, he may not 'scape!
[*Retires*]
Amar. Belovèd Perigot, show me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs weak with the chase
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least. 250
Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank: no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands; no venomed weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the babbling cuckoo spit;[1]
No slough[2] of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank: let this thy cabin be; 260
This other, set with violets, for me.
[*They lie down*]
Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.
Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,

[1] The popular explanation of the foam secreted by certain insects.
[2] Here, dust, particles thrown off by.

To play with him when you have caught him fast.
Amar. By Pan I swear, belovèd[1] Perigot,
And by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.
Peri. By Pan I swear,—and, if I falsely swear, 270
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep,—
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yeaned[2] lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than that young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam!
Were there a sort[3] of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devoured, and it should be my strife 280
To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?
Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shown
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Amar. Come, Perigot will show his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace and kiss.
[*Lies down beside him*]
Peri. What means my love?
Amar. To do as lovers should, 290
That are to be enjoyed, not to be wooed.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.
Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonor thee.
Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: be not abused[4]
With thy fond first belief; let time be used. 301
[PERIGOT *rises*]
Why dost thou rise?
Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!
Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

[1] Q 3–4 F₂ *I loved.* [2] New-borne.
[3] Pack. [4] Deceived.

Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning dived!—Art not in jest?
Amar. Sweet love, lie down.
Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!
Amar. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will.
Peri. O, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still!
Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind. 311
Peri. Then, here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! my blood be on thy head!
[*Offers to kill himself with his spear*]
Amar. [*rising*] O, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry!
Peri. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
Amar. O, hold! [*Exit*]
Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart!
[*Exit,*] *running after her. The* Sullen Shepherd *steps out and uncharms her*
Sull. Shep. Up and down, everywhere, 320
I strew the herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odor drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her' scape;
Give again her own shape! [*Retires*]

Re-enter AMARILLIS *in her own shape,* [*and* PERIGOT *following with his spear*]

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake; 330
She whom thou follow'st fled into the brake,
And as I crossed thy way, I met thy wrath;
The only[1] fear of which near slain me hath.
Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess: my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight:

[1] Merely the.

But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood!
Exit AMARILLIS

Enter AMORET

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear 340
His voice.—My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.
Peri. See yonder where she is! How fair
She shows! and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My Perigot!
Peri. Here.
Amo. Happy!
Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow[1] is the worst.
[*Wounds her*]
Amo. Stay, Perigot! My love, thou art unjust. [*Falls*]
Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. *Exit*
Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be crossed:[2] for being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care 350
May help to cure her—
[*Comes forward*]
Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!
Amo. No mercy I do crave;
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who loved him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through;
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.
Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—
He flings her into the well
She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound, 361
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook.
Exit

The God of the River *riseth with* AMORET *in his arms*

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds, 370
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,[1]
Cast in by some ravisher:
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat, 380
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid; 390
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.[2]
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber.—Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?
God. I have healed thy wounds.
Amo. Ay, me! 400
God. Fear not him that succored thee.
I am this fountain's god: below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still[3] on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me, 410
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in[4] the mud;

[1] *I.e.*, the first blow, which wounds Amoret.
[2] Thwarted.

[1] Pure, innocent. (*NED*). [2] Promote suppuration.
[3] Ever. [4] Inhabits.

But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl[1] fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win, 420
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string. [*Sings*]

THE SONG

Do not fear to put thy feet 430
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be wooed
By thee, a god; for ere this, but for thee, 440
I should have shown my weak mortality;
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betrothed unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave[2] to see, but not to love.
God. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu:
I must make my waters fly;
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring 450
Miss their morning's watering;
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbor-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offered to my deity;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that, as they pass,
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown 460
When their grass is newly mown.
Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;

[1] Plural. [2] Cease.

May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbor wade 470
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
God. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain.
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Descends*]
Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me. *Exit*

ACT IV, SCENE I

[*Another Part of the Wood*]

Enter PERIGOT

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou northwest wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury leese[1]
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it.
[*Offers to fall on his spear*]

Enter AMARILLIS *running*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! Thou art too hot 10
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly[2] numbered as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true. 20
Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair
Dejected forehead; be as when those eyes
Took the first heat.
Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well

[1] Lose. [2] With so much difficulty.

You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, O, death!
I am not yet enamored of this breath
So much but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will.
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.
Amar. Stay but a little little; but one hour;
And if I do not show thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turned to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The primrose-chaplet, tawdry-lace,[1] and ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!
Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplexed,
And thus believing.
Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.
Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phoebus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,
I will not! *Exeunt* [*severally*]

[SCENE II]

[*The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower*]

Enter Satyr *with* ALEXIS, *hurt*

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I passed;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry[2] me
To the little bird that sleeps
On the slender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold, the happy bower
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit:
Heaven and great Pan succor it!—
Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help, to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when[1] the Destinies
Will undo[2] his thread of life:
View the wound, by cruel knife
Trenched into him.
Clo. [*coming from the bower*] What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And with the fearèd name of death affrights
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.
Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.[3]
Yet I come not empty now:
See, a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pulled it,
And his perfect sight that culled it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot show me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighboring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.
Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee that do term thee rude;

[1] Neck lace bought at the fair of St. Audrey.
[2] Betray.

[1] Until. [2] F *cut off*. [3] Abundance.

Though thou be'st outward-rough and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity.—Let me see thy wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forced into the sore; 70
This to draw out such putrefying gore
As inward falls.
Sat. Heaven grant it may do good!
Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood.
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous[1] spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moonbeams; pinch him thrice;
That the laboring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.
Sat. I saw 80
His eyelids moving.
Clo. Give him breath;
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanished! With this plaster
And this unction do I master
All the festered ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light;
Now a gapes[2] and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein 90
That erst was empty!
Alexis. O my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! O, the smart
Runs through my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.——
Pan, preserve me!—What are you?
Do not hurt me: I am true
To my Cloe, though she fly,
And leave me to this destiny.
There she stands, and will not lend 100
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. O, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.

[1] Potent. [2] Gasps.

Clo. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires, 110
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purged until
The vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;[1]
Till when, this virtuous plaster will displease[2]
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.
Alexis. [*rising*] Sure, I have lost much blood.
Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good. 121
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Though there be a joy in doing.
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.
Clo. Come, bring him in; I will attend his sore.—
When you are well, take heed you lust no more. [ALEXIS *is led into the bower*]
Sat. Shepherd, see, what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing.
Brightest, if there be remaining 130
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of fairies[3] all her beauty;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.
Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt or ill 140
Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will
To bring them hither.
Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish.
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell 150
Spring and summer!
Clo. Friend, farewell. *Exeunt*

[1] To cure you easily. [2] Discomfort.
[3] Trisyllabic.

[SCENE III]

[*A Part of the Wood*]

Enter AMORET

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love and almost life, and since have crossed
All these woods over; ne'er a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought it; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank nor shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose
Their valentines, but I have missed[1] to find
My love in. Perigot! O, too unkind, 10
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou gone?
How have I wronged thee. Was my love alone
To thee worthy this scorned recompense? 'Tis well;
I am content to feel it. But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire,[2] as heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness; and thou mayst know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow 20
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness. Therefore here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursèd place, and on this green
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his[3] spring in memory
Of my untimely fall.

Enter AMARILLIS

Amar. [*aside*] I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind 30
That this shows Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle!
For, sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Or madmen's fancy, when the many streams
Of new imagination rise and fall.
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; whilst he
Directed by his fury, bloodily 40
Lanced up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous[1] love be crossed.—Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay 50
The storm that yet goes high, which, not depressed,
Breaks heart and life and all, before it rest.
Thy Perigot——
Amo. Where, which is Perigot?
Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines,[2] that edge yon mountain in.
Amo. I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! *Exit*

Enter Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day. 60
I have performed my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.
Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a little.
Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.
Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! Learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?
Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.
Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet as the stain 70
Is from the finest lawn.
Sull. Shep. I say they are
Now at this present parted, and so far
That they shall never meet.
Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging[3] mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.
Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles.—Farewell, cold

[1] Failed. [2] Love for a stranger. [3] Its.

[1] Potent. [2] Pines from which masts are made. [3] Steep.

And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men!—
Thus I salute thee, virgin!
[*Attempts to seize her*]
Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow: catch me if you can! *Exit*
Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man! *Exit, running after her*

[SCENE IV]

[*Another Part of the Wood*]

Enter PERIGOT

Peri. Night, do not steal away; I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
Boötes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night,
To hide my sorrows from the coming light;
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling; give me some black place,
Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite 10
Like running water, never to be known
After the forcèd fall and sound is gone.

Enter AMORET, *looking for* PERIGOT

Amo. This is the bottom.[1]—Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy lovèd name.
Peri. What art thou dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy:
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy 20
I suffered for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curlèd locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distilled, to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round, 30
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me;
Indeed, I can and will.
Peri. So spoke my fair![1]
O, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flowing from her tongue; such was her eye, 41
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. O me, Amoret!
Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? Who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious[2] bracelet thou thyself didst twist 50
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith?
Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper;[3] so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
"Shepherd, remember this another day."
Amo. Am I not Amoret? Where was I lost?
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most 60
Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why, then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.
Peri. Men ever were most blessèd, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate

[1] Dell.

[1] Fair one. [2] Beautifully wrought.
[3] Try my constancy with.

To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles; 70
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.
Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.
Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant
When she created all; frowns, joys, content; 80
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea
Upon whose face sits a continual frost;
Your actions ever driven to the most,[1]
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.
Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? O, Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot; 90
Thou that wast every good and every thing
That men call blessèd; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast always just and always blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same
Ev'n from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! O, what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy! 100
And I to live to know this! and by me,
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem our honor, virgin state!
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall 109
With that coy swain[2] that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!

[1] *I.e.*, the extreme. [2] Narcissus.

And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world, my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groom to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet, 120
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?
Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessèd name;
I must not know thee. Fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood that may be hot
With words and feignèd passions; Perigot
Was ever yet unstained, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.
Amo. Then hear me, heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night; 129
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet-untainted Amoret, that played
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more vild;
And thus with much belief I was beguiled.
I am that maid, that have delayed, denied, 140
And almost scorned the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been wooed by many with no less
Soul of affection; and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels,[1] sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: nor these nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why 150
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret.
Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loath to trust

[1] Biscuits.

His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be 160
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it? *He hurts her again*
Amo. [*falling*] So, this work hath end.
Farewell, and live; be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr; PERIGOT *runs off*

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
Whilst the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs 170
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit.
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wand'ring swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.
Amo. Ah me!
Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be;
I am ready; speak, I say;
By the dawning of the day, 180
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again!
Amo. O, I am most unhappy.
Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure, these wanton swains are wood.[1]
Can there be a hand or heart
Dare commit so vild a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face: 190
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps,[2] and crave
Her to give her life or grave.
Exit [*carrying* AMORET]

[SCENE V]

[*The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower*]

Enter CLORIN

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another cure.—
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go by wit to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again. *Exit* 10

Enter THENOT

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
[*Lying down*]
O, hapless love, which being answered, ends!
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye,
He hath espied something that glisters nigh,
Which he would have; yet, give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else; such my affection, set
On that which I should loathe, if I could get. 20

Re-enter CLORIN

Clo. [*aside*] See, where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor shepherd, heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!—
Shepherd, look up.
The. Thy brightness doth amaze;
So Phoebus may at noon bid mortals gaze; 30
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.
Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?
The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?
Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.
He starts up
The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin! If there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.
Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break;
I that already have my fame far spread 41
For being constant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.

[1] Mad. [2] Dwells.

Clo. Yet, all I'll lose for thee——
The. Think but how blest
A constant woman is above the rest!
Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be disposed by thee.
The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!
Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain shame;
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now. Yet turn!
Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once lose both my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that swayed thy blood
For that time to the best: for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room,[1]
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!
Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces for my old
Love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sat upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others. False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! *Exit*
Clo. 'Tis done: great Pan, I give thee thanks for it!—
What art could not have healed is cured by wit.

Re-enter THENOT

The. Will ye be constant yet? Will ye remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?
Clo. No, let me die, but by thy side remain.

[1] Place.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honored be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.
Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.
The. Thou art of woman's race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I feared to find one naught:[1]
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll choose, as others, by mine eye. *Exit*
Clo. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labors sent so good success!
I rather choose, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all than die for me.
[*Exit into the bower*]

ACT V, SCENE I

[*A Village*]

Enter Priest [of Pan] *and* Old Shepherd

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, whilst the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!—
What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure, the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Filled with such new delight and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.

[1] Worthless.

Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.
Old Shep. [*after knocking at several doors*]
It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cots; the woods, or some near town
That is a neighbor to the bordering down,
Hath drawn them thither 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spicèd wassail-bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote, 30
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin!—Show me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then, this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.
Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower*]

Enter CLORIN *in her cabin*, ALEXIS *with her*

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure;
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wandering thoughts well stayed
Through thy wise precepts: and my outward pain
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again.
Thy sex's vice and virtue are revealed
At once; for what one hurt another healed. 10
Clo. May thy grief more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, *carrying* AMORET

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drowned in my blood
And dying, know I cannot injured be;
A am a maid; let that name fight for me.
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear, 20
Not to hurt, but healed to be;
Men are ruder far than we.—
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood.
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst ha' touched, asleep or 'wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain, from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm 30
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man, sure, is a kind of beast.
Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest;
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide.—
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound, 40
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought[1] it.
Amo. For aught I know or think, these words my last,
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste!
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure!
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work.—
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind[2] it: 50
Stronger yet.—O, here they be;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.

Enter CLOE *and* DAPHNIS

Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddess thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in.—
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place, 60
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death:
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of crystal water on the top

[1] Caused. [2] Scent.

Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this virgin's wound be dressed.— 70
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
[*Carrying* AMORET *into the bower*]
She is so light.—Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes and ease thy pain;
May'st thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure. 80
Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loath unspotted flesh to burn.—
[Satyr *applies* DAPHNIS'S *finger to the taper*]
See, it gives[1] back; let him go.
Sat. Farewell, mortal: keep thee so.
[*Exit* DAPHNIS]
Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste.—
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure, she will not prove so clear. 90
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
[*Applies* CLOE'S *finger to the taper*]
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.—
O, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste!
Alex. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alex. He. 100
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
Alex. Take not her; take my life first!
Clo. See his wound again is burst!
Keep her near, here in the wood,
Till I ha' stopped these streams of blood.
[Satyr *leads off* CLOE]
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.

[1] Draws.

This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away. 110
[*Draws a curtain before the bower*]

[SCENE III]

[*In the Neighborhood of the Village*]

Enter Old Shepherd *and* Priest of Pan

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever; 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain
That have a ripe desire and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counselled now? Shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?
Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain:
One of this jolly troop's come back again. 10

Enter THENOT

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for[1] good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious[2] desperate man, that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies, 20
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age[3] and pain,
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire and pride delicious.
The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please 30
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skilled at throughly:[4] nor a dame,

[1] As. [2] (Vain-)glorious.
[3] Immediate old age. [4] Thoroughly.

Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever-living like the rhyme
Our blessed Tityrus[1] did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,[2]
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmèd branches; such am I 41
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then, wherefore hast thou wandered?

The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly performed, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?

The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green 50
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walked those woods round, and have lain
All this long night under an agèd tree;
Yet neither wandering shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess; or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale, among the thick-leaved spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy,[3] that still doth howl 60
Against the moon's cold beams.

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling.

The. Father, 'tis my care. *Exit*

Enter Daphnis

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd.—Daphnis?

Daph. He.

Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprisoned flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horror, that the like hath never been 70
Known to the ear of shepherd. O, my heart
Labors a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bower
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power
Sick men and cattle have been often cured;
There lovely Amoret, that was assured[1]
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter Amarillis, *running from her* Sullen Shepherd

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbor-brook or hollow tree, 80
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! Be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit;
Let me be made a reed, and, ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste!

Priest. This is a night of wonder.—Amarill,
Be comforted: the holy gods are still 90
Revengers of these wrongs.

Amar. Thou blessèd man,
Honored upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy
My yet-unblasted flower, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crowned that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is blessed by thee; by all the rites
Due to our god, and by those virgin-lights[2]
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot 100
That never shall be purged! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis: here I vow
To heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
'Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues or company of men unpure!
I hear him come; save me!

Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire*]

[1] Applied by Fletcher's model, Spenser, to Chaucer.
[2] The bay or laurel was supposed to be safe from lightning.
[3] The wolf.

[1] Affianced.
[2] *I.e.*, tapers of virgin wax. (Greg).

Enter Sullen [Shepherd]

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most lovèd Amarillis; let the chase 110
Grow calm and milder: fly me not so fast:
I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced
Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek 120
And smooth as Neptune when stern Aeolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can show my active youth. Why dost thou fly?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That killed Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her belovèd Perigot; 'twas I
That drowned her in the well, where she must lie
Till time shall leave[1] to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip[2] the swain 130
That hath performed all this; turn, turn, I say;
I must not be deluded.
Priest [*coming forward*] Monster, stay!
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate[3]
Through every honest bosom, forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offered with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!
Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare 141
I had embraced her; tell me, by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart.
Priest. Lust and a branded soul.
Sull. Shep. Yet, tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great increase, said it is good and just,
And willed that every living creature must
Beget his like?
Priest. You're better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery.—
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong. 151
Exeunt

[1] Cease. [2] Embrace. [3] Discord.

[SCENE IV]

[*A Part of the Wood*]

Enter PERIGOT, *with his hand bloody*

Peri. Here will I wash it in the morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear;[1]
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleansed.—My wrongèd love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injured thee 10
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. O, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: to her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stainèd fair. 20
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she
Whom I adored is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live.
Exit

[SCENE V]

[*The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower*]

The curtain is drawn, CLORIN *appears sitting in the cabin,* AMORET *sitting on one side of her,* ALEXIS *and* CLOE *on the other; the* Satyr *standing by*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is stayed:
Take example by this maid,
Who is healed ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed, then, how you turn your eye
On this[2] other lustfully.—
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you

[1] Appearance.
[2] *I.e.*, of course, Cloe. Dyce's emendation. Q_{1-2} *these*; Q_4 F_2 *each*.

Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile,
Of yours his weaker sense beguile.— 10
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?
Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-tempered fires:
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.
Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quenched to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such. 20

Enter PERIGOT

Peri. [*aside*] Yon is her cabin: thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.—
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain.
Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. [*coming from the bower*] There, at hand, some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand. 30
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. [*coming out*] What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain;
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower:
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure, 40
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so.

The Satyr *leadeth him to the bower, where he spieth* AMORET, *and kneeleth down; she knoweth him*

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. O, couldst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now 50
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive?
Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live:
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!
Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I, death, or some lingering pain
That's worse, light on me!
Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee[1] once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away. 60
All the powers again are pleased,
And with this new knot are appeased.
Join your hands, and rise together:
Pan be blessed that brought you hither!

Enter Priest of Pan *and* Old Shepherd

Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden-thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallowed ground.—Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.
Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one 70
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up.

[*Applying the* Priest's *hand to the taper*]

—Never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?
Priest. First, honored virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was given to me,—
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance

[1] Ethical dative.

Through much neglect and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite
All this confusion fell; for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told
Both why and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
[*The* Satyr *fumes the ground, etc.*]
Of censers filled with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire:[1] quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins
To sweat and labor with the abhorrèd sins
Of those offenders: let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but, long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight:
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.[2]
Exit Priest

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessèd pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abused! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe.
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay

[1] Camphor, reputed to cool lust. [2] Bleedings.

My eager thirst. May this band never break!
Hear us, O, heaven!

Amo. Be constant.

Peri. Else Pan wreak
With double vengeance my disloyalty!
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!

Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss all envy[1] dies.

Re-enter Priest of Pan

Priest. Bright maid, I have performed your will. The swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence and disgrace;
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
Shows much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault. Great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drownèd lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.

Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.—
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: how bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud!—Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand.
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still,[2] we have performed a work
Worthy the gods themselves.

Satyr *brings* Amarillis *in*

Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vowed to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.—
[*Applies her hand to the taper*]
See, the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good.

Clo. Young shepherdess, now ye are brought again
To virgin-state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labor to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give

[1] Ill-will. [2] Always.

A blessèd memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health and free from pain.
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through from suspect;[1] 170
Keep them from wrong in[2] others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits[3] and labor; let the flood,
Or the next neighboring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget 180
To cherish him whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase and added to the downs.
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms.
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing[4] youth.
Banish all compliment but single truth,
From every tongue and every shepherd's heart;
Let them still use persuading, but no art.
Thus, holy priest, I wish to thee and these 190
All the best goods and comforts that may please.

All. And all those blessings heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this bower may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, every shepherd, whilst with powerful hand
I bless your after-labors, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you;
Keep you from those dangers still
That are followed by your will;
Give ye means to know at length, 200
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his[5] power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul;
May his care of you control

[1] Suspicion. [2] To, or at the hands of. [3] Fare. [4] Blooming. [5] Pan's.

All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign
Either in your flocks or you; 210
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise, and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus[1] taught ye,—Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody.

They all sing

THE SONG

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes, 220
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honor and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honored. Daffodillies, 230
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung!

Exeunt [*all except* Clorin *and* Satyr]

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessèd, 240
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd
Like Apollo; tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack,[2] or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night[3]
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea, 250
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies

[1] Spenser. [2] Scud. [3] Q_2; Q_1 *of the night.*

Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colors? get thee fruit,
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.
Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks,[1] lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.
Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance

[1] Thickets, as in Q_4 F_2.

Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick[1]
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the windmill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phoebus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbor!
Clo. And to thee
All thy master's love be free! *Exeunt*

[1] Spur, speed.

PHILASTER.

OR,

Loue lies a Bleeding.

As it hath beene diuerse times Acted,
at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by
his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont.* and *Iohn Fletcher.* } *Gent.*

The second Impression, corrected, and amended.

LONDON,

Printed for THOMAS WALKLEY, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the signe of the Eagle and Childe, in *Brittaines Bursse.*
1622.

An imperfect text of *Philaster* was printed in quarto in 1620. At the beginning and end it differs wholly from subsequent texts. A second quarto, that of 1622, supplies the best text, and has been substantially followed here. Five other editions succeeded up to the inclusion of this tragicomedy in the folio of 1679. An allusion to *Philaster* under the sub-title, *Love Lies a-Bleeding,* in *The Scourge of Folly* by John Davies of Hereford, which was registered in October, 1610, discloses the popularity of the play at that date, and fixes the writing of it as somewhat earlier, possibly 1608 or 1609. The collaboration of Beaumont and Fletcher is here at its happiest, a collaboration which despite the assignments of trustworthy scholarship to certain definite passages, must have extended into the very fabric of the play, its plot and characterization. A source for the story of *Philaster* has not yet yielded to the diligent search of scholars, and the play may be confidently ascribed to the authors' inventiveness, however, certain similarities have been discerned between it and the tale of "Felismena and Don Felix" in the *Diana* of Montemayor, and Shakespeare's *Cymbeline.* Whether this last preceded or followed *Philaster* is a matter of surmise as indeterminable as it is futile. There can be no question of the fact that it was the popularity of *Philaster* which gave, to the drama of England at least, a new species of play, tragicomedy. Gayley assigns to Fletcher I. 1 (from the King's entry, line 100 to the end of the scene, a revision and enlargement of Beaumont's original sketch; II, 2 (from *Enter Megra*); II, 4 (from *Megra above*); V. 3; and V. 4, besides, as Thorndike expresses it "traces *passim.*"

John Fletcher, the son of the Bishop of London, was born in 1579 and educated at Cambridge. Left nothing by his father, who had fallen into disgrace, except his books, Fletcher turned to the writing of plays for a livelihood, and alone, in collaboration with Beaumont especially and with Massinger and others later, he contributed a goodly number of plays to the stage. A notable early effort of Fletcher's is his poetical pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherdess.* His facility and his diversity within well defined limits are striking qualities of Fletcher. He is strong in romantic tragedy such as *Valentinian* or *Bonduca,* happy in tragicomedy of the type of *Philaster,* and ready and versatile in comedy, whether that of manners or of romantic type.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

The King
Philaster, *Heir to the Crown*
Pharamond, *Prince of Spain*
Dion, *a Lord*
Cleremont } *Noble Gentlemen, his*
Thrasiline } *Associates*
Arethusa, *the King's Daughter*
Galatea, *a wise, modest Lady, attending the Princess*
Megra, *a lascivious Lady*
An old Wanton Lady, or Crone
Another Lady, attending the Princess
Euphrasia, *Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a Page and called Bellario*
An Old Captain
Five Citizens
A Country Fellow
Two Woodmen
The King's Guard and Train

The Scene being in Sicily.

PHILASTER

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

ACT I, SCENE I

[*The Presence Chamber in the Palace*]

Enter Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the King to attend here: besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom know any thing but their own opinions, speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labor for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labors to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, *a* Lady, *and* Megra

Thra. See, the ladies! What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favoredly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog[1] and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonor advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Lady. What if they should!

Meg. Nay, let her alone.—What if they should! why, if they should, I say they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

[1] Cheat.

Lady. What if they be?

Meg. Good madam, let her go on.—What if they be! why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg[1] nor say 'excuse me.'

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies!

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps: but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Lady. Methinks he's not so strange;[2] he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King!

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, *and* Train

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wondered at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe,) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams:
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To show her so, as borrowed ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature—
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet no woman.[3]

[1] Bow. [2] Odd, also foreign. [3] A maid.

But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offered language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.[1]
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done,
Whilst so brave a gentleman is wronged and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too:
Well, we shall see. We shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself,)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms;
You in me have your wishes. O! this country!
By more than all the gods, I hold it happy;
Happy in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, feared,
Equal to be commanded and obeyed,

[1] Suitors.

But through the travails of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. By all the gods!
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself
And his own law—yet I his prince and law.
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self 170
(Dear in the choice of him whose name and luster
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.
Thra. Miraculous!
Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations. 180
Dion. I wonder what's his price; for certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.

Enter PHILASTER

Let me be swallowed quick,[1] if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun,
He'll ne'er make king, unless it be of trifles,
In my poor judgment. 190
Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favor.
King. Rise; you have it, sir.
Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks, he fears!
O, this same whoreson conscience, how it jades us!
King. Speak your intents, sir.
Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still[2] my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn 200

[1] Alive. [2] Ever.

My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess,)
By my dead father (O, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living—
Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name and memories,
These arms and some few friends beside the gods— 210
To part so calmly with it, and sit still
And say, 'I might have been.' I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes, as I: for, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels; prince, it shall; 219
By the just gods, it shall!
Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.
Dion. Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish[1] prince looks like a tooth-drawer.[2]
Phi. Sir prince of popinjays, I'll make it well appear
To you I am not mad.
King. You displease us:
You are too bold.
Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle,[3] a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And makes nothing.
King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: sure, he's somewhat tainted.
Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so. 230
Dion. H'as given him a general purge already,

[1] Foreign. [2] Proverbially, mean. [3] Dove.

For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By heaven, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom!
Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.
Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence,
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offered into mine arms with the succession;
Which I must keep, (though it hath pleased your fury
To mutiny within you,) without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are: the King will leave it me.
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his,[1] and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ringed amongst the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied[2] commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,[3]
You should hear further from me.
King. Sir, you wrong the prince;
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends:
You deserve our frown. Go to;[4] be better tempered.
Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,[5]
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But the other is the man set in my eye:
O, 'tis a prince of wax![6]

[1] Alexander the Great.
[2] Swollen.
[3] Bugaboos.
[4] Equal to *come now.*
[5] A pattern to his successors.
[6] A perfect prince.

Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laughed at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load[1] would bow strong Atlas. *They whisper*
Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him; there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery,[2] and feel him shake like a true truant:[3] if he give not back his crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.
King. Go to;
Be more yourself, as you respect our favor;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That y'are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by the gods—
Phi. I am dead, sir; y'are my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wronged: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honor his full virtues!
King. Sure, he's possessed.
Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,

[1] That would.
[2] Haughty pose.
[3] Qq. read *tenant.*

I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects. 300
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel and do me service, cry me king:
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me.—[*To* PHA.]—Noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.
King. Away! I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment. 210
Exeunt King, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, [*and Train*]
Dion. I thank you, sir! you dare not for the people.
Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?
Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand.[1] But eye yon stranger: is he not a fine complete gentleman? O, these strangers, I do affect[2] them strangely! they do the rarest home-things[3] and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.
Gal. Gods comfort your poor head- 320
piece, lady! 'tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap. *Exeunt* Ladies
Dion. See, how his fancy labors! Has he not
Spoke home and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! it stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter dew.
Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers 330
If I could well be flattered at a price,
Not to undo your children. Y'are all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseasèd age, retire and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy sir?
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well that, if the King please you, I find
I may live many years.
Dion. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,
Your wrongs and virtues. Shrink not, worthy sir, 340
But add your father to you; in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abusèd people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,[1]
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted; 'tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love heaven and honor? 350
Phi. My lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman,[2] called you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honored sir, she is;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord; the princess would entreat
Your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! you are mistaken. 360
Lady. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her. [*Exit* Lady]
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!

[1] For the immediate moment.
[2] Like.
[3] Things that thrust home.

[1] Probably evil dragons. [2] Who called.

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train[1] to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble.
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheeks may steal my soul out;
There's all the danger in't: but, be what may,
Her single[2] name hath armed me.
Exit PHILASTER
Dion. Go on,
And be as truly happy as th'art fearless!—
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false.
Exeunt Gentlemen

[1] Plot, lure. [2] Merely.

[SCENE II]

[*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace*]

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How looked he when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.
Are. You are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear, madam! methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love! to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick look
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me! alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births!
Nature, that loves not to be questionèd
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: if a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in. [*Exit* Lady]
You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

[*Re*]-*enter* [Lady *with*] PHILASTER
Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. O, 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* Lady]
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wished to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wronged you? or have set
My baser instruments[1] to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

[1] Servants.

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wished.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I die: by heaven, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loath to have posterity 60
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a scepter and a crown
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear:
I must and will have them, and more—
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face! 70
I never yet saw enemy that looked
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk[1] as he; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask 80
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which all the land
Discovered yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.

[1] A fabled creature that kills with a look.

Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may,) I have unripped my breast. 90
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes, I do, above my life!
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.[1]
Are. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit 100
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us.
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise 110
To hold intelligence that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale, 120
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,

[1] Suspicious.

As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story:
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still,[1] he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wished: so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained[2]
Him, who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.
Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed out for me.
Are. Dear, hide thyself. —
Bring in the prince. [*Exit* Lady]
Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of God,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?
Are. He cannot know it.
Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loath to hear: for my sake, do.
Phi. I will.

[*Re*]-*enter* [Lady *with*] PHARAMOND

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to show, [*Exit* Lady]
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King—
Phi. Good sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter: do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable,—
Phi. Good sir, let me go.
Pha. And by the gods—
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! if thou—
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done.
Pha. You are gone! by heaven I'll fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need.
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?
Phi. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a reverence; but were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou darest injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.

[1] Ever. [2] Engaged.

Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell. *Exit* PHI.
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.
Are. You were best make him your controller.
Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent[1] our joys to come.
Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honor. *Exit* ARE.
Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere. *Exit* PHA.

ACT II, SCENE I

[*An Apartment in the Palace*]

Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO

Phi. And thou shalt find her honorable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster[2]
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft: yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honor in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer[3] thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he: but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behavior.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off! thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!

[1] Anticipate. [2] Construe. [3] Advance.

May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! *Exit*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. *Exit*

[SCENE II]

[*A Gallery in the Palace*]

Enter PHARAMOND

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother[1] sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest[2] now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. O, for our country ladies![3]

Enter GALATEA

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her. Madam!

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand—

Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove.

If you will talk at distance, I am for you:
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag;
These two I bar;
And then, I think, I shall have sense enough
To answer all the weighty apophthegms
Your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire[1] mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand[2] behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

[*Gal.*] Lord, I do so: would you or I could help it!

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give
No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus;[3] then fast till supper; about eight you may eat: use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller:[4] but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy,[5] fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all duller of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. [*Aside*] This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite: she's a Danaë, and must be courted in a shower of gold.—Madam, look here; all these, and more than—

Gal. What have you there, my lord? gold! now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play[6] with the pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you. [*Takes gold*]

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money.[7]—

[*Aside*] Yet for all this I'll match ye.

Exit GAL. *behind the hangings*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire-constitutions[8] as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the

[1] Lady in charge of the maids of honor.
[2] Chaste.
[3] Of my own country.

[1] Support of the head-dress.
[2] Record of indebtedness.
[3] A cordial.
[4] Cross-bow.
[5] Blood-letting.
[6] Game.
[7] Silver, *i.e.*, is cheaper game.
[8] Cold natures.

old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider.

Enter MEGRA

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on.—Many fair mornings, lady!

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace!

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure this wench is free.— 80
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with[1] you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself:
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me. 90

Pha. O, they are two twinned cherries dyed in blushes
Which those fair suns above with their bright beams
Reflect upon and ripen! Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. O, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation.—Sir,
You have in such neat poetry gathered a kiss, 100
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks,[2] I should commend
Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

[1] Talk, negotiate. [2] Blank verses.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, but you shall not;
I'll prompt you first. [*Kisses her*] Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before me;
But yet should I stick at it— [*Kisses him*]

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time:
Can you love me? 110

Meg. Love you, my lord! how would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory; this is all: love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it 'lie with you,' that you said? 'tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavor: if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as you'll go to bed, I'll 120 lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own
That yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures[1] than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By mine honor, that's a foul fault indeed; 130
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the school master, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! she's as cold of her favor as an apoplex: she sailed by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of 141 all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

[1] Dances.

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful;

Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this,
And with it me: soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord,

My chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night,
I'll find some means to slip into your lodging:
Till when—

Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with thee! *Exeunt several ways*

Re-enter GALATEA, *from behind the hangings*

Gal. O, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and, Lady Towsabel, I'll fit you for't. *Exit* GAL.

[SCENE III]

[*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace*]

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?

Asked you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA

Are. O, you are welcome. What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wished.

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strained a point of modesty for you.

Are. I prithee, how?

Gal. In listening after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry; your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O, when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again

With other ladies; leave the rest to me.— [*Exit* GALATEA]

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
'Why thou didst this?') have not declared it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered yet), this match shall break.—
Where's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO

Are. Sir,

You are sad to change your service; is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.[1]
Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?

Hadst thou a curst[2] master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,

[1] Thou disclaimest me in thy service.
[2] Cross.

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, doth your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is. 50
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wished me well?
Bel. If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends
With thinking of your face; if it be love
To sit cross-armed and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
If it be love to weep himself away
When he but hears of any lady dead 60
Or killed, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit! but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.— [*To* LADY] 70
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away! *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*Before Pharamond's Lodging in the Court of the Palace*]

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper: 'tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? y'are good sitters-up: 10
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; y'are courting of these ladies.—
Is't not late, gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. *Exit*
Meg. [*Aside*] She's jealous, as I live.—Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like. 20
Meg. Why, this is he that must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep;
The princess does provide him for you—and for herself.
Pha. I find no music in these boys.
Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy: how brave[1] she keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck 30
To-morrow morning ere y' ave done your dreams.
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! [*Exit* PHARAMOND] Gentlemen, good rest.—
Come, shall we to-bed?
Gal. Yes.—All good night.
Dion. May your dreams be true to you!—
Exeunt GALATEA *and* MEGRA
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The King

[1] Handsomely dressed.

Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, *and* Guard

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is: and I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had been better have[1] embraced
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest:
You shall be righted.
Exeunt Arethusa *and* Bellario
—Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* Dion]
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.—
You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be cursed
In that which meaner men are blessed withal:
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly matched; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed, let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine!
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

[*Re-*]*enter* Dion

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laughed, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seemed to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking.[1] Answers more direct I could not get; in short, sir, I think she is not there.
King. 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.— [*Exeunt* Guard]
Knock, gentlemen; knock loud; louder yet.
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?—
I'll break your meditations.—Knock again.—
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him.—Once more.—Pharamond! prince! Pharamond *above*
Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters?[2] By my vexèd soul,
He meets his death that meets me, for his boldness.
King. Prince, prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends:
Come down.
Pha. The King!
King. The same, sir. Come down, sir:
We have cause of present counsel with you.
Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber.

[*Enter*] Pharamond *below*

King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have some private reasons to myself
Makes me unmannerly, and say, you cannot.—
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must come

[1] A familiar idiom.

[1] Closing the eyes. [2] Attendants.

Through my life that comes here.
King. Sir, be resolved[1] I must and will come.—Enter!
Pha. I will not be dishonored:
He that enters enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber
At these unseasoned hours.
King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? you are not wronged nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known.—Enter, I say.
Pha. I say, no.
[*Enter*] MEGRA *above*

Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter;
I am up and ready:[2] I know their business;
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honor
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.—
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.
O, my lord the King, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman!
King. Come down.
Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamors,
Your private whispers and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage:[3]
But I have vengeance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
King. Will you come down?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not. [*Exit above*]
King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness;
You have wronged a worthy lady: but, no more.—
Conduct him to my lodging and to bed.
[*Exeunt* PHARAMOND *and* Attendants]
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.
Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage
Or two, to breath himself, without a warrant.

[1] Assured. [2] Dressed. [3] Conduct.

If his gear[1] hold, that lodgings be searched thus,
Pray God we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of state mistaken!

Enter [*Attendants*] *with* MEGRA [*below*]

King. Now, lady of honor, where's your honor now?
No man can fit your palate but the prince:
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary,
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last all-devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court,
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls!
Do you laugh, lady Venus?
Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, anything:
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays,[2] leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonor her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,

[1] Matter. [2] Deceits.

The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height—
King. What boy is this she raves at?
Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things!
I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star,[1] for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms far and foreign
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess!
King. Has she a boy?
Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait on her,
A fair boy.
King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.
Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you.

Exeunt King, Megra, *and* Guard

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit fit for Hercules. If ever there be Nine Worthies of Women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttered such balls of wildfire: she has so nettled the King, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection; that boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else,—but there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

Exeunt

[1] A comet.

ACT III, SCENE I

[*The Court of the Palace*]

Enter Cleremont, Dion, *and* Thrasiline

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That raised this punishment, to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land,
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, pressed down from his royal right
By this regardless[1] King? and only look
And see the scepter ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part, His mind?
Thra. That man that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth!
Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself,
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature,[2] are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.
Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back
From this attempt is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.
Dion. Why, gentlemen, 'tis without question so.
Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech, she lives dishonestly;
But how shall we, if he be curious,[3] work
Upon his faith?
Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,

[1] Neglectful.
[2] Contrary to the usual disposition of the mob.
[3] Demand evidence.

I'll make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.
Cle. It will be best.
Thra. 'Twill move him.
Dion. Here he comes.

Enter PHILASTER

Good morrow to your honor: we have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head:[1]
The nobles and the people are all dulled
With this usurping King; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.
Phi. How honorable is this love in you-
To me that have deserved none! Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy,) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks; but my designs
Are not yet ripe: suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reached
By violence may now be caught. As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess whom they loved—
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loathed as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou liest!
Dion. My lord—
Phi. Thou liest,
Offers to draw, and is held

[1] Raise a rebellion.

And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind
Had been of honor. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin
Not to be pardoned: be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeemed, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress,[1] and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me, sirs. Let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honored friend,
That comes to do his service, and will show you
Why he uttered this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonor spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distempered and enraged as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. O, say not so! Good sir, forbear to say so;
'Tis then truth that womankind is false:
Urge it no more; it is impossible.
Why should you think the princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! by heaven, 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for God's love, speak!
Is't possible? can women all be damned?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. O, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceived;

[1] Betrothed.

I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? she would have one
Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abused,[1] and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. O, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman! 110
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,
When thou did'st take them! Hide thee from mine eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-tempered?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land, 121
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me thorough?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?
Phi. When any fall from virtue, I am distract;[2]
I have an interest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it:
Please you to leave me; I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth, 130
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
Thra. He was extreme impatient.

[1] Deceived. [2] Distracted.

Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind.
Exeunt Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline
Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him. O, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done;
And he that tells me this is honorable, 140
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
O, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep:
But miserable man—

Enter Bellario

See, see, you gods, 150
He walks still; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. *Gives a letter*
Phi. O, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me! she does show it
In loving thee, my boy: she has made thee brave. 160
Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—O, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me

As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee? 170
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons,
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth 180
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded: and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill! no, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness 190
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceivèd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Never, my lord, by heaven!
Phi. That's strange: I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life!
Phi. Why, then, she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bade her do it; I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked as to her bed; I took her oath 203
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbèd thoughts
Were so perplexed: when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused;
Some villain has abused you: I do see 210
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'tis some subtle train[1]
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent: 220
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. O my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.—
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do. 231
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods,
As chaste as ice! but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time

[1] Plot.

To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store 240
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall upon me, if I destroy thee not!
[*Draws his sword*]
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed!
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death? 250
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. O, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. O, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy, 260
For perjured souls: think but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me!
Phi. O, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario: 270
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost: it troubles me
That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy, 280
Let me not see thee more: something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honored mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead, 290
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest in peace. *Exit* Bel.
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deservest!—O, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind;
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!
Exit Phi

[SCENE II]

[*Arethusa's Apartment in the Palace*]

Enter Arethusa

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over,—how I slept, waked, talked,
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how when I sighed, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such,—I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self: I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir. 10
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly, sir:
Well qualified and dutiful I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks and sings and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never asked his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away, I say.
H'as done you that good service shames me to speak of. 20
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Show it in duty; put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do you not blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn: 30
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off.
And suddenly: do it! Farewell. *Exit*
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honor fair? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified 40
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
O, how they cast[1] to sink it! and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress!
Are. O my dearest servant,[2] I have a war within me!
Phi. He must be more than man that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness, 50
Your creature, made again from what I was
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honor.
Are. O my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me—
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The King.
Phi. [*aside*] O, my misfortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy.[3]—Let him go.
Are. O, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you 60
How much I loved you? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall now sing your crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids, making me dream, and cry,
'O my dear, dear Philaster!'
Phi. [*aside*] O my heart! 70

[1] Devise.
[2] Accepted suitor, lover.
[3] Suspicion.

Would he had broken thee, that made me know
This lady was not loyal!—Mistress,
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.
Are. O, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love! 80
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. O thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, sir? would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. O you gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood 90
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? O, that boy, 100
That cursèd boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?
Are. Nay, then, I am betrayed:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
O, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For[1] bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you: 110

[1] For fear of.

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you;
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,[1]
Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you 121
Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
Fast[2] for a night, and with the next sun gone;
How you are being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!
Exit Phi.
Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserved this? Make my breast 130
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter Bellario

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
O thou dissembler, that, before thou spakest,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fooled by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away! 141
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st

[1] The old belief was that scorpions "laid to their own wounds," cure them.
[2] Lasting.

The loathèd office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.
Bel. O, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell; 150
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abusèd lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I 160
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!
Exit Bel.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevelled, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.
Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage[1] with a maid
As with a man,[2] let me discover thee 170
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds!
Exeunt

ACT IV, SCENE I

[*Before the Palace*]

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, *and* Attendants

King. What, are the hounds before and all the woodmen,

[1] Become enraged with. [2] Actaeon.

Our horses ready and our bows bent?
Dion. All, sir.
King. Y'are cloudy, sir: come, we have forgotten [*To* Pharamond]
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it.
Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water,[1] and, I hope, sprung a leak. 10
Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus; would he would leave off poaching!
Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late. O, he's a precious limehound![2] turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him. 20
King. Is your boy turned away?
Are. You did command, sir, and I obeyed you.
King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further. [*They talk apart*]
Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve[3] in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical[4] justice or other 30 would presently (without the help of an almanac[5]) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.
Dion. See, how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbor! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face but that she's honest![6]
Thra. Faith, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat;[7] but he must be a cunning 40 herald that finds it.
Dion. See how they muster one another! O, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colors and his dam drum-major! now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.[8]

[1] Mortally. [2] Hunting dog.
[3] There was a religious book called *The Sick Man's Salve*, 1561.
[4] Acting as physic.
[5] Which prescribed as to blood-letting.
[6] Chaste.
[7] Coat of arms, a star meant a younger branch.
[8] Luggage.

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides[1] can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and dog-days. O, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licenses!

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[A Forest]

Enter two Woodmen[2]

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger-prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone-bow[3] for me. I never loved his beyond-seaship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings.[4] He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets;[5] marry, his steward would have the velvet-head[6] into the bargain, to turf[7] his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristram;[8] for, if you be remembered, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal[9] miching[10] in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

[1] Spanish fly, a provocative.
[2] Huntsmen.
[3] A crossbow shooting stones.
[4] Assay or slitting of the deer which Pharamond shirked to save the fee.
[5] A choice part.
[6] In allusion to the new horns covered with down.
[7] Cover.
[8] A tried hunter.
[9] A deer in unfit condition.
[10] Stealing away.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by the gods, they say she's honest; and whether that be a fault or no, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker,[1] i' faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable),[2] and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark! let's go. *Exeunt*

Enter PHILASTER

Phi. O, that I had been nourished[3] in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbors, and have borne at her big breasts,
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO

Bel. O wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grievèd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body!—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:

[1] A rouser. [2] Suitable. [3] Nurtured.

You that are grieved can pity; hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. O my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

Phi. Is it thou? begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country-people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by the gods, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Th'art fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wep'st, and looked'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up.
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage:
This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave. *Exeunt severally*

Enter Dion, *and the two* Woodmen

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance!—You, woodman!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion?

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.

Dion. Pox of your questions then!—
Exeunt Woodmen

Enter Cleremont

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, 'twas a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but questionless she rode away willingly.

Enter King *and* Thrasiline

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How's that?
Answer me so again!

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—
Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by heaven,
It is thy last!—You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king:
I wish to see my daughter; show her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me! What! am I not your king?
If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou—
Thou traitor, that darest confine thy king to things
Possible and honest! show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!

Dion. Faith, I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betrayed me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,
And set her here before me: 'tis the King

Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
King. Alas, what are we kings!
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished;
Yet would not thus be punished: let me choose
My way, and lay it on!
Dion. He articles[1] with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse;
He galloped empty by. There's some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?
Gal. She did command me.
King. Command! you should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.
King. Y'are all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily!

[1] Makes an agreement.

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.
Dion. Yes, you may do well to spare your lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.
King. I see the injuries I have done must be revenged.
Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be killed) the traitor, I'll make him great.
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way; here I myself.
Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.
Cle. Lady, you must go search too.
Meg. I had rather be searched myself.
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE III]

[Another part of the Forest]

Enter ARETHUSA

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick.
[*Sits down*]

Enter BELLARIO

Bel. [*aside*] Yonder's my lady. God knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity.—O hear, you have plenty,
From that flowing store drop some on dry ground.—See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I fear she faints.—Madam? look up!—She breathes not.—
Open once more those rosy twins, and send

Unto my lord your latest farewell!—O, she stirs.—
How is it, Madam? speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—
O, monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
Bel. My lord, help, help the princess.
Are. I am well; forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damnèd act!—Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!
Are. Dear Philaster, leave[1]
To be enraged, and hear me.
Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I: I'll make you know 't.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
[*Offers his drawn sword*]
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign

[1] Cease.

In lust without control.—Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
Thy way were freer.—Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs,[1] feel my pulse, whether you have known
A man in a more equal tune to die?
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you!
Bel. Not for the world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do.
Begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meetings.—*Exit* BELLARIO. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Show me, then, the way.
Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country-Fellow

C. Fell. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean

[1] Often used to women as well as men.

man[1] out of his wits.—There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman I think!

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they
Divide thy soul and body! 90

Wounds her

C. Fell. Hold, dastard! strike a woman! Th'art a craven, I warrant thee: thou wouldst be loath to play half a dozen venies at wasters[2] with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

C. Fell. God 'uds me,[3] I understand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you. 100

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which thou
Wilt force me to.

C. Fell. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest!

They fight

Are. Heaven guard my lord!

C. Fell. O, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life, 110
Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force.

Exit PHI.

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Woodmen

Pha. What art thou?

C. Fell. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen!—Where's the wound, madam!

[1] A common man.
[2] Bouts with cudgels.
[3] Judge me.

Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. By God, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; 120
Look else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

C. Fell. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

C. Fell. He's hurt too; he cannot go 130 far; I made my father's old fox[1] fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all; 'tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick[2] to me,
And I will study for a punishment 140
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will!—
Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,
And bear that wounded fellow to dressing.—
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

Exeunt [*on one side*] PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE; [*exit on the other,*] ARETHUSA [*attended by the*] *First Woodman*

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

C. Fell. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay sights. *Exeunt* 145

[1] Sword.
[2] Alive.

[SCENE IV]

[*Another part of the Forest*]

Enter BELLARIO

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
[*Lies down*]
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish
I rather were a corse strewed o'er with you
Than quick above you. Dullness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: O, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake!
[*Sleeps*]

Enter PHILASTER

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false, 9
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathèd villain: if she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wronged,
Cry within
So broken.—Hark! I am pursued. You gods,
I'll take this offered means of my escape: 20
They have no mark to know me but my blood,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
Wounds him
Bel. O, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!
Phi. I have caught myself; PHI. *falls*
The loss of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge; 30
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward.
Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!
Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Ha' not bled much: reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
Phi. Art thou then true to me? 40
Bel. Or let me perish loathed! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?
Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.
[PHILASTER *creeps into a bush*]
[*Voices*] *within.* Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; heaven knows
That I can stand no longer. *Falls* 50

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE

Pha. To this place we have tracked him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.

Pha. O thou damned in thy creation!
What cause couldst thou shape to hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betrayed.
Dion. Betrayed! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess,
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebbed,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes till they overflowed their banks,
Threatening the men that crossed 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestowed, leaving me worse
And more contemned than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.
Pha. If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigor.
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
PHILASTER *creeps out of a bush*
Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramis[1]
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touched her not.—Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury.—By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge!
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then show it: some
Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
[*Embraces* BEL.]
Locked in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: this had been a ransom
To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? to bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears

[1] Pyramid.

Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

Enter King, Arethusa, *and* Guard

King. Is the villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but sure
It was Philaster.
Phi. Question it no more; it was.
King. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us
That.
Are. Aye me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.
Phi. I was so. O my stars, that I should live still!— 130
King. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life!—
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear them to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping; grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths. 140
Dion. Death!
Soft; our law will not reach that for this fault.
King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a guard.—
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.—
Exit King *and* Phar.
Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.
Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. *Exeunt omnes* 150

ACT V, SCENE I

[*Before the Palace*]

Enter Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline

Thra. Has the King sent for him to death?
Dion. Yes; but the King must know 'tis not in his power to war with heaven.
Cle. We linger time: the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.
Thra. Are all his wounds well?
Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.
Cle. We dally, gentlemen. 10
Thra. Away!
Dion. We'll scuffle hard before he perish.
Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*A Prison*]

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, *and* Bellario

Are. Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are well.
Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.
Phi. O Arethusa, O Bellario, leave to be kind!
I shall be shut from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent
To call me to my death: O, show it me,
And then forget me! and for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify 11
The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts! 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honor; and when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing! 20
Are. And I (the woeful'st maid that ever was
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do by the honor of a virgin swear
To tell[1] no hours beyond it!
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths!
Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true

[1] Count.

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loathed.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults: 30
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you!
He was not born of woman that can cut it
And look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. Why, what would you have done
If you had wronged me basely, and had found
Your life no price compared to mine? for love, sirs, 40
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, sir, we would have asked
Your pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it! ay.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death.
Exeunt

[SCENE III]

[*A State-room in the Palace*]

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay.—
Exit Thrasiline
Dion. [*aside*] King, you may be deceived yet:
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off;
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges, 10
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter Arethusa, Philaster, Bellario *in a robe and garland,* [*and* Thrasiline]

King. How now? what masque is this? 20
Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessèd union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the fervor of the Sirian star[1] 30
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds,
When they were big with humor, and delivered,
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth;
O, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleasèd Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorched them even to the roots and dried them there: 40
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet and twine together,

[1] The dog star, supposed to bring heat.

Never to be unarmed. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marrage-beds
Hath knit their noble hearts; and here they stand
Your children, mighty King: and I have done.
King. How, how?
Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For now there is no masquing in't,) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies[1] and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.
King. Your dear husband!—
Call in the Captain of the Citadel.—
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron[2]
Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls;
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An ax shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Chafed among dogs or robbed of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!
Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.
Dion. [*aside*] Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.—

[1] Suspicions.
[2] The color sacred to Hymen.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
Y' are a tyrant and a savage monster,
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder: make it rich
With brass, with purest gold and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, King! there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin persuade you
To love this lady; if you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be savèd. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languished under you, and daily withered,
That, by the gods, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Where's the King?
King. Here.
Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing[1] the lord Philaster.
Dion. [*aside*] O brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, show your weapons
In honor of your mistresses!

[1] Fearing for.

Enter another Messenger

2nd Mess. Arm, arm, arm, arm! ..
King. A thousand devils take 'em!
Dion. [*aside*] A thousand blessings on 'em!—
2nd Mess. Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.
King. Away to the citadel!—
[*Exeunt* ARE., PHI., BEL., *guarded*]
I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.
[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE]
Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.
Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honor!
O, I could beat myself! or do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.
Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.
Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp?—Well, my dear countrymen what-ye-lacks,[1] if you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be-praised and sung in sonnets, and bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troul you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.
Thra. What, if a toy[2] take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, 'the devil take the hindmost'?
Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse[3] him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly among them, and be speeding! May they have murrains[4] reign to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easy frieze![5] may the moths branch[6] their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes![1] may their false lights[2] undo 'em, and discover presses,[3] holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! may they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! may they have many children, and none like the father! may they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin[4] they write in their bonds—and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the KING

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them! How they swarm together! what a hum they raise!—Devils choke your wild throats!—If a man had need to use their valors, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. O, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster! speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him. O, my wits, my wits! [*Exit* CLEREMONT]
Dion. [*aside*] O my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen[5] me, and I'll thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you[6] every long vacation a brace of foremen,[7] that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.—
King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.
Dion. [*aside*] Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets[8] on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce,[9] and hang him up for a sign.—

Re-enter CLEREMONT *with* PHILASTER

King. O worthy sir, forgive me! do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,

[1] Shopkeepers, so-called from their cry to passers-by.
[2] Whim.
[3] Pickle.
[4] Plagues.
[5] Coarse wool.
[6] Eat patterns in.

[1] As flaps for sore eyes.
[2] Tradesman's devices for showing goods to advantage.
[3] Creases.
[4] Base law Latin.
[5] Cheat.
[6] Fatten for you.
[7] Geese.
[8] Leather fire buckets.
[9] Skull.

Still sound amongst diseases. I have wronged you;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not performed,
May I be struck with thunder!
Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.
King. Let your own word free them.
Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir: I shall bring you peace
Or never bring myself back.
King. All the gods go with thee.
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE IV]

[*A Street*]

Enter an old Captain *and* Citizens *with* PHARAMOND

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on.
Let your caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother gibberish of 'what do you lack,'
And set your mouths ope, children, till your palates
Fall frighted half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry 'Philaster, brave Philaster!' Let Philaster,
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,[1]
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,[2]
Than your cold water camlets,[1] or your paintings
Spitted with copper.[2] Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branched[3] cloth of bodkin,[4] or your tissues,
Dearly belovèd of spiced cake and custard,
You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,[5]
Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours;[6]
And let your uncut cholers[7] make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles,[8] cry!
All. Philaster! Philaster!
Cap. How do you like this, my lord-prince?
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,[9]
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.[10]
Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?
Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning that you talk
No more such bug's-words,[11] or that soldered[12] crown
Shall be scratched with a musket.[13] Dear prince Pippin,
Down with your noble blood, or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled.[14]—Let him loose, my spirits:
Make us a round ring with your bills,[15] my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.

[1] Good fellows.
[2] Apprentices were bound by indentures and their weapon was a club.

[1] A watered stuff of silk and hair.
[2] Stitched with copper.
[3] Embroidered.
[4] A rich stuff of gold and silk.
[5] Bowers and scrapers.
[6] Three-piled was the best valures or velvet.
[7] Angers and also *collars*.
[8] A coin worth about a dollar and a half, stamped with the rose.
[9] A small vessel.
[10] Lie in harbor and carry on small trade.
[11] "Big talk."
[12] Mended.
[13] A weapon, also a sparrow-hawk.
[14] Stewed.
[15] Halberds.

Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet prince?)
I could hulk[1] your grace, and hang you up cross-legged,
Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.[2]
Pha. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains?
1*st Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For a great while.
Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside,[3] my brave boys, with your pikes;
Branch[4] me his skin in flowers like a satin,
And between every flower a mortal cut.—
Your royalty shall ravel![5]—Jag him, gentlemen;
I'll have him cut to the kell,[6] then down the seams.
O for a whip to make him galloon-laces.[7]
I'll have a coach-whip.
Pha. O, spare me, gentlemen!
Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear and know himself;
He shall for this time only be seeled up,[8]
With a feather through his nose, that he may only
See heaven, and think whither he is going.
Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you:
You would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale,[9]
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,[10]
Thou royal ring-tail,[11] fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!
Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!
1*st Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?
Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donzels,[12]

[1] Disembowel.
[2] A rod for cleaning a gun.
[3] Spank him with the flat of your halberd.
[4] Embroider.
[5] Be unraveled.
[6] "The caul about the hart's paunch."
[7] Tape.
[8] Like a hawk the eyes of which were thus treated.
[9] A trivial festivity.
[10] Thin, inferior silk.
[11] Kite, incapable of training. [12] Squires.

As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.
1*st Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.
2*nd Cit.* I'll have an arm.
3*rd Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build
A college and clap't upon the gate.[1]
4*th Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit[2] with:
For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.
Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once!
5*th Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.
Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.
1*st Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
2*nd Cit.* He had no horns, sir, had he?
Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard:[3]
What wouldst thou do with horns?
2*nd Cit.* O, if he had had,
I would have made rare hafts[4] and whistles of 'em;
But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster!
Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?
Cap. My royal Rosicleer,[5]
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;[6]
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions[7] on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,

[1] In allusion to Brazenose College, Oxford.
[2] Cittern.
[3] A hornless beast.
[4] Handles.
[5] A hero of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, a popular romance.
[6] Roisterers. [7] Helmets.

Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable, 90
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? speak. If not, this stand[1]
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honor.
Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: by the gods, I am!
Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets[2]
Kiss their gummed golls,[3] and cry, 'We are your servants?' 100
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.
Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.
Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul: forget my name,
And know my misery: set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,— 110
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay, to despair,—
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.
Phi. I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you 120
I shall be old enough to find my safety.
3rd Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you;
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.
Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,[4]

[1] Set out, as a stand of ale.
[2] Respected officers in authority.
[3] Perfumed hands.
[4] Trapping.

And make[1] you like a hawk. *He strives*[2]
Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!
Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses, 130
And by me have your pardons and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes:
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still[3] your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this. [*Gives money*]
All. Long mayst thou live, brave prince, brave prince, brave prince!
Exeunt PHI. *and* PHA.
Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the king of courtesy!
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again, 140
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance and rise, boys. *Exeunt*

[SCENE V]

[*An Apartment in the Palace*]

Enter King, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and* Attendants

King. Is it appeased?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.
King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heaped a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND

Cle. My lord is come.
King. My son!

[1] Train. F. reads *male*.
[2] Q2 reads *stirs*. [3] Ever.

Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms, 10
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wronged thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexèd soul with that I did before.
Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full leave 20
To make an honorable voyage home.
And if you would go furnished to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?
Meg. Sir, he likes it well
For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth;
Can shame remain perpetually in me, 30
And not in others? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.
Dion. How now!
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time:
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.
King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father. 40
Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief:
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonor me.
Bel. O, stop your ears, great King, that I may speak
As freedom would! then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions. Hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.
Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely. 50
Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honor cannot take
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favor, and will sadly be denied.[1]
Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true 60
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted!
King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her cleared or buried.
Phi. O, let me call my word back, worthy sir!
Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.
King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: here stands a man, 70
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitièd!
My former deeds were hateful; but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?
Offers to stab himself
Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! O, stay that hand!
King. Sirs, strip that boy.
Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh 80
Will try your constancy.
Bel. O, kill me, gentlemen!
Dion. No.—Help, sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
King. Haste there;
Why stay you?
Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

[1] Shall be sorry to be denied.

King. How's that? will he confess?
Dion. Sir, so he says.
King. Speak then.
Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.
King. Walk aside with him. 90
[DION *and* BELLARIO *walk apart*]
Dion. Why speak'st thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dressed alike.
Dion. By heaven, and so there is!
Bel. For her fair sake, 100
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.
Dion. O, my shame! is't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer?[1] where wert thou born? 110
Bel. In Syracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. O, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. O, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this, 120
The princess is all clear.
King. What, have you done?
Dion. All is discovered.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
He offers to stab himself
All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discovered?
Dion. Why, my shame.
It is a woman: let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Blessed be you powers that favor innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady.
[MEGRA *is seized*]
Phi. It is a woman, sir!—Hark, gentlemen,
It is a woman!—Arethusa, take 130
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done, 140
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so), tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault,
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds

[1] An old superstition that a murderer might assume the appearance of his victim.

Of truth outweighed it: all these jealousies[1]
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak 150
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive,[2] I did thirst
To see the man so praised. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates:
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath: then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man, 161
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a scepter, raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever: I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so: alas, I found it love!
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end. 170
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy; and, for[3] I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes, 180
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.
King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

[1] Suspicions. [2] To understand. [3] Because.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
Are. I, Philaster, 190
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dressed like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Cursed be the wife that hates her!
Phi. I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir.—Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free 200
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty.—But leave the court;
This is no place for such.—You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you! 211
All happy hours be at your marriage joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what heaven wills can never be withstood. *Exeunt omnes*

The Maides Tragedy.

AS IT HATH BEENE
diuers times Acted at the *Blacke-friers* by
the KINGS Maiesties Seruants.

LONDON
Printed for *Richard Higgenbotham* and
are to be sold at the Angell in PAVLS
Church-yard. 1619.

There were seven quarto editions of *The Maid's Tragedy* before it was collected into the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher of 1679. They range from 1619 to 1661. The first is regarded as "corrupt and unauthorized." The second, that of 1622, offers the better text. In neither of these does the name of any author appear. On the title page of the third quarto, however, that of 1630, the play is attributed to "Beaumont and Fletcher" and it is often alluded to thereafter as theirs. This ascription has been universally accepted and confirmed by modern study of both authors. Information as to the early staging of *The Maid's Tragedy* is wanting. The title of the quarto declares "as it hath been divers times acted at the Blackfriars by the King's Majesty's servants," which places it after 1609 when the company resumed its lease of Blackfriars. Malone's date of 1610 can not be far wrong. Despite some parallels for the quarrel and reconciliation of Amintor and Melantius, and for the former's "duel" with Aspatia, variously described in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* and in Sidney's *Arcadia,* the source of *The Maid's Tragedy* has not been found. The plot is undoubtedly the invention of its ingenious authors. It is time to rescue this sound and wholesome old drama from the notion that it is decadent either morally or dramatically. To such as find in Amintor the dramatists' subserviency to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, a consideration of the personage, Melantius, the successful and applauded regicide, is respectfully suggested. As to the participancy of the two authors, Gayley,—*Beaumont, the Dramatist,* 1914,—in accord with tradition, recognizes in Beaumont the stronger hand. He limits Fletcher's part in this play to "three scenes and two half scenes," that is, II. 2; IV. 1, 1-200; V. 1, 1-10; the larger part of V. 2 (to the exit of Evadne); and V. 3. In this he is in substantial agreement with previous workers in this field.

Francis Beaumont, a gentleman of an excellent family devoted to the law, was born in 1584 and educated at Oxford and the Inner Temple. Through association with Ben Jonson in the literary Bohemian life illustrated in the meetings of the wits at the Mermaid Tavern, Beaumont became interested in the stage and soon formed his memorable association with Fletcher. However, Beaumont's career as a dramatist was short. He married a lady of fortune in 1613 and retiring to the country, died in 1616, a month before Shakespeare. Beaumont's most important play, believed now to have been unaided by Fletcher, is *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* a vigorous satirical burlesque of false romantic art. Beaumont is thought to have been the inspiring mind of these two plays of the text, in *King and No King* and some few others. (For Fletcher, see the prefatory note to *Philaster.*)

The best recent edition of Beaumont and Fletcher complete is that of A. Glover and A. R. Waller, 10 vols., 1905-1912.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

KING
LYSIPPUS, *Brother to the King*
AMINTOR, *a noble Gentleman*
EVADNE, *Wife to Amintor*
MELANTIUS } *Brothers to Evadne*
DIPHILUS }
ASPATIA, *troth-plight Wife to Amintor*
CALIANAX, *an old humorous*[1] *Lord and Father to Aspatia*
CLEON } *Gentlemen*
STRATO }

[1] Humorsome.

DIAGORAS, *a Servant*
ANTIPHILA } *Waiting Gentlewomen to Aspatia*
OLYMPIAS }
DULA, *a Lady*
NIGHT }
CYNTHIA }
NEPTUNE } *Maskers*
EOLUS }
[SEA GODS }
Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants

SCENE: Rhodes, the Court]

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

ACT I, SCENE I

[*An Apartment in the Palace*]

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, Diphilus

Cle. The rest are making ready, sir.
Lys. So let them;
There's time enough.
Diph. You are the brother to the King, my lord;
We'll take your word.
Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry;
What think'st thou of a masque? will it be well?
Stra. As well as masques can be.
Lys. As masques can be!
Stra. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise
Of the assembly, bless the bride and bridegroom
In person of some god; they're tied to rules
Of flattery.
Cle. See, good my lord, who is returned!

Enter Melantius

Lys. Noble Melantius!
The land by me welcomes thy virtues home;
Thou that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wished thee here, and thou art here:
He will be too-too kind, and weary thee
With often welcomes; but the time doth give thee
A welcome above his or all the world's.
Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratched limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.
Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He that rejoices not at your return
In safety is mine enemy for ever.
Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty:
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria; thou cam'st not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my King's strict command,—which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.
Lys. 'Tis most true, Melantius;
He might not come till the solemnities
Of this great match were past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, and have given cause to those that here
Envy my deeds abroad to call me gamesome;
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure.[1]
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill and all confused
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I returned (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon me

[1] A stately dance.

And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed.—

Enter ASPATIA, *passing by*

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot,
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!
Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn, for I was never proud
When they were good.
Exit ASPATIA
Mel. How's this?
Lys. You are mistaken, sir; she is not married.
Mel. You said Amintor was.
Diph. 'Tis true; but—
Mel. Pardon me; I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.
Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then?
Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her,[1] and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye; the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The King, my brother, did it
To honor you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
Could I but call it back, that I would take
So base revenges,[1] as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the King?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; where, when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a corse.[2]
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders: she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course,[3] that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers;
But with a spirit that hath much outgrown
The number of his years.

Enter AMINTOR

Cle. My lord the bridegroom!
Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech
Cuts off my love.
Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is returned
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,

[1] Surpasses her.

[1] So base a revenge.
[2] Corpse.
[3] In turn.

As she was wont: may she build there and dwell;
And may thy armor be, as it hath been,
Only thy valor and thine innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still[1] thus!
Mel. I am poor
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: all the wounds I gave
Fetched not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowèd mothers. But this is peace, 130
And that was war.
Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forced,
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day!
Mel. I fear thou art grown too fickle; for I hear
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee; on what terms[2] I know not.
Amin. She had my promise; but the King forbade it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister, 139
Accompanied with graces [far] above her;
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.
Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you.
Lys. We are gone.—
Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!
Amin. We'll all attend you.—
[*Exeunt* Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, Diphilus]
We shall trouble you
With our solemnities.
Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough though I am, 150
I have a mistress, and she has a heart
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't.
But you stand still, and here my way lies.
Exeunt

[1] Ever.
[2] Under what circumstances.

[SCENE II]

[*A Hall in the Palace, with a Gallery full of Spectators*]

Enter Calianax *with* Diagoras

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better, for shame! you let in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me. Why, very well said.[1] By Jove, the King will have the show i' th' court.
Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? you know he'll have it here.
Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.
Diag. And if he will not be wise, you 10 are forsworn.
Cal. One must sweat his heart out with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone, look to't who will.
Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.
Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I'll be judged by all the company whether thou hast not a worse 20 face than I.
Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.
Cal. Office! I would I could put it off! I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they ha' near killed her amongst them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve that will! 29
Exit Calianax
Diag. He's so humorous[2] since his daughter was forsaken! (*Knock within*) Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! codes, codes![3] What now?
Mel. (*within*) Open the door.
Diag. Who's there?
Mel. [*within*] Melantius.

[1] Done.
[2] Testy.
[3] Perhaps an attenuated oath, *gods*.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.[1] [*Opens the door*]

Enter MELANTIUS *and a Lady*

Mel. None but this lady, sir. 40

Diag. The ladies are all placed above, save those that come in the King's troop: the best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, sir.—When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the King; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. [*opening another door*] Stand back there!—Room for my lord Melantius! 50 (*Exeunt* MELANTIUS, Lady, *other door*)—Pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls[2]—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door*]—So, now thrust and hang. [*Knocking within*]—Again! who is't now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser 60 heads[3] than his own in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

(*Within*) I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [*Knocking within*]—Again! who is't?

Mel. (*within*) Melantius.

Enter CALIANAX *to* MELANTIUS

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my lord, a' must.—Make room 70 there for my lord!
Is your lady placed?

Mel. Yes, sir, I thank you.—
My lord Calianax, well met:
Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless[4] death:
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance; but be well advised. 80

Cal. It may be so.—Who placed the lady there,
So near the presence of the King?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place
Is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than she! It misbecomes your age
And place to be thus womanish: forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why, 'tis well:
If I stand here to place men's wenches—

Mel. I
Shall quite forget this place, thy age, my safety, 90
And, through all, cut that poor sickly week
Thou hast to live away from thee!

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.

Mel. Bate me the King,[1] and, be he flesh and blood,
A' lies that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.

Diag. Good my lord—

Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond[2] man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honor!
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace 99
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succor from 'em. Would the blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileged to do men wrong.

Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR

Amin. What vild[3] injury
Has stirred my worthy friend, who is as slow 109

[1] Turn them back.
[2] Wenches.
[3] The staff of office was actually so employed on occasion.
[4] Untimely.

[1] Excepting the King.
[2] Foolish.
[3] Vile.

To fight with words as he is quick of hand?
Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible.
Amin. Good sir, forbear.
Cal. There is just such another as yourself.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The King is coming in;
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy
He should perceive you raging: he did hear
You were at difference now, which hastened him.
Cal. Make room there!

Hautboys play within

Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, Lords *and* Ladies

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: but this is not a place
To brabble[1] in.—Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have mine hand.
King. This is no time
To force you to 't. I do love you both:—
Calianax, you look well to your office;—
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.—
Begin the masque.
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you and your choice;
You looked with my eyes when you took that man:
Be happy in him! *Recorders*[2] [*play*]
Evad. O, my dearest brother,
Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me!

THE MASQUE[3]

Night *rises in mists*

Night. Our reign is come; for in the quenching sea
The sun is drowned, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice! I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrowed light:
Appear! no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter Cynthia

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty[1] without thee, I am so blind:
Methinks they show like to those eastern streaks,
That warn us hence before the morning breaks.
Back, my pale servant! for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.
Cynth. Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had plucked our reins in and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.
Night. Then let us keep 'em here;
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places and outshine the Day.
Cynth. Great queen of shadows, you are pleased to speak
Of more than may be done: we may not break
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our room.
Yet, whilst our reign lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brother's glorious beams, and wish the Night
Crowned with a thousand stars and our cold light:

[1] Squabble.
[2] Flageolets.
[3] The masque within a play was no unusual feature.

[1] Of the assembled court ladies.

For almost all the world their service bend
To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend, 170
Gazed on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.
Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy power
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds; let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover;
Or, if thou woo't,[1] thine own Endymion
From the sweet flowery bank he lies upon,
On Latmus' brow, thy pale beams drawn away, 179
And of his long night let him make this day.
Cynth. Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a nobler memory
Of what these lovers are.—Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away,
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded! 190

NEPTUNE *rises*

Nept. Cynthia, see,
Thy word hath fetched me hither: let me know
Why I ascend.
Cynth. Doth this majestic show
Give thee no knowledge yet?
Nept. Yes, now I see
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.
Cynth. Hie thee, then,
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky den,
Let loose his subjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chained: we must have none here 199
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring;
These are our music; next, thy watery race
Bring on in couples; we are pleased to grace
This noble night, each in their richest things
Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings:
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind
And shine at full upon you.
Nept. Ho, the wind-
Commanding Æolus!

Enter ÆOLUS *out of a Rock*

Æol. Great Neptune!
Nept. He.
Æol. What is thy will?
Nept. We do command thee free 210
Favonius and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas strait,[1]
He's too rebellious.
Æol. I shall do it.
Nept. Do. [*Exit* ÆOLUS]
Æol. [*within*] Great master of the flood and all below,
Thy full command has taken. Ho, the Main!
Neptune!

[*Re-enter* ÆOLUS, *followed by* FAVONIUS *and other Winds*]

Nept. Here.
Æol. Boreas has broke his chain,
And, struggling with the rest, has got away.
Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;
I will not long be thence. Go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the main 220
Blue Proteus[2] and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten[3] rock breeds; tell this night is done
By me a solemn honor to the Moon:
Fly, like a full sail.
Æol. I am gone. [*Exit*]
Cynth. Dark Night,
Strike a full silence, do a thorough right
To this great chorus, that our music may
Touch high as heaven, and make the east break day
At midnight. *Music*

[1] Would do it.

[1] At once.
[2] From the color of the sea.
[3] Beaten by the waves. Bullen explains, overlaid, embossed with gold.

[FIRST] SONG

[*During which* PROTEUS *and other* Sea-deities *enter*]

Cynthia, to thy power and thee
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended!

Pace out, you watery powers below,
Let your feet,
Like the galleys when they row,
Even beat:
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honor this great nuptial.

The Measure

SECOND SONG

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done;
The Day will come too soon:
Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover;
Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often-dyings;
Stay, and hide all:
But help not, though she call.

[*Another*] *measure*

Nept. Great queen of us and heaven, hear what I bring
To make this hour a full one.
Cynth. Speak, sea's king.
Nept. The tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,
When she will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as she sails. My Tritons, play
Music to lay a storm! I'll lead the way.

Measure

[*The Masquers dance which Neptune leads*]

[THIRD] SONG

To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side;
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone;
That they may kiss while they may say a maid;
To-morrow 'twill be other kissed and said.
Hesperus, be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. [*within.*] Ho, Neptune!
Nept. Æolus!

[*Re-enter* ÆOLUS]

Æol. The sea goes high,
Boreas hath raised a storm: go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the gods and all their power,
To strike a calm. [*Exit*]
Cynth. We thank you for this hour:
My favor to you all. To gradulate
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wished for; and no ebb shall dare
To let the Day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your governments in haste,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,
And win upon the island.
Nept. We obey.
NEPTUNE *descends and the* Sea-gods
Cynth. Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st thou not Day?
The east begins to lighten: I must down,
And give my brother place.
Night. O, I could frown
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axle-tree,[1]

[1] The allusion is to Phaeton and his mad driving of the horses of the Sun.

And all fall drenched. But I forget; speak, queen:
The Day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cynth. Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our sect[1] and us! whip up thy team:
The Day breaks here, and yon sun-flaring stream
Shot from the south.[2] Which way wilt thou go? say.
Night. I'll vanish into mists.
Cynth. I into Day.
Exeunt

Finis Masque

King. Take lights there!—Ladies, get the bride to bed.—
We will not see you laid; good night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony:
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you!
King. Good night, Melantius. *Exeunt*

ACT II, [SCENE I]

[*Ante-room to Evadne's Bedchamber*]

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, *and other* Ladies

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
Dula. I should be
Far merrier, madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. That I might go
To bed with him wi' th' credit that you do.
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.[3]
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st belike there is no modesty
When we're alone.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.
Evad. You prick me, lady.
1 *Lady.* 'Tis against my will.
Dula. Anon you must endure more and lie still;
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.[1]
Dula. Take it, madam! where?
We all, I hope, will take it that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.
Dula. So I will make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards against any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it:
She will pluck down a side;[2] she does not use it.
Evad. Why, do, I prithee.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.

[1] A greater light and majesty than belongs to our sect or kind.
[2] There seems an incurable corruption here.
[3] Undressed, also ruined.

[1] This passage is made up of a series of plays upon words connected with games of cards.
[2] Lose the game.

Dula. She is in love: hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country.[1] I love too
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless[2] smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My rite;[3] and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless:
But till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he poured the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, heaven! and, if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none that I had from you.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. Would I could!
Then should I leave the cause.
Evad. See, if you have not spoiled all Dula's mirth!
Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but, if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.
Dula. That's not so good; let 'em shoot anything but fire, I fear 'em not.
Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.
Evad. Ladies, good night: I'll do the rest myself.
Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.
Asp. [*singing*] *Lay a garland on my hearse*
Of the dismal yew—
Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
Evad. How is it, madam?
Asp. [*singing*]

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! the words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins.—
I could never have the power—sing that, Dula.
Dula. [*singing*]

I could never have the power
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly.
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last!

Evad. So, leave me now.
Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.
Asp. Madam, good night. May all the marriage-joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds
Prove so unto you! May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! but, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial[1] way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I: but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him! so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.—
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth;
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course[2]
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.
Evad. Alas, I pity thee. *Exit* EVADNE
All. Madam, good night.
1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.
Dula. Where's my lord?

[1] Make things go. [2] Untimely. [3] Q1 *right*.

[1] Artful.
[2] In turn.

Enter AMINTOR

1 *Lady*. Here, take this light.
Dula. You'll find her in the dark.
1 *Lady*. Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.
Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death! 120
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.—
[*Kisses* AMINTOR]
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow-garland,[1] and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refused,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractised way to grieve and die. *Exit* ASPATIA 130
Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?
All. Good night, my lord.
Amin. Much happiness unto you all!
Ladies exeunt
I did that lady wrong. Methinks, I feel
A grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;
Mine eyes rain: this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first moved me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
Go not to bed. My guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience too sensible[2] 140
Would make me think; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King that forced me. Timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Enter EVADNE

Yonder she is, the luster of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance

[1] Emblem of the deserted lover.
[2] Sensitive.

Of all these things.—O, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold!
The vapors of the night shall not fall here.
To bed, my love: Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites. 150
Camest thou to call me?
Evad. No.
Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.
Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms
Till I have banished sickness.
Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;[1]
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed.
Amin. I prithee, do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why! I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay,
Amin. How? sworn, Evadne! 160
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me.
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride!
Amin. How prettily
That frown becomes thee!
Evad. Do you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look
But I shall like it.
Evad. What look likes[2] you best?
Amin. Why do you ask? 170
Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks;
It shows as thou wert angry.
Evad. So perhaps
I am indeed.

[1] Wake. [2] Pleases.

Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet-unconquered self, I will revenge thee!
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compared with me: 180
Life, honor, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this.* Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I wo' not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would thou wouldst.
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have killed thyself. 190
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it, then, and do't.
Amin. O, no! what look soe'er thou shalt put on
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have sworn to any of the virgins
That were your old companions to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor, 200
At my years!
Amin. Sure she raves; this cannot be
Her natural temper.—Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Is this the truth?
Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night!
You talk as if you thought I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceived.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter, for the oracle 211
Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but ever.
Amin. I dream. Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right:
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feigned,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this? 220
Are these the joys of marriage?—Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine
To after-ages: we will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know this: not an altar then will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood. 230
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I do rage in vain;
She can but jest.—O, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form: 240
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed!
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much; would I had doubted still![1]
Was ever such a marriage-night as this!
You powers above, if you did ever mean

[1] Ever.

Man should be used thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honor:
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run;
I must live scorned, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?
Why does not heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good.
Amin. Evadne, hear me. Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keep it were
Worse than to swear it: call it back to thee;
Such vows as that never ascend the heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful! for, without boast,
This land was proud of me: what lady was there,
That men called fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shunned my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth.—O, we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.
Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me!
Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate. Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms—
Evad. Why, so perhaps they are.
Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I fear thee not: do what thou darest to me!
Every ill-sounding word or threatening look
Thou showest to me will be revenged at full.
Amin. It will not sure, Evadne?
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Ha' ye your champions?
Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire and as much will
To put that wished act in practice as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shown
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what hand soe'er
It shall be called, shall stoop[1] to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so:
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, 'tis the King.
Amin. The King!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. It is not the King!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. O, thou hast named a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name.
'The King,' there lies a terror: what frail man

[1] As a hawk.

Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please: till when, let us
Suffer and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honorable!
Amin. What strange thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.
Amin. Why, show it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after ages crossed in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid[1] a lingering wretch.
Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would! I pity thee.
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wronged;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more!—But thou hast shown
An impudence so high, that to the world
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.
Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze[2] myself.
Amin. Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honor
Will thrust me into action: that[3] my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touched thee; else, had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,

[1] Kill.
[2] Declare.
[3] That condition of affairs.

I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have left one desire: 'tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve[1]
He has dishonored thee. Give me thy hand:
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;[2]
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning visitors
May think we did as married people use:
And, prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased
With what we did.
Evad. Fear not; I will do this.
Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever longing bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.
Evad. I am content.
Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus intwined, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*An Apartment in the House of Calianax*]

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS

Asp. Away, you are not sad! force it no further.
Good gods, how well you look! Such a full color
Young bashful brides put on: sure, you are new married!
Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.
Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;
Learn to be flattered, and believe and bless
The double tongue that did it; make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as spake truth, and died in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias;
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.
Olym. Never.
Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?
Ant. Nor I.

[1] Know. [2] Secretly.

Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise;
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives life to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruined merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forced by ill fate,) take to your maiden-bosoms
Two dead-cold aspics,[1] and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man.—
O, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls:
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow.—Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone's,
When Paris brought home Helen.—Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage-queen, when from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear.—Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turned her to marble.—'Tis enough, my wench.—
Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.
Ant. Of Ariadne,[2] madam?
Asp. Yes, that piece.—
This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening[3] face.—
You meant him for a man?
Ant. He was so, madam.
Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough.—Never look back;

[1] Asps.
[2] Deserted by Theseus. [3] Deceiving.

You have a full wind and a false heart, Theseus.—
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?
Ant. Not as I remember.
Asp. It should ha' been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as evil. This false smile
Was well expressed; just such another caught me.—
You shall not go so.[1]—
Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear;
Do that Fear to the life,[2] wench.
Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.
Asp. 'Twill make the story, wronged by wanton poets,
Live long and be believed. But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Asp. Fie, you have missed it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colors are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me,
Make all a desolation. See, see, wenches,
A miserable life[3] of this poor picture!
Olym. Dear madam!
Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us

[1] Addressing the embroidered image of Theseus.
[2] Q_1 reads *bravely*.
[3] A miserable example in life.

Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter CALIANAX

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wronged, disgraced.—Well, how now, huswives?
What, at your ease! is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!
Olym. Nay, good my lord—
Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty[1] you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly.
Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charged:
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus;
In grief she is forsaken.
Cal. There's a rogue too.
A young dissembling slave!—Well, get you in.—
I'll have a bout with that boy.[2] 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass!
A court-stale![3] Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier,[4]
I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-braved me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.—
Go, get you in.—I'll take a course with all.
Exeunt omnes

ACT III, [SCENE I]

[*Ante-room to Evadne's Bedchamber*]

Enter CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIPHILUS

Cle. Your sister is not up yet.
Diph. O, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

[1] Restless.
[2] *I.e.*, Amintor.
[3] A laughing-stock.
[4] Melantius.

Stra. But not tedious.
Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?
Stra. None; it's odds against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.
Diph. Y'are merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.
Stra. She's at your service.
Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.
Stra. We shall interrupt them.
Diph. No matter; they have the year before them.—Good morrow, sister. Spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

Enter AMINTOR

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet.[1] Your sister is but now up.
Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night: I think you ha' not slept.
Amin. I'faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventured for a boy; when he is twelve,
A' shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true;—(*aside*) but she,
As if she had drunk Lethe, or had made
Even with heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound—
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets
This morning, and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks!
She's in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. [*aside*] Ha! does he not mock me?—Y'ad lost indeed;
I do not use[2] to bungle.
Cle. You do deserve her.

[1] No more fully dressed.
[2] I am not accustomed.

Amin. (*aside*) I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects.—

Enter MELANTIUS

Mel. Good day, Amintor; for to me the name
Of brother is too distant: we are friends,
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee.—Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wondrous strange! 50
Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: and, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honor;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But—
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves:
No more embrace me.
Amin. O, mistake me not! 60
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good; but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly changed
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
'A carries on him.—(*aside*) O, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts!— 70
Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?
Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feel no want.
Mel. Believe me, this is compliment too cunning for me.
Diph. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robbed me of so much virtue?
Stra. O, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down:
It is the prettiest sport! 80
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. (*within*) My lord?
Amin. Come forth, my love:
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
Evad. I am not ready[1] yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE

Mel. Good morrow, sister. He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;
You have enough: take heed you be not proud.
Diph. O, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now. 90
Evad. Pish!
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mocked.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith I would not marry.
Amin. (*aside*) Nor I, by heaven!—
Diph. Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk! 100
Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth y'are spoiled.
Mel. Amintor—
Amin. Ha!
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let's.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way. 110

[1] Dressed.

Amin. I'm so lightened with my happiness!—
How dost thou, love? kiss me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.
Amin. Nothing but what becomes us.—Gentlemen,
Would you had all such wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! Y'are all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are so.
Amin. Well! how can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no music there? Let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!
Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish
My joy were less.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. (*aside*) Amintor, hark.
Amin. What says my love? I must obey.—
Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceived.
Cle. My lord, the King is here.

Enter King *and* Lysippus

Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.
King. Good morrow, all!—
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!—
And, madam, you are altered since I saw you;
(I must salute you) you are now another's.
How liked you your night's rest?
Evad. Ill, sir.
Amin. Indeed she took but little.
Lys. You'll let her take more, and thank her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert thou truly honest till thou wert married?
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me, then, how shows the sport unto thee?
Amin. Why, well.
King. What did you do?
Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples use;
You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, prithee, I should think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she would be quick and stirring
In this same business; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell;
I ne'er tried other, sir; but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.[1]
King. Well, you'll trust me then, Amintor,
To choose a wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why, like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her.
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks is yours. But if the powers
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.
King. [*aside*] I do not like this.—
All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,
And your lady. [*Exeunt all but the* King, Amintor, *and* Evadne] I have some speech with you,
That may concern your after living well.
Amin. [*aside*] 'A will not tell me that he lies with her?
If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful!—
King. You will suffer me
To talk with her, Amintor, and not have
A jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous. [*Retires*]
King. How do you like Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir.
King. How's that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They that break word with heaven will break again

[1] As alive as you have said.

With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so; 190
You do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touched any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face! which for your royalty
I would not stain! 200
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in me
To punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me, then,
Not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body than your punishment can mine.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I ha' not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. 'A lies.
King. 'A does not.
Evad. By this light, he does,
Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so:
I did not only shun him for a night, 209
But told him I would never close with him.
King. Speak lower; 'tis false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the King. But urge me not; 'tis most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrollèd thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever, if he had not killed thee? 221
He could not bear it thus: he is as we,
Or any other wronged man.
Evad. It is dissembling,
King. Take him! farewell: henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.
Evad. Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear.—Amintor!
Amin. What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenious[1] look,
And shouldst be virtuous: it amazeth me
That thou canst make such base malicious lies! 230
Amin. What, my dear wife?
Evad. 'Dear wife!' I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissension amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The King and me—
Amin. O, God!
Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks[2] as thyself.
Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punished
In hell for this!
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia is not yet revenged;
It follows me.—I will not lose a word 240
To this vild[3] woman: but to you, my King,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
Y' are a tyrant! and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied!
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves. What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death? nor can that satisfy, 250
Unless I show how nobly I have freed myself.

[1] Ingenuous. [2] Tale-bearers. [3] Vile.

King. Draw not thy sword; thou knowest I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for, as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is
Divinity about you,[1] that strikes dead
My rising passions: as you are my king, 260
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas, I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness: for, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure: but, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what 270
I have to say), why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? there were thousands, fools
Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island.
Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.
Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that darest talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still!—It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world.—
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en 281
Another.
King. No: for I believed thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happiness
Bestowed upon me turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it!—Good my lord the King,
Be private in it.
King. Thou mayst live, Amintor,

[1] *Cf. Hamlet*, IV, v, 123.

Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse 290
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here and after life upon my soul!
King. Well, I am resolute[1] you lay not with her;
And so I leave you. *Exit* KING
Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows!
Amin. Prithee, vex me not:
Leave me; I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murther on me.
Evad. I am gone; 300
I love my life well. *Exit* EVADNE
Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.
Exit

[SCENE II]

[*A Room in the Palace*]

Enter MELANTIUS

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX

Cal. O Melantius,
My daughter will die!
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry:
Would thou hadst ta'en her room![2]
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave!
Some company will come, and I respect 10
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish

[1] Convinced. [2] Taken her place.

To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth:
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak.
This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepared?
Mel. Why wilt thou dote thyself
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed;
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,
And trouble not me: my head is full of thoughts
More weighty than thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in war, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight. You'll give ground, I fear.
Come draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow,
That thou canst give hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far, then: the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.—
Cal. [*aside*] I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick[1]
I had 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight.—
Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay.—
Cal. [*aside*] I would give half my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little:
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he asked me mercy.—
Mel. Sir, will you be gone?—
Cal. [*aside*] I dare not stay; but I will go home, and beat
My servants all over for this. *Exit*
Mel. This old fellow haunts me.
But the distracted carriage of mine Amintor
Takes deeply on me.[2] I will find the cause:
I fear his conscience cries, he wronged Aspatia.

[1] Trick of testiness. [2] Deeply affects me.

Enter Amintor

Amin. [*aside*] Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now.
Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoyed our friendship of late; for we were wont to change our souls in talk.
Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a lady the last day.
Mel. How was't?
Amin. Why, such an odd one!
Mel. I have longed to speak with you; not of an idle jest, that's forced, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.
Amin. What is that, my friend?
Mel. I have observed your words fall from your tongue
Wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to show his merry mood,
When he were ill-disposed: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?
Amin. A sadness here, [Melantius!] what cause
Can fate provide for me to make me so?
Am I not loved through all this isle? The King
Rains greatness on me. Have I not received
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable color,[1] in her heart
A prison for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. Faith, marry too;

[1] Irresistible.

And you will feel so unexpressed a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.
Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen[1] the whole world withal,
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature 90
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand
As[2] you were blasted 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly!—World, what do I here? a friend
Is nothing. Heaven, I would ha' told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,
And there plant friendship; all is withered here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend 'a lied, ere soothed[3] him so.
Out of my bosom! 100
Amin. But there is nothing.
Mel. Worse and worse! farewell:
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.
Amin. Melantius, stay: you shall know what that is.
Mel. See, how you played with friendship! be advised
How you give cause unto yourself to say
You ha' lost a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I ha' done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do,—O!—O! 110
Mel. Do not weep. What is't?
May I once but know the man
Hath turned my friend thus!
Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that—
Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing, then, from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armor I'll adorn myself,

[1] Deceive. [2] As if. [3] Deceived.

My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart 120
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this—it is too big
To get out—let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, heaven, if he scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister—
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You'll wish't unknown, when you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honor up, 130
And lives in whoredom with him.
Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton: I am loath to say, a whore,
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down: what are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand 141
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath called friend!—
I will not take thee basely: thy sword
[*Draws his sword*]
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease 150
Here and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful.[1] They that use to utter lies

[1] Timorous.

Provide not blows but words to qualify[1]
The men they wronged. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne,)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take, then, more
To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice 160
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But if thou art so much pressed
With guilt and fear as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loathed, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. [*drawing his sword*] Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease, 170
If I be killed; and, if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you.
Mel. Stay awhile.—
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool.
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonor!—Pardon me, my friend.
[*Sheathes his sword*]
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand 181
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I bear it, then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly; [*Sheathes his sword*]
And I shall do a foul act on myself
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick[2] together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. O, this adulterous king, 190
That drew her to't; where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it, then, to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king: my honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on. 200
Amin. I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee: still this swelling breast.
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.
Amin. It must not be so. Stay. Mine eyes would tell
How loath I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded 210
All that this world calls happy.—Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom. Give it me again;
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part: invent a way
To give it back.
Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.
Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this, 220
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weapon. [*Draws*]
Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.
Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I—
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Draw, then; for I am full as resolute
As fame and honor can enforce me be:
I cannot linger. Draw!
Mel. I do. [*draws*] But is not

[1] Mollify. [2] Alive.

My share of credit equal with thine,
If I do stir?
Amin. No; for it will be called
Honor in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King 230
A brave revenge; but on me, that have walked
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful[1] cuckold. O, that word! Be quick.
Mel. Then, join with me.
Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy.
Mel. Then, dare not fight with me; for that's a sin.—
His grief distracts him.—Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight. 240
Amin. You must.
Mel. [*sheathing*] I will be killed first. Though my passions
Offered the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost beside yourself.
Amin. [*sheathing*] O, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her to
Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet have a care
Of me in what thou dost.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend 250
I will forget his honor? or, to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?
Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live
And suffer with me.
Mel. I will do what worth
Shall bid me, and no more.
Amin. Faith, I am sick,
And desperately, I hope; yet, leaning thus,
I feel a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take again
Your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never do't.

[1] Timorous.

Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together; 260
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (O, wretched!) ay, thy love, Melantius;
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry, then.
Exeunt

Enter MELANTIUS *again*

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherished him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me.—

Enter DIPHILUS

Diphilus!
Thou com'st as sent.[1]
Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the King; 270
I thought their spleens would break; they laughed us all
Out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; and, if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself and find it.
Mel. That was spoke
According to our strain.[2] Come, join thy hands,
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both; 280
People hereafter shall not say, there passed
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: we are wronged.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: prepare the armor in my house;

[1] As if sent for. [2] Stock, race.

And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste!
Exit DIPHILUS
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood 290
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax—but I must have it. See,

Enter CALIANAX

Where he comes shaking by me!—Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wronged you,
But would have peace with every man.
Cal. 'Tis well; 300
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. Y'are touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honor, I speak truth.
Cal. Honor! where is't?
Mel. See, what starts you make
Into your idle hatred to my love
And freedom to you.
I come with resolution to obtain
A suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me!
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence: 310
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou art mad to talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it:
I would kill the King, that wronged you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay, but stay: I cannot scape,
The deed once done, without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee? 320
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offered love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. [*aside*] If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the King.—I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius; but this cause
Is weighty: give me but an hour to think. 330
Mel. Take it.—(*aside*) I know this goes unto the King;
But I am armed.— *Exit* MELANTIUS
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again. This fighting fool
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath before I find the King.
Exit

ACT IV, [SCENE I]

[*An Apartment of Evadne*]

Enter MELANTIUS, EVADNE *and* Ladies

Mel. Save you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look, Evadne—
Evad. Come, you would make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne;
I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you command me; I am bashful.
Come, sir, how do I look?
Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.
Evad. Go wait me in the gallery.—
Exeunt Ladies
Now speak.
Mel. I'll lock your doors first.
Evad. Why? 10
Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Milan skins,[1]
Choke up my business.
Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.

[1] Nares explains this as fine gloves made in Milan. Does it mean here delicate complexions?

Evad. No; if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother, the court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for't: has it learned[1] you nothing? 20
Evad. Me!
Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage,[2] that it cannot
Choose but inflame a kingdom.
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all
My honored scars, to come to such a parley. 30
Evad. I understand ye not.
Mel. Ye dare not, fool!
They that commit thy faults fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story,
The lusts of which would fill[3] another woman,
Though she had twins within her.
Evad. This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more; there lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that you look for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honor. Would the gods had set me 41
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.
Evad. How, sir!
Where got you this report?

[1] Taught. [2] Graceful bearing. [3] Enflame.

Mel. Where there was people,
In every place.
Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people:
Believe them not, they lied.
Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch! 50
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: be wise, and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humor, and then tell me
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honors perish but I'll find him,
Though he lie locked up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it;[1] and be not flattered;
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns,[2] is not fouler 60
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Begone! you are my brother; that's your safety.
Mel. I'll be a wolf first: 'tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee
As thou art from thy virtue: seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you 70
I'll ha' you whipped. Get you to your command,
And there preach to your sentinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. Y'are grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive! By my just sword, h'ad safer
Bestrid a billow when the angry north

[1] Bragging it out. [2] The dog-star, Sirius.

Ploughs up the sea, or made heaven's fire his foe!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad. Sleep, and speak sense. 80
Mel. Force my swoln heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
Would they were all, and armed! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to 'em! Will you tell me?—
Thou hast no hope to scape: he that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lion
Than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee;—
He has undone thine honor, poisoned thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker.[1] 90
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honor thou hast murdered, whose grave opened
And so pulled on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature, [*Draws his sword*]
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth, 100
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,

[1] A dog-rose; degenerate of its kind.

If thou criest! When I have killed thee, as I
Have vowed to do if thou confess not, naked, 110
As thou hast left thine honor, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes.
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. O, I
Am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended: noble sir, forgive me!
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir;
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again; my sword's unsheathèd yet. 120
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me, then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask mine honor first.
I have too much foolish nature in me: speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful[1] conscience; that's too many. Who is't?
Evad. O, hear me gently! It was the King.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services 130
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me
In my own metal: these are soldiers' thanks!—
How long have you lived thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. Would I were half as blameless!
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again.

[1] Cowardly.

Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. Would gods thou hadst been so blest!
Dost thou not hate this King now? prithee hate him:
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him; 140
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes. Yet I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.
Mel. Dost thou not feel, amongst all those, one brave anger,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base King?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No, all the gods require it; they are
Dishonored in him. 150
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy sir
For meat and coarser clothes: thus far you know
No fear. Come, you shall kill him.
Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst smother him:
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know 160
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,
And, both to heaven held up, swear, by that wealth 170
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.
Evad. Here I swear it; [*Kneels*]
And, all you spirits of abusèd ladies,
Help me in this performance!
Mel. [*Raising her*] Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I,[1] Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring, ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. *Exit* 180
Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
O, where have I been all this time? how friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity show me how I wandered?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: sure, I am monstrous;
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare[2] a woman. O, my loaded soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up
The way to my repentance!

Enter AMINTOR

O, my lord! 190
Amin. How now?
Evad. My much-abusèd lord! [*Kneels*]
Amin. This cannot be!
Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrow:
Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf,[3] into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage: prithee, do not mock me. 200
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects

[1] A common confusion.
[2] Daunt.
[3] Tame wolf.

All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set,[1] even with my life:
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amin. Sure, I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is? O Evadne,
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! but I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
(As all say women can,) or to make less
What my hot will hath done, which heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance; no, I do not;
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Dressed in the shames I lived in, the same monster.
But these are names of honor to what I am;
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despised of men,
Lerna[2] e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemned,
Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Rise, Evadne.

[1] Stake.
[2] A marsh, the haunt of Hydra, the monster slain by Hercules.

Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes,[1] if thou play'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.[2]
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for heaven's honors, have their ends, and good ones
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women:
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep,
Till I am water.
Amin. I am now dissolved;
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand:
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honor gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days:
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' killed thee, but this sweet repentance

[1] Eyes which follow thee; some emend *ages*.
[2] If you palter with repentance which is the best sacrifice you can make.

Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss thee—
The last kiss we must take: and would to heaven
The holy priest that gave our hands together
Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honor falls no farther: I am well, then.
Evad. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter,
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she have tried all honored means, that may
Set her in rest and wash her stains away.
Exeunt [*severally*]

[SCENE II]

[*A Hall in the Palace*]

Banquet [*spread*]. *Enter* KING *and* CALIANAX. *Hautboys play within*

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I am sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose—but[1] with my sword.
King. But did he break, without all circumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush:
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him; and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it; if 't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false, for I'll be sworn I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would a trusted me
Once, but the time is altered.
King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness.
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How? no more!
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But so you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: there are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it—
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.
King. Enough.—Where's Strato?

Enter STRATO

Stra. Sir?
King. Why, where's all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there.— *Exit* STRATO
If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit 'em.[1]
Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man and a councillor
To fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, [LYSIPPUS], CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIAGORAS

King. Come, sirs!—Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit down.—
Evadne, sit;—and you, Amintor, too;

[1] Except.

[1] Abandon them.

This banquet is for you, sir.—Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire 'em not. 50
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them, then.
King. Reach me a bowl of wine.—Melantius, thou
Art sad.
Mel. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I ha' ne'er a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.—
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere for any man we trust
To poison one of us in such a bowl.
Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.
Cal. [*aside*] Such as you are. 60
King. I' faith, 'twere easy. It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves,
Such as you all are here.—Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne! [*Drinks*]
Mel. [*apart to* CAL.] Have you thought
Of this, Calianax?
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your resolution?
Cal. Ye shall have it,
Soundly, I warrant you.
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love;
[*Drinks, and then hands the cup to* EVADNE]
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost 70
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not scape that did it.
Mel. Were he known, unpossible.
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be. If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword:
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should think no man 80
Could kill me, and scape clear, but that old man.
Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?
King. I do not think thou wouldst; but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape,
By keeping of the fort.—He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: 'twas ne'er besieged
Since he commanded.
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: but I have kept it safe
From such as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in: 91
I speak no malice; had my brother kept it,
I should ha' said as much.
King. You are not merry.
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still.—Calianax, [*Aside*]
I cannot trust this: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetched warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never moved;
He knows no such thing.
Cal. Impudence may scape,
When feeble virtue is accused.
King. 'A must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration 100
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himself:
What care I what he does? this he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiss: but I forgive
Freely before this man: heaven do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more. 110
Cal. Why, this is very fine!
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: happily[1] 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.

[1] Haply.

King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew. 120
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to show you
My ears are every where; you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to scape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardoned. You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers[1] and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy. The man that uttered this
Had perished without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenced him from the foe:
And if I thought you gave a faith to this, 130
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.
Cal. [*aside*] Ay, that will be
The end of all: then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.—
Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
And swear he thought me wronged in this.
Cal. Who, I?
Thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak to me 140
Of it thyself?
Mel. O, then, it came from him!
Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I ha' lost my anger.—Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.
King. Lysippus, cheer
Amintor and his lady: there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.
Amin. You have done already, sir, for me, I thank you.
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.
Mel. 'Tis strange you should. 150
Cal. 'Tis strange 'a should believe an old man's word,
That never lied in's life!
Mel. I talk not to thee.—
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much at least as I have power to bear.
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself—I have bestowed
My careless blood[1] with you, and should be loath 160
To think an action that would make me lose
That and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed that plucked five years from time,
And styled me man then. And for you, my King,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm: this sword of mine hath ploughed the ground,
And reaped the fruit in peace;
And you yourself have lived at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that without swords 170
My name hath fetched you conquest: and my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.
King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy.—What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!
Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, th'art a villain!
Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort: [*Aside*] 180
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;
There shall no credit lie upon thy words:
Think better, and deliver it.

[1] Braggart; old edd. read *eaters*.

[1] Blood in the shedding of which I have been careless.

Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it.—Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst.—Examine him
Whilst he is hot, for, if he cool again,
He will forswear it.
King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.
Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter missed the happiness
My sister gained; and, though he call me foe, 190
I pity him.
Cal. Pity! a pox upon you!
Mel. Mark his disordered words: and at the masque
Diagoras knows he raged and railed at me,
And called a lady 'whore,' so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.
Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning.—If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.
King. Some, that love him, 200
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old. Have him away.
Mel. Calianax,
The King believes you: come, you shall go home,
And rest; you ha' done well. [*Aside*]—You'll give it up,
When I have used you thus a month, I hope.—
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir: he does move me still:
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has used me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
All. Ha, ha, ha! 210
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus.
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there,
That has no virtue in him, (all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I am a very fool,
Both with him and without him, as you use me.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
King. 'Tis well, Calianax: but if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharged.— 220
Be merry, gentlemen.—It grows somewhat late.—
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. And you, Evadne.—Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deservest to be, my friend
Still and for ever.—Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.
Exeunt omnes. Manent MELANTIUS *and* CALIANAX
Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else.—How darest thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me? 230
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. I
Do look for some great punishment for this;
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.
Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King! 240
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?
Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;[1]
This is all hurt.
Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: but use thy will with me;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.
Mel. Be wise, then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.
Cal. Ay, o' the King: I would revenge of thee.[2] 250
Mel. That you must plot yourself.
Cal. I am a fine plotter.

[1] Who stand as heirs.
[2] I would be revenged on thee.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the King,
Canst thou deny't again?
Mel. Try, and believe.
Cal. Nay, then, thou canst bring any thing about. 260
Melantius, thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well.
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy agèd breast
To compass.
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee;
And if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am disgraced;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me, 270
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly.—

Enter Diphilus

Diphilus,
What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: the King hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it, then.—Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort, he'll give it thee.
Diph. Ha' you got that? 280
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the King too?
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain.[1] If thou follow me
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Begone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.

Exeunt Calianax *and* Diphilus

Mel. This is a night, spite of astronomers,[2]
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain 289
That rests upon our house off with his blood.

Enter Amintor

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: if thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. [*Aside*] Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance?—What's the matter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated King,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason 300
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;
By heaven, to me, myself! and I must tell ye,
I love her as a stranger: there is worth
In that vild[3] woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness.—Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as valor; 310
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest!—[*Aside*] I know he's honest,[4]

[1] Stock, family.
[2] Astrologers.
[3] Vile.
[4] Loyal.

And this will work with him.—
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charmed my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What wild beast is uncollected[1] man!
The thing that we call honor bears us all
Headlong unto sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes. I was run to that
I purposed to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the King,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come, then; and still remember
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember.
Exeunt

ACT V, [SCENE I]

[*A Room in the Palace*]

Enter EVADNE *and a* GENTLEMAN

Evad. Sir, is the King a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key, then; and let none be near;
'Tis the King's pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madam; would 'twere mine!
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the King
Will wake, and then, methinks—
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.
Gent. A good night be it, then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. *Exit*

[1] Uncontrolled by reason.

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. [*Draws a curtain disclosing*] *the* KING *abed* O, the conscience
Of a lost virtue, whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismal as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear. 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: 'tis so many sins
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through 'em:
I have begun a slaughter on my honor,
And I must end it there.—'A sleeps. O God.
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: the mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps—that were
To rock him to another world; my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments:
I'll shape his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave;
Ties his arms to the bed
I dare not trust your strength; your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.—
My lord the King!—My lord!—'A sleeps,
As if he meant to wake no more.—My lord!—
Is he not dead already? Sir! my lord!
King. Who's that?
Evad. O, you sleep soundly, sir!
King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.
Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?
King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?

What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love: 50
Let us be caught together, that the gods may see
And envy our embraces.
Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King. Prithee, to bed, then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed. [*Draws a dagger*]
King. Bleed!
Evad. Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and, if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel 60
Comes to redeem the honor that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.
King. How's this, Evadne?
Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be called a woman:
I am a tiger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not: if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepared, thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will!) to look those torments 70
Prepared for such black souls.
King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible;
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,[1]
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,

[1] Canker-worm.

Till your cursed court and you (hell bless you for't)
With your temptations on temptations 80
Made me give up mine honor; for which, King,
I am come to kill thee.
King. No!
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not!
I prithee speak not these things: thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow
Those blessèd fires[1] that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless villain; 90
A thing out of the overcharge of nature,
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching[2] women; such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
Ay, all his heaven hereafter!
King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy King.
Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! *Stabs him*
King. Hold, Evadne! 100
I do command thee hold!
Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.
King. What bloody villain
Provoked thee to this murder?
Evad. Thou, thou monster!
King. O!
Evad. Thou kept'st me brave[3] at court, and whored me, King;

[1] Shooting stars.
[2] Susceptible.
[3] Handsomely dressed and attended.

Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whored me still.
King. Evadne, pity me!
Evad. Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor. 109
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wronged of women! *Kills him*
King. O! I die.
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. *Exit.*

Enter two of the Bedchamber

1 *Gent.* Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a snap at her one of these nights, as she goes from him.
1 *Gent.* Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see kings can do no more that way than other mortal people. 120
2 *Gent.* How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.
1 *Gent.* Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.
2 *Gent.* And so he does:
Pray heaven he be well! let's look.—Alas!
He's stiff, wounded, and dead! Treason, treason!
1 *Gent.* Run forth and call.
2 *Gent.* Treason, treason! *Exit*
1 *Gent.* This will be laid on us: who can believe
A woman could do this? 130

Enter Cleon *and* Lysippus

Cleon. How now! where's the traitor?
1 *Gent.* Fled, fled away; but there her woeful act
Lies still.
Cleon. Her act! a woman!
Lys. Where's the body?
1 *Gent.* There.
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king,
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears;
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me!

Enter Strato

Sirs, which way went she?
Stra. Never follow her; 140
For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,
And with a loud voice calls those few that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen, I am your King.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*Before the Citadel*]

Enter Melantius, Diphilus, *and* Calianax, *on the wall*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am armed,
(Be constant, Diphilus,) now we have time
Either to bring our banished honors home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not;
My spirit lies not that way.—Courage, Calianax!
Cal. Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows:
You were born to be my end; the devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange, 10
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lysippus, Diagoras, Cleon, Strato, *and Guard*

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him!
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it.
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward

To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pulled on than sought: his mind was ever 20
As worthy as his hand.
Lys. 'Tis my fear too.
Heaven forgive all!—Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cle. Ho, from the walls there!
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome:
We could a wished you here, lord; you are honest.
Cal. [*aside*] Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare not tell thee so—
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir?
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never required such distance. Pray to heaven, 30
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honor! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think might have preserved: yet you know best.
Cal. [*aside*] When time was[1] I was mad! Some that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal.
Mel. Royal young man, those tears look lovely on thee:
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst he was good, I called him King, and served him 40
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valor,
Pulled people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship: I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never-cured dishonor of my sister,
Base stain of whore, and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so,) like myself,

[1] Once upon a time.

Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge 50
What I have suffered in him, and this old man
Wronged almost to lunacy.
Cal. Who, I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong;
I do disclaim ye all.
Mel. The short is this.
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free:
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.
Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie 60
All up again. What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.[1]
Lys. Melantius, write in that thy choice:
My seal is at it.
[*Throws* MELANTIUS *the paper*]
Mel. It was our honors drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaimed us all, but now, Calianax.
Cal. That is all one; 70
I'll not be hanged hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall.—
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you King,
And give you up the fort.
Lys. Away, away!
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE III]

[*Ante-room to Amintor's Apartments*]

Enter ASPATIA, *in man's apparel* [*and with artificial scars on her face*]

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive

[1] Carte blanche.

My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest,
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honor for you that I die;
For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant

God save you, sir!
Ser. And you, sir! What's your business?
Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office 10
To help me to your lord.
Ser. What, would you serve him?
Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,[1]
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.
Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would be loath
Delay you longer: you can not.
Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.
Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody;
But in particular,[2] I have in charge,[3]
About no weighty matters.
Asp. This is most strange. 20
Art thou gold-proof? there's for thee; help me to him. [*Gives money*]
Ser. Pray be not angry, sir: I'll do my best. *Exit*
Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answered me!
There is a vild dishonest trick in man,
More than in woman. All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond[4] women
Harbor the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so. It is unjust 30
That men and women should be matched together.

Enter AMINTOR *and his* Man

Amin. Where is he?
Ser. There, my lord.
Amin. What would you, sir?

[1] Make haste.
[2] Especially.
[3] I have been charged.
[4] Foolish.

Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit* Servant]
Asp. (*aside*) O, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it!—
Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For, till the chance of war marked this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me 40
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am brother to the wronged Aspatia.
Amin. The wronged Aspatia! would thou were so too
Unto the wronged Amintor! Let me kiss
[*Kisses her hand*]
That hand of thine, in honor that I bear
Unto the wronged Aspatia. Here I stand
That did it. Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough 50
Without thy help.
Asp. I would I could with credit!
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour I now arrived:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woeful one! but they that are above
Have ends in every thing. She used few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace; 60
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loath to lose
Honor, that is not easily gained again.
Fairly I mean to deal: the age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopped,
If it be published. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference. [*Draws*]
Amin. Charitable youth,

If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: and, for thy sister's sake, 71
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught
That may content thee, take it, and begone,
For death is not so terrible as thou;
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and so 80
Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozened, and be sure to fight
Ere I returned.
Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.
Asp. You must be urged:
I do not deal uncivilly with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be used thus. *She strikes him*
Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honor, that I can endure 90
All this—Good gods! a blow I can endure;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless[1] death
Upon thyself.
Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kicked,
She kicks him
Thus to be kicked.—(*aside*) Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death?
Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then?
I would endure yet, if I could. Now show
[*Draws*]
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand
Thou hast no hour to live.
They fight, [ASPATIA *is wounded*]
What dost thou mean? 101
Thou canst not fight: the blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,

[1] Untimely.

Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!
Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here. [*Falls*]

Enter EVADNE, *her hands bloody, with a knife*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again. 111
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.
Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stayed.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes 120
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost:
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.
Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine:
Joy to Amintor! for the King is dead.
Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why, thou hast raised up mischief to his height, 131
And found one to out-name[1] thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins
But all thy life is a continued ill:
Black is thy color now, disease thy nature.
'Joy to Amintor!' Thou hast touched a life,
The very name of which had power to chain

[1] Surpass.

Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and, since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through this life, 140
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by a violent fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stained with a king's blood
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me. 150
Asp. O, O, O!
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me, then,
And take me to thy bed: we may not part.
Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed;
It will return with me.
Evad. If it must be,
I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.
Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For heaven's sake, look more calm: thine eyes are sharper
Than thou canst make thy sword.
[*Kneels*]
Amin. Away, away! 160
Thy knees are more to me than violence;
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant. For heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, I loved thee once. I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning.
Leaves her
Evad. [*rising*] Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever! 170
Evadne, whom thou hatest, will die for thee.
Kills herself
Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand. *Returns*
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
O, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.
She dies
Asp. O, O, O!
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood;
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself. 180
There is some hidden power in these dead things,
That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold:
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something yet, which I am loath to leave:
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up;[1] 190
I have not such another fault to answer:
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow:
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.
Asp. Was it a dream? there stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.
Amin. How dost thou? speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again;
There's hope of thy recovery. 201
Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?
Amin. I did.
Asp. And talked of tears and sorrow unto her?
Amin. 'Tis true; and, till these happy signs in thee

[1] Stands conspicuous.

Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.
Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand:
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again? 210
Asp. I shall sure live, Amintor; I am well;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lines to excuse thy loss;
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.
Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: wouldst thou have loved me, then?
Amin. Alas,
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee! 220
Asp. Give me thine hand; mine hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
O, I must go! farewell! *Dies*
Amin. She swounds.[1]—Aspatia!—Help! for God's sake, water,
Such as may chain life ever to this frame!—
Aspatia, speak!—What, no help yet? I fool;
I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stirs: 230
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me!—Aspatia, speak!—
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will show itself.
O, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,

[1] Swoons.

You heavenly powers, and lend forth some few years
The blessèd soul to this fair seat again! 239
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too.
I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia!—
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Wounds*][1] *himself*

Enter Servant

Ser. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering.—O God!—Help, help!

Enter Lysippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon, Diphilus, *and* Strato

Lys. Where's Amintor?
Ser. O, there, there!
Lys. How strange is this! 250
Cal. What should we do here?
Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: heart, he was my friend;
Melt! now it flows.—Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. O!
Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor, O,
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue! 260
Speak, speak!
Amin. What?
Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.
Diph. O, brother,
Here lies your sister slain! you lose yourself
In sorrow there.
Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son;
All that I had.—Speak once again; what youth
Lies slain there by thee?
Amin. 'Tis Aspatia. 270

[1] Old edd. *Kills.*

My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies*]

Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!

Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a prattler: but no more.
[*Offers to stab himself*]

Diph. Hold, brother! 280

Lys. Stop him.

Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our strain?[1]

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you all now. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can. [*Exit*]

Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons. 290
Is not my hands a weapon good enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

Lys. Look to him, though, and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper; for on lustful kings
Unlooked-for sudden deaths from God are sent;
But cursed is he that is their instrument. 300
[*Exeunt*]

[1] Stock.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DVTCHESSE Of Malfy.

As it was Presented priuatly, at the Black-Friers; and publiquely at the Globe, By the Kings Maiesties Seruants.

The perfect and exact Coppy, with diuerse *things Printed, that the length of the Play would* not beare in the Presentment.

VVritten by *John Webster.*

Flora. —— *Si quid* ——
—— *Candidus Imperti si non his vtere mecum.*

LONDON:

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for IOHN WATERSON, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in *Paules* Church-yard, 1623.

The Duchess of Malfi appeared in only two editions before the closing of the theaters, the quartos of 1623 and 1640. There seems reason for placing the writing and performance of this play as early as 1611 or 1612 (see M. W. Sampson's ed. of this play in *Belles Lettres Series,* 1904); and it probably followed *The White Devil,* which was published in the latter year. The author found the source for *The Duchess of Malfi,* in all likelihood, in Painter's version of it in his *Palace of Pleasure* (Book II, Novel 23), although the story is common to such collections and appears in Beard's *The Theater of God's Judgments,* in Goulart's *Histoires Admirables;* the translation of this by Grimestone in 1600, and perhaps earliest as the twenty-sixth novel of Bandello. Lope de Vega had made a play of it before Webster's time; but the English dramatist seems not to have been acquainted with it. Some of the horrors, strange to say, of Bosola's torture of the duchess have been traced to Sidney's *Arcadia.* The text is that of the first quarto substantially, with attention to the work of Symonds, Vaughan, Neilson and Sampson.

Of John Webster personally, next to nothing is known. He died, it would seem, in 1634, but the date of his birth has not been ascertained nor anything of his extraction except that he was "born free of the Merchant-Taylors' Company." Chambers has recently suggested that he may have been an older man than is commonly supposed and an actor before becoming, in his later years, a playwright; Webster's comedies are inferior and unworthy of his talents. His reputation rests on the two master tragedies, *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi.*

The last complete edition of Webster is that of W. C. Hazlitt, 4 vols., 1857. The two important tragedies are reprinted by A. H. Thorndike in the Masterpiece Series, 1912, and elsewhere.

THE ACTORS' NAMES

BOSOLA, [DANIEL DE, *Gentleman of the Horse to the Duchess,*] J. Lowin
FERDINAND, [DUKE OF CALABRIA,] 1. R. Burbidge. 2. J. Taylor
CARDINALL, [*his brother,*] 1. H. Cundaile. 2. R. Robinson
ANTONIO, [BOLOGNA, *steward to the Duchess's Household,*] 1. W. Ostler. 2. R. Benfeild
DELIO, [*his friend,*] J. Underwood
FOROBOSCO, [*an attendant,*] N. Towley
MALATESTE, [*Count.*]
[CASTRUCCIO, *an old Lord*]
THE MARQUESSE *of* PESCARA, J. Rice
SILVIO, [*a Lord,*] T. Pollard

[RODERIGO, [GRISOLAN *Lords*]
THE SEVERAL MAD-MEN, N. Towley, J. Underwood, etc.
THE DUCHESS' R. Sharpe
THE CARDINAL'S MIS[TRESS] [JULIA, *wife of Castruccio,*] J. Tomson
THE DOCTOR, CARIOLA, [*the Duchess's waiting-woman,*] R. Pallant
Court Officers
[Old Lady]
Three young Children
Two Pilgrims
Ladies, Executioners, and Attendants

[THE SCENE: Amalfi, Rome, Loretto, Milan.
TIME: Early Sixteenth Century.]

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

JOHN WEBSTER

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA

The Presence-Chamber in the Palace of the Duchess Amalfi

[*Enter* ANTONIO *and* DELIO]

Delio. You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio;
You have been long in France, and you return
A very formal Frenchman in your habit.
How do you like the French court?
Ant. I admire it:
In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fixed order, their judicious king
Begins at home; quits first his royal palace
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons, which he sweetly terms
His master's masterpiece, the work of heaven; 10
Considering duly that a prince's court
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if't chance
Some cursed example poison't near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is't makes this blessèd government,
But a most provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption[1] of the times?
Though some o' th' court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to do, 20
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to foresee.[2] Here comes Bosola,
The only court-gall;[3] yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of piety:
Indeed he rails at those things which he wants;
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so. Here's the Cardinal.

[*Enter* BOSOLA *and* CARDINAL]

Bos. I do haunt you still.
Card. So. 30
Bos. I have done you better service than to be slighted thus. Miserable age, where only the reward of doing well, is the doing of it!
Card. You enforce your merit too much.
Bos. I fell into the galleys in your service, where, for two years together, I wore two towels instead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mantle. Slighted thus! I will thrive 40 some way: blackbirds fatten best in hard weather; why not I in these dog-days?
Card. Would you could become honest!
Bos. With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it. I have known many travel far for it, and yet return as arrant knaves as they went forth, because they carried themselves always along with them.
[*Exit* CARDINAL]
Are you gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the devil, but this great 50 fellow were able to possess the greatest devil, and make him worse.
Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?
Bos. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow crooked over standing-pools; they are rich, and o'erladen with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on them. Could I be one of their flattering panders, I would hang on their ears like a horseleech, till I were 60 full, an[d] then drop off. I pray leave me. Who would rely upon these miserable dependencies, in expectation to be advanced

[1] Of the corruption.
[2] Prevent.
[3] An excrescence on the court.

to-morrow? What creature ever fed worse, than hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any man more fearfully, than he that hoped for a [pardon]. There are rewards for hawks and dogs, when they have done us service: but for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is his last supportation.[1]

Delio. Geometry!

Bos. Aye, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an honorable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir: and yet do not you scorn us, for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower. [*Exit*]

Delio. I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys
For a notorious murder; and 'twas thought
The Cardinal suborned it: he was released
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,
When he recovered Naples.

Ant. 'Tis great pity,
He should be thus neglected: I have heard
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness; for, I'll tell you,
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul,
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all black malcontents, and their close[2] rearing,
Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

SCENA II

[*The Same*]

ANTONIO, DELIO, [*Enter*] CASTRUCCIO, SILVIO, RODERIGO, GRISOLAN

Delio. The presence 'gins to fill: you promised me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.

Ant. The lord Cardinal's,
And other strangers', that are now in court?
I shall: here comes the great Calabrian Duke.

[1] A measuring of his way with crutches.
[2] Secret.

[*Enter* FERDINAND *and* ATTENDANTS]

Ferd. Who took the ring oftenest?[1]

Silvio. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd. Our sister Duchess' great master of her household: give him the jewel. When shall we leave this sportive action, and fall to action indeed?

Cast. Methinks, my lord, you should not desire to go to war in person.

Ferd. Now, for some gravity:—why, my lord?

Cast. It is fitting a soldier arise to be a prince, but not necessary a prince descend to be a captain.

Ferd. No?

Cast. No, my lord, he were far better do it by a deputy.

Ferd. Why should he not as well sleep, or eat by a deputy? This might take idle, offensive, and base office from him, whereas the other deprives him of honor.

Cast. Believe my experience: that realm is never long in quiet, where the ruler is a soldier.

Ferd. Thou told'st me thy wife could not endure fighting.

Cast. True, my lord.

Ferd. And of a jest she broke of[2] a captain she met full of wounds: I have forgot it.

Cast. She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful fellow, to lie like the children of Ishmael, all in tents.[3]

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undo all the chirurgeons[4] o' th' city, for although gallants should quarrel, and had drawn their weapons, and were ready to go to it, yet her persuasions would make them put up.

Cast. That she would, my lord.—How do you like my Spanish gennet?[5]

Rod. He is all fire.

Ferd. I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was begot by the wind; he runs as if he were ballassed[6] with quicksilver.

Silvio. True, my lord, he reels from the tilt often.

Rod. Gris. Ha, ha, ha!

[1] Thrust the lance through the ring at riding at the ring.
[2] As to.
[3] All bandaged in lint.
[4] Surgeons.
[5] Light horse.
[6] Ballasted.

Ferd. Why do you laugh? methinks you that are courtiers should be my touchwood, take fire when I give fire; that is, not laugh but when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Cast. True, my lord; I myself have heard a very good jest, and have scorned to seem to have so silly a wit, as to understand it. 60

Ferd. But I can laugh at your fool,[1] my lord.

Cast. He cannot speak, you know, but he makes faces: my lady cannot abide him.

Ferd. No?

Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company; for she says too full laughing, and too much company, fills her too full of the wrinkle. 69

Ferd. I would then have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass. I shall shortly visit you at Milan, lord Silvio.

Silvio. Your grace shall arrive most welcome.

Ferd. You are a good horseman, Antonio: you have excellent riders in France: what do you think of good horsemanship?

Ant. Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, 80 so out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action.

Ferd. You have bespoke it worthily.

Silvio. Your brother, the lord Cardinal, and sister Duchess.

[*Enter* CARDINAL, DUCHESS, CARIOLA, *and* JULIA]

Card. Are the galleys come about?
Gris. They are, my lord.
Ferd. Here's the lord Silvio is come to take his leave.
Delio. Now, sir, your promise:[2] what's that Cardinal?
I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,[3] 90
Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance,
Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

[1] A fool.
[2] Antonio's, to tell Delio about the people of the court.
[3] A man of the world.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him, for form, but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman. The spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads;[1] where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for him than ever was imposed on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatterers, panders, in- 100 telligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political[2] monsters. He should have been Pope, but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did bestow bribes so largely, and so impudently, as if he would have carried it away without heaven's knowledge. Some good he hath done—

Delio. You have given too much of him: what's his brother?
Ant. The duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature: 110
What appears in him mirth is merely outside;
If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.
Delio. Twins?
Ant. In quality.
He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits
With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' th' bench
Only to entrap offenders in their answers;
Dooms men to death by information,[3]
Rewards by hearsay.
Delio. Then the law to him
Is like a foul black cobweb to a spider:
He makes it his dwelling and a prison 120
To entangle those shall feed him.
Ant. Most true:
He never pays debts unless they be shrewd turns,[4]
And those he will confess that he doth owe.
Last, for his brother there, the Cardinal,
They that do flatter him most say oracles
Hang at his lips; and verily I believe them,
For the devil speaks in them.
But for their sister, the right noble duchess,
You never fixed your eye on three fair medals
Cast in one figure,[5] of so different temper. 130
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,

[1] His smile is a foul plot.
[2] Politic.
[3] By means of informers.
[4] Unfair tricks, Q. *shewed.*
[5] Made in one mould.

You only will begin then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,
She held it less vainglory, to talk much,
Than your penance to hear her. Whilst she speaks,
She throws upon a man so sweet a look,
That it were able raise one to a galliard[1]
That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote
On that sweet countenance; but in that look
There speaketh so divine a continence, 140
As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.
Her days are practised in such noble virtue,
That sure her nights, nay more, her very sleeps,
Are more in heaven, than other ladies' shrifts.
Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,
And dress themselves in her.

Delio. Fie, Antonio,
You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.[2]

Ant. I'll case the picture up: only thus much;
All her particular worth grows to this sum:
She stains[3] the time past, lights the time to come. 150

Cari. You must attend my lady in the gallery,
Some half an hour hence.

Ant. I shall.

[*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Delio]

Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you.

Duch. To me, sir?

Ferd. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
One that was in the galleys—

Duch. Yes, I know him.

Ferd. A worthy fellow h'is: pray let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.

Duch. Your knowledge of him
Commends him and prefers him.

Ferd. Call him hither.

[*Exit* Attendant]

We, now upon parting, good lord Silvio,
Do us commend to all our noble friends 160
At the leaguer.[4]

Silvio. Sir, I shall.

[*Duch.*] You are for Milan?

[1] A spirited dance.
[2] You exaggerate her praises.
[3] Disparages. [4] Siege.

Silvio. I am.

Duch. Bring the caroches:[1] we'll bring you down
To the haven.

[*Exeunt all but the* Cardinal *and* Ferdinand]

Card. Be sure you entertain that Bosola
For your intelligence:[2] I would not be seen in't;
And therefore many times I have slighted him,
When he did court our furtherance, as this morning.

Ferd. Antonio, the great master of her household,
Had been far fitter.

Card. You are deceived in him:
His nature is too honest for such business.—
He comes: I'll leave you. [*Exit*]

[*Enter* Bosola]

Bos. I was lured to you. 170

Ferd. My brother here, the Cardinal, could never
Abide you.

Bos. Never since he was in my debt.

Ferd. May be some oblique character in your face
Made him suspect you.

Bos. Doth he study physiognomy?
There's no more credit to be given to th' face,
Than to a sick man's urine, which some call
The physician's whore, because she cozens him.[3]
He did suspect me wrongfully.

Ferd. For that
You must give great men leave to take their times.
Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceived:
You see, the oft shaking of the cedar-tree 181
Fastens it more at root.

Bos. Yet, take heed;
For to suspect a friend unworthily,
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's gold.

Bos. So,
What follows? never rained such showers as these

[1] Coaches.
[2] Information of a spy.
[3] Cheats.

Without thunderbolts i' th' tail of them: whose throat must I cut?
Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
To live i' th' court here, and observe the duchess; 190
To note all the particulars of her havior,
What suitors do solicit her for marriage,
And whom she best affects.[1] She's a young widow:
I would not have her marry again.
Bos. No, sir?
Ferd. Do not you ask the reason; but be satisfied
I say I would not.
Bos. It seems you would create me
One of your familiars.
Ferd. Familiar! what's that?
Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible devil in flesh,
An intelligencer.[2]
Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee; and ere long, thou may'st arrive 200
At a higher place by't.
Bos. Take your devils,
Which hell calls angels:[3] these cursed gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;
And should I take these, they'd take me [to] hell.
Ferd. Sir, I'll take nothing from you, that I have given:
There is a place that I procured for you
This morning, the provisorship o' th' horse;
Have you heard on't?
Bos. No.
Ferd. 'Tis yours: is't not worth thanks?
Bos. I would have you curse yourself now, that your bounty
(Which makes men truly noble) e'er should make me 210
A villain. O, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must do
All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil
Candies all sins o'er; and what heaven terms vile
That names he complimental.[4]

[1] Likes.
[2] Spy, informer.
[3] The gold coin so named. [4] An accomplishment.

Ferd. Be yourself;
Keep your old garb of melancholy; 'twill express
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come near 'em: this will gain
Access to private lodgings, where yourself
May, like a politic dormouse—
Bos. As I have seen some, 220
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming
To listen to any talk; and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream. What's my place?
The provisorship o' th' horse? say, then, my corruption
Grew out of horse-dung: I am your creature.
Ferd. Away!
Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches, oft are bribes of shame:
Sometimes the devil doth preach.
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III]

[*A Gallery in the Duchess' Palace*]

[*Enter* Ferdinand, Duchess, Cardinal, *and* Cariola]

Card. We are to part from you; and your own discretion
Must now be your director.
Ferd. You are a widow:
You know already what man is; and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence—
Card. No.
Nor anything without the addition, honor,
Sway your high blood.
Ferd. Marry! they are most luxurious,[1]
Will wed twice.
Card. O, fie!
Ferd. Their livers are more spotted
Than Laban's sheep.[2]
Duch. Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have passed through most jewellers' hands.
Ferd. Whores, by that rule, are precious.
Duch. Will you hear me? 10

[1] Lascivious. [2] *Genesis* XXX, 31-42.

I'll never marry.
Card. So most widows say;
But commonly that motion[1] lasts no longer
Than the turning of an hour-glass: the funeral sermon
And it, end both together.
Ferd. Now hear me:
You live in a rank pasture here, i' th' court;
There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly;
'Twill poison your fame; look to't: be not cunning;
For they whose faces do belie their hearts,
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,
Aye, and give the devil suck. 20
Duch. This is terrible good counsel.
Ferd. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,
Subtler than Vulcan's engine:[2] yet, believ't,
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.
Card. You may flatter yourself,
And take your own choice; privately be married
Under the eaves of night—
Ferd. Think't the best voyage
That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,
Which, though't goes backward, thinks that it goes right,
Because it goes its own way: but observe, 30
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed, than celebrated.
Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.
Ferd. And those joys,
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps
Which do forerun man's mischief.
Card. Fare you well.
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it.
[*Exit*]
Duch. I think this speech between you both was studied,
It came so roundly off.
Ferd. You are my sister;
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loath to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his. 40
I would have you to give o'er these chargeable revels,
A visor and a mask are whispering rooms
That were nev'r built for goodness;—fare ye well,

[1] Impulse.
[2] The net contrived to trap Mars and Venus.

And women like that part which, like the lamprey,
Hath never a bone in't.
Duch. Fie, sir!
Ferd. Nay,
I mean the tongue; variety of courtship:
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow. [*Exit*]
Duch. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage, 50
I'd make them my low footsteps.[1] And even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achieved
Almost impossible actions,—I have heard soldiers say so,—
So I through frights and threatenings will assay
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
I winked[2] and chose a husband. Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life—my fame.
Cari. Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world, 60
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children.
Duch. Thy protestation
Is ingenious and hearty:[3] I believe it.
Is Antonio come?
Cari. He attends you.
Duch. Good dear soul,
Leave me; but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou may'st overhear us. Wish me good speed,
[CARIOLA *goes behind the arras*]
For I am going into a wilderness
Where I shall find nor path, nor friendly clue,
To be my guide.

[*Enter* ANTONIO]

I sent for you: sit down;
Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready?
Ant. Yes. 70

[1] Things stepped on.
[2] Shut my eyes.
[3] Ingenuous and from the heart.

Duch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write somewhat.
Duch. O, I remember.
After this triumph and this large expense,
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Duch. Beauteous!
Indeed I thank you: I look young for your sake;
You have ta'en my cares upon you.
Ant. I'll fetch your grace
The particulars of your revénue and expense.
Duch. O, you are an upright treasurer; but you mistook:
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Duch. In heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans, and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured[1]
That violent distraction?
Ant. O, much better.
Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? Say.
Ant. Begin with that first good deed begun i' th' world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.
Duch. All?
Ant. Yes, your excellent self.
Duch. In a winding sheet?
Ant. In a couple.[2]
Duch. St. Winifred, that were a strange will!
Ant. 'Twere strange if there were no will in you
To marry again.
Duch. What do you think of marriage?

[1] Produced.
[2] Leash or band.

Ant. I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains, or heaven, or hell,
There's no third place in't.
Dutch. How do you affect[1] it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.
Duch. Pray let's hear it.
Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is bloodshot; use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovereign:[2] 'twas my wedding ring
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
Ant. You have parted with it now.
Duch. Yes, to help your eyesight.
Ant. You have made me stark blind.
Duch. How?
Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil,
Is dancing in this circle.
Duch. Remove him.
Ant. How?
Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
[*She fits the ring on his finger;*] *he kneels*
May do it; thus; is it fit?
Ant. What said you?
Duch. Sir,
This goodly roof of yours,[3] is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.
[*Raises him*]
Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains, and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.

[1] Like it.
[2] Effective.
[3] Looking down on his head, as he kneels.

Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim[1]
Whereto your favors tend: but he's a fool,
That being a-cold, would thrust his hands i' th' fire
To warm them.
Duch. So now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.
Ant. O my unworthiness!
Duch. You were ill to sell yourself:
This darkening[2] of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' th' city; their false lights[3] 140
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.
Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long served virtue,
And nev'r ta'en wages of her.
Duch. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,[4] 150
And fearfully[5] equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles, and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom:
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident:
What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir; 160
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster,
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and like a widow,
I use but half a blush in't.
Ant. Truth speak for me:
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.
Duch. I thank you, gentle love:
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est.*[1] This you should have begged now; 171
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.
Ant. But for your brothers?
Duch. Do not think of them:
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not feared:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.
Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savored flattery.
Duch. Kneel.
[CARIOLA *comes from behind the arras*]
Ant. Ha!
Duch. Be not amazed, this woman's of my counsel: 181
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba [*de*] *presenti*[2] is absolute marriage.
Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian,[3] which let violence
Never untwine!
Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still[4] in motion.
Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music.
Ant. That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage 190
That never bore fruit divided.
Duch. What can the church force more?
Ant. That fortune may not know an accident
Either of joy, or sorrow, to divide
Our fixèd wishes!

[1] Guess.
[2] Underestimation.
[3] A device to show off goods.
[4] Uses words in a double meaning.
[5] Out of fear.

[1] Words employed to signify the settlement of an account.
[2] Using words in the present tense: I take thee, etc.
[3] Knot.
[4] Ever.

Duch. How can the church build faster?[1]
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but echo this. Maid, stand apart:
I now am blind.
Ant. What's your conceit[2] in this?
Duch. I would have you lead your fortune by the hand
Unto your marriage bed: 200
(You speak in me this, for we now are one:)
We'll only lie and talk together, and plot
T' appease my humorous[3] kindred; and if you please,
Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick,[4]
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.
O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!
[*Exeunt*]
Cari. Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity. [*Exit*] 210

ACTUS II, SCENA I

[*An Apartment in the Palace of the Duchess*]

[*Enter*] Bosola *and* Castruccio

Bos. You say, you would fain be taken for an eminent courtier?
Cast. 'Tis the very main[5] of my ambition.
Bos. Let me see: you have a reasonable good face for't already, and your night-cap expresses your ears sufficient largely. I would have you learn to twirl the strings of your band with a good grace, and in a set speech, at th' end of every sentence, to hum three or four times, or blow your nose till 10 it smart again, to recover your memory. When you come to be a president in criminal causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him; but if you frown upon him, and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the gallows.

[1] More securely.
[2] Notion, idea.
[3] Prejudiced.
[4] This device goes further back to the story of Tristram and Iseult.
[5] Height.

Cast. I would be a very merry president.
Bos. Do not sup a' nights; 'twill beget you an admirable wit.
Cast. Rather it would make me have a 20 good stomach[1] to quarrel; for they say, your roaring boys[2] eat meat seldom, and that makes them so valiant. But how shall I know whether the people take me for an eminent fellow?
Bos. I will teach a trick to know it: give out you lie a-dying, and if you hear the common people curse you, be sure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps.[3]

Enter an Old Lady[4]

You come from painting now? 30
Old Lady. From what?
Bos. Why, from your scurvy face-physic. To behold thee not painted, inclines somewhat near a miracle: these in thy face here, were deep ruts, and foul sloughs, the last progress. There was a lady in France, that having had the smallpox, flayed the skin off her face, to making it more level; and whereas before she looked like a nutmeg-grater, after she resembled an abortive 40 hedgehog.
Old Lady. Do you call this painting?
Bos. No, no, but you call [it] careening[5] of an old morphewed[6] lady, to make her disembogue[7] again: there's rough-cast phrase to your plastic.[8]
Old Lady. It seems you are well acquainted with my closet.
Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of witchcraft, to find in it the fat of serpents, 50 spawn of snakes, Jews' spittle, and their young children's ordure; and all these for the face. I would sooner eat a dead pigeon, taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting.[9] Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physician; makes him renew his foot-cloth with the spring, and change his high-prized courtesan with the fall of the leaf. I do 60

[1] Appetite.
[2] Bullies.
[3] Person of importance, "eminent fellow," above.
[4] Sampson queries if this may not be the midwife.
[5] Laying up for repairs.
[6] Leprous.
[7] Discharge a cargo.
[8] Art of cosmetics.
[9] These horrors are not of Webster's invention.

wonder you do not loathe yourselves. Observe my meditation now.
What thing is in this outward form of man
To be beloved? We account it ominous,
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
A man, and fly from't as a prodigy.
Man stands amazed to see his deformity
In any other creature but himself.
But in our own flesh, though we bear diseases 70
Which have their true names only ta'en from beasts,
As the most ulcerous wolf[1] and swinish measle,[2]
Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,
And though continually we bear about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tissue; all our fear,
Nay all our terror, is, lest our physician
Should put us in the ground, to be made sweet. [*To* CASTRUCCIO]
Your wife's gone to Rome: you two couple, and get you
To the wells at Lucca, to recover your aches. 80
I have other work on foot.
[*Exeunt* CASTRUCCIO *and the* Old Lady]
I observe our duchess
Is sick a-days, she pukes, her stomach seethes,
The fins of her eyelids look most teeming blue,
She wanes i' th' cheek, and waxes fat i' th' flank,
And, contrary to our Italian fashion,
Wears a loose-bodied gown; there's something in't.
I have a trick may chance discover it,
A pretty one: I have bought some apricocks,[3]
The first our spring yields— [*Stands aside*]

[*Enter* ANTONIO *and* DELIO]

Delio. And so long since married! 90
You amaze me.
Ant. Let me seal your lips for ever:
For I did I think, that anything but th' air
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all.—Now, sir, in your contemplation?
You are studying to become a great wise fellow.
Bos. O, sir, the opinion of wisdom, is a foul tetter,[1] that runs all over a man's body: if simplicity direct us to have no evil, it directs us to a happy being: for the subtlest folly proceeds from the subtlest wisdom: let me be simply honest. 101
Ant. I do understand your inside.[2]
Bos. Do you so?
Ant. Because you would not seem to appear to th' world
Puffed up with your preferment, you continue
This out-of-fashion melancholy: leave it, leave it.
Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any compliment whatsoever. Shall I confess myself to you? I look no higher than I can reach: they are the gods that must ride on winged horses. A 110 lawyer's mule, of a slow pace will both suit my disposition and business: for, mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than his horse can gallop, they quickly both tire.
Ant. You would look up to heaven, but I think
The devil, that rules i' th' air, stands in your light.
Bos. O, sir, you are lord of the ascendant,[3] chief man with the duchess; a duke was your cousin-german removed. Say you were lineally descended from King Pepin, 120 or he himself, what of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers in the world, you shall find them but bubbles of water. Some would think the souls of princes were brought forth by some more weighty cause, than those of meaner persons: they are deceived, there's the same hand to them; the like passions sway them; the same reason that makes a vicar go to law for a tithe-pig, and undo his neighbors, makes them 130 spoil a whole province, and batter down goodly cities with the cannon.

[1] Lupus.
[2] Sow, whence supposed the disease.
[3] See below, II, ii, 1-4.

[1] Eruption of the skin.
[2] Nature.
[3] In the rising part of the heavens, a favorable astrological position.

[*Enter* DUCHESS *and* Ladies]

Duch. Your arm, Antonio: do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded. Bosola,
I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter;
Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in.
Bos. The duchess used one when she was great with child.
Duch. I think she did. Come hither, mend my ruff:[1]
Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and
Thy breath smells of lemon peels:[2] would thou hadst done! 140
Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother.[3]
Bos. [*aside*] I fear too much.
Duch. I have heard you say, that the French courtiers
Wear their hats on fore the king.
Ant. I have seen it.
Duch. In the presence?
Ant. Yes.
Duch. Why should not we bring up that fashion?
'Tis ceremony more than duty, that consists
In the removing of a piece of felt:
Be you the example of the rest o' th' court,
Put on your hat first.
Ant. You must pardon me: 150
I have seen, in colder countries than in France,
Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinction
Methought showed reverently.
Bos. I have a present for your grace.
Duch. For me, sir?
Bos. Apricocks, madam.
Duch. O, sir, where are they?
I have heard of none to year.[4]
Bos. [*aside*] Good, her color rises.
Duch. Indeed I thank you; they are wondrous fair ones:
What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!
We shall have none this month. 160
Bos. Will not your grace pare them?
Duch. No: they taste of musk, methinks; indeed they do.

[1] Set my ruff straight.
[2] To sweeten the breath.
[3] Hysteria.
[4] This year.

Bos. I know not: yet I wish your grace had pared 'em.
Duch. Why?
Bos. I forgot to tell you, the knave gardener,
Only to raise his profit by them the sooner,
Did ripen them in horse-dung.
Duch. O, you jest.—
You shall judge: pray, taste one.
Ant. Indeed, madam,
I do not love the fruit.
Duch. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit;
They say they are restorative.
Bos. 'Tis a pretty 170
Art, this grafting
Duch. 'Tis so: a bettering of nature.
Bos. To make a pippin grow upon a crab,
A damson on a black-thorn.—[*Aside*] How greedily she eats them!
A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales![1]
For, but for that, and the loose-bodied gown,
I should have discovered apparently
The young springal[2] cutting a caper in her belly.
Duch. I thank you, Bosola: they were right good ones,
If they do not make me sick.
Ant. How now, madam? 180
Duch. This green fruit and my stomach are not friends:
How they swell me!
Bos. [*aside*] Nay, you are too much swelled already.
Duch. O, I am in an extreme cold sweat!
Bos. I am very sorry. [*Exit*]
Duch. Lights to my chamber! O good Antonio,
I fear I am undone!
Exeunt DUCHESS [*and* Ladies]
Delio. Lights there, lights!
Ant. O my most trusty Delio, we are lost!
I fear she's fallen in labor; and there's left
No time for her remove.
Delio. Have you prepared
Those ladies to attend her? and procured 190
That politic safe conveyance for the midwife,
Your duchess plotted?

[1] Hoop petticoats.
[2] Youngster.

Ant. I have.
Delio. Make use then of this forced occasion:
Give out that Bosola hath poisoned her
With these apricocks; that will give some color
For her keeping close.
Ant. Fie, fie, the physicians
Will then flock to her.
Delio. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepared antitode of her own,
Lest the physicians should re-poison her.
Ant. I am lost in amazement: I know not what to think on't. *Ex[eunt]*

SCENA II

[*A Room in the Palace of the Duchess*]

[*Enter*] Bosola

Bos. So, so, there's no question but her techiness and most vulturous eating of the apricocks, are apparent signs of breeding.

[*Enter* Old Lady]

Now?
Old Lady. I am in haste, sir.
Bos. There was a young waiting-woman, had a monstrous desire to see the glass-house—
Old Lady. Nay, pray let me go.
Bos. And it was only to know what strange instrument it was, should swell up a glass to the fashion of a woman's belly.
Old Lady. I will hear no more of the glass-house. You are still[1] abusing women?
Bos. Who, I? no, only, by the way, now and then, mention your frailties. The orange-tree bears ripe and green fruit and blossoms, altogether: and some of you give entertainment for pure love, but more, for more precious reward. The lusty spring smells well; but drooping autumn tastes well. If we have the same golden showers, that rained in the time of Jupiter the thunderer, you have the same Danaës still, to hold up their laps to receive them. Didst thou never study the mathematics?
Old Lady. What's that, sir?
Bos. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meet in one center. Go, go, give your foster-daughters good counsel: tell them, that the devil takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a false rusty watch, that she cannot discern how the times passes. [*Exit* Old Lady]

[*Enter* Antonio, Roderigo, Delio, *and* Grisolan]

Ant. Shut up the court-gates.
Rod. Why, sir? what's the danger?
Ant. Shut up the posterns presently, and call
All the officers o' th' court.
Gris. I shall instantly. [*Exit*]
Ant. Who keeps the key o' th' park-gate?
Rod. Forobosco.
Ant. Let him bring't presently.

[*Enter* Grisolan *and* Servants]

1 *Serv.* O gentlemen o' th' court, the foulest treason!
Bos. [*aside*] If that these apricocks should be poisoned now,
Without my knowledge!
1 *Serv.* There was taken even now a Switzer[1] in the duchess' bedchamber—
2 *Serv.* A Switzer!
1 *Serv.* With a pistol in his great cod-piece.[2]
Bos. Ha, ha, ha!
1 *Serv.* The cod-piece was the case for't.
2 *Serv.* There was a cunning traitor; who would have searched his cod-piece?
1 *Serv.* True, if he had kept out of the ladies' chambers: and all the moulds of his buttons were leaden bullets.
2 *Serv.* O wicked cannibal! a firelock in's cod-piece!
1 *Serv.* 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.
2 *Serv.* To see what the devil can do!
Ant. [Are] all the officers here?
Servants. We are.
Ant. Gentlemen,
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats,
Are missing in the duchess' cabinet.
Are the gates shut?
Serv. Yes.
Ant. 'Tis the duchess' pleasure

[1] Always.

[1] Guardsman.
[2] An appendage to the tight hose of earlier time.

Each officer be locked into his chamber
Till the sun-rising; and to send the keys
Of all their chests, and of their outward doors
Into her bedchamber. She is very sick.
Rod. At her pleasure.
Ant. She entreats you tak't not ill: the innocent
Shall be more approved by it. 70
Bos. Gentlemen o' th' wood-yard, where's your Switzer now?
1 *Serv.* By this hand, 'twas credibly reported by one o' th' black guard.[1]
[*Exeunt all except* ANTONIO *and* DELIO]
Delio. How fares it with the duchess?
Ant. She's exposed
Unto the worst of torture, pain and fear.
Delio. Speak to her all happy comfort.
Ant. How I do play the fool with mine own danger!
You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome:
My life lies in your service.
Delio. Do not doubt me.
Ant. O, 'tis far from me! and yet fear presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.
Delio. Believe it, 80
'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more.
How superstitiously we mind our evils!
The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us, Sir, fare you well:
I wish you all the joys of a blest father;
And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast,
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best. [*Exit*]

[*Enter* CARIOLA]

Cari. Sir, you are the happy father of a son: 90
Your wife commends him to you.
Ant. Blessèd comfort!
For heaven-sake tend her well: I'll presently
Go set a figure for's nativity.[2] *Exeunt*

[1] Scullions.
[2] Calculate his horoscope.

SCENA III

[*Court of the Duchess' Palace*]

[*Enter* BOSOLA, *with a dark lanthorn*]

Bos. Sure I did hear a woman shriek: list, ha!
And the sound came, if I received it right,
From the duchess' lodgings. There's some stratagem
In the confining all our courtiers
To their several wards: I must have part of it;[1]
My intelligence will freeze else. List, again!
It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,
The owl, that screamed so. Ha! Antonio!

[*Enter* ANTONIO, *with a candle, his sword drawn*]

Ant. I heard some noise. Who's there? what art thou? speak. 10
Bos. Antonio? put not your face nor body
To such a forced expression of fear:
I am Bosola, your friend.
Ant. Bosola! [*Aside*]
This mole does undermine me—Heard you not
A noise even now?
Bos. From whence?
Ant. From the duchess' lodging.
Bos. Not I: did you?
Ant. I did, or else I dreamed.
Bos. Let's walk towards it.
Ant. No: it may be 'twas
But the rising of the wind.
Bos. Very likely.
Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.
You look wildly.
Ant. I have been setting a figure[2] 20
For the duchess' jewels.
Bos. Ah, and how falls your question?
Do you find it radical?[3]
Ant. What's that to you?
'Tis rather to be questioned what design,
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,
Makes you a night-walker.
Bos. In sooth I'll tell you:

[1] In it, what is going on.
[2] Making a calculation.
[3] Go to the root.

Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil
Had least to do here; I came to say my prayers,
And if it do offend you[1] I do so,
You are a fine courtier.
Ant. [*aside*] This fellow will undo me.—
You gave the duchess apricocks to-day: 30
Pray heaven they were not poisoned.
Bos. Poisoned! a Spanish fig[2]
For the imputation.
Ant. Traitors are ever confident,
Till they are discovered. There were jewels stol'n too:
In my conceit,[3] none are to be suspected
More than yourself.
Bos. You are a false steward.
Ant. Saucy slave, I'll pull thee up by the roots.
Bos. May be the ruin will crush you to pieces.
Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir.
Are you scarce warm,[4] and do you show your sting? 40
You libel[5] well, sir?
Bos. No, sir: copy it out,
And I will set my hand to't.
Ant. [*aside*] My nose bleeds.[6]
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it merely comes by chance:
Two letters, that are wrought[7] here for my name,
Are drowned in blood: mere accident.—For you, sir,
I'll take order; i' th' morn you shall be safe—
[*aside*] 'Tis that must color her lying-in.—
Sir, this door you pass not:
I do not hold it fit that you come near 50
The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit yourself.—
[*aside*] The great are like the base, nay, they are the same,
When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame. *Ex*[*it*]
Bos. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper.
Some of your help, false friend.[8] O, here it is:

[1] That I do so.
[2] A gesture with the fingers conveying contempt.
[3] Opinion.
[4] In your place.
[5] Write.
[6] A bad omen.
[7] Written.
[8] To his lantern.

What's here? a child's nativity calculated!
The Duchess was delivered of a son, 'tween the hours twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1504 (that's this year), *decimo nono Decembris* (that's this night), 60 *taken according to the meridian of Malfi* (that's our Duchess: happy discovery!) *The lord of the first house being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life; and Mars being in a human sign, joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent death. Cætera non scrutantur.*
Why, now 'tis most apparent: this precise fellow
Is the duchess' bawd—I have it to my wish!
This is a parcel of intelligency[1] 70
Our courtiers were cased up for: it needs must follow,
That I must be committed, on pretence
Of poisoning her; which I'll endure, and laugh at.
If one could find the father now! but that
Time will discover. Old Castruccio
I' th' morning posts to Rome: by him I'll send
A letter that shall make her brothers' galls
O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty[2] way.
Though Lust do mask in ne'er so strange disguise, 80
She's oft found witty, but is never wise.
[Exit]

SCENA IV

[*Rome. An Appartment in the Cardinal's Palace*]

[*Enter* CARDINAL *and* JULIA]

Card. Sit: thou art my best of wishes. Prithee tell me,
What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome
Without thy husband?
Julia. Why, my lord, I told him
I came to visit an old anchorite[3]
Here, for devotion.
Card. Thou art a witty false one,—
I mean, to him.
Julia. You have prevailed with me

[1] A veritable piece of news.
[2] Clever.
[3] A recluse.

Beyond my strongest thoughts; I would not now
Find you inconstant.
Card. Do not put thyself
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt.
Julia. How, my lord?
Card. You fear
My constancy, because you have approved[1]
Those giddy and wild turnings in yourself.
Julia. Did you e'er find them?
Card. Sooth, generally; for women,
A man might strive to make glass malleable,
Ere he should make them fixed.
Julia. So, my lord.
Card. We had need go borrow that fantastic glass,
Invented by Galileo[2] the Florentine,
To view another spacious world i' th' moon,
And look to find a constant woman there.
Julia. This is very well, my lord.
Card. Why do you weep?
Are tears your justification? the self-same tears
Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world. Come, I'll love you wisely:
That's jealously; since I am very certain
You cannot make me cuckold.
Julia. I'll go home
To my husband.
Card. You may thank me, lady:
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,
Bore you upon my fist,[3] and showed you game,
And let you fly at it.—I pray thee, kiss me.—
When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast watched
Like a tame elephant:—(still you are to thank me:)—
Thou hadst only kisses from him, and high feeding;
But what delight was that? 'Twas just like one
That hath a little fingering on the lute,
Yet cannot tune it:—still you are to thank me.
Julia. You told me of a piteous wound i' th' heart,

[1] Experienced.
[2] Galileo invented the telescope about 1609.
[3] Like a hawk.

And a sick liver, when you wooed me first,
And spake like one in physic.[1]
Card. Who's that?—

[*Enter* Servant]

Rest firm, for my affection to thee,
Lightning moves slow to't.
Serv. Madam, a gentleman,
That's come post from Malfi, desires to see you.
Card. Let him enter: I'll withdraw. *Exit*
Serv. He says,
Your husband, old Castruccio, is come to Rome.
Most pitifully tired with riding post.
[*Exit*]

[*Enter* Delio]

Julia. [*aside*] Signior Delio! 'tis one of my old suitors.
Delio. I was bold to come and see you.
Julia. Sir, you are welcome.
Delio. Do you lie[2] here?
Julia. Sure, your own experience
Will satisfy you, no: our Roman prelates
Do not keep lodging for ladies.
Delio. Very well:
I have brought you no commendations from your husband,
For I know none by him.
Julia. I hear he's come to Rome.
Delio. I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a knight,
So weary of each other. If he had had a good back,
He would have undertook to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pitifully sore.
Julia. Your laughter
Is my pity.[3]
Delio. Lady, I know not whether
You want money, but I have brought you some.
Julia. From my husband?
Delio. No, from mine own allowance.
Julia. I must hear the condition, ere I be bound to take it.
Delio. Look on't, 'tis gold; hath it not a fine color?
Julia. I have a bird more beautiful.

[1] Under treatment.
[2] Lodge.
[3] What you laugh at, I pity.

Delio. Try the sound on't.
Julia. A lute-string far exceeds it:
It hath no smell, like cassia, or civet;
Nor is it physical,[1] though some fond[2] doctors
Persuade us seeth['t] in cullises.[3] I'll tell you,
This is a creature bred by—

[*Enter* Servant]

Serv. Your husband's come,
Hath delivered a letter to the Duke of Calabria,
That to my thinking, hath put him out of his wits. [*Exit*]
Julia. Sir, you hear:
Pray let me know your business, and your suit,
As briefly as can be.
Delio. With good speed: I would wish you,
At such time as you are non-resident
With your husband, my mistress.
Julia. Sir, I'll go ask my husband if I shall,
And straight return your answer. *Exit*
Delio. Very fine.
Is this her wit, or honesty, that speaks thus?
I heard one say the duke was highly moved
With a letter sent from Malfi. I do fear
Antonio is betrayed: how fearfully[4]
Shows his ambition now! unfortunate fortune!
They pass through whirlpools, and deep woes to shun,
Who the event weigh, ere the action's done. [*Exit*]

SCENA V

[*The Same*]

[*Enter*] CARDINAL, *and* FERDINAND *with a letter*

Ferd. I have this night digged up a mandrake.[5]
Card. Say you?
Ferd. And I am grown mad with't.
Card. What's the prodigy?
Ferd. Read there, a sister damned; she's loose i' th' hilts;[1]
Grown a notorious strumpet.
Card. Speak lower.
Ferd. Lower!
Rogues do not whisper't now, but seek to publish't
(As servants do the bounty of their lords)
Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye,
To mark who note them. O, confusion seize her!
She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her turn,
And more secure conveyances for lust,
Than towns of garrison for service.
Card. Is't possible?
Can this be certain?
Ferd. Rhubarb, O, for rhubarb,
To purge this choler! here's the cursèd day
To prompt my memory; and here't shall stick
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge
To wipe it out.
Card. Why do you make yourself
So wild a tempest?
Ferd. Would I could be one,
That I might toss her palace 'bout her ears,
Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,
And lay her general territory as waste,
As she hath done her honors.
Card. Shall our blood,
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,
Be thus attainted?
Ferd. Apply desperate physic:
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glass, for that's the mean
To purge infected blood, such blood as hers.
There is a kind of pity in mine eye,
I'll give it to my handkerchief; and now 'tis here
I'll bequeath this to her bastard.
Card. What to do?
Ferd. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's wounds,
When I have hewed her to pieces.
Card. Cursèd creature!
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts
So far upon the left side!
Ferd. Foolish men,
That e'er will trust their honor in a bark
Made of so slight weak bulrush as is woman,
Apt every minute to sink it!

[1] Medicinal.
[2] Foolish.
[3] Stew it in broth.
[4] Full of fear.
[5] An operation supposed to drive one mad.

[1] Not chaste.

Card. Thus ignorance, when it hath purchased honor,
It cannot wield it.
Ferd. Methinks I see her laughing:—
Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat, quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me 80
To see her in the shameful act of sin.
Card. With whom?
Ferd. Happily with some strong-thighed bargeman,
Or one o' th' wood-yard, that can quoit[1] the sledge,
Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire
That carries coals up to her privy lodgings.
Card. You fly beyond your reason.
Ferd. Go to, mistress!
'Tis not your whore's milk that shall quench my wildfire,
But your whore's blood.
Card. How idly shows this rage, which carries you,
As men conveyed by witches through the air, 90
On violent whirlwinds! This intemperate noise
Fitly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.
Ferd. Have not you
My palsy?
Card. Yes, [yet][2] I can be angry
Without this rupture:[3] there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deformed, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself.
You have divers men who never yet expressed
Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest, 100
By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself
In tune.
Ferd. So: I will only study to seem
The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
In you, or in myself; for I do think
It is some sin in us, heaven doth revenge
By her.
Card. Are you stark mad?
Ferd. I would have their bodies

[1] Throw the hammer.
[2] Qq. omit *yet*.
[3] Breaking out.

Burnt in a coal-pit with the ventage stopped,
That their cursed smoke might not ascend to heaven;
Or dip the sheets they lie in, in pitch or sulphur,
Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match; 110
Or else to-boil[1] their bastard to a cullis[2]
And give't his lecherous father, to renew
The sin of his back.
Card. I'll leave you.
Ferd. Nay, I have done.
I am confident, had I been damned in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have put me
Into a cold sweat. In, in, I'll go sleep.
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stir:
That known, I'll find scorpions to string my whips,
And fix her in a general eclipse. *Exeunt*

ACTUS III, SCENA I

[*Amalfi. An Apartment in the Palace of the Duchess*]

[*Enter*] ANTONIO *and* DELIO

Ant. Our noble friend, my most belovèd Delio!
O, you have been a stranger long at court:
Came you along with the lord Ferdinand?
Delio. I did, sir: and how fares your noble duchess?
Ant. Right fortunately well: she's an excellent
Feeder of pedigrees; since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a son and daughter.
Delio. Methinks 'twas yesterday; let me but wink,
And not behold your face—which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner—verily I should dream 10
It were within this half hour.
Ant. You have not been in law, friend Delio,
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,
Nor begged the reversion of some great man's place,
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make

[1] Cook to shreds. [2] Broth.

Your time so insensibly hasten.
Delio. Pray, sir, tell me,
Hath not this news arrived yet to the ear
Of the lord Cardinal?
Ant. I fear it hath:
The lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to court,
Doth bear himself right dangerously.
Delio. Pray, why?
Ant. He is so quiet, that he seems to sleep
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter.
Those houses that are haunted, are most still
Till the devil be up.
Delio. What say the common people?
Ant. The common rabble do directly say
She is a strumpet.
Delio. And your graver heads,
Which would be politic, what censure they?
Ant. They do observe, I grow to infinite purchase,[1]
The left hand way; and all suppose the duchess
Would amend it, if she could: for, say they,
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfinèd means
To get wealth under them, will not complain,
Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people. For other obligation
Of love or marriage, between her and me,
They never dream of.
Delio. The lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.

[*Enter* DUCHESS, FERDINAND, *and* BOSOLA]

Ferd. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary. I am to bespeak
A husband for you.
Duch. For me, sir! pray who is't?
Ferd. The great Count Malateste.
Duch. Fie upon him:
A count! He's a mere stick of sugar-candy;
You may look quite thorough him. When I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honor.
Ferd. You shall do well in't. How is't, worthy Antonio?
Duch. But, sir, I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honor.
Ferd. Let me be ever deaf to't:
One of Pasquil's paper-bullets,[1] court-calumny,
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces
Are seldom purged of. Yet, say that it were true,
I pour it in your bosom, my fixed love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny
Faults, were they apparent in you. Go, be safe
In your own innocency.
Duch. O blessèd comfort!
This deadly air is purged.
Exeunt [*all but* FERDINAND *and* BOSOLA]
Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot burning coulters.[2] Now Bosola,
How thrives our intelligence?
Bos. Sir, uncertainly:
'Tis rumored she hath had three bastards, but
By whom, we may go read i' th' stars.
Ferd. Why some
Hold opinion, all things are written there.
Bos. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read them.
I do suspect, there hath been some sorcery
Used on the duchess.
Ferd. Sorcery! to what purpose?
Bos. To make her dote on some desertless fellow,
She shames to acknowledge.
Ferd. Can your faith give way
To think there's power in potions, or in charms,
To make us love whether we will or no?
Bos. Most certainly.
Ferd. Away, these are mere gulleries,[4] horrid things,
Invented by some cheating mountebanks,
To abuse us. Do you think that herbs, or charms,
Can force the will? Some trials have been made
In this foolish practice, but the ingredients
Were lenitive[5] poisons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Swears by equivocation they are in love.

[1] Wealth.

[1] Satirical lampoons posted in public.
[2] Plowshares.
[3] Spying.
[4] Cheats.
[5] Soothing.

The witchcraft lies in her rank blood. This night
I will force confession from her. You told me
You had got, within these two days, a false key
Into her bedchamber.
Bos. I have.
Ferd. As I would wish.
Bos. What do you intend to do?
Ferd. Can you guess?
Bos. No.
Ferd. Do not ask them:
He that can compass me, and know my drifts,[1]
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quicksands.
Bos. I do not
Think so.
Ferd. What do you think, then, pray?
Bos. That you
Are your own chronicle too much, and grossly
Flatter yourself.
Ferd. Give me thy hand; I thank thee:
I never gave pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee. Farewell.
That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,
Who rails into his belief all his defects.
Exeunt

SCENA II

[*A Bed-Chamber in the Duchess's Palace*]

[*Enter* DUCHESS, ANTONIO, *and* CARIOLA]

Duch. Bring me the casket hither, and the glass.—
You get no lodging here to night, my lord.
Ant. Indeed, I must persuade one.
Duch. Very good:
I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,
That noblemen shall come with cap and knee,
To purchase a night's lodging of their wives.
Ant. I must lie here.
Duch. Must! you are a lord of misrule.
Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.
Duch. To what use will you put me?
Ant. We'll sleep together.

[1] Plans.

Duch. Alas, what pleasure can two lovers find in sleep!
Cari. My lord, I lie with her often; and I know
She'll much disquiet you.
Ant. See, you are complained of.
Cari. For she's the sprawlingest bedfellow.
Ant. I shall like her the better for that.
Cari. Sir, shall I ask you a question?
Ant. Aye, pray thee, Cariola.
Cari. Wherefore still, when you lie with my lady,
Do you rise so early?
Ant. Laboring men
Count the clock oftenest, Cariola;
Are glad when their task's ended.
Duch. I'll stop your mouth.
Ant. Nay, that's but one; Venus had two soft doves
To draw her chariot; I must have another.
When wilt thou marry, Cariola?
Cari. Never, my lord.
Ant. O, fie upon this single life! forego it.
We read how Daphne, for her peevish slight,[1]
Became a fruitless bay-tree; Syrinx turned
To the pale empty reed; Anaxarete
Was frozen into marble:[2] whereas those
Which married, or proved kind unto their friends,
Were, by a gracious influence, transhaped
Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,
Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent stars.
Cari. This is a vain poetry; but I pray you tell me,
If there were proposed me, wisdom, riches, and beauty,
In three several young men, which should I choose?
Ant. 'Tis a hard question: this was Paris' case,
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause;
For how was't possible he could judge right,
Having three amorous goddesses in view,
And they stark naked? 'twas a motion[3]
Were able to benight the apprehension
Of the severest counsellor of Europe.
Now I look on both your faces so well formed,

[1] Slight of Apollo.
[2] For refusing the love of Iphis.
[3] Sight.

It puts me in mind of a question I would ask.
Cari. What is't?
Ant. I do wonder why hard-favored ladies,
For the most part, keep worse-favored waiting-women
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.
Duch. O, that's soon answered.
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the shop
Of an excellent picture-maker? 'Twould disgrace
His face-making, and undo him. I prithee,
When were we so merry? My hair tangles.
Ant. Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the room,
And let her talk to herself: I have divers times
Served her the like, when she hath chafed extremely.
I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.
Exeunt [ANTONIO *and* CARIOLA]
Duch. Doth not the color of my hair 'gin to change?
When I wax grey, I shall have all the court
Powder their hair with arras[1] to be like me.
You have cause to love me; I entered you into my heart

[*Enter* FERDINAND *unseen*]

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.
We shall one day have my brothers take you napping.
Methinks his presence, being now at court,
Should make you keep your own bed; but you'll say
Love mixed with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,
You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?
'Tis welcome:[2]
For know, whether I am doomed to live or die,
I can do both like a prince.
FERDINAND *gives her a poniard*
Ferd. Die then quickly.
Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it that doth eclipse thee?
Duch. Pray, sir, hear me.
Ferd. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,
And no essential thing?
Duch. Sir—
Ferd. Do not speak.
Duch. No, sir:
I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.
Ferd. O most imperfect light of human reason,
That mak'st [us] so unhappy to foresee
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort,
But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.
Duch. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.
Ferd. So!
Duch. Happily[1] not to your liking: but for that,
Alas, your shears do come untimely[2] now
To clip the bird's wings, that's already flown!
Will you see my husband?
Ferd. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisk.[3]
Duch. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy.
Ferd. The howling of a wolf
Is music to thee, screech-owl: prithee, peace.
Whate'er thou art that hast enjoyed my sister,
For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake
Let me not know thee. I came hither prepared
To work thy discovery;[4] yet am now persuaded
It would beget such violent effects
As would damn us both. I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee: therefore use all means
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,

[1] Orris-root powdered. [2] 'Tis a welcome loss.

[1] Possibly, as it happens.
[2] Not in good time.
[3] And thus kill with a look.
[4] To find out who thou art.

On that condition. And for thee, vild[1] woman, 100
If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old
In thy embracements, I would have thee build
Such a room for him as our anchorites
To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun
Shine on him, till he's dead; let dogs and monkeys
Only converse with him, and such dumb things
To whom nature denies use to sound his name;
Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it;
If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue
Lest it bewray him.
Duch. Why might not I marry? 110
I have not gone about in this to create
Any new world of custom.
Ferd. Thou art undone;
And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it
About my heart.
Duch. Mine bleeds for't!
Ferd. Thine! thy heart!
What should I name't, unless a hollow bullet
Filled with unquenchable wildfire?
Duch. You are in this
Too strict;[2] and were you not my princely brother,
I would say, too wilful: my reputation
Is safe.
Ferd. Dost thou know what reputation is?
I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since th' instruction 120
Comes now too late.
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death
Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told them, they should find him in great battles,
Or cities plagued with plagues: Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talked of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left 130

[1] A variant of *vile*. [2] Severe.

By their dead parents: 'Stay,' quoth Reputation,
'Do not forsake me; for it is my nature
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again.' And so, for you;
You have shook hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible. So fare you well:
I will never see you more.
Duch. Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cased up, like a holy relic? I have youth,
And a little beauty.
Ferd. So you have some virgins 140
That are witches.[1] I will never see thee more. *Exit*

Enter ANTONIO *with a pistol,* [*and* CARIOLA]

Duch. You saw this apparition?
Ant. Yes: we are
Betrayed. How came he hither? I should turn
This to thee, for that.
[*To* CARIOLA]
Cari. Pray, sir, do; and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence.
Duch. That gallery gave him entrance.
Ant. I would this terrible thing would come again,
That, standing on my guard, I might relate
My warrantable love! Ha! what means this?
She shows the poniard
Duch. He left this with me.
Ant. And it seems, did wish 150
You would use it on yourself.
Duch. His action seemed
To intend so much.
Ant. This hath a handle to't,
As well as a point: turn it towards him, and
So fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.
[*Knocking within*]
How now? who knocks? more earthquakes!
Duch. I stand
As if a mine beneath my feet were ready
To be blown up.
Cari. 'Tis Bosola.
Duch. Away!
O misery! methinks [that] unjust actions
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we.

[1] Similarly there are some virgins, etc.

You must instantly part hence: I have fashioned it already. 160

Exit ANTONIO

[*Enter* BOSOLA]

Bos. The duke your brother is ta'en up in a whirlwind;
Hath took horse, and's rid post to Rome.
Duch. So late!
Bos. He told me, as he mounted into th' saddle,
You were undone.
Duch. Indeed, I am very near it.
Bos. What's the matter?
Duch. Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in's accounts:
My brother stood engaged with me for money
Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit. 170
Bos. Strange!—[*aside*] This is cunning!
Duch. And hereupon
My brother's bills at Naples are protested
Again. Call up our officers.
Bos. I shall. *Exit*

[*Enter* ANTONIO]

Duch. The place that you must fly to, is Ancona:
Hire a house there; I'll send after you
My treasure, and my jewels. Our weak safety
Runs upon enginous wheels:[1] short syllables,
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a feignèd crime, as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie, 180
'Cause it must shield our honors:—hark, they are coming!

[*Enter* BOSOLA *and Officers*]

Ant. Will your grace hear me?
Duch. I have got well by you; you have yielded me
A million of loss: I am like to inherit
The people's curses for your stewardship.
You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,
Till I had signed your *quietus;*[2] and that cured you

[1] Contrivance. [2] Receipt.

Without help of a doctor. Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all,
So shall you hold my favor; I pray, let him;[1] 190
For h'as done that, alas! you would not think of,
And, because I intend to be rid of him,
I mean not to publish. Use your fortune elsewhere.
Ant. I am strongly armed to brook my overthrow:
As commonly men bear with a hard year,
I will not blame the cause on't; but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humor. O, the inconstant
And rotten ground of service! You may see,
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night, 200
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
A-loath to part from't; yet parts thence as cold,
As when he first sat down.
Duch. We do confiscate
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
All that you have.
Ant. I am all yours; and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so.
Duch. So, sir, you have your pass.
Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 't is to serve
A prince with body and soul. *Exit*
Bos. Here's an example for extortion: what moisture is drawn out of the sea, 210 when foul weather comes, pours down, and runs into the sea again.
Duch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.
2 *Off.* He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I thought your grace would find him a Jew.
3 *Off.* I would you had been his officer, for your own sake.
4 *Off.* You would have had more 220 money.
1 *Off.* He stopped his ears with black wool, and to those came to him for money, said he was thick of hearing.
2 *Off.* Some said he was a hermaphrodite, for he could not abide a woman.

[1] Equivocally hinder him or permit.

4 *Off.* How scurvy proud he would look, when the treasury was full! well, let him go.

1 *Off.* Yes, and the chippings of the buttery[1] fly after him, to scour his gold chain.[2] *Exeunt* [*Officers*]

Duch. Leave us. What do you think of these?

Bos. That these are rogues, that in's prosperity,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wished
His dirty stirrup rivetted through their noses;[3]
And followed after's mule, like a bear in a ring.
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust;
Made their first-born intelligencers;[4] thought none happy
But such as were born under his blessèd planet,
And wore his livery: and do these lice drop off now?
Well, never look to have the like again:
He hath left a sort[5] of flattering rogues behind him;
Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers
In their own money: flatterers dissemble their vices,
And they dissemble their lies; that's justice.
Alas, poor gentleman!

Duch. Poor! he hath amply filled his coffers.

Bos. Sure, he was too honest. Plutus,[6] the god of riches,
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,
He goes limping, to signify that wealth
That comes on God's name, comes slowly; but when he's sent
On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles.[7]
Let me show you, what a most unvalued[8] jewel
You have in a wanton humor thrown away,
To bless the man shall find him. He was an excellent
Courtier, and most faithful; a soldier, that thought it
As beastly to know his own value too little,
As devilish to acknowledge it too much.
Both his virtue and form deserved a far better fortune.
His discourse rather delighted to judge itself, than show itself:
His breast was filled with all perfection,
And yet it seemed a private whispering-room,
[He][1] made so little noise of't.

Duch. But he was basely descended.

Bos. Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,
Rather to examine men's pedigrees, than virtues?
You shall want him:
For know an honest statesman to a prince,
Is like a cedar planted by a spring:
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his[2] shadow—you have not done so.
I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes[3] on
Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied
Together with an intelligencer's heart-string,
Than depend on so changeable a prince's favor.
Fare thee well, Antonio! since the malice of the world
Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet
That any ill happened unto thee,
Considering thy fall was accompanied with virtue.

Duch. O, you render me excellent music!

Bos. Say you?

Duch. This good one that you speak of, is my husband.

Bos. Do I not dream? can this ambitious age
Have so much goodness in't, as to prefer
A man merely for worth, without these shadows
Of wealth and painted honors? Possible?

Duch. I have had three children by him.

Bos. Fortunate lady!
For you have made your private nuptial bed
The humble and fair seminary of peace.
No question but many an unbeneficed scholar
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice

[1] Bread crumbs of the pantry.
[2] Worn by him as steward.
[3] So closely as servants they followed him.
[4] Spies.
[5] Group.
[6] Q. reads *Pluto.*
[7] Quick steps.
[8] Priceless.

[1] Q. *It.*
[2] Its.
[3] Bermudas.

That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
That have no dowries, shall hope, your example
Will raise them to rich husbands. Should you want
Soldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and Moors
Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected poets of your time,
In honor of this trophy of a man,
Raised by that curious engine, your white hand,
Shall thank you, in your grave, for't; and make that
More reverend than all the cabinets
Of living princes. For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.

Duch. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,
So would I find concealment.

Bos. O, the secret of my prince,
Which I will wear on th' inside of my heart!

Duch. You shall take charge of all my coin and jewels,
And follow him; for he retires himself
To Ancona.

Bos. So!

Duch. Whither, within few days,
I mean to follow thee.

Bos. Let me think:
I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage
To our lady of Loretto,[1] scarce seven leagues
From fair Ancona; so may you depart
Your country with more honor, and your flight
Will seem a princely progress, retaining
Your usual train about you.

Duch. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.

Cari. In my opinion, she were better progress
To the baths at Lucca, or go visit the Spa
In Germany; for, if you will believe me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This feignèd pilgrimage.

Duch. Thou art a superstitious fool!
Prepare us instantly for our departure.
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

[*Exeunt* Duchess *and* Cariola]

Bos. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil;
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard: he may work in a lady's chamber,
As here for proof. What rests[1] but I reveal
All to my lord? O, this base quality,[2]
Of intelligencer! why, every quality i' th' world
Prefers but gain or commendation.
Now, for this act I am certain to be raised,
And men that paint weeds to the life, are praised. *Exit*

[1] A famous shrine.

SCENA III

[*The Cardinal's Palace, Rome*]

[*Enter*] Cardinal, Ferdinand, Malateste, Pescara, Delio [*and*] Silvio

Card. Must we turn soldier then?

Mal. The emperor,
Hearing your worth that way, ere you attained
This reverend garment, joins you in commission
With the right fortunate soldier, the Marquis of Pescara,
And the famous Lannoy.

Card. He had the honor
Of taking the French king prisoner?

Mal. The same.
Here's a plot drawn for a new fortification
At Naples. [*Exit*]

Ferd. This great Count Malateste, I perceive,
Hath got employment?

Delio. No employment, my lord;
A marginal note in the muster-book, that he is
A voluntary lord.[3]

Ferd. He's no soldier.

Delio. He has worn gunpowder in's hollow tooth, for the toothache.

Sil. He comes to the leaguer with a full intent
To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay

[1] Remains. [2] Trade. [3] Volunteer.

Till the scent be gone, and straight return to court.
Delio. He hath read all the late service,
As the city chronicle[1] relates it:
And keep[s] two pewterers going,[2] only to express
Battles in model.
Sil. Then he'll fight by the book.
Delio. By the almanac, I think,
To choose good days, and shun the critical.
That's his mistress' scarf.
Sil. Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffeta.
Delio. I think he would run away from a battle,
To save it from taking prisoner.[3]
Sil. He is horribly afraid
Gunpowder will spoil the perfume on't.
Delio. I saw a Dutchman break his pate once
For calling him a pot-gun; he made his head
Have a bore in't like a musket.
Sil. I would he had made a touchhole to't.
He is indeed a guarded sumpter-cloth,[4]
Only for the remove of the court.

[*Enter* Bosola]

Pes. Bosola arrived! what should be the business?
Some falling out among the cardinals.
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are divided,
They carry fire in their tails,[5] and all the country
About them goes to wrack for't.
Sil. What's that Bosola?
Delio. I knew him in Padua,—a fantastical scholar, like such who study to know, how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what color Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the toothache. He hath studied himself half bleareyed to know the true symmetry of Cæsar's nose by a shoeing-horn; and this he did to gain the name of a speculative man.
Pes. Mark Prince Ferdinand:
A very salamander lives in's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire.

[1] Records of the militia.
[2] Metal workers.
[3] Capture.
[4] A braided horse-cloth.
[5] *Judges* xv, 4.

Sil. That Cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones: he lifts up's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm.
Pes. The lord Ferdinand laughs.
Delio. Like a deadly cannon,
That lightens ere it smokes.
Pes. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great statesmen.
Delio. In such a deformed silence, witches whisper
Their charms.
Card. Doth she make religion her ridinghood
To keep her from the sun and tempest?
Ferd. That, that damns her. Methinks her fault and beauty,
Blended together, show like leprosy,
The whiter, the fouler. I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christened.
Card. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona
To have them banished.
Ferd. You are for Loretto:
I shall not be at your ceremony; fare you well.
Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With's mother's honesty.
Bos. I will.
Ferd. Antonio!
A slave that only smelled of ink and counters,
And never in's life looked like a gentleman,
But in the audit-time. Go, go presently,[1]
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort-bridge. *Exeunt*

SCENA IV

[*Enter*] Two Pilgrims *to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto*

1 *Pil.* I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this,
Yet I have visited many.
2 *Pil.* The Cardinal of Arragon

[1] At once.

Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat:
His sister duchess likewise is arrived
To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect
A noble ceremony.
1 *Pil.* No question. They come.
Here the ceremony of the CARDINAL'S *instalment, in the habit of a soldier, performed in delivering up his cross, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrine, and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs: then* ANTONIO, *the* DUCHESS, *and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb show expressed towards them by the* CARDINAL *and the state of Ancona, banished. During all which ceremony, this ditty is sung, to very solemn music, by divers churchmen, and then exeunt*

Arms and honors deck thy story,[1]
To thy fame's eternal glory:
Adverse fortune ever fly thee;
No disastrous fate come nigh thee. 10
I alone will sing thy praises,
Whom to honor virtue raises;
And thy study, that divine is,
Bent to martial discipline is.
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee;
Crown thy arts with arms, they'll beautify thee.

O worthy of worthiest name, adorned in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on, under war's warlike banner!
O, may'st thou prove fortunate in all martial courses!
Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces:
Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy powers; 21
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings pour down showers!

1 *Pil.* Here's a strange turn of state! who would have thought
So great a lady would have matched herself
Unto so mean a person? yet the Cardinal
Bears himself much too cruel.
2 *Pil.* They are banished.
1 *Pil.* But I would ask what power hath this state
Of Ancona, to determine of a free prince?
2 *Pil.* They are a free state, sir, and her brother showed
How that the Pope, forehearing of her loose-ness, 30
Hath seized into the protection of the church
The dukedom, which she held as dowager.
1 *Pil.* But by what justice?
2 *Pil.* Sure I think by none,
Only her brother's instigation.
1 *Pil.* What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger?
2 *Pil.* 'Twas her wedding ring,
Which he vowed shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.
1 *Pil.* Alas, Antonio!
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't, his own weight 40
Will bring him sooner to th' bottom. Come, let's hence
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things do help th' unhappy man to fall.
Exeunt

SCENA V

[*On the road, near Loretto*]

[*Enter*] DUCHESS, ANTONIO, Children, CARIOLA, *and* Servants

Duch. Banished Ancona!
Ant. Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great men's breath.
Duch. Is all our train
Shrunk to this poor remainder?
Ant. These poor men,
Which have got little in your service, vow
To take[1] your fortune: but your wiser buntings,[2]
Now they are fledged, are gone.
Duch. They have done wisely.
This puts me in mind of death: physicians thus,
With their hands full of money, used[3] to give o'er
Their patients.
Ant. Right the fashion of the world:[4]

[1] A marginal note of the quarto, 1623, reads: "The author disclaims this ditty to be his."

[1] Partake of.
[2] Birds.
[3] Are accustomed.
[4] This is precisely the fashion, etc.

From decayed fortunes every flatterer shrinks; 10
Men cease to build where the foundation sinks.
Duch. I had a very strange dream to-night.[1]
Ant. What was't?
Duch. Methought I wore my coronet of state,
And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were changed to pearls.
Ant. My interpretation
Is, you'll weep shortly; for to me the pearls
Do signify your tears.
Duch. The birds that live i' th' field
On the wild benefit of nature, live
Happier than we; for they may choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring. 20

[*Enter* Bosola *with a letter*]

Bos. You are happily o'erta'en.
Duch. From my brother?
Bos. Yes, from the lord Ferdinand, your brother,
All love and safety.
Duch. Thou dost blanch mischief,
Would'st make it white. See, see, like to calm weather
At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair
To those they intend most mischief.
[*Reads*] *a letter*
'Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a business.'
A politic equivocation!
He doth not want your counsel, but your head; 30
That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.
And here's another pitfall that's strewed o'er
With roses; mark it, 'tis a cunning one;
[*Reads*]
'I stand engaged for your husband, for several debts at Naples: let not that trouble him; I had rather have his heart than his money:'
And I believe so too.
Bos. What do you believe?
Duch. That he so much distrusts my husband's love,

[1] Last night.

He will by no means believe his heart is with him, 40
Until he see it: the devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles.
Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love, which I present you?
Duch. Their league is like that of some politic kings,
Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruin: tell them so.
Bos. And what from you?
Ant. Thus tell him; I will not come.
Bos. And what of this?[1]
Ant. My brothers have dispersed
Bloodhounds abroad; which till I hear are muzzled, 50
No truce, though hatched with ne'er such politic skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will.
I'll not come at them.
Bos. This proclaims your breeding:
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,
As the adamant draws iron. Fare you well, sir:
You shall shortly hear from 's. *Exit*
Duch. I suspect some ambush:
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan.
Let us not venture all this poor remainder,
In one unlucky bottom.
Ant. You counsel safely. 60
Best of my life, farewell, since we must part.[2]
Heaven hath a hand in't; but no otherwise,
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock, or watch, when it is out of frame,[3]
To bring't in better order.
Duch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you. Farewell, boy:
Thou art happy, that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery; for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sense 70
Of sorrow. In the eternal church, sir,
I do hope we shall not part thus.

[1] *I.e.*, the letter.
[2] This Dyce's punctuation.
[3] Order.

Ant. O, be of comfort!
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are used:
Man, like to cassia, is proved best, being bruised.
Duch. Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny?
And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!
I have seen my boy oft scourge his top,
And compared myself to't: nought made me e'er
Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.
Ant. Do not weep:
Heaven fashioned us of nothing; and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing. Farewell, Cariola,
And thy sweet armful. If I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger: fare you well.
Duch. Let me look upon you once more, for that speech
Came from a dying father: your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.
Ant. My heart is turned to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger: fare you well. *Exeunt* [ANTONIO *and his Son*]
Duch. My laurel is all withered.
Cari. Look, madam, what a troop of armèd men
Make toward us.

Enter BOSOLA, [*vizarded*] *with a Guard*

Duch. O, they are very welcome!
When fortune's wheel is overcharged with princes,
The weight makes it move swift: I would have my ruin
Be sudden. I am your adventure, am I not?
Bos. You are: you must see your husband no more.
Duch. What devil art thou, that counterfeits heaven's thunder?
Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me whether
Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them
To the nets? you have hearkened to the last too much.
Duch. O misery! like to a rusty o'ercharged cannon,
Shall I never fly in pieces? Come, to what prison?
Bos. To none.
Duch. Whither, then?
Bos. To your palace.
Duch. I have heard
That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er
The dismal lake, but brings none back again.
Bos. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.
Duch. Pity!
With such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough
To be eaten.
Bos. These are your children?
Duch. Yes.
Bos. Can they prattle?
Duch. No:
But I intend, since they were born accursed,
Curses shall be their first language.
Bos. Fie, madam,
Forget this base, low fellow.
Duch. Were I a man,
I'd beat that counterfeit face[1] into thy other.
Bos. One of no birth.
Duch. Say that he was born mean,
Man is most happy when's own actions
Be arguments and examples of his virtue.
Bos. A barren, beggarly virtue.
Duch. I prithee who is greatest? can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her
With this rough language: Why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of floods,
Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest, and fresh time o' th' year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself

[1] Masked face.

With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou
Pass by our dog-ship without reverence?
O, quoth the salmon, sister, be at peace:
Thank Jupiter, we both have passed the net!
Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown:
I' th' market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire.
So to great men the moral may be stretchèd;
Men oft are valued high, when th' are most wretched.
But come, whither you please. I am armed 'gainst misery;
Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will:
There's no deep valley but near some great hill. *Ex[eunt]*

ACTUS IV, SCENA I

[*An Apartment in the Palace of the Duchess*]

[*Enter* FERDINAND *and* BOSOLA]

Ferd. How doth our sister duchess bear herself
In her imprisonment?
Bos. Nobly. I'll describe her.
She's sad, as one long used to't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery,
Than shun it; a behavior so noble,
As gives a majesty to adversity.
You may discern the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles:
She will muse for[1] hours together; and her silence,
Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake. 10
Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortified
With a strange disdain.
Bos. 'Tis so; and this restraint,
Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with tying,
Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures [that][2] she's kept from.

[1] Qq. *four.*
[2] Sampson's emendation.

Ferd. Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart. Inform her what I told you. *Exit*

[*Enter* DUCHESS *and* Attendants]

Bos. All comfort to your grace.
Duch. I will have none.
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poisoned pills
In gold and sugar? 20
Bos. Your elder brother, the lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' th' night;
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but, for his vow,
He dares not see you.
Duch. At his pleasure.
Take hence the lights; he's come.
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with lights*]

[*Enter* FERDINAND]

Ferd. Where are you?
Duch. Here, sir.
Ferd. This darkness suits you well.
Duch. I would ask you pardon. 30
Ferd. You have it;
For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubs?
Duch. Whom?
Ferd. Call them your children,
For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
Duch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' th' church
Shall make you howl in hell for't.
Ferd. It had been well,
Could you have lived thus always; for indeed, 40
You were too much i' th' light—but no more;

I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand,
Gives her a dead man's hand
To which you have vowed much love; the ring upon't
You gave.
Duch. I affectionately kiss it.
Ferd. Pray do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you, for a love-token;
And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that owed[1] it; you shall see
Whether he can aid you.
Duch. You are very cold: 50
I fear you are not well after your travel.
Ha! lights! O, horrible!
Ferd. Let her have lights enough. *Exit*
Duch. What witchcraft doth he practice, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?
Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of ANTONIO *and his children, appearing as if they were dead*
Bos. Look you, here's the piece, from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recoverèd.
Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish 60
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were't my picture, fashioned out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill;[2] and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.
Bos. What's that?
Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.
Bos. Come, you must live.
Duch. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
In hell that they must live, and cannot die.

[1] Owned.
[2] A common practice of witchcraft.

Portia,[1] I'll new kindle thy coals again, 70
And revive the rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.
Bos. O fie! despair? remember
You are a Christian.
Duch. The church enjoins fasting:
I'll starve myself to death.
Bos. Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst, begin to mend:
The bee when he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eyelid.
Duch. Good comfortable fellow!
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must dispatch me? 80
I account this world a tedious theater,
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.
Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.
Duch. Indeed I have not leisure to tend so small a business.
Bos. Now, by my life, I pity you.
Duch. Thou art a fool then,
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity it[self.] I am full of daggers.
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

[*Enter* Servant]

What are you?
Serv. One that wishes you long life.
Duch. I would thou wert hanged for the horrible curse 90
Thou hast given me. [*Exit* Servant] I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity. I'll go pray; no, I'll go curse.
Bos. O, fie!
Duch. I could curse the stars.
Bos. O, fearful!
Duch. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.
Bos. Look you, the stars shine still.
Duch. O, but you must remember, my curse hath a great way to go:—

[1] The wife of Brutus who died swallowing hot coals.

Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them!
Bos. Fie, lady!
Duch. Let them like tyrants
Never be remembered, but for the ill they have done; 100
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them!
Bos. O, uncharitable!
Duch. Let heaven, a little while, cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them!
Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed:
It is some mercy when men kill with speed.
Exit

[*Enter* FERDINAND]

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish; she's plagued in art:
These presentations are but framed in wax,
By the curious master in that quality,[1]
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them 110
For true substantial bodies.
Bos. Why do you do this?
Ferd. To bring her to despair.
Bos. 'Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty;
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads, and prayer-books.
Ferd. Damn her! that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, called a soul.
I will send her masks of common courtesans,
Have her meat served up by bawds and ruffians, 120
And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolved
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad-folk, and place them near her lodging;
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' th' moon:
If she can sleep the better for it, let her.
Your work is almost ended.
Bos. Must I see her again?

[1] Profession.

Ferd. Yes.
Bos. Never.
Ferd. You must.
Bos. Never in mine own shape;
That's forfeited by my intelligence,[1]
And this last cruel lie: when you send me next, 130
The business shall be comfort.
Ferd. Very likely;
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio
Lurks about Milan: thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a fire as great as my revenge;
Which never will slack till it have spent his[2] fuel:
Intemperate agues make physicians cruel.
Exeunt

SCENA II

[*The Same*]

[*Enter* DUCHESS *and* CARIOLA]

Duch. What hideous noise was that?
Cari. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practised till this hour.
Duch. Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Cari. O, 'twill increase your melancholy.
Duch. Thou art deceived:
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison.
Cari. Yes, but you shall live 11
To shake this durance off.
Duch. Thou art a fool:
The robin redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Cari. Pray, dry your eyes:
What think you of, madam?
Duch. Of nothing;
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

[1] By my conduct as a spy upon her.
[2] Its.

Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In th' other world?
Cari. Yes, out of question.
Duch. O, that it were possible we might 20
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow:
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now? 30
Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
Duch. Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy. How now!
What noise is that?

[*Enter* Servant]

Serv. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him 40
With several sorts[1] of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forced him to laugh,
And so th' impostume[2] broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.
Duch. Let them come in.
Serv. There's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor, that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian,
That in his works said, such a day o' th' month
Should be the day of doom, and failing of't,

[1] Groups. [2] Abscess.

Ran mad; an English tailor, crazed i' th' brain 50
With the study of new fashions; a gentleman usher,
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations,
Or 'how do you,' she employed him in each morning;
A farmer too, an excellent knave in grain,[1]
Mad 'cause he was hindered transportation;[2]
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the devil were among them.
Duch. Sit, Cariola. Let them loose when you please,
For I am chained to endure all your tyranny. 60

[*Enter Madmen*]

Here by a madman this Song is sung, to a dismal kind of music

O, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding, as from the threatening throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears,
And corrosived your hearts.
At last, whenas[3] our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest, 70
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

1 *Mad.* Doomsday not come yet! I'll draw it nearer by a perspective,[4] or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

2 *Mad.* Hell is a mere glass-house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes out. 81

3 *Mad.* I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night; I will tithe them over like haycocks.

4 *Mad.* Shall my 'pothecary outgo me, because I am a cuckold? I have found out

[1] In nature as in occupation.
[2] Forbidden export.
[3] When.
[4] Telescope.

his roguery; he makes alum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with overstraining.[1]

1 *Mad.* I have skill in heraldry.

2 *Mad.* Hast?

1 *Mad.* You do give for your crest a woodcock's[2] head, with the brains picked out on't; you are a very ancient gentleman.

3 *Mad.* Greek is turned Turk: we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation.[3]

1 *Mad.* Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

2 *Mad.* O, rather lay a corrosive; the law will eat to the bone.

3 *Mad.* He that drinks but to satisfy nature, is damned.

4 *Mad.* If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor.

1 *Mad.* What's he, a rope-maker?

2 *Mad.* No, no, no, a snuffling knave, that while he shows the tombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket.

3 *Mad.* Woe to the caroche,[4] that brought home my wife from the mask at three o'clock in the morning! it had a large featherbed in it.

4 *Mad.* I have pared the devil's nails forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured agues with them.

3 *Mad.* Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets[5] to procure sleep.

4 *Mad.* All the college may throw their caps at me; I have made a soapboiler costive: it was my masterpiece.

Here the dance, consisting of eight madmen, with music answerable thereunto; after which, Bosola, *like an old man, enters*

Duch. Is he mad to[o]?

Serv. Pray question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt all but the* Duchess *and* Bosola]

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

[1] Probably with psalm singing.
[2] The woodcock was proverbially stupid.
[3] The Geneva Bible.
[4] Coach.
[5] A soothing draught.

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy.[1] What's this flesh? a little cruded[2] milk fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleep so broken:
Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living;
I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou com'st to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry:
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical on our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs

[1] Receptacle of that which dead becomes mummy, a drug of the time.
[2] Curdled.

Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray
Up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks,
As if they died of the toothache: they are not carved
With their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as
Their minds were wholly bent upon the world,
The selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.
Duch. Let me know fully, therefore, the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.
Bos. Now I shall:

[*Enter* EXECUTIONERS *with*] *a coffin, cords, and bell*

Here is a present from your princely brothers,
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
Duch. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.
Cari. O my sweet lady!
Duch. Peace; it affrights not me.
Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.
Duch. Even now
Thou said'st thou wast a tomb-maker.
Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification.[1] Listen:

Hark, now everything is still,
The screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth, weeping;
Their life, a general mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

Cari. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady?—Call for help.
Duch. To whom, to our next neighbors? they are mad-folks.
Bos. Remove that noise.
Duch. Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will, I have not much to give:
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.
Cari. I will die with her.
Duch. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. [CARIOLA *is forced off*]—Now what you please:
What death?
Bos. Strangling; here are your executioners.
Duch. I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Doth not death fright you?
Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?
Bos. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.
Duch. Not a whit:
What would it plesure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way, for heaven sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers,
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give, or I can take.

[1] Death.

I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.
Exec. We are ready.
Duch. Dispose my breath how please you, but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?
Exec. Yes.
Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength, 240
Must pull down heaven upon me:
Yet stay, heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. [*She kneels*]
Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora,[1] to make me sleep!
Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.
They strangle her
Bos. Where's the waiting-woman?
Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[*Enter* CARIOLA]

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.
Cari. O, you are damned 250
Perpetually for this! My turn is next;
Is't not so ordered?
Bos. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepared for't.
Cari. You are deceived, sir,
I am not prepared for't; I will not die:
I will first come to my answer,[2] and know
How I have offended.
Bos. Come, dispatch her.
You kept her counsel, now you shall keep ours.
Cari. I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.
Exec. Here's your wedding-ring.
Cari. Let me but speak with the duke; I'll discover 260
Treason to his person.
Bos. Delays:—throttle her.
Exec. She bites and scratches.
Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damned; I have not been at confession
This two years.
Bos. When?
Cari. I am quick with child.
Bos. Why then,

[1] A soporific. [2] Trial.

Your credit's saved.—Bear her into the next room;
Let these[1] lie still.
[*They strangle* CARIOLA *and exeunt with the body*]

[*Enter* FERDINAND]

Ferd. Is she dead?
Bos. She is what
You'd have her. But here begin your pity:
Shows the children strangled[2]
Alas! how have these offended?
Ferd. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.
Bos. Fix your eye here.
Ferd. Constantly.
Bos. Do you not weep? 270
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the Heavens.
Ferd. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
Bos. I think not so; her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.
Ferd. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.
Bos. It seems she was born first:
You have bloodily approved the ancient truth, 280
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.
Ferd. Let me see her face again.
Why didst not thou pity her? what an excellent
Honest man might'st thou have been
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary;
Or, bold in a good cause, opposed thyself,
With thy advancèd sword above thy head,
Between her innocence and my revenge!
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done't. 290
For let me but examine well the cause:
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only I must confess I had a hope,
Had she continued widow, to have gained
An infinite mass of treasure by her death;

[1] Qq. *this.*
[2] Probably by drawing a curtain.

And that was the main cause, her marriage,
That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.
For thee, as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is cursed
For playing a villain's part, I hate thee for't, 300
And for my sake say thou hast done much ill, well.
Bos. Let me quicken your memory, for I perceive
You are falling into ingratitude; I challenge
The reward due to my service.
Ferd. I'll tell thee
What I'll give thee.
Bos. Do.
Ferd. I'll give thee a pardon
For this murder.
Bos. Ha!
Ferd. Yes, and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloody sentence?
Bos. By yours.
Ferd. Mine! was I her judge? 310
Did any ceremonial form of law,
Doom her to not being? did a cómplete jury
Deliver her conviction up i' th' court?
Where shalt thou find this judgment registered,
Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool,
Th' hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for't.
Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another. Who shall dare
To reveal this?
Ferd. O, I'll tell thee;
The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up, 320
Not to devour the corpse, but to discover
The horrid murder.
Bos. You, not I, shall quake for't.
Ferd. Leave me.
Bos. I will first receive my pension.
Ferd. You are a villain.
Bos. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.
Ferd. O horror,
That not the fear of him, which binds the devils,
Can prescribe man obedience!
Never look upon me more.
Bos. Why, fare thee well:
Your brother and yourself are worthy men:
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others; and your vengeance, 331
Like two chained bullets, still[1] goes arm in arm.
You may be brothers; for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood.[2] I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream:
I am angry with myself, now that I wake.
Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o' th' world,
That I may never see thee.
Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir,
I served your tyranny, and rather strove, 340
To satisfy yourself, than all the world:
And though I loathed the evil, yet I loved
You that did counsel it; and rather sought
To appear a true servant, than an honest man.
Ferd. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light:
'Tis a deed of darkness. *Exit*
Bos. He's much distracted. Off, my painted honor!
While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire.
What would I do, were this to do again? 350
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe. She stirs; here's life:—
Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell:—she's warm, she breathes:—
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh color.—Who's there!
Some cordial drink! Alas! I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity. Her eye opes,[3]
And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was shut,
To take me up to mercy. 360
Duch. Antonio!
Bos. Yes, madam, he is living;
The dead bodies you saw, were but feigned statues;

[1] Ever. [2] Runs in families. [3] Opens.

He's reconciled to your brothers; the Pope hath wrought
The atonement.
Duch. Mercy! *She dies*
Bos. O, she's gone again! there the cords of life broke.
O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register, wherein is writ
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective[1]
That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffered 370
To do good when we have a mind to it!
This is manly sorrow;
These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk: my estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear: where were
These penitent fountains, while she was living?
O, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
As direful to my soul, as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slain his father.
Come, I'll bear thee hence, 380
And execute thy last will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women: that, the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection. *Exit*

ACTUS V, SCENA I

[*Milan, a Public Place*]

[*Enter* ANTONIO *and* DELIO]

Ant. What think you of my hope of reconcilement
To the Arragonian brethren?
Delio I misdoubt it;
For though they have sent their letters of safe conduct
For your repair to Milan, they appear
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of Pescara,
Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,[2]
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been moved
To seize those lands, and some of his dependents
Are at this instant making it their suit
To be invested in your revenues.[1] 10
I cannot think they mean well to your life,
That do deprive you of your means of life,
Your living.
Ant. You are still an heretic
To any safety I can shape myself.
Delio. Here comes the marquis. I will make myself
Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whither it is flying.
Ant. I pray do. [*Withdraws*]

[*Enter* PESCARA]

Delio. Sir, I have a suit to you.
Pes. To me?
Delio. An easy one.
There is the citadel of St. Bennet,[2]
With some demesnes, of late in the possession 20
Of Antonio Bologna,—please you bestow them on me.
Pes. You are my friend; but this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.
Delio. No, sir?
Pes. I will give you ample reason for't,
Soon in private: here's the Cardinal's mistress.

[*Enter* JULIA]

Julia. My lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,
And should be an ill beggar, had I not
A great man's letter here, the Cardinal's,
To court you in my favor.
Pes. He entreats for you
The citadel of St. Bennet, that belonged 30
To the banished Bologna.
Julia. Yes.
Pes. I could not have thought of a friend I could
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours.
Julia. Sir, I thank you;
And he shall know how doubly I am engaged
Both in your gift, and speediness of giving,
Which makes your grant the greater. *Exit*
Ant. [*aside*] How they fortify
Themselves with my ruin!
Delio. Sir, I am

[1] Glass.
[2] Escheat; not here accurately used.

[1] To receive your income.
[2] Benedict.

Little bound to you.
Pes. Why?
Delio. Because you denied this suit to me, and gave't
To such a creature.
Pes. Do you know what it was? 40
It was Antonio's land; not forfeited
By course of law, but ravished from his throat
By the Cardinal's entreaty. It were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend; 'tis a gratification
Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice.
Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents
To make those followers I call my friends
Look ruddier upon me? I am glad
This land, ta'en from the owner by such wrong, 50
Returns again unto so foul an use
As salary for his lust. Learn, good Delio,
To ask noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a noble giver.
Delio. You instruct me well.
Ant. [*aside*] Why, here's a man now, would fright impudence
From sauciest beggars.
Pes. Prince Ferdinand's come to Milan,
Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy;
But some say, 'tis a frenzy: I am going
To visit him. *Exit*
Ant. 'Tis a noble old fellow.
Delio. What course do you mean to take, Antonio? 60
Ant. This night I mean to venture all my fortune,
Which is no more than a poor lingering life,
To the Cardinal's worst of malice: I have got
Private access to his chamber; and intend
To visit him about the mid of night,
As once his brother did our noble duchess.
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger, for I'll go in mine own shape,
When he shall see it fraught with love and duty,
May draw the poison out of him, and work
A friendly reconcilement: if it fail, 71
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;
For better fall once, than be ever falling.
Delio. I'll second you in all danger, and, howe'er;
My life keeps rank with yours.
Ant. You are still[1] my loved and best friend. *Exeunt*

SCENA II

[*A Gallery in the Cardinal's Palace*]

[*Enter* PESCARA *and* DOCTOR]

Pes. Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?
Doc. If't please your lordship: but he's instantly
To take the air here in the gallery
By my direction.
Pes. Pray thee, what's his disease?
Doc. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call lycanthropia.
Pes. What's that?
I need a dictionary to't?
Doc. I'll tell you.
In those that are possessed with't there o'erflows
Such melancholy humor, they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into wolves;
Steal forth to churchyards in the dead of night, 11
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since
One met the duke 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind St. Mark's Church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder, and he howled fearfully;
Said he was a wolf, only the difference
Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,
His on the inside; bade them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try: straight I was sent for,
And having ministered to him, found his grace 20
Very well recovered.
Pes. I am glad on't.
Doc. Yet not without some fear
Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,
I'll go a nearer way to work with him
Than ever Paracelsus dreamed of; if
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out of him.
Stand aside; he comes.

[*Enter* FERDINAND, MALATESTE, CARDINAL, *and* BOSOLA]

Ferd. Leave me.
Mal. Why doth your lordship love this solitariness?

[1] Ever.

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are crows, daws and starlings that flock together. Look, what's that follows me?

Mal. Nothing, my lord.

Ferd. Yes.

Mal. 'Tis your shadow.

Ferd. Stay it; let it not haunt me.

Mal. Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine.

Ferd. I will throttle it.

[*Throws himself on the ground*]

Mal. O my lord, you are angry with nothing.

Ferd. You are a fool: how is't possible I should catch my shadow, unless I fall upon't? When I go to hell, I mean to carry a bribe; for, look you, good gifts evermore make way for the worst persons.

Pes. Rise, good my lord.

Ferd. I am studying the art of patience.

Pes. 'Tis a noble virtue.

Ferd. To drive six snails before me from this town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their own time;—(the patient's man i' th' world match me for an experiment)—and I'll crawl after like a sheep-biter.[1]

Card. Force him up. [*They raise him*]

Ferd. Use me well, you were best.
What I have done, I have done: I'll confess nothing.

Doc. Now let me come to him.—Are you mad, my lord?
Are you out of your princely wits?

Ferd. What's he?

Pes. Your doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard sawed off, and his eyebrows
Filed more civil.

Doc. I must do mad tricks with him,
For that's the only way on't.—I have brought
Your grace a salamander's skin, to keep you
From sun-burning.

Ferd. I have cruel sore eyes.

Doc. The white of a cockatrix's[2] egg is present[3] remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you were best.
Hide me from him: physicians are like kings,
They brook no contradiction.

Doc. Now he begins
To fear me, now let me alone with him.

Card. How now? put off your gown!

Doc. Let me have some forty urinals filled with rose-water: he and I'll go pelt one another with them.—Now he begins to fear me.—Can you fetch a frisk,[1] sir? Let him go, let him go upon my peril: I find by his eye he stands in awe of me; I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.

Ferd. Can you fetch your frisks, sir! I will stamp him into a cullis,[2] flay off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies[3] this rogue hath set i th' cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgeon's[4] hall. Hence, hence! you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice: here's nothing left of you, but tongue and belly, flattery and lechery. *Exit*

Pes. Doctor, he did not fear you throughly.

Doc. True; I was somewhat too forward.

Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment
Hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand!

Pes. Knows your grace
What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?

Card. [*aside*] I must feign somewhat:—Thus they say it grew.
You have heard it rumored for these many years,
None of our family dies but there is seen
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition to us to have been murdered
By her nephews, for her riches. Such a figure
One night, as the prince sat up late at's book,
Appeared to him: when, crying out for help,
The gentleman of 's chamber, found his grace
All on a cold sweat, altered much in face
And language: since which apparition,
He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speak with you.

Pes. We'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
All health of mind and body.

Card. You are most welcome.

[*Exeunt. Manent* CARDINAL *and* BOSOLA]

[1] A sneaking thief.
[2] Same as a basilisk.
[3] Immediate

[1] Cut a caper.
[2] Broth.
[3] Skeletons.
[4] Surgeon.

Are you come? so—[*aside*] This fellow must not know
By any means I had intelligence
In our duchess' death; for though I counselled it,
The full of all th' engagement seemed to grow
From Ferdinand.—Now, sir, how fares our sister?
I do not think but sorrow makes her look
Like to an oft-dyed garment: she shall now
Taste comfort from me. Why do you look so wildly?
O, the fortune of your master here, the prince,
Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:
If you'll do one thing for me, I'll entreat,
Though he had a cold tombstone o'er his bones,
I'll make you what you would be.
Bos. Anything,
Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to't:
They that think long, small expedition win,
For musing much o' th' end, cannot begin.

[*Enter* JULIA]

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?
Card. I am busy; leave me.
Julia. [*aside*] What an excellent shape hath that fellow! *Exit*
Card. 'Tis thus. Antonio lurks here in Milan:
Inquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,
Our sister cannot marry, and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and style me
Thy advancement.
Bos. But by what means shall I find him out?
Card. There is a gentleman called Delio,
Here in the camp, that hath been long approved
His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow;
Follow him to mass: maybe Antonio,
Although he do account religion
But a school-name, for fashion of the world
May accompany him; or else go inquire out
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveal it. There are a thousand ways
A man might find to trace him; as to know
What fellows haunt the Jews, for taking up
Great sums of money, for sure he's in want;
Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and learn
Who bought[1] her picture[2] lately:—some of these
Happily may take.
Bos. Well, I'll not feeze i' th' business:
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
Above all sights i' th' world.
Card. Do, and be happy. *Exit*
Bos. This fellow doth breed basilisks in's eyes,
He's nothing else but murder; yet he seems
Not to have notice of the duchess' death.
'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example;
There cannot be a surer way to trace[3]
Than that of an old fox.

[*Enter* JULIA *with a pistol*]

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.
Bos. How now?
Julia. Nay, the doors are fast enough:
Now, sir, I will make you confess your treachery.
Bos. Treachery!
Julia. Yes, confess to me
Which of my women 'twas you hired to put
Love-powder into my drink?
Bos. Love-powder!
Julia. Yes, when I was at Malfi.
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?
I have already suffered for thee so much pain,
The only remedy to do me good,
Is to kill my longing.
Bos. Sure your pistol holds
Nothing but perfumes, or kissing-comfits.[4] Excellent lady!
You have a pretty way on't to discover
Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you,
And arm you thus: yet this is wondrous strange.
Julia. Compare thy form and my eyes together,
You'll find my love no such great miracle. Now you'll say
I am wanton: this nice modesty in ladies
Is but a troublesome familiar[5]
That haunts them.

[1] Q. *brought.*
[2] The Duchess's.
[3] Follow.
[4] Sweets for the breath.
[5] Spirit.

Bos. Know you me, I am a blunt soldier.
Julia. The better;
Sure, there wants fire, where there are no lively sparks
Of roughness.
Bos. And I want[1] compliment.
Julia. Why, ignorance
In courtship cannot make you do amiss,
If you have a heart to do well.
Bos. You are very fair. 180
Julia. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty.
Bos. Your bright eyes
Carry a quiver of darts in them, sharper
Than sunbeams.
Julia. You will mar me with commendation,
Put yourself to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woo you.
Bos. [*aside*] I have it; I will work upon this creature.—
Let us grow most amorously familiar:
If the great Cardinal now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villain? 190
Julia. No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you;
For if I see and steal a diamond,
The fault is not i' th' stone, but in me the thief
That purloins it. I am sudden with you:
We that are great women of pleasure, use to cut off
These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,
And in an instant join the sweet delight
And the pretty excuse together. Had you been i' th' street,
Under my chamber window, even there 200
I should have courted you.
Bos. O, you are an excellent lady!
Julia. Bid me to do somewhat for you presently,
To express I love you.
Bos. I will, and if you love me,
Fail not to effect it.
The Cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy:
Demand the cause, let him not put you off
With feigned excuse; discover the main ground on't.

[1] Wanting.

Julia. Why would you know this?
Bos. I have depended on him,
And I hear that he is fall'n in some disgrace
With the emperor; if he be, like the mice 211
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependence.
Julia. You shall not need follow the wars:
I'll be your maintenance.
Bos. And I your loyal servant;
But I cannot leave my calling.
Julia. Not leave an
Ungrateful general, for the love of a sweet lady!
You are like some cannot sleep in feather beds,
But must have blocks for their pillows.
Bos. Will you do this?
Julia. Cunningly. 220
Bos. To-morrow, I'll expect th' intelligence.
Julia. To-morrow! get you into my cabinet;
You shall have it with you. Do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemned; I have my pardon promised,
But I would see it sealed. Go, get you in:
You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart,
Like a skein of silk. [*Exit* Bosola]

[*Enter* Cardinal *and* Servants]

Card. Where are you?
Serv. Here.
Card. Let none upon your lives 229
Have conference with the prince Ferdinand,
Unless I know it. [*Aside*] In this distraction,
[*Exeunt Servants*]
He may reveal the murder.—
Yond's my lingering consumption:
I am weary of her, and by any means
Would be quit of.
Julia. How now, my lord, what ails you?
Card. Nothing.
Julia. O, you are much altered!
Come, I must be your secretary,[1] and remove
This lead from off your bosom: what's the matter?
Card. I may not tell you.
Julia. Are you so far in love with sorrow,

[1] Sharer of your secrets.

You cannot part with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace when you are sad
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have been a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?
Card. Satisfy thy longing;
The only way to make thee keep my counsel
Is not to tell thee.
Julia. Tell your echo this,
Or flatterers, that like echoes still report
What they hear though most imperfect, and not me;
For, if that you be true unto yourself,
I'll know.
Card. Will you rack me?[1]
Julia. No, judgment shall
Draw it from you: it is an equal fault,
To tell one's secrets unto all or none.
Card. The first argues folly.
Julia. But the last tyranny.
Card. Very well; why, imagine I have committed
Some secret deed, which I desire the world
May never hear of.
Julia. Therefore may not I know it?
You have concealed for me as great a sin
As adultery. Sir, never was occasion
For perfect trial of my constancy
Till now: sir, I beseech you—
Card. You'll repent it.
Julia. Never.
Card. It hurries thee to ruin: I'll not tell thee.
Be well advised, and think what danger 'tis
To receive a prince's secrets: they that do,
Had need have their breasts hooped with adamant
To contain them. I pray thee yet be satisfied;
Examine thine own frailty; 'tis more easy
To tie knots, than unloose them: 'tis a secret
That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven years hence.
Julia. Now you dally with me.
Card. No more, thou shalt know it.
By my appointment, the great Duchess of Malfi,
And two of her young children, four nights since,
Were strangled.

[1] Torture me.

Julia. O heaven! sir, what have you done?
Card. How now! how settles this? think you your bosom
Will be a grave dark and obscure enough
For such a secret?
Julia. You have undone yourself, sir.
Card. Why?
Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it.
Card. No!
Come, I will swear you to't upon this book.
Julia. Most religiously.
Card. Kiss it.
[*She kisses the book*]
Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poisoned with that book;
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,
I have bound thee to 't by death.

[*Enter* Bosola]

Bos. For pity sake, hold!
Card. Ha, Bosola!
Julia. I forgive you
This equal piece of justice you have done;
For I betrayed your counsel to that fellow:
He overhead it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceal it.
Bos. O foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poisoned him?
Julia. 'Tis weakness,
Too much to think what should have been done. I go,
I know not whither. [*Dies*]
Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?
Bos. That I might find a great man, like yourself,
Not out of his wits, as the lord Ferdinand,
To remember my service.
Card. I'll have thee hewed in pieces.
Bos. Make not yourself such a promise of that life,
Which is not yours to dispose of.
Card. Who placed thee here?
Bos. Her lust, as she intended.
Card. Very well:
Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.
Bos. And wherefore should you lay fair marble colors[1]
Upon your rotten purposes to me?

[1] Paint woodwork to imitate marble.

Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i' th' graves
Of those were actors in't?
Card. No more;
There is a fortune attends thee.
Bos. Shall I go sue to fortune any longer?
'Tis the fool's pilgrimage. 311
Card. I have honors in store for thee.
Bos. There are a many ways that conduct to seeming
Honor, and some of them very dirty ones.
Card. Throw to the devil
Thy melancholy. The fire burns well;
What need we keep a stirring of't, and make
A greater smother? thou wilt kill Antonio?
Bos. Yes.
Card. Take up that body.
Bos. I think I shall
Shortly grow the common bier for churchyards. 320
Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants,
To aid thee in the murder.
Bos. O, by no means. Physicians that apply horse-leeches to any rank swelling, use to cut off their tails, that the blood may run through them the faster. Let me have no train when I go to shed blood, lest it make me have a greater when I ride to the gallows.
Card. Come to me after midnight, to help to remove that body 330
To her own lodging: I'll give out she died o'th' plague;
'Twill breed the less inquiry after her death.
Bos. Where's Castruccio, her husband?
Card. He's rod[e] to Naples, to take possession
Of Antonio's citadel.
Bos. Believe me, you have done a very happy turn.
Card. Fail not to come: there is the master-key
Of our lodgings; and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you.
Bos. You shall find me ready.
Exit [Cardinal]
O poor Antonio, though nothing be so needful 340
To thy estate, as pity, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my footing:
In such slippery ice-pavements, men had need
To be frost-nailed well, they may break their necks else;
The [precedent's] [1] here afore me. How this man
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! why, 'tis well:
Security some men call the suburbs of hell.
Only a dead wall between. Well, good Antonio,
I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach 350
Of these most cruel biters, that have got
Some of thy blood already. It may be,
I'll join with thee, in a most just revenge:
The weakest arm is strong enough, that strikes
With the sword of justice. Still methinks the duchess
Haunts me: there, there!—'tis nothing but my melancholy.
O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,
That throws men down, only to raise them up! *Exit*

SCENA III

[*Milan, a Fortification*]

[*Enter*] Antonio *and* Delio. *Echo from the Duchess' grave*

Delio. Yond's the Cardinal's window. This fortification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
And to yond's side o' th' river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard,
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have supposed it is a spirit
That answers.
Ant. I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them, but we set 10
Our foot upon some reverend history:
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred
Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to't,

[1] Qq. *president's.*

They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday; but all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.
Echo. *Like death that we have.*
Delio. Now the echo hath caught you.
Ant. It groaned, methought, and gave
A very deadly accent.
Echo. *Deadly accent.*
Delio. I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow.
Echo. *A thing of sorrow.*
Ant. Ay, sure, that suits it best.
Echo. *That suits it best.*
Ant. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.
Echo. *Ay, wife's voice.*
Delio. Come, let's walk farther from't.
I would not have you go to th' Cardinal's to-night:
Do not.
Echo. *Do not.*
Delio. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow,
Than time: take time for't; be mindful of thy safety.
Echo. *Be mindful of thy safety.*
Ant. Necessity compels me:
Make scrutiny throughout the pass[ag]es
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate.
Echo. *O fly your fate!*
Delio. Hark! the dead stones seem to have pity on you,
And give you good counsel.
Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.
Echo. *Thou art a dead thing.*
Ant. My duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly: O heaven,
Shall I never see her more?
Echo. *Never see her more.*
Ant. I marked not one repetition of the echo
But that; and on the sudden, a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.
Delio. Your fancy merely.
Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague,
For to live thus, is not indeed to live;
It is a mockery and abuse of life:
I will not henceforth save myself by halves;
Lose all, or nothing.
Delio. Your own virtue save you!
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you:
It may be that the sight of his own blood
Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget
The more compassion. However, fare you well.
Though in our miseries fortune have a part,
Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none;
Contempt of pain, that[1] we may call our own. *Exe[unt]*

SCENA IV

[A galleried Apartment in the Cardinal's Palace]

[*Enter*] CARDINAL, PESCARA, MALATESTE, RODERIGO, GRISOLAN

Card. You shall not watch to-night by the sick prince;
His grace is very well recoverèd.
Mal. Good my lord, suffer[2] us.
Card. O, by no means:
The noise and change of object in his eye
Doth more distract him: I pray, all to bed;
And though you hear him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you.
Pes. So, sir; we shall not.
Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honors, for I was enjoined to't
By himself; and he seemed to urge it sensibly.
Pes. Let our honors bind this trifle.
Card. Nor any of your followers.
Mal. Neither.
Card. It may be, to make trial of your promise,
When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
And feign myself in danger.
Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.
Card. Why, I thank you.
Gris. 'Twas a foul storm to-night.[3]
Rod. The lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like an osier.

[1] That alone. [2] Permit. [3] Last night.

Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the devil,
To rock his own child.
Exeunt [*all but the* CARDINAL]
Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging. O my conscience!
I would pray now; but the devil takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this hour I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body: when he hath served my turn,
He dies. *Exit*

[*Enter* BOSOLA]

Bos. Ha! 'twas the Cardinal's voice; I heard him name
Bosola and my death: listen, I hear one's footing.

[*Enter* FERDINAND]

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.
Bos. [*aside*] Nay then, I see I must stand upon my guard.
Ferd. What say to that? whisper softly; do you agree to't? So, it must be done i' th' dark; the Cardinal would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. *Exit*
Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murder.
We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cured with death.

[*Enter* ANTONIO *and* Servant]

Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark lantern. *Exit*
Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.
Bos. Fall right my sword:
I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray. [*Stabs* ANTONIO]
Ant. O, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit
In a minute.
Bos. What art thou?
Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself.

[*Re-enter* Servant *with a light*]

Serv. Where are you, sir?
Ant. Very near my home.—Bosola!
Serv. O misfortune!
Bos. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else.—Antonio!
The man I would have saved 'bove mine own life!
We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded[1]
Which way please them. O good Antonio,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear,
Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair duchess
And two sweet children—
Ant. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.
Bos. Are murdered.
Ant. Some men have wished to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do't,[2] in sadness:[3] I would not now
Wish my wounds balmed nor healed, for I have no use
To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blown in th' air.
Pleasure of life, what is't? only the good hours
Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation. I do not ask
The process of my death; only commend me
To Delio.
Bos. Break, heart!
Ant. And let my son fly the courts of princes. [*Dies*]
Bos. Thou seem'st to have loved Antonio?
Serv. I brought him hither,
To have reconciled him to the Cardinal.
Bos. I do not ask thee that:
Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge.—O my fate moves swift!
I have this Cardinal in the forge already,
Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O direful misprison![4]

[1] Bandied. [2] Die. [3] Verily. [4] Mistake.

I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base; I'll be mine own example.—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st.[1] *Exeunt*

SCENA V

[*The Same*]

[*Enter*] CARDINAL, *with a book*

Card. I am puzzled in a question about hell:
He says, in hell there's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by.[2] How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fishponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.—

[*Enter* BOSOLA, *and* Servant *bearing* ANTONIO'S *body*]

Now, art thou come?
Thou look'st ghastly;
There sits in thy face some great determination,
Mixed with some fear.
Bos. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.
Card. Ha! help! our guard!
Bos. Thou art deceived;
They are out of thy howling.
Card. Hold; and I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.
Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.
Card. Raise the watch! we are betrayed!
Bos. I have confined your flight:
I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further.
Card. Help! we are betrayed!

[*Enter* MALATESTE, PESCARA, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN, *above*]

Mal. Listen!
Card. My dukedom for rescue!
Rod. Fie upon his counterfeiting!
Mal. Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.
Rod. Yes, yes, 'tis he:
But I'll see him hanged ere I'll go down to him.
Card. Here's a plot upon me; I am assaulted! I am lost,
Unless some rescue!
Gris. He doth this pretty well;
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honor.
Card. The sword's at my throat!
Rod. You would not bawl so loud then.
Mal. Come, come, let's go to bed: he told us this much aforehand.
Pes. He wished you should not come at him; but believe't,
The accent of the voice sounds not in jest:
I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doors. [*Exit above*]
Rod. Let's follow him aloof,
And note how the Cardinal will laugh at him.

[*Exeunt above,* MALATESTE, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN]

Bos. There's for you first,
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door
To let in rescue. *He kills the Servant*
Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?
Bos. Look there.
Card. Antonio!
Bos. Slain by my hand unwittingly:
Pray, and be sudden: when thou killed'st thy sister,
Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,
And left her nought but her sword.
Card. O mercy!
Bos. Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;
For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity
Can drive thee: I'll not waste longer time; there! [*Stabs him*]
Card. Thou hast hurt me.
Bos. Again!
Card. Shall I die like a leveret,[1]
Without any resistance? Help, help, help!
I am slain!

[*Enter* FERDINAND]

Ferd. Th' alarum! give me a fresh horse;
Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost!

[1] Be as silent as the body you are bearing.
[2] Perhaps these words are a stage direction.

[1] Rabbit.

Yield, yield: I give you the honors of arms,
Shake my sword over you; will you yield?
Card. Help me, I am your brother!
Ferd. The devil!
My brother fight upon the adverse party!
He wounds the CARDINAL, *and, in the scuffle, gives* BOSOLA *his death wound*
There flies your ransom. 60
Card. O justice!
I suffer now for what hath former been:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.
Ferd. Now you're brave fellows. Cæsar's fortune was harder than Pompey's; Cæsar died in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of disgrace. You both died in the field. The pain's nothing: pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the toothache with the sight 70 of a barber that comes to pull it out: there's philosophy for you.
Bos. Now my revenge is perfect. Sink, thou main cause
He kills FERDINAND
Of my undoing. The last part of my life
Hath done me best service.
Ferd. Give me some wet hay, I am broken-winded.
I do account this world but a dog-kennel:
I will vault credit[1] and affect high pleasures,
Beyond death.
Bos. He seems to come to himself,
Now he's so near the bottom. 80
Ferd. My sister, O my sister! there's the cause on't.
Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust. [*Dies*]
Card. Thou hast thy payment too.
Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;
'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

[*Enter below* PESCARA *and the others*]

Pes. How now, my lord!
Mal. O sad disaster!
Rod. How comes this? 90

[1] Surpass belief.

Bos. Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi, murdered
By the Arragonian brethren; for Antonio,
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia,
Poisoned by [t]his man; and lastly for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all
Much 'gainst mine own good nature,[1] yet i' th' end
Neglected.
Pes. How now, my lord!
Card. Look to my brother:
He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
Here i' th' rushes.[2] And now, I pray, let me
Be laid by and never thought of. [*Dies*]
Pes. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand 101
His own rescue!
Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death?
Bos. In a mist: I know not how:
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play. O, I am gone!
We are only like dead walls, or vaulted graves,
That ruined, yields no echo. Fare you well.
It may be pain, but no harm to me to die,
In so good a quarrel. O this gloomy world!
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness, 111
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live!
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just:
Mine is another voyage. [*Dies*]
Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to th' palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and showed me
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

[*Enter* DELIO, *and* ANTONIO'S SON]

Mal. O sir, you come too late!
Delio. I heard so, and
Was armed for't, ere I came. Let us make noble use 120
Of this great ruin; and join all our force
To establish this young hopeful gentleman
In's mother's right. These wretched eminent things

[1] Natural disposition.
[2] With which the floors were habitually strewn.

Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a frost,[1] and leave his print in snow:
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men,
As when she's pleased to make them lords of truth:
Integrity of life is fame's best friend, 130
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.

Exeunt

[1] Slip on the ice.

THE CHANGELING:

As it was Acted (with great Applauſe) at the Privat houſe in DRURY-LANE, and *Salisbury Court.*

Written by { *THOMAS MIDLETON,* and *WILLIAM ROWLET.* } Gent.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,
Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the ſign of the *Princes-Arms* in St *Pauls* Church-yard, 1653.

The Changeling was not printed until 1653 and a second quarto, that of 1668, appears to be no more than an issue of the same sheets with a new title page. This tragedy was on the stage at least as early as 1623. The general source for the story of Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores is to be found in the fourth history of the first book of John Reynolds' *Triumph of God's Revenge Against Murder*, 1621, and Professor Baker has pointed out parallels for certain details in old French story (*Journal of Comparative Literature*, I, p. 878). The underplot of *The Changeling* has not been traced. The collaboration of Middleton and Rowley in this play has resulted in a finer work than either apparently could have produced alone. Rowley is supposed to have written the whole of the underplot, together with the opening and closing scenes of the main plot, the rest being Middleton's (P. G. Wiggin *The Middleton-Rowley Plays*).

Thomas Middleton was born about 1570 in London and educated chiefly at Gray's Inn. He became a pamphleteer and writer of city pageants as well as a writer of plays and held latterly the post of chronologer to the city of London. Middleton is found earliest in drama writing for the Admiral's men and in association with Dekker, with whom he wrote *Westward Ho* and *Northward Ho*, comedies of London low life, as well as the fine serious domestic drama in two parts, *The Honest Whore*. His collaboration with William Rowley, who, born in 1585, was fifteen years his junior, appears to have arisen out of Rowley's abilities as an actor on the stage in acting good-humored clownish parts. Rowley wrote little alone, but in connection with Middleton and about 1616, after Shakespeare's death, the two produced several powerful works. *The Spanish Gipsy, A Fair Quarrel, Women Beware Women* are the best of them after *The Changeling*. Rowley was alive in 1625 when the accession of King Charles brought a new patent to the King's men, among whom he then figured. Middleton died in 1627.

The complete works of Middleton were reprinted by A. H. Bullen, 8 vols., 1885-1886. No separate edition of the plays in which William Rowley had a hand has been collected. Two of his unaided plays were reprinted by C. W. Stork, 1910. *Publications of the University of Pennsylvania.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VERMANDERO, [*Governor of the Castle of Alicant,*] *Father to Beatrice*
TOMASO DE PIRACQUO, *a noble Lord*
ALONZO DE PIRACQUO, *his brother, suitor to Beatrice*
ALSEMERO, *a Nobleman, afterwards married to Beatrice*
JASPERINO, *his Friend*
ALIBIUS, *a jealous Doctor*
LOLLIO, *his Man*
PEDRO, *Friend to Antonio*
ANTONIO, *the Changeling*[1]
FRANCISCUS, *a counterfeit Madman*
DE FLORES, *Servant to Vermandero*
MADMEN
SERVANTS
BEATRICE-[JOANNA], *Daughter to Vermandero*
DIAPHANTA, *her Waiting-woman*
ISABELLA, *Wife to Alibius*

SCENE: *Alicant*

[1] A changeling was the defective being left in place of a child stolen by the fairies. In this play Antonio, who pretends imbecility, is the changeling.

THE CHANGELING

Thomas Middleton and William Rowley

ACTUS PRIMUS, [SCENA I]

[*A Street*]

Enter Alsemero

Als. 'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,
And now again the same: what omen yet
Follows of that? none but imaginary;
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?
The place is holy, so is my intent:
I love her beauties to the holy purpose;
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place blessed,[1]
And is his right home back, if he achieve it.
The church hath first begun our interview,
And that's the place must join us into one;
So there's beginning and perfection too.

Enter Jasperino

Jas. O sir, are you here? come, the wind's fair with you;
Y'are like to have a swift and pleasant passage.
Als. Sure, y'are deceived, friend, it is contrary,
In my best judgment.
Jas. What, for Malta?
If you could buy a gale amongst the witches,[2]
They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth[3]
As comes a' God's name.
Als. Even now I observed
The temple's vane to turn full in my face;
I know 'tis against me.
Jas. Against you?
Then you know not where you are.
Als. Not well, indeed.
Jas. Are you not well, sir?
Als. Yes, Jasperino,
Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not.
Jas. And that
I begin to doubt,[1] sir: I never knew
Your inclination to travel at a pause,
With any cause to hinder it, till now.
Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
And help to trap your horses for the speed;[2]
At sea I have seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
Be in continual prayers for fair winds;
And have you changed your orisons?
Als. No, friend;
I keep the same church, same devotion.
Jas. Lover I'm sure y'are none; the stoic was
Found in you long ago; your mother
Nor best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay,[3]
And choice ones too, could never trap you that way:
What might be the cause?
Als. Lord, how violent
Thou art! I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.
Jas. Is this
Violence? 'tis but idleness compared
With your haste yesterday.
Als. I'm all this while
A-going, man.
Jas. Backwards, I think, sir. Look, your servants.

Enter Servants

1 *Ser.* The seamen call; shall we board your trunks?
Als. No, not to-day.
Jas. 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and the sign in Aquarius.[4]

[1] Paradise.
[2] A common belief. See *Macbeth*, I, iii.
[3] Lucky bargain.

[1] Fear.
[2] To hurry them.
[3] *Ay* begins the next line in Q.
[4] Hence propitious for sailing.

2 *Ser.* We must not to sea to-day; this smoke will bring forth fire.

Als. Keep all on shore; I do not know the end,
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea.

1 *Ser.* Well, your pleasure.

2 *Ser.* Let him e'en take his leisure too; we are safer on land. Servants *exeunt*

Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, *and* Servants. [ALSEMERO *accosts* BEATRICE *and then kisses her*]

Jas. [*aside*] How now? the laws of the Medes are changed sure: salute a woman! he kisses too; wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it perfectly too; in my conscience,[1] he ne'er rehearsed it before. Nay, go on; this will be stranger and better news at Valencia than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk.[2]

Beat. You are a scholar, sir?

Als. A weak one, lady.

Beat. Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

Als. From your tongue I take it to be music.

Beat. You are skilful in't, can sing at first sight.

Als. And I have showed you all my skill at once;
I want more words to express me further,
And must be forced to repetition;
I love you dearly.

Beat. Be better advised, sir:
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,
And should give certain judgment what they see;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgments find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.

Als. But I am further, lady; yesterday
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
They brought my judgment, where are both agreed:
Both houses[3] then consenting, 'tis agreed;
Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand royal; that's your part, lady.

Beat. O, there's one above me, sir.—[*Aside*] For five days past
To be recalled! sure mine eyes were mistaken;
This was the man was meant me: that he should come
So near his time, and miss it!

Jas. We might have come by the carriers from Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-provision; we are at farthest sure: methinks I should do something too;
I mean to be a venturer[1] in this voyage:
Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her;
If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail.
[*Accosts* DIAPHANTA]

Enter DE FLORES

De F. Lady, your father—

Beat. Is in health, I hope.

De F. Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady;
He's coming hitherward.

Beat. What needed then
Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected; you must stale[2]
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing;
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

De F. [*aside*] Will't never mend, this scorn,
One side nor other? must I be enjoined
To follow still[3] whilst she flies from me? Well,
Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger: I knew she had
Rather see me dead than living; and yet
She knows no cause for't but a peevish will.

Als. You seemed displeased, lady, on the sudden.

Beat. Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity;
Nor can I other reason render you,
Than his or hers, of some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.[4]

[1] To my knowledge.
[2] Then the master of Greece.
[3] The Lords and Commons.

[1] Sharer. [2] Spoil. [3] Ever.
[4] A fabulous beast which it was death to behold.

Als. This is a frequent frailty in our nature; 121
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found
But hath his imperfection: one distastes[1]
The scent of roses, which to infinites[2]
Most pleasing is and odoriferous;
One oil, the enemy of poison;
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart
And lively refresher of the countenance:
Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general;
There's scarce a thing but is both loved and loathed: 130
Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.
Beat. And what may be your poison, sir? I'm bold with you.
Als. What might be your desire, perhaps; a cherry.
Beat. I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon gentleman.
Als. He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.
Beat. He cannot be ignorant of that, sir,
I have not spared to tell him so; and I want
To help myself,[3] since he's a gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows him. 140
Als. He's out of his place then, now.
[*They talk apart*]
Jas. I am a mad wag, wench.
Dia. So methinks; but for your comfort, I can tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the care of such.
Jas. Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.
Dia. 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe. 149
Jas. I could show thee such a thing with an ingredience[4] that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.
Dia. A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep.
Jas. Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there: poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo-what-you-call't another: I'll discover no more now; another time I'll show thee all. [*Exit*] 161
Beat. My father, sir.

[1] Dislikes. [2] Many.
[3] I fail to get myself out of the difficulty.
[4] Mixture.

Enter VERMANDERO *and* Servants

Ver. O Joanna, I came to meet thee;
Your devotion's ended?
Beat. For this time, sir.—
[*Aside*] I shall change my saint,[1] I fear me; I find
A giddy turning in me.—Sir, this while
I am beholding to this gentleman, who
Left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle; he hath deserved it, sir,
If ye please to grant it.
Ver. With all my heart, sir: 170
Yet there's an article[2] between; I must know
Your country; we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers; our citadels
Are placed conspicuous to outward view,
On promonts'[3] tops, but within are secrets.
Als. A Valencian, sir.
Ver. A Valencian?
That's native, sir: of what name, I beseech you?
Als. Alsemero, sir.
Ver. Alsemero? not the son
Of John de Alsemero?
Als. The same, sir.
Ver. My best love bids you welcome.
Beat. [*aside*] He was wont 180
To call me so, and then[4] he speaks a most
Unfeignèd truth.
Ver. O sir, I knew your father;
We two were in acquaintance long ago,
Before our chins were worth iulan down,[5]
And so continued till the stamp of time
Had coined us into silver: well, he's gone;
A good soldier went with him.
Als. You went together in that, sir.
Ver. No, by Saint Jacques, I came behind him;
Yet I have done somewhat too: an unhappy day 190
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar,
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders;
Was it not so?
Als. Whose death I had revenged,
Or followed him in fate, had not the late league[6]

[1] The object of my devotion, lover.
[2] Proviso. [3] Promontories'. [4] When he does.
[5] The first growth of the beard. *Æneid*, I, 288.
[6] The armistice of 1612.

Prevented me.
Ver. Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe.—
O Joanna, I should ha' told thee news;
I saw Piracquo lately.
Beat. That's ill news.
Ver. He's hot preparing for his[1] day of triumph:
Thou must be a bride within this seven-night.
Als. [*aside*] Ha!
Beat. Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with speed
I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity, whom I thus long have lived with,
And part with it so rude and suddenly;
Can such friends divide, never to meet again,
Without a solemn farewell?
Ver. Tush, tush! there's a toy.[2]
Als. [*aside*] I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth.—Sir, your pardon;
My affairs call on me.
Ver. How, sir? by no means:
Not changed so soon, I hope? you must see my castle,
And her best entertainment, e'er we part,
I shall think myself unkindly used else.
Come, come, let's on; I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Alicant;
I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding.
Als. [*aside*] He means to feast me, and poisons me beforehand.—
I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.
Beat. I shall be sorry if you be not there
When it is done, sir; but not so suddenly.
Ver. I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,
A courtier and a gallant, enrichèd
With many fair and noble ornaments;
I would not change him for a son-in-law
For any he in Spain, the proudest he,
And we have great ones, that you know.
Als. He's much
Bound to you, sir.
Ver. He shall be bound to me
As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want
My will[3] else.

[1] Q. *this.* [2] Trifle.
[3] Fail in my purpose.

Beat. [*aside*] I shall want mine, if you do it.
Ver. But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him.
Als. [*aside*] How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
When he discharges murderers[1] at the gate?
But I must on, for back I cannot go.
Beat. [*aside*] Not this serpent gone yet?
[*Drops a glove*][2]
Ver. Look, girl, thy glove's fallen.
Stay, stay; De Flores, help a little.
[*Exeunt* VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO, *and* Servants]
De F. Here, lady.
[*Offers her the glove*]
Beat. Mischief on your officious forwardness;
Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no more:
There! for t' other's sake I part with this;
[*Takes off and throws down the other glove*]
Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with 'em![3]
Exit [*with* DIAPHANTA *and* Servants]
De F. Here's a favor come with a mischief now! I know
She had rather wear my pelt[4] tanned in a pair
Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers
Into her sockets here. I know she hates me,
Yet cannot choose but love her: no matter,
If but to vex her, I will haunt her still;
Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will.
Exit

[SCENA II]

[*A Room in the House of Alibius*]

Enter ALIBIUS *and* LOLLIO

Alib. Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.
Lol. I was ever close to a secret, sir.
Alib. The diligence that I have found in thee,

[1] Cannon.
[2] For Alsemero to pick up or possibly only in confusion at the sight of De Flores.
[3] Q. *um* in both cases.
[4] Skin.

The care and industry already past,
Assures me of thy good continuance.
Lollio, I have a wife.

Lol. Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret; she's known to be married all the town and country over. 10

Alib. Thou goest too fast, my Lollio; that knowledge
I allow no man can be barred it;
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio.

Lol. Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I.

Alib. 'Tis that I go about, man: Lollio,
My wife is young.

Lol. So much the worse to be kept secret, sir. 20

Alib. Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the point;
I am old, Lollio.

Lol. No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollio.

Alib. Yet why may not this concord and sympathize?
Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

Lol. Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young plants.

Alib. Shrewd application! there's the fear, man; 30
I would wear my ring on my own finger:
Whilst it is borrowed, it is none of mine,
But his that useth it.

Lol. You must keep it on still[1] then: if it but lie by, one or other will be thrusting into't.

Alib. Thou conceiv'st me, Lollio; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment; I cannot always be
At home.

Lol. I dare swear you cannot. 40

Alib. I must look out.

Lol. I know't, you must look out, 'tis every man's case.

Alib. Here, I do say, must thy employment be;
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

Lol. I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jealous of.

Alib. Thy reason for that, Lollio? it is 50
A comfortable question.

Lol. We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that's fools[1] and madmen; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

Alib. Ay, those are all my patients, Lollio;
I do profess the cure of either sort,
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it;
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift; 60
The daily visitants, that come to see
My brainsick patients, I would not have
To see my wife: gallants I do observe
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely:
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollio.

Lol. They may be easily answered, sir; if they come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone; she's of neither sort. 70

Alib. 'Tis a good ward;[2] indeed, come they to see
Our madmen or our fools, let 'em[3] see no more
Than what they come for; by that consequent
They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool.

Lol. And I'm sure she's no madman.

Alib. Hold that buckler fast; Lollio, my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
What hour is't, Lollio?

Lol. Towards belly-hour, sir.

Alib. Dinner-time? thou mean'st twelve o'clock? 80

Lol. Yes, sir, for every part has his hour: we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg-hour; at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose,[4] that's nose hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour.

Alib. Profoundly, Lollio! it will be long 90
Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and
I did look to have a new one entered;—stay,
I think my expectation is come home.

[1] Always.

[1] Idiots.
[2] Defence.
[3] *Q. um.*
[4] Make ourselves comfortable.

Enter PEDRO, *and* ANTONIO *as an idiot*

Ped. Save you, sir; my business speaks itself,
This sight takes off the labor of my tongue.
Alib. Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you mean him for my patient.
Ped. And if your pains prove but commodious,[1] to give but some little strength to the sick and weak part of nature in him, these are [*gives him money*] but patterns to show you of the whole pieces that will follow to you, beside the charge of diet, washing, and other necessaries, fully defrayed.
Alib. Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.
Lol. Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something; the trouble will pass through my hands.
Ped. 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir. [*Gives him money*]
Lol. Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet,[2] and read to him: what is his name?
Ped. His name is Antonio; marry, we use but half to him, only Tony.
Lol. Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool.—What's your name, Tony?
Ant. He, he, he! well, I thank you, cousin; he, he, he!
Lol. Good boy! hold up your head.—He can laugh;
I perceive by that he is no beast.[3]
Ped. Well, sir,
If you can raise him out to any height,
Any degree of wit; might he attain,
As I might say, to creep but on all four
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches,
'Twould add an honor to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heir, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own: assure you, sir,
He is a gentleman.
Lol. Nay, there's nobody doubted that; at first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet.
Ped. Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.
Lol. As good as my mistress lies in, sir; and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.
Ped. Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.
Lol. He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a magnifico.
Ped. O no, that's not to be expected; far shorter will be enough.
Lol. I'll warrant you I'll make him fit to bear office in five weeks; I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of a constable.[1]
Ped. If it be lower than that, it might serve turn.
Lol. No, fie; to level him with a headborough,[2] beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is: constable I'll able him;[3] if he do come to be a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper: or I'll go further with you; say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself.
Ped. Why, there I would have it.
Lol. Well, go to; either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.
Ped. Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.
Lol. Yes, you may; yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too; remember what state[4] you find me in.
Ped. I will, and so leave you: your best cares, I beseech you. [*Exit* PEDRO]
Alib. Take home none with you, leave 'em all with us.
Ant. O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!
Lol. Peace, peace, Tony; you must not cry, child, you must be whipped if you do; your cousin is here still; I am your cousin, Tony.
Ant. He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin; he, he, he!
Lol. I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.
Alib. Ay, do, Lollio, do.
Lol. I must ask him easy questions at first.—Tony, how many true[5] fingers has a tailor on his right hand?
Ant. As many as on his left, cousin.
Lol. Good: and how many on both?
Ant. Two less than a deuce, cousin.

[1] Beneficial. [2] Clean. [3] A classical belief.

[1] Considered proverbially stupid.
[2] Constable of a small town.
[3] I'll give him the wit of a constable.
[4] Position of trust.
[5] Honest.

Lol. Very well answered: I come to you again, cousin Tony; how many fools goes to[1] a wise man?

Ant. Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.

Lol. Forty in a day? how prove you that?

Ant. All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends.

Lol. A parlous[2] fool! he must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that.—I come again, Tony; how many knaves make an honest man?

Ant. I know not that, cousin.

Lol. No, the question is too hard for you: I'll tell you, cousin; there's three knaves may make an honest man, a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle; the sergeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin.

Alib. This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollio.

Lol. Yes, this might have served yourself, though I say't.—Once more and you shall go play, Tony.

Ant. Ay, play at push-pin,[3] cousin; ha, he!

Lol. So thou shalt: say how many fools are here—

Ant. Two, cousin; thou and I.

Lol. Nay, y'are too forward there, Tony: mark my question; how many fools and knaves are here: a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave; how many fools, how many knaves?

Ant. I never learnt so far, cousin.

Alib. Thou puttest too hard questions to him, Lollio.

Lol. I'll make him understand it easily.—Cousin, stand there.

Ant. Ay, cousin.

Lol. Master, stand you next the fool.

Alib. Well, Lollio.

Lol. Here's my place: mark now, Tony, there's a fool before a knave.

Ant. That's I, cousin.

Lol. Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I; and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my master, 'tis but we three, that's all.

Ant. We three, we three, cousin.

Madmen within

[1] Make. [2] Dangerous. [3] A child's game.

1 *Mad. Within.* Put's head i' th' pillory, he breeds too little.

2 *Mad. Within.* Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow.

3 *Mad. Within.* Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crag.[1]

Lol. You may hear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam goes.

Alib. Peace, peace, or the wire[2] comes!

3 *Mad. Within* Cat whore, cat whore! her parmasant,[3] her parmasant!

Alib. Peace, I say!—Their hour's come, they must be fed, Lollio.

Lol. There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman; was undone by a mouse that spoiled him a parmasant; lost his wits for't.

Alib. Go to your charge, Lollio; I'll to mine.

Lol. Go you to your madman's ward, let me alone with your fools.

Alib. And remember my last charge, Lollio. *Exit*

Lol. Of which your patients do you think I am?—Come, Tony, you must amongst your schoolfellows now; there's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you; there's some of 'em at *stultus, stulta, stultum.*

Ant. I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me.

Lol. No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?

Lol. They bite at dinner indeed, Tony. Well, I hope to get credit by thee; I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself.

Exeunt

ACTUS SECUNDUS, [SCENA I]

[*An Apartment in the Castle*]

Enter BEATRICE *and* JASPERINO *severally*

Beat. O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you!
Good angels and this conduct be your guide! [*Giving a paper*]

[1] Neck. [2] Whip. [3] Parmesan cheese

Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.
Jas. The joy I shall return rewards my service. *Exit*
Beat. How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment;
Then I appear in nothing more approved
Than making choice of him; for 'tis a principle,
He that can choose 10
That bosom well who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves most discreet in every choice he makes.
Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment,
And see the way to merit, clearly see it.
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles;
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,
Which is the greatest darkness[1] falls on love;
Yet is he best discerned then
With intellectual eyesight. What's Piracquo,
My father spends his breath for? and his blessing 20
Is only mine as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Transformed into a curse: some speedy way
Must be remembered;[2] he's so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts.

Enter De Flores

De F. [*aside*] Yonder's she;
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
I can as well be hanged as refrain seeing her;
Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little,
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses, 30
To come into her sight; and I've small reason for't,
And less encouragement, for she baits me still
Every time worse than other; does profess herself
The cruelest enemy to my face in town;
At no hand can abide the sight of me,

[1] Supply *that*. [2] Thought of.

As if danger or ill-luck hung in my looks.
I must confess my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And yet endured alone, but doted on;
And yet such pick-haired[1] faces, chins like witches', 40
Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills
The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye,—
Yet such a one plucks sweets without restraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.[2]
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.
She turns her blessèd eye upon me now, 50
And I'll endure all storms before I part with't.
Beat. [*aside*] Again?
This ominous ill-faced fellow more disturbs me
Than all my other passions.[3]
De F. [*aside*] Now 't begins again;
I'll stand this storm of hail, though the stones pelt me.
Beat. Thy business? what's thy business?
De F. [*aside*] Soft and fair!
I cannot part so soon now.
Beat. [*aside*] The villain's fixed.—
Thou standing toad-pool—
De F. [*aside*] The shower falls amain now.
Beat. Who sent thee? what's thy errand? leave my sight! 60
De F. My lord, your father, charged me to deliver
A message to you.
Beat. What, another since?
Do't, and be hanged then; let me be rid of thee.
De F. True service merits mercy.
Beat. What's thy message?
De F. Let beauty settle but in patience,
You shall hear all.
Beat. A dallying, trifling torment!
De F. Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo—
Beat. Slave, when wilt make an end?

[1] Thin, irregularly bearded.
[2] For his beloved.
[3] Troubles.

De F. Too soon I shall.
Beat. What all this while of him?
De F. The said Alonzo, 70
With the foresaid Tomaso—
Beat. Yet again?
De F. Is new alighted.
Beat. Vengeance strike the news!
Thou thing most loathed, what cause was there in this
To bring thee to my sight?
De F. My lord, your father,
Charged me to seek you out.
Beat. Is there no other
To send his errand by?
De F. It seems 'tis my luck
To be i' th' way still.
Beat. Get thee from me!
De F. So.—
[*aside*] Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be railed at? I must see her still!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again, 80
I know't; and, like a common Garden-bull,[1]
I do but take breath to be lugged[2] again.
What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less,
Because there's daily precedents of bad faces
Beloved beyond all reason; these foul chops
May come into favor one day 'mongst his fellows:
Wrangling has proved the mistress of good pastime;
As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
Women have chid themselves a-bed to men.
Exit
Beat. I never see this fellow but I think 90
Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still;
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after:
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'll get him quite discarded. O, I was
Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
To bear down all my comforts!

Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, [*and*] TOMASO

Ver. You're both welcome,
But an especial one[3] belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
Th' addition[4] of a son, our son Alonzo. 100

[1] Bull at Paris Garden on the Bankside where bulls were baited.
[2] Dragged. [3] Welcome. [4] Title.

Alon. The treasury of honor cannot bring forth
A title I should more rejoice in, sir.
Ver. You have improved it well.—Daughter, prepare;
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.
Beat. [*aside*] Howe'er, I will be sure to keep the night,[1]
If it should come so near me.
[BEATRICE *and* VERMANDERO *talk apart*]
Tom. Alonzo!
Alon. Brother?
Tom. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.
Alon. Fie, you are too severe a censurer[2]
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you;[3]
If lovers should mark everything a fault, 110
Affection would be like an ill-set[4] book,
Whose faults[5] might prove as big as half the volume.
Beat. That's all I do entreat.
Ver. It is but reasonable;
I'll see what my son says to't.—Son Alonzo,
Here is a motion made but to reprieve
A maidenhead three days longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching.
Alon. Though my joys
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it, 120
The time is set as pleasing as before,
I find no gladness wanting.
Ver. May I ever
Meet it in that point still! you're nobly welcome, sirs.
Exeunt VER. *and* BEAT.
Tom. So; did you mark the dullness of her parting now?
Alon. What dullness? thou art so exceptious[6] still!
Tom. Why, let it go then; I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.
Alon. Where's the oversight?
Tom. Come, your faith's cozened[7] in her, strongly cozened:
Unsettle your affection with all speed 130

[1] Watch.
[2] Judge.
[3] Getting you to concede anything.
[4] Ill printed. [6] Captious.
[5] *Errata.* [7] Cheated.

Wisdom can bring it to; your peace is ruined else.
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whose heart is leaped into another's bosom:
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift;
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half-father unto all thy children
In the conception; if he get 'em not,
She helps to get 'em for him;[1] and how dangerous
And shameful her restraint may go in time to, 140
It is not to be thought on without sufferings.
Alon. You speak as if she loved some other, then.
Tom. Do you apprehend so slowly?
Alon. Nay, and that
Be your fear only, I am safe enough:
Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,
For times of more distress; I should depart
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,
To any but thyself, that should but think
She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
Much less the use and practice: yet we're friends; 150
Pray, let no more be urged; I can endure
Much, till I meet an injury to her;
Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet brother;
How much we're bound to heaven to depart lovingly! *Exit*
Tom. Why, here is love's tame madness; thus a man
Quickly steals into his vexation. *Exit*

[SCENA II]

[*Another Apartment in the Castle*]

Enter Diaphanta *and* Alsemero

Dia. The place is my charge; you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you!
I hear my lady coming: complete[2] gentleman,
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
They're dangerous things to deal with. *Exit*
Als. This goes well;
These women are the ladies' cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em.

Enter Beatrice

Beat. I have within mine eye all my desires:
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
And brings 'em down to furnish our defects,[1]
Come not more sweet to our necessities 11
Than thou unto my wishes.
Als. W'are so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.
Beat. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! this poor kiss
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to't: how well were I now,
If there were none such name known as Piracquo!
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
I should be but too much blessed.
Als. One good service 21
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near it too,
Since you are so distressed; remove the cause,
The command ceases; so there's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast.
Beat. Pray, let me find you,[2] sir:
What might that service be, so strangely happy?
Als. The honorablest piece about man, valor:
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.
Beat. How? call you that extinguishing of fear, 30
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more, sir:
Say you prevailed, you're danger's and not mine then;
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.

[1] Q. adds *in his passions.*
[2] Perfect.

[1] Fulfil our shortcomings.
[2] Understand you.

I'm glad these thoughts come forth; O, keep not one
Of this condition, sir! here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had choked 'em. 40
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage;—
[*aside*] And now I think on one; I was to blame,
I ha' marred so good a market with my scorn;
'T had been done questionless: the ugliest creature
Creation framed for some use: yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be!
Als. Lady—
Beat. [*aside*] Why, men of art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another; where was my art?[1]
Als. Lady, you hear not me.
Beat. I do especially, sir:
The present times are not so sure of our side 50
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
Till the time opens.
Als. You teach wisdom, lady.
Beat. Within there! Diaphanta!

[*Re-*]*enter* Diaphanta

Dia. Do you call, madam?
Beat. Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman
The private way you brought him.
Dia. I shall, madam.
Als. My love's as firm as love's e'er built upon.

Ex[*eunt*] Dia. *and* Als.

Enter De Flores

De F. [*aside*] I've watched this meeting, and do wonder much
What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both
Cannot be served unless she transgress; happily[2] 60
Then I'll put in for one; for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic;
One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,
Proves in time sutler to an army royal.
Now do I look to be most richly railed at,
Yet I must see her.
Beat. [*aside*] Why, put case I loathed him
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulcher,
Must I needs show it? cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here.— 70
De Flores.
De F. [*aside*] Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
She called me fairly by my name De Flores,
And neither rogue nor rascal.
Beat. What ha' you done
To your face a' late? you've met with some good physician;
You've pruned[1] yourself, methinks: you were not wont
To look so amorously.[2]
De F. Not I;—
[*aside*] 'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,
Which she called scurvy scarce an hour ago:
How is this?
Beat. Come hither, nearer, man.
De F. [*aside*] I'm up to the chin in heaven!
Beat. Turn, let me see; 80
Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't;
I thought it had been worse.
De F. [*aside*] Her fingers touched me!
She smells all amber.[3]
Beat. I'll make a water[4] for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight.
De F. With your own hands, lady?
Beat. Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure
I'll trust no other.
De F. [*aside*] 'Tis half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me.
Beat. When w'are used
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends; 90
I see it by experience.
De F. [*aside*] I was blessed

[1] Cunning. [2] Haply.

[1] Preened, plumed. [2] Like a lover. [3] Ambergris. [4] Lotion.

To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't.
Beat. Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.
De F. 'Twould be soon seen
If e'er your ladyship had caused to use it;
I would but wish the honor of a service.
So happy as that mounts to.
Beat. We shall try you:
O my De Flores!
De F. [*aside*] How's that? she calls me hers! 90
Already, 'my De Flores!'—You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam?
Beat. No, was I?
I forgot,—O!—
De F. There 'tis again, the very fellow on't.
Beat. You are too quick, sir.
De F. There's no excuse for't now; I heard it twice, madam;
That sigh would fain have utterance: take pity on't,
And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labors
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
Beat at your bosom.
Beat. Would creation—
De F. Ay, well said, that is it.
Beat. Had formed me man! 110
De F. Nay, that's not it.
Beat. O, 'tis the soul of freedom!
I should not then be forced to marry one
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight.
De F. O blessed occasion!
Without change to your sex you have your wishes;
Claim so much man in me.
Beat. In thee, De Flores?
There is small cause for that.
De F. Put it not from me;
It is a service that I kneel for to you.
[*Kneels*]
Beat. You are too violent to mean faithfully: 120
There's horror in my service, blood, and danger;
Can those be things to sue for?
De F. If you knew
How sweet it were to me to be employed
In any act of yours, you would say then
I failed, and use not reverence enough
When I receive the charge on't.
Beat. [*aside*] This is much, methinks;
Belike his wants are greedy; and to such
Gold tastes like angel's food.—Rise.
De F. I'll have the work first.
Beat. [*aside*] Possible his need 130
Is strong upon him.—There's to encourage thee; [*Gives money*]
As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be precious.
De F. That I've thought on;
I have assured myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious; the thought ravishes!
Beat. Then take him to thy fury!
De F. I thirst for him.
Beat. Alonzo de Piracquo.
De F. [*rising*] His end's upon him;
He shall be seen no more.
Beat. How lovely now
Dost thou appear to me! never was man
Dearlier rewarded.
De F. I do think of that. 140
Beat. Be wondrous careful in the execution.
De F. Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?[1]
Beat. Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.
De F. They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.
Beat. When the deed's done,
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight;
Thou may'st live bravely in another country.
De F. Ay, ay;
We'll talk of that hereafter.
Beat. [*aside*] I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face. *Exit*
De F. O my blood! 150
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already;
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And, being pleased, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure,[2] they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em.
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em:

[1] As a throw of dice. [2] Lust.

Some women are odd feeders.—I'm too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

Enter ALONZO

Alon. De Flores.
De F. My kind, honorable lord? 160
Alon. I'm glad I ha' met with thee.
De F. Sir?
Alon. Thou can'st show me
The full strength of the castle?
De F. That I can, sir.
Alon. I much desire it.
De F. And if the ways and straits
Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you,
I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord.
Alon. Pooh, that shall be no hindrance.
De F. I'm your servant, then:
'Tis now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lordship's rising[1]
I'll have the keys about me.
Alon. Thanks, kind De Flores.
De F. [*aside*] He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes. *Exeunt*

ACTUS TERTIUS, [SCENA I]

[*A Narrow Passage in the Castle*]
Enter ALONZO *and* DE FLORES. *In the act-time*[2] DE FLORES *hides a naked rapier* [*behind a door*]

De F. Yes, here are all the keys; I was afraid, my lord,
I'd wanted[3] for the postern, this is it:
I've all, I've all, my lord: this for the sconce.[4]
Alon. 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort.
De F. You will tell me more, my lord: this descent
Is somewhat narrow; we shall never pass
Well with our weapons; they'll but trouble us.
Alon. Thou sayest true.
De F. Pray, let me help your lordship.
Alon. 'Tis done: thanks, kind De Flores.
De F. Here are hooks, my lord, 10
To hang such things on purpose.
[*Hanging up his own sword and that of* ALONZO]
Alon. Lead, I'll follow thee.
Ex[*eunt*] *at one door and enter at the other*

[1] By the time of your rising from table.
[2] In the interval.
[3] Lacked the key.
[4] An outlying fortification.

[SCENA II]

[*A Vault*]

[*Enter* ALONZO *and* DE FLORES]

De F. All this is nothing; you shall see anon
A place you little dream on.
Alon. I am glad
I have this leisure; all your master's house
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola.
De F. All but myself, sir,—[*aside*] which makes up my safety.—
My lord, I'll place you at a casement here
Will show you the full strength of all the castle.
Look, spend your eye awhile upon that object.
Alon. Here's rich variety, De Flores.
De F. Yes, sir.
Alon. Goodly munition.
De F. Ay, there's ordnance, sir, 10
No bastard metal,[1] will ring you a peal like bells
At great men's funerals: keep your eye straight, my lord;
Take special notice of that sconce before you.
There you may dwell awhile.
[*Takes the rapier which he had hid behind the door*]
Alon. I am upon't.
De F. And so am I. [*Stabs him*]
Alon. De Flores! O De Flores!
Whose malice hast thou put on?
De F. Do you question
A work of secrecy? I must silence you.
[*Stabs him*]
Alon. O, O, O!
De F. I must silence you.
[*Stabs him*]
So here's an undertaking well accomplished:
This vault serves to good use now: ha, what's that 20
Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a diamond

[1] False.

He wears upon his finger; 'twas well found,
This will approve[1] the work. What, so fast on?
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then.
Finger and all shall off. [*Cuts off the finger*]
So, now I'll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear.
Exit with body

[SCENA III]

[*An Apartment in the House of Alibius*]

Enter Isabella *and* Lollio

Isa. Why, sirrah, whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me?
If you keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me,
Let me be doing something.
Lol. You shall be doing, if it please you;
I'll whistle to you, if you'll pipe after.
Isa. Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this pinfold?[2]
Lol. 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being taken in another man's corn, you might be pounded[3] in another place.
Isa. 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise.
Lol. He says you have company enough in the house, if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of people.
Isa. Of all sorts? why, here's none but fools and madmen.
Lol. Very well: and where will you find any other, if you should go abroad? there's my master, and I to boot too.
Isa. Of either sort one, a madman and a fool.
Lol. I would even participate of both then if I were as you; I know you're half mad already, be half foolish too.
Isa. You're a brave saucy rascal! come on, sir,
Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam;
You were commending once to-day to me
Your last-come lunatic; what a proper[4]
Body there was without brains to guide it,

[1] Witness.
[2] Sheep-pen, or pound.
[3] Penned up.
[4] Handsome.

And what a pitiful delight appeared
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness; pray, sir, let me partake,
If there be such a pleasure.
Lol. If I do not show you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call the understanding madman, then say I am a fool.
Isa. Well, a match,[1] I will say so.
Lol. When you have a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fool's College, o' th' [other] side. I seldom lock there; 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em.
Exit. Enter presently
—Come on, sir; let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now.
Enter Franciscus
Fran. How sweetly she looks! O, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy. Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it; stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup! no, 'tis but a grapestone; swallow it, fear nothing, poet; so, so, lift higher.
Isa. Alack, alack, it is too full of pity
To be laughed at! How fell he mad? canst thou tell?
Lol. For love, mistress: he was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first: the muses then forsook him; he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.
Fran. Hail, bright Titania!
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades;
I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesy.
Lol. [*holding up a whip*] Not too near! you see your danger.
Fran. O, hold thy hand, great Diomede!
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee:
Get up, Bucephalus kneels. [*Kneels*]
Lol. You see how I awe my flock; a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience.
Isa. His conscience is unquiet: sure that was
The cause of this: a proper[2] gentleman!
Fran. Come hither, Æsculapius; hide the poison.

[1] It is agreed.
[2] Handsome.

Lol. Well, 'tis hid. [*Hides the whip*]
Fran. Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias,
A famous poet?
Lol. Yes, that kept tame wild geese. 80
Fran. That's he; I am the man.
Lol. No?
Fran. Yes; but make no words on't: I was a man
Seven years ago.
Lol. A stripling, I think, you might.
Fran. Now I'm a woman, all feminine.
Lol. I would I might see that!
Fran. Juno struck me blind.
Lol. I'll ne'er believe that: for a woman, they say, has an eye more than a man. 90
Fran. I say she struck me blind.
Lol. And Luna made you mad: you have two trades to beg with.[1]
Fran. Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecate;
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
And there we'll kick the dog—and beat the bush—
That barks against the witches of the night;
The swift lycanthropi[2] that walks the round,
We'll tear their wolvish skins, and save the sheep. 100
[*Attempts to seize* LOLLIO]
Lol. Is't come to this? nay, then, my poison comes forth again [*showing the whip*]: mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!
Isa. I prithee, hence with him, now he grows dangerous.
Fran. [*sings*] *Sweet love, pity me,*
Give me leave to lie with thee.
Lol. No, I'll see you wiser first: to your own kennel!
Fran. No noise, she sleeps; draw all the curtains round,
Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul, 110
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole.
Lol. I would you would get into your hole! *Exit* FRANCISCUS. Now, mistress, I will bring you another sort; you shall be fooled another while. [*Exit, and brings in* ANTONIO]—Tony, come hither, Tony: look who's yonder, Tony.
Ant. Cousin, is it not my aunt?
Lol. Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony.

[1] Blindness and madness. [2] Werwolves.

Ant. He, he! how do you, uncle? 120
Lol. Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nigget;[1] you may play with him, as safely with him as with his bauble.
Isa. How long hast thou been a fool?
Ant. Ever since I came hither, cousin.
Isa. Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.
Lol. O, mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred.
Madman. (*within*) Bounce, bounce! he falls, he falls!
Isa. Hark you, your scholars in the upper room 130
Are out of order.
Lol. Must I come amongst you there?—Keep you the fool, mistress; I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando[2] amongst the madmen. *Exit*
Isa. Well, sir.
Ant. 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.
Isa. Ha!
Ant. This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love, 140
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me.
Isa. You are a fine fool indeed!
Ant. O, 'tis not strange!
Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous[3] sciences, and, like a cunning poet,
Catches a quantity of every knowledge,
Yet brings all home into one mystery,
Into one secret, that he proceeds in.
Isa. Y'are a parlous[4] fool.
Ant. No danger in me; I bring nought but love 150
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with:
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you, I
Will stand you twenty back in recompense.
[*Offers to kiss her*]
Isa. A forward fool too!
Ant. This was love's teaching:
A thousand ways he fashioned out my way,
And this I found the safest and the nearest,
To tread the galaxia[5] to my star.

[1] Idiot.
[2] Strike terror.
[3] Scrutinizing.
[4] Perilous.
[5] The milky-way.

Isa. Profound withal! certain you dreamed of this;
Love never taught it waking.
Ant. Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies; there's within 160
A gentleman that loves you.
Isa. When I see him,
I'll speak with him; so, in the meantime, keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough:
As you are a gentleman, I'll not discover you;
That's all the favor that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but played the fool.

[*Re-*]*enter* LOLLIO

Ant. And must again.—He, he! I thank you, cousin;
I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning.
Lol. How do you like the fool, mistress?
Isa. Passing well, sir. 171
Lol. Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?
Isa. If he hold on as he begins, he is like
To come to something.
Lol. Ay, thank a good tutor: you may put him to't; he begins to answer pretty hard questions.—Tony, how many is five times six?
Ant. Five times six is six times five.
Lol. What arithmetician could have 180 answered better? How many is one hundred and seven?
Ant. One hundred and seven is seven hundred and one, cousin.
Lol. This is no wit to speak on!—Will you be rid of the fool now?
Isa. By no means; let him stay a little.
Madman, within. Catch there, catch the last couple in hell.[1]
Lol. Again! must I come amongst 190 you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together. *Exit*
Ant. Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?
Isa. Fie, out again! I had rather you kept
Your other posture; you become not your tongue
When you speak from[1] your clothes.
Ant. How can he freeze
Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone
Walk through the orchard of the Hesperides,
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple? 200

Enter LOLLIO *above*

This with the red cheeks I must venture for.
[*Attempts to kiss her*]
Isa. Take heed, there's giants keep 'em.
Lol. [*aside*] How now, fool, are you good at that? have you read Lipsius?[2] he's past *Ars Amandi;*[3] I believe I must put harder questions to him, I perceive that.
Isa. You're bold without fear, too.
Ant. What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again; 210
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold mine own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors
I shall array me handsomely.
[*Cries of Madmen are heard within,*] *some as birds, others as beasts*
Lol. Cuckoo, cuckoo! *Exit* [*above*]
Ant. What are these?
Isa. Of fear enough to part us;
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics, 220
That act their fantasies in any shapes,
Suiting their present thoughts: if sad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again.
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds, 221
Singing or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

Enter LOLLIO

Ant. These are no fears
Isa. But here's a large one, my man.

[1] In the game barley-break the point was to catch the last couple in a place called "hell."

[1] Out of keeping with.
[2] An obvious pun.
[3] Such simple authors as Ovid. (Sampson.)

Ant. Ha, he! that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

Lol. I would my master were come home! 'tis too much for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can I believe that one churchman can instruct two benefices at once; there will be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other.—Come, Tony. 233

Ant. Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

Lol. No, you must to your book now; you have played sufficiently.

Isa. Your fool has grown wondrous witty.

Lol. Well, I'll say nothing: but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days. 240

Exit Lol. *and* Ant.

Isa. Here the restrained current might make breach,
Spite of the watchful bankers:[1] would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
It would be brought home one ways or other:
The needle's point will to the fixèd north;
Such drawing arctics[2] women's beauties are.

[*Re-*]*enter* Lollio

Lol. How dost thou, sweet rogue?

Isa. How now?

Lol. Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another. 250

Isa. What's the matter?

Lol. Nay, if thou givest thy mind to fool's flesh, have at thee!

[*Attempts to kiss her*]

Isa. You bold slave, you!

Lol. I could follow now as t'other fool did:
'What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes 260
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape
Becomes me not—'
And so as it follows: but is not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue; kiss me, my little Lacedæmonian; let me feel how thy pulses beat: thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure; I'll lay my hand on't.

Isa. Sirrah, no more! I see you have discovered 270
This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love: be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat;
I'll do it, though for no other purpose; and
Be sure he'll not refuse it.

Lol. My share, that's all;
I'll have my fool's part with you.

Isa. No more! your master.

Enter Alibius

Alib. Sweet, how dost thou?

Isa. Your bounden servant, sir.

Alib. Fie, fie, sweetheart,
No more of that.

Isa. You were best lock me up. 280

Alib. In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,
I'll lock thee up most nearly.—Lollio,
We have employment, we have task in hand:
At noble Vermandero's, our castle's captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemnized—
Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride—
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,
To finish, as it were, and make the fag[1]
Of all the revels, the third night from the first; 290
Only an unexpected passage over,[2]
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at; could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking time's head,
It were no matter, 'twould be healed again
In one age or other, if not in this:
This, this, Lollio, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty, be it known. 300

Lol. This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you: you have about you fools and madmen that can dance very well; and 'tis no won-

[1] Dikes. [2] Poles.

[1] Fag-end.

[2] An unexpected rush of madmen and fools across the stage.

der, your best dancers are not the wisest men; the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

Alib. Honest Lollio, thou giv'st me a good reason,
And a comfort in it.

Isa. You've a fine trade on't;
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity.

Alib. O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live:
Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

Exeunt

[SCENA IV]

[*An Apartment in the Castle*]

Enter VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO, JASPERINO, *and* BEATRICE

Ver. Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you.

Als. The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a king's love.

Ver. I had her fellow once, sir,
But heaven has married her to joys eternal;
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again.
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joys in.

Als. I hear
The beauty of this seat largely [commended.][1]

Ver. It falls much short of that.

Exeunt. Manet BEATRICE

Beat. So, here's one step
Into my father's favor; time will fix him;
I've got him now the liberty of the house;
So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom:
And if that eye be darkened that offends me,—
I wait but that eclipse,—this gentleman
Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

Enter DE FLORES

De F. [*aside*] My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,
I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for't.

Beat. De Flores?

De F. Lady?

Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully.

De F. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.

Beat. It is done, then?

De F. Piracquo is no more.

Beat. My joys start at mine eyes: our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.

De F. I've a token for you.

Beat. For me?

De F. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly;
I could not get the ring without the finger.

[*Producing them*]

Beat. Bless me, what hast thou done?

De F. Why, is that more
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings;
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake hath had as much as this.

Beat. 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.

De F. And I made him send it back again
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.

Beat. At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir:
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.

De F. 'Twill hardly buy a capcase[1] for one's conscience though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis:
Well, being my fees, I'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.

Beat. It might justly, sir;

[1] Q. omits.

[1] Band-box.

Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given
In state[1] of recompense.
De F. No, I hope so, lady;
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.
Beat. Prithee,—thou look'st as if thou wert offended.
De F. That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you:
Offended! could you think so? that were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.
Beat. 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.
De F. I know so much, it were so; misery
In her most sharp condition.
Beat. 'Tis resolv'd[2] then;
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins;
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.
De F. What! salary? now you move me.
Beat. How, De Flores?
De F. Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold
For the life-blood of man? is anything
Valued too precious for my recompense?
Beat. I understand thee not.
De F. I could ha' hired
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have [slept at ease,][3]
And have had the work brought home.
Beat. [*aside*] I'm in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I'd fain be rid of him.—
I'll double the sum, sir.
De F. You take a course
To double my vexation, that's the good you do.
Beat. [*aside*] Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than I was;
I know not what will please him.—For my fear's sake,
I prithee, make away with all speed possible;
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not;

[1] Place. [2] Decided. [3] Not in Q.

Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;
But, prithee, take thy flight.
De F. You must fly too then.
Beat. I?
De F. I'll not stir a foot else.
Beat. What's your meaning?
De F. Why, are not you as guilty? in, I'm sure,
As deep as I; and we should stick together:
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence
Would draw suspect[1] upon you instantly;
There were no rescue for you.
Beat. [*aside*] He speaks home!
De F. Nor is it fit we two, engaged so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.
Beat. How now, sir?
This shows not well.
De F. What makes your lip so strange?
This must not be betwixt us.
Beat. The man talks wildly!
De F. Come, kiss me with a zeal now.
Beat. [*aside*] Heaven, I doubt[2] him!
De F. I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.
Beat. Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
'Twill soon betray us.
De F. Take you heed first;
Faith, y'are grown much forgetful, y'are to blame in't.
Beat. [*aside*] He's bold, and I am blamed for't.
De F. I have eased you
Of your trouble, think on't; I'm in pain,
And must be eased of[3] you; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.
Beat. I dare not.
De F. Quickly!
Beat. O, I never shall!
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't;
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed.
De F. Soft, lady, soft!
The last is not yet paid for: O, this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't
As the parched earth of moisture, when the clouds weep:

[1] Suspicion. [2] Distrust. [3] By.

Did you not mark, I wrought myself into't,
Nay, sued and kneeled for't? why was all that pains took?
You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold;
Not that I want it [not],[1] for I do piteously;
In order I'll come unto't, and make use on't;
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure;
And were not I resolved in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging, 120
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.
Beat. Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honor!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.
De F. Pish! you forget yourself;
A woman dipped in blood, and talk of modesty!
Beat. O misery of sin! would I'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate 130
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.
De F. Look but into your conscience, read me there;
'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal:
Pish! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you; y'are no more now.
You must forget your parentage[2] to me;
Y'are the deed's creature; by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you, 140
As peace and innocency has turned you out,
And made you one with me.
Beat. With thee, foul villain!
De F. Yes, my fair murderess; do you urge me,
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection?
'Twas changed from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in thy heart; and he's changed now
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest!
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage, 150
I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.
Beat. De Flores!
De F. I shall rest from all lovers' plagues then;
I live in pain now; that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.
Beat. O sir, hear me!
De F. She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.
Beat. [*kneeling*] Stay, hear me once for all; I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honor,
And I am rich in all things!
De F. Let this silence thee: 160
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me;
Can you weep fate from its determined purpose?
So soon may you weep me.
Beat. Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is followed by more sins:
Was my creation in the womb so cursed,
It must engender with a viper first?
De F. [*raising her*] Come, rise and shroud your blushes in my bosom;
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding. 170
'Las! how the turtle pants! thou'lt love anon
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUARTUS

Dumb Show

Enter Gentlemen, Vermandero *meeting them with action of wonderment at the flight of* Piracquo. *Enter* Alsemero *with* Jasperino *and Gallants:* Vermandero *points to him, the Gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice.* Alsemero, Jas-

[1] Omitted in Q. [2] Relationship.

PERINO, *and Gentlemen;* BEATRICE, *the bride following in great state, accompanied with* DIAPHANTA, ISABELLA, *and other Gentlewomen;* DE FLORES *after all, smiling at the accident:* ALONZO'S *ghost appears to* DE FLORES *in the midst of his smile, startles him, showing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They pass over in great solemnity*

[SCENA I]

[Alsemero's Apartment in the Castle]

Enter BEATRICE

Beat. This fellow has undone me endlessly;
Never was bride so fearfully distressed.
The more I think upon th' ensuing night,
And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
One [who's][1] ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding,—that's my plague now—
Before whose judgment will my fault appear
Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals,
There is no hiding on't, the more I dive
Into my own distress: how a wise man
Stands for[2] a great calamity! there's no venturing
Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger;
He cannot but in justice strangle me
As I lie by him, as a cheater use me;
'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die
Before a cunning gamester. Here's his closet;
The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park!
Sure 'twas forgot; I'll be so bold as look in't.
[Opens closet]
Bless me! a right[3] physician's closet 'tis,
Set round with vials; every one her mark too:
Sure he does practise physic for his own use,
Which may be safely called your great man's wisdom.
What manuscript lies here?

[1] Q. *both.*
[2] Is open to.
[3] Veritable.

[Reads] 'The Book of Experiment, called Secrets in Nature:'[1]
So 'tis, 'tis so:
[Reads] 'How to know whether a woman be with child or no:'
I hope I am not yet; if he should try though!
Let me see *[reads]* 'folio forty-five,' here 'tis,
The leaf tucked down upon't, the place suspicious:
[reads] 'If you would know whether a woman be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C——'
Where's that glass C? O yonder, I see 't now—
[reads] 'and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours after; if not, not.'
None of that water comes into my belly;
I'll know you from a hundred; I could break you now,
Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
The master of the mystery; but I'll look to you.
Ha! that which is next is ten times worse:
[reads] 'How to know whether a woman be a maid or not:'
If that should be applied, what would become of me?
Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
[reads] 'A merry slight,[2] but true experiment; the author, Antonius Mizaldus.
Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M, which, upon her that is a maid, makes three several effects; 'twill make her incontinently[3] gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing; else, dull, heavy, and lumpish.'
Where had I been?
I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bedtime.

Enter DIAPHANTA

Dia. Cuds,[4] madam, are you here?
Beat. *[aside]* Seeing that wench now,
A trick comes in my mind; 'tis a nice piece[5]

[1] The *de Arcanis Naturæ* of Mizaldus contains no such experiments, but similar ones are found elsewhere in his works (Sampson).
[2] Trick.
[3] Immediately.
[4] Gods.
[5] She's a scrupulous young woman whom gold can not buy.

Gold cannot purchase.—I come hither, wench,
To look my lord.
Dia. [*aside*] Would I had such a cause
To look him too!—Why, he's i' th' park, madam.
Beat. There let him be.
Dia. Ay, madam, let him compass
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,
At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em:
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in the end had but his pit-hole.
Beat. I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta. 70
Dia. Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, madam!
'Tis ever the bride's fashion, towards bed-time,
To set light by her joys, as if she owed[1] 'em not.
Beat. Her joys? her fears thou wouldst say.
Dia. Fear of what?
Beat. Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid?
You leave a blushing business behind;
Beshrew your heart for't!
Dia. Do you mean good sooth, madam?
Beat. Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown.
Dia. Is't possible?
Beat. I will give a thousand ducats to that woman 80
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To-morrow, when she gets from't; as she likes,
I might perhaps be drawn to't.
Dia. Are you in earnest?
Beat. Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll fly from't; but I must tell you
This by the way: she must be a true maid,
Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's else.
Dia. Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam,
Shall be a maid.

[1] Owned.

Beat. You know I should be shamed else,
Because she lies for me.
Dia. 'Tis a strange humor![1] 90
But are you serious still? would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?
Beat. As willingly as live—[*aside*] alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet[2] to wedge in the honor!
Dia. I do not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honesty; there's both required in this.
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further?
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money.
Beat. Y'are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.
Dia. How? not a maid? nay, then you urge me, madam; 100
Your honorable self is not a truer,
With all your fears upon you—
Beat. [*aside*] Bad enough then.
Dia. Than I with all my lightsome joys about me.
Beat. I'm glad to hear't: then you dare put your honesty[3]
Upon an easy trial.
Dia. Easy? anything.
Beat. I'll come to you straight.
[*Goes to the closet*]
Dia. She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?
Beat. Glass M: ay, this is it. [*Brings vial*]—Look, Diaphanta,
You take no worse than I do. [*Drinks*]
Dia. And in so doing,
I will not question what it is, but take it.
[*Drinks*]
Beat. [*aside*] Now if th' experiment be true, 'twill praise itself, 111
And give me noble ease: begins already
[DIAPHANTA *gapes*]
There's the first symptom; and what haste it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time!
[DIAPHANTA *sneezes*]
Most admirable secret! on the contrary,
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it.
Dia. Ha, ha, ha!

[1] Whim. [2] Supplement. [3] Chastity.

Beat. [*aside*] Just in all things, and in order
As if 'twere circumscribed; one accident[1]
Gives way unto another.
Dia. Ha, ha, ha! 120
Beat. How now, wench?
Dia. Ha, ha, ha! I'm so, so light
At heart—ha, ha, ha!—so pleasurable!
But one swig more, sweet madam.
Beat. Ay, to-morrow,
We shall have time to sit by't.
Dia. Now I'm sad again.
Beat. [*aside*] It lays itself so gently too! —Come, wench.
Most honest[2] Diaphanta I dare call thee now.
Dia. Pray, tell me, madam, what trick call you this?
Beat. I'll tell thee all hereafter; we must study
The carriage of this business.
Dia. I shall carry't well,
Because I love the burthen.
Beat. About midnight 130
You must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.
Dia. O, fear not, madam,
I shall be cool by that time: the bride's place,
And with a thousand ducats! I'm for a justice now,
I bring a portion with me; I scorn small fools. *Exeunt*

[SCENA II]

[*Another Apartment in the Castle*]

Enter VERMANDERO *and* Servant

Ver. I tell thee, knave, mine honor is in question,
A thing till now free from suspicion,
Nor ever was there cause. Who of my gentlemen
Are absent?
Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?
Ser. Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.
Ver. When did they leave the castle?
Ser. Some ten days since, sir; the one intending to Briamata, th' other for Valencia.
Ver. The time accuses 'em; a charge of murder 10
Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder;
I dare not answer faithfully their absence:
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
Provide me wingèd warrants for the purpose. *Exit* Servant
See, I am set on again.

Enter TOMASO

Tom. I claim a brother of you.
Ver. Y'are too hot;
Seek him not here.
Tom. Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction: 20
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him; and the hasty tie
Of this snatched marriage gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.
Ver. Certain falsehood!
This is the place indeed; his breach of faith
Has too much marred both my abusèd love,
The honorable love I reserved for him,
And mocked my daughter's joy; the prepared morning
Blushed at his infidelity; he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends 30
Whose belief hurt 'em: O, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that loved him!
Tom. Then this is all your answer?
Ver. 'Tis too fair
For one of his alliance;[1] and I warn you
That this place no more see you. *Exit*

Enter DE FLORES

Tom. The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on.—
Honest De Flores?
De F. That's my name indeed.
Saw you the bride? good sweet sir, which way took she?
Tom. I've blessed mine eyes from seeing such a false one.

[1] Symptom. [2] Chaste.

[1] Station, family.

De F. [*aside*] I'd fain get off; this man's not for my company;
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.
Tom. Come hither, kind and true one; I remember
My brother loved thee well.
De F. O, purely, dear sir!—
[*aside*] Methinks I'm now again a-killing on him,
He brings it so fresh to me.
Tom. Thou canst guess, sirrah—
An[1] honest friend has an instinct of jealousy—
At some foul guilty person.
De F. 'Las! sir,
I am so charitable, I think none
Worse than myself! you did not see the bride then?
Tom. I prithee, name her not: is she not wicked?
De F. No, no; a pretty, easy, round-packed[2] sinner,
As your most ladies are, else you might think
I flattered her; but, sir, at no hand wicked,
Till they're so old their chins and noses[3] meet,
And they salute witches. I'm called, I think, sir.—
[*Aside*] His company even overlays my conscience. *Exit*
Tom. That De Flores has a wondrous honest heart;
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assured on't.
O, here's the glorious master of the day's joy!
'Twill[4] not be long till he and I do reckon.

Enter Alsemero

Sir.
Als. You are most welcome.
Tom. You may call that word back;
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.
Als. 'Tis strange you found the way to this house, then.
Tom. Would I'd ne'er known the cause! I'm none of those, sir,
That come to give you joy, and swill your wine;
'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring.
Als. Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers.
Tom. Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted; this the business:
I should have a brother in your place;
How treachery and malice have disposed of him,
I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his right,
Which never could come fairly.
Als. You must look
To answer for that word, sir.
Tom. Fear you not;
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
Keep your day solemn;[1] farewell, I disturb it not;
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time. *Exit*
Als. 'Tis somewhat ominous this; a quarrel entered
Upon this day; my innocence relieves me,

Enter Jasperino

I should be wondrous sad else.—Jasperino,
I've news to tell thee, strange news.
Jas. I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours: would I might keep
Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't!
Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this.
Als. This puts me on,
And blames thee for thy slowness.
Jas. All may prove nothing,
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.
Als. No question, 't may prove nothing; let's partake it though.
Jas. 'Twas Diaphanta's chance—for to that wench
I pretend[2] honest love, and she deserves it—
To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for private conference;
She was no sooner gone, but instantly
I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me;
And lending more attention, found De Flores

[1] Q. *one.*
[2] Thoroughly dishonest?
[3] Dyce's reading for *sins and vices,* of the Q.
[4] Q. *I.*

[1] Celebrate your marriage.
[2] Offer.

Louder than she.
Als. De Flores! thou art out now.
Jas. You'll tell me more anon.
Als. Still I'll prevent[1] thee,
The very sight of him is poison to her.
Jas. That made me stagger too; but Diaphanta
At her return confirmed it.
Als. Diaphanta!
Jas. Then fell we both to listen, and words passed
Like those that challenge interest in a woman.
Als. Peace; quench thy zeal; 'tis dangerous to thy bosom.
Jas. Then truth is full of peril.
Als. Such truths are.
O, were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,
And touched,[2] she sleeps not here! yet I have time,
Though night be near, to be resolved hereof;
And, prithee, do not weigh me by my passions.[3]
Jas. I never weighed friend so.
Als. Done charitably!
That key will lead thee to a pretty secret, [*Giving key*]
By a Chaldean taught me, (and I have
My study upon some):[4] bring from my closet
A glass inscribed there with the letter M,
And question not my purpose.
Jas. It shall be done, sir. *Exit*
Als. How can this hang together? not an hour since
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Delivered her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest,
She charged her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter Beatrice

Beat. [*aside*] All things go well; my woman's preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose;
Necessity compels it; I lose all else.

[1] Anticipate. [2] Tainted. [3] Feelings.
[4] And I have bestowed some of my own study on it.

Als. [*aside*] Tush! modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead:
I cannot be too sure though.—My Joanna!
Beat. Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you;
Pardon my modest fears.
Als [*aside*] The dove's not meeker;
She's abused, questionless.—

[*Re-*]*enter* Jasperino [*with vial*]

O, are you come, sir?
Beat. [*aside*] The glass, upon my life! I see the letter.
Jas. Sir, this is M. [*Giving vial*]
Als. 'Tis it.
Beat. [*aside*] I am suspected.
Als. How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!
Beat. What is't, my lord?
Als. No hurt.
Beat. Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition.
Als. But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.
Beat. I fear 'twill make me ill.
Als. Heaven forbid that.
Beat. [*aside*] I'm put now to my cunning: th' effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely. [*Drinks*]
Als. It has that secret virtue, it ne'er missed, sir,
Upon a virgin.
Jas. Treble-qualitied? [Beatrice *gapes and sneezes*]
Als. By all that's virtuous it takes there! proceeds!
Jas. This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.
Beat. Ha, ha, ha!
You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.
Als. No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.
Beat. What's the matter, sir?
Als. [*aside*] See now 'tis settled in a melancholy;
Keeps both the time and method.—My Joanna,
Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb,

That brings the day forth! thus my love encloses thee. *Exeunt*

[SCENA III]

[*A Room in the House of Alibius*]

Enter Isabella *and* Lollio

Isa. O heaven! is this the waning[1] moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?
Sirrah, here's a madman, akin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover.

Lol. No, no, not he I brought the letter from.

Isa. Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.

Lol. The out's mad, I'm sure of that; I had a taste on't.

Isa. [*reads letter*] 'To the bright Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of Æolus. Pay the post.'

Lol. This is stark madness!

Isa. Now mark the inside.

[*Reads*] 'Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty.'

Lol. He is mad still.

Isa. [*reads*] 'If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect; 'tis the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to wither—'

Lol. O rogue!

Isa. [*reads*] 'Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again: I come in winter to you, dismantled of my proper ornaments; by the sweet splendor of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover.'

Lol. Mad rascal still!

Isa. [*reads*] 'Tread him not under foot, that shall appear an honor to your bounties. I remain—mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself, Franciscus.'

Lol. You are like to have a fine time on't; my master and I may give over our professions; I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

Isa. Very likely.

Lol. One thing I must tell you, mistress; you perceive that I am privy to your skill; if I find you minister once, and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds; I shall be mad or fool else.

Isa. The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio,
If I do fall.

Lol. I fall upon you.

Isa. So.

Lol. Well, I stand to my venture.

Isa. But thy counsel now; how shall I deal with 'em?

Lol. Why, do you mean to deal with 'em?

Isa. Nay, the fair understanding,[1] how to use 'em.

Lol. Abuse 'em![2] that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em[3] kindly.

Isa. 'Tis easy, I'll practise; do thou observe it;
The key of thy wardrobe.

Lol. There [*gives key*]; fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you.

Isa. Take thou no further notice than the outside. *Exit*

Lol. Not an inch; I'll put you to the inside.

Enter Alibius

Alib. Lollio, art there? will all be perfect, think'st thou?
To-morrow night, as if to close up the
Solemnity, Vermandero expects us.

Lol. I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough; I have taken pains with them.

Alib. Tush! they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so[4] no rough behaviors
Affright the ladies; they're nice[5] things, thou knowest.

Lol. You need not fear, sir; so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles,[6] they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

Alib. I'll see them once more rehearse before they go.

[1] Q. *waiting.*

[1] Words in their modest sense.
[2] Deceive them.
[3] Q. *um*, as often.
[4] Provided.
[5] Particular.
[6] Whips.

Lol. I was about it, sir: look you to the madmen's morris,[1] and let me alone with the other: there is one or two that I mistrust their fooling; I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure.

Alib. Do so; I'll see the music prepared. But, Lollio,
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?
Does she not grudge at it?

Lol. So, so; she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else; you must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short.

Alib. She shall along to Vermandero's with us.
That will serve her for a moneth's liberty.

Lol. What's that on your face, sir?

Alib. Where, Lollio? I see nothing.

Lol. Cry you mercy,[2] sir, 'tis your nose; it showed like the trunk of a young elephant.[3]

Alib. Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lollio.

Lol. Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst. [*Exit* ALIBIUS]
—Tony, where art thou, Tony?

Enter ANTONIO

Ant. Here, cousin; where art thou?

Lol. Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.

Ant. I had rather ride, cousin.

Lol. Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out; vault in: look you, Tony; fa, la, la, la, la. [*Dances*]

Ant. Fa, la, la, la, la. [*Sings and dances*]

Lol. There, an honor.[4]

Ant. Is this an honor, coz?

Lol. Yes, an it please your worship.

Ant. Does honor bend in the hams, coz?

Lol. Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first stiffened: there rise, a caper.

Ant. Caper after an honor, coz?

Lol. Very proper, for honor is but a caper, rises as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground again: you can remember your figure,[5] Tony?

[1] Morris dance.
[2] I beg pardon.
[3] A long nose appears to have been regarded characteristic of a cuckold.
[4] A bow. (Sampson).
[5] Of the dance.

Ant. Yes, cousin; when I see thy figure, I can remember mine. *Exit* LOLLIO

Re-enter ISABELLA, [*dressed as a madwoman*]

Isa. Hey, how he treads the air! shough, shough, tother way! he burns his wings else: here's wax enough below, Icarus, more than will be cancelled these eighteen moons: he's down, he's down! what a terrible fall he had!
Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth;
I'll bring thee to the clue.

Ant. Prithee, coz, let me alone.

Isa. Art thou not drowned?
About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
Wrapped like a Turkish turbant; on thy back
A crook'd chameleon-colored rainbow hung
Like a tiara down unto thy hams:
Let me suck out those billows in thy belly;
Hark, how they roar and rumble in the straits![1]
Bless thee from the pirates!

Ant. Pox upon you, let me alone!

Isa. Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,
Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?
Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
That would have drowned my love.

Ant. I'll kick thee, if
Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic;
I am no fool, you bedlam!

Isa. But you are, as sure as I am mad:
Have I put on this habit of a frantic,
With love as full of fury, to beguile
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?

Ant. Ha! dearest beauty!

Isa. No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had but what was in my garments:
You are a quick-sighted lover! come not near me:
Keep your caparisons, y'are aptly clad;
I came a feigner, to return stark mad. *Exit*

Ant. Stay, or I shall change condition,
And become as you are.

[1] Q. *streets.*

[*Re-*]*enter* LOLLIO

Lol. Why, Tony, whither now? why, fool——

Ant. Whose fool, usher of idiots? you coxcomb!
I have fooled too much.

Lol. You were best be mad another while then.

Ant. So I am, stark mad; I have cause enough;
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury.

Lol. Do not, do not; I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do: alas! I saw through your fox-skin[1] before now! Come, I can give you comfort; my mistress loves you; and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not: if after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her lover, she says, and the fool shall ride her.

Ant. May I believe thee?

Lol. Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no.

Ant. She's eased of him; I've a good quarrel on't.

Lol. Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.

Ant. Tell her I will deserve her love.
[*Exit*]

Lol. And you are like to have your desert.[2]

Enter FRANCISCUS

Fran. [*sings*] 'Down, down, down a-down a-down.'—and then with a horse-trick[3]
To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bowstring.

Lol. [*aside*] This is tother counterfeit; I'll put him out of his humor.—[*Takes out a letter and reads*] 'Sweet lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgement a true and faithful lover of your beauty.' This is pretty well for a madman.

Fran. Ha! what's that?

Lol. [*reads*] 'Chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect.'

Fran. I am discovered to the fool.

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in you ere I have done with you. [*Reads*] 'Yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS.' This madman will mend sure.

Fran. What do you read, sirrah?

Lol. Your destiny, sir; you'll be hanged for this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

Lol. Next her apron-strings.

Fran. Give me thy hand.

Lol. Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first [*putting letter into his pocket*]: your hand is true,[1] is it not? it will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie.

Fran. Not in a syllable.

Lol. So if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness.

Fran. And none but she can cure it.

Lol. Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water[2] next.

Fran. Take for thy pains past.
[*Gives him money*]

Lol. I shall deserve more, sir, I hope: my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wishes.

Lol. That will not serve; you must meet her enemy and yours.

Fran. He's dead already.

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

Fran. Show me the man.

Lol. Ay, that's a right course now; see him before you kill him, in any case; and yet it needs not go so far neither, 'tis but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the shape of an idiot; bang[3] but his fool's coat well-favoredly, and 'tis well.

Fran. Soundly, soundly!

Lol. Only reserve him till the masque be past; and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll show you. In, in! my master! [*Dancing*]

Fran. He handles him like a feather. Hey! [*Exit*]

Enter ALIBIUS

Alib. Well said: in a readiness, Lollio?

Lol. Yes, sir.

Alib. Away then, and guide them in, Lollio:

[1] Disguise. [2] Q. *Desire.* [3] Caper.

[1] Honest.
[2] Make a diagnosis of your disease.
[3] Beat.

Entreat your mistress to see this sight.
Hark, is there not one incurable fool 250
That might be begged?[1] I have friends.
Lol. I have him for you,
One that shall deserve it too.
The Madmen and Fools dance
Alib. Good boy, Lollio!
'Tis perfect: well, fit but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains.
Exeunt

ACTUS QUINTUS, [SCENA I]

[*A Gallery in the Castle*]

Enter Beatrice. *A clock strikes one*

Beat. One struck, and yet she lies by't! O my fears!
This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honor or my peace,
Makes havoc of my right; but she pays dearly for't;
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise;
Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord,
And it must come from her: [*Strike two*] hark! by my horrors, 10
Another clock strikes two!

Enter De Flores

De F. Pist! where are you?
Beat. De Flores?
De F. Ay: is she not come from him yet?
Beat. As I'm a living soul, not!
De F. Sure the devil
Hath sowed his itch within her; who would trust
A waiting-woman?
Beat. I must trust somebody.
De F. Push! they're termagants;
Especially when they fall upon their masters
And have their ladies' first fruits; they're mad whelps,

[1] To beg a fool was to seek appointment as his guardian and thus enjoy his estate.

You cannot stave 'em off from game royal: then
You are so rash and hardy, ask no counsel;
And I could have helped you to a 'pothecary's daughter 21
Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank[t] you too.
Beat. O me, not yet! this whore forgets herself.
De F. The rascal fares so well: look, y'are undone;
The day-star, by this hand! see Phosphorus plain yonder.
Beat. Advise me now to fall upon some ruin;
There is no counsel safe else.
De F. Peace! I ha't now;
For we must force a rising; there's no remedy.
Beat. How? take heed of that.
De F. Tush! be you quiet, or else give over all. 30
Beat. Prithee, I ha' done then.
De F. This is my reach:[1] I'll set
Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.
Beat. How? fire, sir? that may endanger the whole house.
De F. You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?
Beat. That's true; do what thou wilt now.
De F. Push! I aim
At a most rich success strikes all dead sure:
The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious, 41
It would be thought her fears and affrights then
Drove her to seek for succor; if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging;
I will be ready with a piece[2] high-charged,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney: there 'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.
Beat. I'm forced to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honor. 50

[1] Plan.
[2] Gun, fowling-piece.

De F. 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.
Beat. One word now, prithee;
How for the servants?
De F. I will despatch them,
Some one way, some another in the hurry,
For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you,
The deed shall find its time; and I've thought since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too:
How this fire purifies wit! watch you your minute.
Beat. Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't. 60

Enter ALONZO'S *Ghost*

De F. Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the light
'Twixt that star and me? I dread thee not:
'Twas but a mist of conscience; all's clear again. *Exit*
Beat. Who's that, De Flores? bless me, it slides by! *Exit Ghost*
Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me; I'm afraid now:
This night hath been so tedious! O this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroyed the last. List! O my terrors! *Struck three o'clock*
Three struck by St. Sebastian's!
Within. Fire, fire, fire! 70
Beat. Already? how rare is that man's speed!
How heartily he serves me! His face loathes one;
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The east is not more beauteous than his service.
Within. Fire, fire, fire!

Re-enter DE FLORES. Servants *pass over; ring a bell*

De F. Away, despatch! hooks, buckets, ladders! that's well said.
The fire-bell rings; the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready. *Exit*
Beat. Here's a man worth loving!

Enter DIAPHANTA

O y'are a jewel!
Dia. Pardon frailty, madam;
In troth, I was so well, I ev'n forgot myself.
Beat. Y'have made trim work! 81
Dia. What?
Beat. Hie quickly to your chamber;
Your reward follows you.
Dia. I never made
So sweet a bargain. *Exit*

Enter ALSEMERO

Als. O, my dear Joanna,
Alas! art thou risen too? I was coming,
My absolute treasure!
Beat. When I missed you,
I could not choose but follow.
Als. Thou'rt all sweetness.
The fire is not so dangerous.
Beat. Think you so, sir?
Als. I prithee, tremble not; believe me, 'tis not. 90

Enter VERMANDERO [*and*] JASPERINO

Ver. O bless my house and me!
Als. My lord your father.

[*Re-*]*enter* DE FLORES *with a piece*[1]

Ver. Knave, whither goes that piece?
De F. To scour the chimney.
Ver. O, well said, well said!
Exit DE FLORES
That fellow's good on all occasions.
Beat. A wondrous necessary man, my lord.
Ver. He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir;
Dog[2] at a house of fire; I ha' seen him singed ere now.— *The piece goes off*
Ha, there he goes!
Beat. [*aside*] 'Tis done!
Als. Come, sweet, to bed now;
Alas! thou wilt get cold.
Beat. Alas! the fear keeps that out!
My heart will find no quiet till I hear 100
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares;
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.
Ver. How should the fire come there?
Beat. As good a soul as ever lady countenanced,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy:

[1] Gun. [2] Keen.

She 'scaped a mine twice.
Ver. Twice?
Beat. Strangely twice, sir.
Ver. Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
An they be ne'er so good.

[*Re-*]*enter* De Flores

De F. O poor virginity,
Thou hast paid dearly for't!
Ver. Bless us, what's that?
De F. A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta's burnt. 110
Beat. My woman! O my woman!
De F. Now the flames
Are greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!
Beat. O my presaging soul!
Als. Not a tear more!
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you
In bed, before this raised us.
Beat. Now you tie me;
Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

Enter Servant

Ver. How now?
Ser. All danger's past; you may now take
Your rests, my lords; the fire is throughly[1] quenched:
Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!
Beat. De Flores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her: 121
I will entreat that honor to my servant
Even of my lord himself.
Als. Command it, sweetness.
Beat. Which of you spied the fire first?
De F. 'Twas I, madam.
Beat. And took such pains in't too? a double goodness!
'Twere well he were rewarded.
Ver. He shall be.—
De Flores, call upon me.
Als. And upon me, sir.
Exeunt [*all except* De Flores]
De F. Rewarded? precious! here's a trick beyond me:
I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit. 130
Exit

[1] Thoroughly.

[SCENA II]

[*Another Apartment in the Castle*]

Enter Tomaso

Tom. I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same wish I was wont to do:
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship; and because
I'm ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
I must think all men villains, and the next
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer
Of my most worthy brother. Ha! what's he?

De Flores *passes over the stage*

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores;
But methinks honesty was hard be-sted[1] 10
To come here for a lodging; as if a queen
Should make her palace of a pest-house:
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me; the least occasion
Would give me game upon him;[2] yet he's so foul
One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he loved
And made account of; so most deadly venomous,
He would go near to poison any weapon
That should draw blood on him; one must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight 20
In way of honest manhood that strikes him;
Some river must devour it; 'twere not fit
That any man should find it. What, again?

[*Re-*]*enter* De Flores

He walks a'purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
To infect my blood.
De F. My worthy noble lord!
Tom. Dost offer to come near and breathe upon me? [*Strikes him*]
De F. A blow! [*Draws*]
Tom. Yea, are you so prepared?

[1] Put to it.
[2] Cause me to fight with him.

I'll rather like a soldier die by the sword,
Than like a politician by thy poison. 30
[*Draws*]
De F. Hold, my lord, as you are honorable!
Tom. All slaves that kill by poison are still[1] cowards.
De F. [*aside*] I cannot strike; I see his brother's wounds
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal.[2]—
I will not question this, I know y'are noble;
I take my injury with thanks given, sir,
Like a wise lawyer, and as a favor
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.—
[*Aside*] Why this from him that yesterday appeared
So strangely loving to me? 40
O, but instinct is of a subtler strain!
Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again;
He came near me now. *Exit*
Tom. All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
Till I find this murderer; not so much
As common courtesy but I'll lock up;
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to the villain in a greeting.

Enter VERMANDERO, ALI[BIUS,] *and* ISABELLA

Ver. Noble Piracquo!
Tom. Pray, keep on your way, sir; 50
I've nothing to say to you.
Ver. Comforts bless you, sir!
Tom. I've forsworn compliment, in troth I have, sir;
As you are merely man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor for any here.
Ver. Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from't upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.
Tom. What news can that be?
Ver. Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir; 60
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law of your just vengeance.
Tom. Ha!

[1] Always. [2] Crystal glass.

Ver. To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers.
Tom. If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile [I threw] upon you,
I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar. [*Kneels*]
Ver. [*raising him*] Good sir, rise;
Why, now you overdo as much a'[1] this hand
As you fell short a tother.—Speak, Alibius.
Alib. 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most lucky 72
At a discovery, to find out lately,
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipped into these disguises,
Their names Franciscus and Antonio.
Ver. Both mine, sir, and I ask no favor for 'em.
Alib. Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.
Tom. O blest revelation! 80
Ver. Nay, more, nay, more, sir—I'll not spare mine own
In way of justice—they both feigned a journey
To Briamata, and so wrought out[2] their leaves;
My love was so abused[3] i' it.
Tom. Time's too precious
To run in waste now; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase:
Be my most happy conduct; I thirst for 'em:
Like subtle lightning will I find about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em. *Exeunt*

[SCENA III]

[*Alsemero's Apartment in the Castle*]

Enter ALSEMERO *and* JASPERINO

Jas. Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof;

[1] On. [2] Gained. [3] Thus deceived.

The prospect from the garden has showed
Enough for deep suspicion.
Als. The black mask
That so continually was worn upon't
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.
Jas. Touch it home then; 'tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly; I fear you'll find it
Full of corruption: 'tis fit I leave you, 9
She meets you opportunely from that walk;
She took the back door at his parting with her. *Exit* JAS[PERINO]
Als. Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman? She is here.

Enter BEATRICE

Beat. Alsemero!
Als. How do you?
Beat. How do I?
Alas, how do you? you look not well.
Als. You read me well enough, I am not well.
Beat. Not well, sir? is't in my power to better you?
Als. Yes.
Beat. Nay, then y'are cured again.
Als. Pray, resolve[1] me one question, lady.
Beat. If I can. 21
Als. None can so sure: you are honest?[2]
Beat. Ha, ha, ha! that's a broad question, my lord.
Als. But that's not a modest answer, my lady:
Do you laugh? my doubts are strong upon me.
Beat. 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek:
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to?
Als. 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder color, 30
But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:
You are a whore!
Beat. What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity;

[1] Answer. [2] Chaste.

Upon what face soever that breath falls,
It strikes it ugly: O, you have ruined
What you can ne'er repair again!
Als. I'll all
Demolish, and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left; let your sweet tongue
Prevent[1] your heart's rifling; there I'll ransack 40
And tear out my suspicion.
Beat. You may, sir;
It is an easy passage; yet, if you please,
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love;
My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish.
Als. Unanswerable;
A ground you cannot stand on; you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set
Your ticklish heel on 't: there was a visor
O'er that cunning face, and that became you;
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't; 50
How comes this tender reconcilement else
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous loathing,
De Flores? he that your eye was sore at sight of,
He's now become your arm's supporter, your
Lip's saint!
Beat. Is there the cause?
Als. Worse, your lust's devil,
Your adultery!
Beat. Would any but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain!
Als. It was witnessed
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.
Beat. Is your witness dead then?
Als. 'Tis to be feared
It was the wages of her knowledge; poor soul, 60
She lived not long after the discovery.
Beat. Then hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguiled with;
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,[2]
Which even the guilt of one black other deed
Will stand for proof of; your love has made me
A cruel murderess.

[1] Anticipate. [2] I am innocent.

Als. Ha!
Beat. A bloody one;
I have kissed poison for 't, stroked a serpent:
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy 70
To be so employed, I caused to murder
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst to assure
Yourself to me.
Als. O, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance! the temple,
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fired their devotion and quenched the right one;
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now:
O, thou art all deformed!
Beat. Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done: shall greater dangers 80
Make the less welcome?
Als. O, thou should'st have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! here we are lost.
Beat. Remember, I am true unto your bed.
Als. The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murdered carcasses. It must ask pause
What I must do in this; meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only: enter my closet;
Exit BEATRICE [*into closet*]
I'll be your keeper yet. O, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha! 90
This same fellow has put me in.[1]

Enter DE FLORES

De Flores!
De F. Noble Alsemero!
Als. I can tell you
News, sir; my wife has her commended to you.
De F. That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever loved me so well; I thank her.
Als. What's this blood upon your band,[2] De Flores?
De F. Blood! no, sure 'twas washed since.
Als. Since when, man?
De F. Since tother day I got a knock
In a sword-and-dagger school; I think 'tis out. 100
Als. Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceived though.
I had forgot my message; this it is,
What price goes murder?
De F. How, sir?
Als. I ask you, sir;
My wife's behindhand with you,[1] she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.
De F. Upon? 'twas quite through him sure:
Has she confessed it?
Als. As sure as death to both of you;
And much more than that.
De F. It could not be much more;
'Twas but one thing, and that—she is a whore. 110
Als. It could not choose but follow: O cunning devils!
How should blind men know you from fair-faced saints?
Beat. within. He lies! the villain does belie me!
De F. Let me go to her, sir.
Als. Nay, you shall to her.—
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard;
Take your prey to you;—get you in to her, sir:
Exit DE FL[ORES *into closet*]
I'll be your pander now; rehearse again
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black audience,[2]
Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you: 120
Clip[3] your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *mare mortuum,*
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

Enter VERMANDERO, TOMASO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA, FRANCISCUS, *and* ANTONIO

Ver. O Alsemero! I've a wonder for you.
Als. No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you.
Ver. I have suspicion near as proof itself
For Piracquo's murder.

[1] Given me the cue. [2] Cuff.

[1] In debt to you. [2] Of devils. [3] Clasp.

Als. Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.
Ver. Beseech you, hear me; these two have been disguised
E'er since the deed was done.
Als. I have two other 130
That were more close disguised than your two could be
E'er since the deed was done.
Ver. You'll hear me—these mine own servants—
Als. Hear me—those nearer than your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.
Fran. That may be done with easy truth, sir.
Tom. How is my cause bandied through your delays!
'Tis urgent in [my] blood and calls for haste;
Give me a brother alive or dead;
Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both 140
A recompense, for murder and adultery.
Beat. within. O, O, O!
Als. Hark! 'tis coming to you.
De F. within. Nay, I'll along for company.
Beat. within. O, O!
Ver. What horrid sounds are these?
Als. Come forth, you twins
Of mischief!

Re-enter De Flores, *bringing in* Beatrice [*wounded*]

De F. Here we are; if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not
Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet,
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.
Ver. An host of enemies entered my citadel 150
Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice! Joanna!
Beat. O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile you!
I am that of your blood was[1] taken from you
For your better health; look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly;
Let the common sewer[2] take it from distinction
Beneath the stars.[1] Upon yon meteor [*Pointing to* De Flores]
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;
I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed:
Mine honor fell with him, and now my life.— 161
Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed;
Your bed was cozened on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died.
Als. Diaphanta?
De F. Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley-break; now we are left in hell.[2]
Ver. We are all there, it circumscribes us here.
De F. I loved this woman in spite of her heart:
Her love I earned out of Piracquo's murder.
Tom. Ha! my brother's murderer? 170
De F. Yes, and her honor's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.
Ver. Horrid villain!
Keep life in him for further tortures.
De F. No!
I can prevent you; here's my pen-knife still;
It is but one thread more, [*stabbing himself*] and now 'tis cut.
Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind; 180
I would not go to leave thee far behind.
Dies
Beat. Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live.
Dies
Ver. O, my name's entered now in that record
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read.
Als. Let it be blotted out; let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life
To your dishonor; justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit 190
By proclamation, and may joy again.—
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done;

[1] That part of your blood which was, etc.
[2] Q. *shewer.*

[1] From any importance on earth.
[2] Above III, iii, 173.

'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.
Tom. Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries
Lie dead before me; I can exact no more,
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake
Those black fugitives that are fled from thence,
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths
Deeper than mine, 'tis to be feared, about 'em.
Als. What an opacous body had that moon
That last changed on us! here is beauty changed
To ugly whoredom; here servant-obedience
To a master-sin, imperious murder;
I, a supposed husband, changed embraces
With wantonness,—but that was paid before.
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
To knowing friendship.—Are there any more on's?
Ant. Yes, sir, I was changed too from a little ass as I was to a great fool as I am; and had like to ha' been changed to the gallows, but that you know my innocence[1] always excuses me.
Fran. I was changed from a little wit to be stark mad,
Almost for the same purpose.
Isa. [*to* ALIBIUS] Your change is still behind,
But deserve best your transformation:
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of folly,
And teach your scholars how to break your own head.
Alib. I see all apparent, wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and ne'er keep
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself.
Als. Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,
Please you, accept it; let that your sorrow,
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart;
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

[1] Idiocy.

EPILOGUE

Als. All we can do to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause relive
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconciled.

Exeunt omnes

RVLE A WIFE
And have a Wife.

A COMOEDY.

ACTED BY HIS
Majesties Servants.

Written by
JOHN FLETCHER
Gent.

OXFORD,
Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD
Printer to the Vniversity.
ANNO 1640.

Rule a Wife and Have a Wife was licensed for performance in 1624, one year before the death of Fletcher; and printed in quarto in 1640. As the first folio of "Beaumont and Fletcher" of 1647 confined itself to plays attributed to these authors, not hitherto in print, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* was not included; but it appeared in the second folio, of 1679, which gathered up as nearly as possible all of these authors' plays. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* was staged at earliest some six or seven years after the death of Beaumont. He could have had no part in it. Aside from this, this comedy is wholly in Fletcher's mature manner, exhibiting alike his ease and fluency and his happy characterization and dramatic verve. This is one of several plays in which Fletcher drew on Spanish fiction, here "El Casamiento Engañoso," one of the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes, which supplied the story of the Copper Captain and his gulling. The main plot with the admirable title are Fletcher's own. The text follows that of the quarto, from which the folio differs little, and not, of course, without attention to the many competent editors of Fletcher.

This play is one of a score of Fletcher's comedies which vary from realistic scenes of London life, such as *Wit at Several Weapons* and *Monsieur Thomas* to similar themes in foreign setting, *The Wild Goose Chase* or *The Tamer Tamed*, and romantic comedies like *The Pilgrim* and *The Chance*. Fletcher, in comedies such as these last mentioned and that of the text, was the first to lay under contribution the rich sources of Spanish fiction for the English stage.

[PERSONS IN THE PLAY

JUAN DE CASTRO, *a Colonel*
MICHAEL PEREZ, *the Copper Captain*
A SERVANT OF MICHAEL
ESTIFANIA
DONNA CLARA
SANCHIO } *Officers in the Army*
ALONZO }
THREE OLD LADIES
[CACAFOGO, a rich Usurer]
ALTEA, *Servant to Margarita*
LEON, *Brother to Altea*
MARGARITA, *an Heiress*
MAID, BOY, OLD WOMAN
THE DUKE *of* MEDINA *and Attendants*
LORENZO, *a Servant*
A COACHMAN

THE SCENE: Valladolid, and a Country-House near it.]

PROLOGUE

Pleasure attend ye! and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To stir you up! Do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day w' are Spaniards all again,
The story of our play, and our scene Spain:
The errors too, do not for this cause hate;
Now we present their wit and not their state.
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free, 10
Seek to abuse her[1] husband; still 'tis Spain;
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:
W' are vestals all, and though we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire;
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;
A cruel scene did never lady please. 20
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeased,
Though we present some men fooled, some diseased,
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you, you're free:
We tax no further than our comedy;
You are our friends; sit noble then, and see!

[1] Q. *your.*

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

JOHN FLETCHER

ACT I, SCENE I

[*Valladolid. The Lodgings of Juan de Castro*]

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO *and* MICHAEL PEREZ

Perez. Are your companies full, colonel?
Juan. No, not yet, sir;
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?
Perez. We pick up still,
And, as our monies hold out, we have men come:
About that time I think we shall be full too.
Many young gallants go.
Juan. And unexperienced:
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits;
Time and experience will allay those visions.
We have strange things to fill our numbers:
There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,
Recommended to me from some noble friends,
For my alferez;[1] had you but seen his person,
And what a giant's promise it protesteth!
Perez. I have heard of him, and that he hath served before too.
Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, Don Michael,
That came to my ears yet. Ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,
To the point less; he wears a sword, a good one,
And good clothes too; he's whole-skinned, has no hurt yet;
Good promising hopes; I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.
Perez. Preserve him; he'll conclude a peace if need be.
Many as strong as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish,
Their mouth charged with six oaths at once, and whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.
Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for. But, Michael Perez,
When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great heiress?
Perez. I hear every hour of her, though I never saw her;
She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at ease! She's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.
Juan. But she is proud, sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness:
He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.
Perez. Would I were married! I would find that wisdom
With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever woman
Of the most subtlest mould went beyond me,
I'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o' th' parish.

Enter a Servant

Serv. Sir,
There be two gentlewomen attend to speak with you.
Juan. Wait on 'em in.
Perez. Are they two handsome women?
Serv. They seem so, very handsome; but they're veiled, sir.
Perez. Thou puttest sugar in my mouth; how it melts with me!
I love a sweet young wench.
Juan. Wait on them in, I say.
Exit Serv.

[1] Ensign.

Perez. Don Juan!
Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burnish!
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?
Do your eyes glow now?
Perez. There be two.
Juan. Say honest;
What shame have you then?
Perez. I would fain see that: 60
I have been i' th' Indies twice, and have seen strange things;
But, two honest women!—One I read of once.
Juan. Pr'ythee, be modest.
Perez. I'll be anything!

Enter Servant, ESTIFANIA *and* DONNA CLARA *veiled*

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.
Perez. Both hooded! I like 'em well though,
They come not for advice in law sure hither!
May be they'd learn to raise the pike; I am for 'em.
They are very modest; 'tis a fine preludium. [*Aside*]
Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady? 70
Clara. With you, sir, as I guess; Juan de Castro. [*Unveils*]
Perez. Her curtain opens; she's a pretty gentlewoman.
Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune,
I may do any service to your beauties.
Clara. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,
To serve the Catholic king.
Juan. I am, sweet lady.
Clara. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employed in those wars; may be, sir, you know him;
Don Campusano, captain of carbines, 80
To whom I would request your nobleness
To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives*] *a letter*
Juan. I shall do it;
I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.
Clara. Something in private.
Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.
Ex[*eunt*] JUAN *and* CLARA
Perez. Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.
Estif. Sir, you must pardon me:
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their chastities, 90
Had need wear thicker veils.
Perez. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favors;
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserved, lady;
You may to me.
Estif. You must excuse me, signior;
I come not here to sell myself.
Perez. As I am a gentleman!
By th' honor of a soldier! 100
Estif. I believe you;
I pray you be civil; I believe you'd see me,
And, when you've seen me, I believe you'll like me;
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you!
Indeed, I will not.
Perez. I shall love you dearly;
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection:
I have no mistress, no desire to honor
Any but you.—Will not this oyster open? 110 [*Aside*]
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty—
She will draw sure—[*aside*]—so deep, and taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others—
Quickly, before they come!
Estif. Indeed, I dare not:
But, since I see you're so desirous, sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance—
Perez. It must needs be excellent.
Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me; 120
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter; thither come;
For there I dare be bold to appear open,
And, as I like your virtuous carriage, then
I shall be able to give welcome to you—

Enter JUAN, CLA[RA *and*] *a* Servant

She hath done her business; I must take my leave, sir.

Perez. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank ye, lady:
My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.[1]—
Sirrah, come near; hark! [*Whispers*]
Serv. I shall do it faithfully. *Exit* 130
Juan. You will command me no more services?
Clara. To be careful of your noble health, dear sir,
That I may ever honor you.
Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands.—Wait on the ladies down there!
Exeunt Ladies *and* Servant
Perez. You had the honor to see the face that came to you?
Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, Don Michael?
Perez. Mine was i' th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it;
But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome;
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit. 140
Juan. You know none of 'em?
Perez. No.
Juan. Then I do, captain;
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.—
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught:
I fear a fly.[2] [*Aside*]
Perez. Were those she brought love-letters?
Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.
Yours was very modest, methought.
Perez. Some young unmanaged thing: 150
But I may live to see—
Juan. 'Tis worth experience.
Let's walk abroad, and view our companies.
Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*The Street*]

Enter SANCHIO *and* ALONZO

Sanc. What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?
Alon. It may be ay,
It may be no; e'en as the humor takes me.
If I find peace among the female creatures,
And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home;

[1] Suitor. [2] A bait.

I'm not so far obliged yet to long marches
And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honor.
When you are all gone, I have my choice before me.
Sanc. Of which hospital thou'lt sweat in. Wilt thou never
Leave whoring? 10
Alon. There is less danger in't than gunning, Sanchio:
Though we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;
Besides, it breaks no limbs.
Sanc. But it disables 'em; dost thou see how thou pull'st
Thy legs after thee, as they hung by points?[1]
Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;
Serve bravely for a billet to support me.
Sanc. Fie, fie! 'tis base.
Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis the crown of honor. 20
You think it nothing to lie twenty days
Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.
Sanc. As thou hast done, I am sure. But I perceive now
Why you desire to stay; the Orient[2] heiress,
The Margarita, sir!
Alon. I would I had her.
Sanc. They say she will marry.
Alon. Yes, I think she will.
Sanc. And marry suddenly, as report goes, too!
She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo. 30
Alon. I would I had the sheathing on't.
Sanc. They say too
She has a greedy eye, that must be fed
With more than one man's meat.
Alon. 'Would she were mine!
I would cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,
There be too many great men that adore her;
Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.
Sanc. Yet those stand off i' th' way of marriage,
To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labor.[3] 40

[1] Braces.
[2] Suitable epithet for Margarita, a pearl, and a rich one.
[3] Another kind of labor, not a pleasure.

Alon. She has bought a brave house here in town.
Sanc. I have heard so.
Alon. If she convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poor gentlemen welcome!
Sanc. When comes she to it?
Alon. Within these two days; she's i' th' country yet,
And keeps the noblest house!
Sanc. Then there's some hope of her.
Wilt thou go my way?
Alon. No, no, I must leave you, 50
And repair to an old gentlewoman
That has credit with her, that can speak a good word.
Sanc. Send thee good fortune! but make thy body sound first.
Alon. I am a soldier, and too sound a body
Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio!
Exeunt

[SCENE III]

[*The Same*]

Enter a Servant *of* Michael Perez

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost mine aim;
They are both fair buildings. She walked plaguy fast;
Ent[*er*] Estif[ania]
And hereabouts I lost her.—Stay! that's she,
'Tis very she. She makes me a low court'sy.
Let me note the place; the street I well remember.
Exit [Estifania *into a house*]
She's in again. Certain some noble lady:
How happy should I be if she love my master!
A wondrous goodly house; here are brave lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an emperor,
And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune! 10
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings. *Exit*

[SCENE IV]

[*The Country. An Apartment in the Villa of Margarita*]

Enter three old Ladies

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste we're sent for?
2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has some business
She'd break to us in private.
3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.
2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'Tis pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.
3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

Enter Altea

Altea. Good morrow, ladies! 10
All. Morrow, my good madam!
1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young beauty, Lady Margaret?
2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last night?
1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?
Altea. All's well.
She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.
2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,
To ask the counsel of the ancient'st, madam;
Our years have run through many things she knows not. 21
Altea. She would fain marry.
1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke with?
Altea. That's left to argue on. I pray come in,
And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings; then she'll tell ye.
2 *Lady.* And good wine breeds good counsel; we'll yield to ye. *Exeunt*

[SCENE V]

[*Valladolid. The Street*]

Enter Juan de Castro *and* Leon

Juan. Have you seen any service?
Leon. Yes.
Juan. Where?

Leon. Everywhere.
Juan. What office bore you?
Leon. None; I was not worthy.
Juan. What captains know you?
Leon. None; they were above me.
Juan. Were you never hurt?
Leon. Not that I well remember, 10
But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.
Pray ask me no long questions; I have an ill memory.
Juan. This is an ass.—Did you never draw your sword yet?
Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank heaven for't.
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?
Leon. No, I ran away,
For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a drum?
Leon. It makes my head ache.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk? 20
Leon. I think not;
But I am loving, sir.
Juan. What a lump is this man!—
Was your father wise?
Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure;
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.
Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.
Canst thou lie with a woman?
Leon. I think I could make shift, sir;
But I am bashful. 30
Juan. In the night?
Leon. I know not;
Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.
Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?
Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozened, sir; men that talk more too.
Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a bullet?
Leon. Why, by chance;
They aim at honorable men; alas, I am none, sir. 40
Juan. This fellow has some doubts in's talk, that strike me;
He cannot be all fool.—

Ent[er] ALONZO

Welcome, Alonzo!
Alon. What have you got there? Temperance into
Your company? the spirit of peace? we shall have wars
By the ounce then.—

Ent[er] CACA[FOGO]

O, here's another pumpion;[1]
Let him loose for luck sake, the crammed son
Of a starved usurer, Cacafogo,
Both their brains buttered cannot make two spoonfuls. 50
Cac. My father's dead; I am a man of war too.
Monies, demesnes; I have ships at sea too, captains.
Juan. Take heed o' th' Hollanders; your ships may leak else.
Cac. I scorn the Hollanders; they are my drunkards.
Alon. Put up your gold, sir; I will borrow it else.
Cac. I'm satisfied, you shall not.—Come out; I know thee;
Meet mine anger instantly!
Leon. I never wronged ye.
Cac. Thou hast wronged mine honor;
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously; 60
I'll make it good.
Juan. Do not heat yourself; you will surfeit.[2]
Cac. Thou wan'st[3] my money too, with a pair of base bones,
In whom there was no truth; for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerously;
This shall provoke thee. *He strikes [him]*
Alon. You struck too low by a foot, sir.
Juan. You must get a ladder when you'd beat this fellow.
Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again; pray pardon me! *[Kicks him]*
Cac. Had'st thou not asked my pardon, I had killed thee. 70

[1] Pumpkin, country fellow.
[2] Fall ill.
[3] Won'st.

I leave thee as a thing despised! *Beso las manos a vuestra señoria!*
Exit Caca.
Alon. You have 'scaped by miracle, there is not, in all Spain,
A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.
Leon. I see he's hasty; and I would give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he would take my bond.
Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?
Alon. Turn him off:
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.
Juan. About some week hence, sir, 80
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.
Leon. I desire no better. *Exeunt*

[SCENE VI]

[*A Splendid Apartment in Margarita's Town House*]

Enter Estifania *and* Perez

Perez. You have made me now too bountiful amends, lady,
For your strict carriage when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be concealed;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;
I could now chide you, but it shall be thus.
[*Kisses her*]
No other anger ever touch your sweetness!
Estif. You appear to me so honest and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.
Perez. Now let me ask your name.
Estif. 'Tis Estifania: 10
The heir of this poor place.
Perez. Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!
Is all that plate your own, too?
Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use; I have more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it. 20
The suits you see of all the upper chambers
Are those that commonly adorn the house:
I think I have, besides, as fair as Sevil,
Or any town in Spain can parallel.
Perez. [*aside*] Now if she be not married, I have some hopes.—
Are you a maid?
Estif. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retired, sir.
Perez. Then would I counsel you to marry presently,
—If I can get her, I am made for ever— 30
[*Aside*]
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;
A husband now, an honest, careful husband,
Were such a comfort! Will you walk above stairs?
Estif. This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust, sir.—
Perez. She is excellent wise withal too.—
[*Aside*]
Estif. You named a husband; I am not so strict, sir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier (for so I have vowed he shall be) 40
Were offered me, I think I should accept him;
But, above all, he must love.
Perez. He were base else.—
There's comfort ministered in the word soldier.
How sweetly should I live! [*Aside*]
Estif. I am not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obeyed, sir.
I waste but little, I have gathered much;
My rial[1] not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my direction; to please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty, 50
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.
Perez. Sweet, rich, and provident! now fortune stick to me!— [*Aside*]
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;

[1] A small silver coin.

And such a wife as you I could love infinitely;
They that use many words, some are deceitful:
I long to be a husband, and a good one;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies.
I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too; 60
If't please you know, try me, before you take me.
'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth with you;
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats I dare presume on
In ready gold (now as your care may handle it)
As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady!
Estif. You are a true gentleman, and fair, I see by ye:
And such a man I'd rather take—
Perez. 'Pray do so!
I'll have a priest o' th' sudden.
Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.
Perez. I'll be hanged or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this kiss!
[*Kisses her*]
Estif. You are a flatterer; 70
But I must say there was something when I saw you first,
In that most noble face that stirred my fancy.
Perez. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet lady.
I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye;
And then sweet wench—
Estif. You have the art to cozen me.
Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE I

[*The Country. An Apartment in the Villa of Margarita*]

Enter MARGARITA, *two* Ladies *and* ALTEA

Marg. Sit down, and give me your opinions seriously.
1 *Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady?
Marg. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit;
Yet not so much for that as for my state, ladies;
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' question:
Credit I can redeem, money will imp[1] it;
But when my money's gone, when the law shall
Seize that, and for incontinency strip me of all?
1 *Lady.* D'ye find your body so malicious that way?
Marg. I find it as all bodies are that are young and lusty, 10
Lazy, and high fed; I desire my pleasure,
And pleasure I must have.
2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have;
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nourish more.
1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep you single?
You take away variety in marriage,
The abundance of the pleasure you are barred then;
Is't not abundance that you aim at? 20
Marg. Yes;
Why was I made a woman?
2 *Lady.* And every day a new?
Marg. Why fair and young, but to use it?
1 *Lady.* You are still i' th' right; why would you marry then?
Altea. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.
2 *Lady.* What husband mean ye?
Altea. A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure; 30
One, though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.[2]
2 *Lady.* You grant there may be such a man.
1 *Lady.* Yes, marry;
But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection?

[1] Mend it.
[2] The maker of the monster.

2 *Lady*. They must be chosen so; things of no honor,
Nor outward honesty.
Marg. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.
2 *Lady*. Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,
That carries credit and a face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his clients' business.
Marg. No, there's no trusting them: they are too subtle;
The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.
1 *Lady*. Then, some grave governor,
Some man of honor, yet an easy man.
Marg. If he have honor I'm undone; I'll none such:
I'll have a lusty man; honor will cloy me.
Altea. 'Tis fit you should, lady;
And to that end, with search, and wit, and labor,
I have found one out, a right one and a perfect;
He is made as strong as brass, is of brave years too,
And doughty of complexion.
Marg. Is he a gentleman?
Altea. Yes, and a soldier; as gentle as you would wish him;
A good fellow, wears good clothes.
Marg. Those I'll allow him;
They are for my credit. Does he understand
But little?
Altea. Very little.
Marg. 'Tis the better.
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?
Altea. No;
He will not quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.
Marg. [He] has no capacity what honor is?
For that's the soldier's god.
Altea. Honor's a thing too subtile for his wisdom;
If honor lie in eating, he's right honorable.
Marg. Is he so goodly a man, d'ye say?
Altea. As you shall see, lady;
But, to all this, he's but a trunk.
Marg. I would have him so,
I shall add branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him;
If he be that motion[1] that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.
Let him be here.
Altea. He shall attend your ladyship.
Exeunt

[SCENE II]

[*Valladolid. The Lodgings of Don Juan*]

Enter Juan, Alonzo *and* Perez

Juan. Why, thou art not married indeed?
Perez. No, no; pray think so.
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a lady's eye!
Alon. Wouldst thou steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?
Perez. No, indeed!
There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet!
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.
Juan. Was it the wench i' th' veil?
Perez. Basta![2] 'twas she;
The prettiest rogue that e'er you looked upon,
The loving'st thief!
Juan. And is she rich withal too?
Perez. A mine, a mine! there is no end of wealth, colonel.
I am an ass, a bashful fool! Pr'ythee, colonel,
How do thy companies fill now?
Juan. You are merry, sir;
You intend a safer war at home, belike now?
Perez. I do not think I shall fight much this year, colonel;
I find myself given to my ease a little.
I care not if I sell my foolish company;
They are things of hazard.
Alon. How it angers me, [*Aside*]
This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench; and I, that have consumed

[1] The puppet. [2] Enough.

My time and art in searching out their subtleties,
Like a fooled alchemist, blow up my hopes still!— 30
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?
Perez. When I have managed her a little more;
I have a house to entertain an army.
Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.
Perez. But where they'll get entertainment is the point, signior;
I beat no drum.
Alon. You need none but her tabor.
Perez. May be I'll march, after a month or two
To get me a fresh stomach.[1] I find, colonel,
A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with; 40
'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels, and plates[2] and fooleries, molest me;
To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth!
Before, I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant

Serv. My Mistress, sir, is sick, because you are absent;
She mourns, and will not eat.
Perez. Alas, my jewel!
Come, I'll go with thee.—Gentlemen, your fair leaves!
You see I am tied a little to my yoke; 50
Pray pardon me! 'would ye had both such loving wives!
Juan. I thank you
Ex[*eunt*] Perez [*and*] Serv[*ant*]
For your old boots!—Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has oustript thy fortune!
Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.
Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,
We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune. *Exeunt*

[1] Courage.
[2] Coins.

[SCENE III]

[*The Country. An Apartment in Margarita's Villa*]

Ent[*er*] Margarita, Altea [*and*] *the* Ladies

Marg. Is he come?
Altea. Yes, madam; [he] has been here this half hour.
I have questioned him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man:
He'll make the goodliest shadow for iniquity!
Marg. Have ye searched him, ladies?
Omnes. He's a man at all points, a likely man!
Marg. Call him in, Altea.

[*Exit* Altea, *and re-enters with* Leon]

A man of a good presence!—Pray you come this way,—
Of a lusty body: Is his mind so tame? 10
Altea. Pray ye question him; and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm done.
Marg. Can you love a young lady?—How he blushes!
Altea. Leave twirling of your hat, [and] hold you head up,
And speak to th' lady.
Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I must be taught; I know not what it means, madam.
Marg. You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And money in your purse. 21
Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am so merry!
Marg. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?
Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.
Marg. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied, 30

And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear of?
Leon. 'Twere fit I were hanged else.
Marg. Let me try your kisses.
[*Kisses him*]
How the fool shakes!—I will not eat you, sir.—
Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly!—
Can you do anything else?
Leon. Indeed, I know not;
But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.
Marg. You shall then be instructed. 40
If I should be this lady that affects you,
Nay, say I marry you—
Altea. Hark to the lady.
Marg. What money have you?
Leon. None, madam, nor friends.
I would do anything to serve your ladyship.
Marg. You must not look to be my master, sir,
Nor talk i' th' house as though you wore the breeches;
No, nor command in anything.
Leon. I will not; 50
Alas, I am not able; I have no wit, madam.
Marg. Nor do not labor to arrive at any;
'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a servant you must be unto me;
As I behold your duty I shall love ye,
And, as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye,
Can you mark these?
Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.
Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take you in, I put ye from me, 60
Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me;
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.
Leon. I will not.
Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.
Marg. Nor must not now.
Leon. I'll be a dog to please ye.
Marg. Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.
Leon. I were to blame else.
Marg. Kiss me again.—A strong fellow! 70
There is a vigor in his lips:—If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.
Leon. No,
If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented;
It will the better teach me how to please ye!
Altea. I told ye, madam!
Marg. 'Tis the man I wished for.—
The less you speak—
Leon. I'll never speak again, madam, 80
But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too.
Marg. Get me a priest; I'll wed him instantly.—
But when you are married, sir, you must wait upon me,
And see you observe my laws.
Leon. Else you shall hang me.
Marg. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve 'em.—
Come in, and serve for witnesses.
Omnes. We shall, madam.
Marg. And then away to th' city presently;
I'll to my new house and new company. 90
[*Exit with* Ladies]
Leon. A thousand crowns are thine; and I am a made man.
Altea. Do not break out too soon!
Leon. I know my time, wench.
Exeunt

[SCENE IV]

[*Valladolid. A Room in Margarita's House*]

Enter Clara *and* Estifania, *with a paper*

Clara. What, have you caught him?
Estif. Yes.
Clara. And do you find him
A man of those hopes that you aimed at?
Estif. Yes, too;
And the most kind man, and the ablest also
To give a wife content! He's sound as old wine,
And to his soundness rises on the palate;
And there's the man! I find him rich too, Clara.
Clara. Hast thou married him? 10
Estif. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait, wench?
I bob for fools? He is mine own, I have him.
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And, as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,

And all he has I have stowed at my devotion.
Clara. Does thy lady know this? She's coming now to town,
Now to live here in this house.
Estif. Let her come;
She shall be welcome, I am prepared for her;
She is mad sure if she be angry at my fortune, 20
For what I have made bold.
Clara. Dost thou not love him?
Estif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he stays, and looks no further
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen[1] him.
[A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings,][2]
How to decline their wives and curb their manners,
To put a stern and strong rein to their natures;
And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance, 30
That cannot mould a devil to obedience.
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.

Enter Perez

O, here he is; now you shall see a kind man.
Perez. My Estifania! shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.
Estif. I cannot eat else.
Perez. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.
Estif. You are welcome to it, sir. 40
Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench;
Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden,
In one o' th' arbors, (there 'tis cool and pleasant,)
And have our wine cold in the running fountain.
Who's that?

[1] Cheat.
[2] This line has been inserted by modern editors to supply a clear omission.

Estif. A friend of mine, sir.
Perez. Of what breeding?
Estif. A gentlewoman, sir.
Perez. What business has she? 49
Is she a learned woman i' th' mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?
Estif. More than I know, sir.
Perez. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor.
Estif. What need all this? why are you troubled, sir?
What do you suspect? she cannot cuckold you;
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.
Perez. Your very woman may do very well, sir, 60
Toward the matter; for, though she cannot perform it
In her own person, she may do it by proxy:
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.
Estif. Cry ye mercy, husband! you are jealous then,
And happily[1] suspect me?
Perez. No, indeed, wife.
Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more cause,
And clearer too. I am sure you have heard say, husband,
A woman forced will free herself through iron;
A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented, 70
May be taught tricks.
Perez. No, no, I do but jest with you.
Estif. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.
Clara. I shall leave you
Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with you. *Exit. Knock[ing within]*
Estif. Why, where's this girl? Who's at the door?
Perez. Who knocks there?
Is't for the king you come, you knock so boist'rously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid

Maid [*apart to* Estif.] My lady! as I live, mistress, my lady's come! 80

[1] Perhaps.

She's at the door; I peeped through, and I saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.
Estif. This was a week too soon; but I must meet with her,
And set a new wheel going, and a subtile one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruined.
Perez. What are they at door?
Estif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they entered here;
Such for our good!
Perez. 'Tis well. 90
Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me:
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?
Perez. Do; I dare trust thee. I am ashamed I am angry;
I find thee a wise young wife.
Estif. [*apart*] I'll wise your worship
Before I leave you!—'Pray you walk by, and say nothing,
Only salute them,[1] and leave the rest to me, sir:
I was born to make you a man. [*Exit*] 100
Perez. The rogue speaks heartily;
Her good will colors in her cheeks; I am born to love her.
I must be gentler to these tender natures;
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she works now;
I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter Marg[arita,] Estif[ania,] Leon, Altea, *and* Ladies

Who are these? what flanting[2] things? A woman
Of rare presence! excellent fair! This is too big 109
For a bawdy-house, too open-seated too.
Estif. My husband, lady!
Marg. You have gained a proper[3] man.
Perez. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady. *Kisses* Estif.

[1] Q, *him.* [2] Flaunting. [3] Handsome.

Estif. [*apart to* Perez] Sir, be ruled now, and I shall make ye rich:
This is my cousin; that gentleman dotes on her,
Even to death; see how he observes her.
Perez. She is a goodly woman.
Estif. She's a mirror,
But she is poor; she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to, as to her own, 120
And presuming upon me, and upon my courtesy,—
(Conceive me short),—he knows not but she's wealthy:
Or, if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He's so far gone.
Perez. Forward. She has a rare face.
Estif. This we must carry with discretion, husband,
And yield unto her for four days.
Perez. Yield our house up,
Our goods, and wealth?
Estif. All this is but in seeming, 130
To milk the lover on. D'you see this writing?
Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married,
Has she sealed to for our good: The time's unfit now;
I'll shew it you to-morrow.
Perez. All the house?
Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him;
They'll into th' country suddenly again
After they are matched, and then she'll open to him.
Perez. The whole possession, wife? Look what you do.
A part o' th' house—
Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days? Had you a sister, sir,
A niece or mistress, that required this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?
Perez. If easily it would come back—
Estif. I swear, sir,
As easily as it came on. Is it not pity

To let[1] such a gentlewoman for a little help?
You give away no house. 150
Perez. Clear but that question.
Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.
Perez. Well then.
Estif. And you shall keep them safe.
Perez. I'm satisfied.
'Would I had the wench so too.
Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is linked unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have heaven knows what. 160
Perez. I'll remove the goods straight,
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for four days.
Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we'll be.
Perez. 'Tis well then.
Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.
Perez. Well.
Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after,
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both!
Exit PER[EZ]
Marg. Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept sweet, wench?
Estif. They're sweet and neat. 170
Marg. Why, where's your husband?
Estif. Gone, madam.
When you come to your own, he must give place, lady.
Marg. Well, send you joy! You would not let me know't,
Yet I shall not forget ye.
Estif. Thank your ladyship! *Exeunt*

ACT III, SCENE I

[*An Apartment in Margarita's House*]

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, *and* Boy

Altea. Are you at ease now? is your heart at rest,
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit?
Marg. I'm at peace, Altea:
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy.
The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom,
Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,
Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy! 11
Altea. You are a made woman.
Marg. But if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy concealed?
Altea. 'My life, an innocent.
Marg. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too; then I'm sure I rule him;
For innocents are like obedient children 20
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who being not used to breakfasts and collations,
When they have coarse bread offered 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a favor too. Are the rooms
Made ready to entertain my friends?
I long to dance now, and to be wanton;
Let me have a song. Is the great couch up
The Duke of Medina sent?
Altea. 'Tis up and ready.
Marg. And day-beds in all chambers? 30
Altea. In all, lady;
Your house is nothing now but various pleasures;
The gallants begin to gaze too.
Marg. Let 'em gaze on;
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight, and courtship,
And handsome servants at my will. Where's my good husband?
Where does he wait?
Altea. He knows his distance, madam;
I warrant you he's busy in the cellar, 40
Amongst his fellow-servants, or asleep,
'Till your command awake him.
Marg. 'Tis well, Altea;
It should be so; my ward I must preserve him.—

Enter LEON [*and* Servant]

Who sent for him? how dare he come uncalled for?
His bonnet on too!
Altea. Sure he sees you not.
Marg. How scornfully he looks!
Leon. Are all the chambers

[1] Hinder.

Decked and adorned thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings every hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels, to give luster?
Serv. They are, and yet there must be more and richer;
It is her will.
Leon. Hum. Is it so? 'tis excellent.
It is her will, too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels, and masques?
Serv. She ever loved 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir!
I must not call ye master (she has warned me)
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.
Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What though I be her husband, I am your fellow.
I may cut first?
Serv. That's as you shall deserve, sir.
Leon. And when I lie with her—
Serv. May be I'll light ye;
On the same point you may do me that service.

Enter 1 Lady

1 *Lady.* Madam, the Duke Medina, with some captains,
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.
Marg. They shall be welcome.
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
The house perfumed. Now I shall take my pleasure,
And not my neighbor Justice maunder at me.—
Go, get your best clothes on; but, till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave yourself cleanly, sir; 'tis for my credit.

Enter 2 Lady

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia—
Leon. That's a bawd, [*Apart*]
A three-piled[1] bawd, bawd-major to the army.

[1] Velvet of the best quality was so called. The allusion is to her excellence in her trade, and perhaps to the material of her gown.

2 *Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship,
And to be informed if you will take the air this morning.
Leon. The neat air of her nunnery.
Marg. Tell her, no;
I' th' afternoon I'll call on her.
2 *Lady.* I will, madam. *Exit*
Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be sewer[1] to the first course.—
A portly presence!—Altea, he looks lean;
'Tis a wash[2] knave, he will not keep his flesh well.
Altea. A willing, madam, one that needs no spurring.
Leon. 'Faith, madam, in my little understanding,
You had better entertain your honest neighbors,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.
Marg. How now? what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye:
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of marchpane[3] men, that will not last, madam;
An egg and pepper goes further than their potions,
And in a well-built body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potabiles.[4]
Marg. The fellow's mad!
Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.
Altea. He breaks out modestly. [*Apart*]
Leon. Pray you be not angry;
My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.
Marg. Thou dar'st not talk?
Leon. Not much, madam:
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue;
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there was a stronger[5] on your temper.

[1] Cup-bearer.
[2] Washy, weak.
[3] Sweetmeat.
[4] Drinks.
[5] I.e., *tie.*

Ne'er look so stern upon me; I am your husband,
But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such deformities; 120
They are shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls[1] that lie by you, to wash out your stains,
And bills nailed up with horn[2] before your stories,
To rent out lust.[3]
Marg. Do you hear him talk?
Leon. I have done, madam;
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;
Shortly I shall be such; then I'll speak wonders?
'Till when, I tie myself to my obedience. *Exit*
Marg. First, I'll untie myself! Did you mark the gentleman, 131
How boldly and how saucily he talked,
And how unlike the lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant dough? He stood up to me,
And mated[4] my commands! this was your providence,[5]
Your wisdom, to elect[6] this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge!
What think you now?
Altea. I think him an ass still;
This boldness some of your people have blown into him, 140
This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.
Marg. I'll have my cellar locked, no school[7] kept there,
Nor no discovery.[8] I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,
To grass immediately; I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still[1] fools, that shall know[2] nothing,
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband! 150
Altea. He will fall again; my life, he cries by this time;
Keep him from drink; he has a high constitution.

Ent[er] LEON

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam?
Marg. No, your old clothes,
And get you into the country presently,[3]
And see my hawks well trained; you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,
And lodgings with the hinds;[4] it is too good too.
Altea. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance:
You see how he's come round again. 160
Marg. I see not what I expect to see.
Leon. You shall see, madam, if it shall please your ladyship—
Altea. He's humbled;
Forgive, good lady.
Marg. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.
Leon. [*aside*] Have you yet no feeling?
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady! *Exit*
Marg. See you preserve him thus, upon my favor;
You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone; 170
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.
I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.
Altea. [*aside*] I hope to see you so too; I've wrought ill else. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*A Room in a mean Hovel*]

Enter PEREZ

Perez. Shall I never return to mine owr house again?

[1] Soap balls.
[2] Advertisements covered with transparent horn like A.B.C. cards.
[3] Q and F read *last*.
[4] Checkmated.
[5] Foresight.
[6] Select.
[7] Concourse.
[8] Exploration.

[1] Always.
[2] Supply *that*.
[3] At once.
[4] Laborers.

We are lodged here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A conjuror's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,
And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately.
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
And to that so thick, they cut like marmalet;[1]
So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder![2] 10
Never return to mine own paradise?—
Why, wife, I say! why, Estifania!
Estif—within.—I am going, presently.
Perez. Make haste, good jewel!
I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:[3]
I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here;
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.
The inhabitants we have are two starved rats
(For they are not able to maintain a cat here), 20
And those appear as fearful as two devils;
They have eat a map of the whole world up already,
And if we stay a night, we are gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dried in this brick-kiln,[4] and she sits i' the chimney,
(Which is but three tiles, raised like a house of cards),
The true proportion of an old smoked sibyl;
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;
She has a husk about her like a chestnut 30
With laziness and living under the line here;
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

[1] Marmalade.
[2] Puzzle a magician.
[3] The West Indies that produce sugar.
[4] Old edd. read *hill.*

Ent[er] Estifania

Mercy, deliver me!—O, are you come, wife?
Shall we be free again?
Estif. I am now going.
And you shall presently to your own house, sir:
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have said your orisons, 40
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.
Perez. Break my neck rather! Is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of buttered wall you think is excellent!
Let's have our house again immediately;
And pray you take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled!
Estif. Not a pin, I warrant you.
Perez. And let 'em instantly depart. 50
Estif. They shall both,
(There's reason in all courtesies) they must both,
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too; she sent me word, sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.
Perez. I'll walk i' th' church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than these living,
An hour hence I'll expect ye.
Estif. I'll not fail, sir.
Perez. And do you hear, let's have a handsome dinner, 60
And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong bath to restore me!
I stink like a stall-fish,[1] shambles, or an oil-shop.
Estif. You shall have all—[*Aside*] (which some interpret nothing.)—
I'll send ye people for the trunks afore-hand,
And for the stuff.
Perez. Let 'em be known and honest;
And do my service to your niece.
Estif. I shall, sir;
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,

[1] Fish-stall.

That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy. 71
And pray ye be brave, for my sake!
Perez. I observe ye. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

[*The Street*]

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO, SANCHIO, *and* CACAFOGO

Sanc. Thou art very brave.
Cac. I have reason; I have money.
Sanc. Is money reason?
Cac. Yes, and rhyme[1] too, captain.
If ye have no money, ye're an ass.
Sanc. I thank you.
Cac. Ye have manners;[2] ever thank him that has money.
Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?
Cac. Not a farthing, captain;
Captains are casual things. 10
Sanc. Why, so are all men;
Thou shalt have my bond.
Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain:
My money is mine own; I make no doubt on't.
Juan. What dost thou do with it?
Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.
Juan. Are those hospitals?
Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitals 20
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build; those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep the inheritance in my name still.
Juan. A provident charity! Are you for the wars, sir?
Cac. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet:
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.
Juan. Ye have said wisely.
Cac. Had you but my money,
You would swear it, colonel; I'd rather drill at home 30

[1] Q. reads *ruine.* [2] Q. *meaner.*

A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honor,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing:
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.
Sanc. A right state usurer; why dost thou not marry,
And live a reverend justice?
Cac. Is't not nobler
To command a reverend justice, than to be one?
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?
Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us? 41
Cac. I will go,
And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair one,
The rich one too, and I will be respected;
I bear my patent here: I will talk to her;
And when your captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.
Juan. The duke dines there to-day, too,
The Duke of Medina. 50
Cac. Let the king dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my creature;
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, captain.
Sanc. Thou wilt eat monstrously.
Cac. Like a true-born Spaniard;
Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows!
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk you as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the intellectuals of the ladies;
I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.
Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me. 61
Cac. You must pawn a horse-troop
And then have at ye, colonel!
Sanc. Come, let's go.
This rascal will make rare sport! how the ladies
Will laugh him![1]
Juan. If I light on him,
I'll make his purse sweat too.
Cac. Will you lead, gentlemen? *Exeunt*

[1] At him: but we say "laugh him to scorn."

[SCENE IV]

[*The Street before the mean Hovel*]

Enter PEREZ, *an* Old Woman, *and* Maid

Perez. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
I'll hold ye fast. Rub! how came my trunks open?
And my goods gone? what picklock spirit—
Old Wom. Ha! what would you have?
Perez. My goods again; how came my trunks all open?
Old Wom. Are your trunks open?
Perez. Yes, and clothes gone,
And chains and jewels!—How she smells like hung beef![1]—
The palsy and picklocks!—Fie, how she belches
The spirit of garlic!
Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?
Perez. What's that to my question!
She is my wife, and gone about my business.
Maid. Is she your wife, sir?
Perez. Yes, sir: is that wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?
Old Wom. Is she truly,
Truly your wife?
Perez. I think so, for I married her,
It was no vision, sure!
Maid. She has the keys, sir.
Perez. I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?
Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.
Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And she has cozened all, sir.
Perez. The devil she has!—I had a fair house with her,
That stands hard by, and furnished royally.
Old Wom. You are cozened too; 'tis none of hers, good gentleman!
It is a lady's.—What's the lady's name, wench?
Maid. The lady Margarita; she was her servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, sir,
For some lewd tricks she played—

[1] Dried beef.

Perez. Plague o' the devil!
Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wisdom,
Cheated by a stale quean?—What kind of lady
Is that that owes[1] the house?
Old Wom. A young sweet lady.
Perez. Of a low stature?
Old Wom. She's indeed but little,
But she is wondrous fair,
Perez. I feel I'm cozened;
Now I am sensible I am undone!
This is the very woman sure, that cousin,
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the house hers: I am entreated sweetly!
Maid. When she went out this morning, (that I saw, sir,)
She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But what they were—I heard your trunks to open,
If they be yours.
Perez. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth owning.
Was she her mistress, say you?
Old Wom. Her own mistress,
Her very mistress, sir, and all you saw
About and in that house was hers.
Perez. No plate,
No jewels, nor no hangings?
Maid. Not a farthing;
She's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing!
Perez. No money?
Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,
She may go bare, good gentlewoman!
Perez. I am mad now!
I think I am as poor as she; I'm wide[2] else.
One civil suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steal that, she must flay me for it.—
Where does she use?[3]
Old Wom. You may find truth as soon:
Alas, a thousand concealed corners, sir, she lurks in;

[1] Owns.
[2] Mistaken.
[3] Where does she usually stay?

And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.
Perez. Is she a whore too?
Old Wom. Little better, gentleman:
I dare not say she is so, sir, because she is yours, sir; 80
But these five years she has firked[1] a pretty living,
Until she came to serve.—I fear he will knock
My brains out for lying. [*Apart*]
Perez. She has served me faithfully;
A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings,
In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.[2]
Have I been feared for my discoveries,[3]
And courted by all women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I professed to tame the pride of ladies, 91
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I tricked now?
Caught in mine own noose?—Here's a royal[4] left yet;
There's for your lodging and your meat for this week!
A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box. Farewell, great-grandmother!
If I do find you were an accessory,
('Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes)
I'll hang ye presently.
Old Wom. And I deserve it. 100
I tell but truth.
Perez. Nor I, I am an ass, mother![5]
Exeunt

[SCENE V]

[*A Hall in the Town-house of Margarita*]

Enter the Duke MEDINA, JUAN DE CASTRO, ALONZO, SANCHIO, CACAFOGO, [*and*] Attendants

Duke. A goodly house!
Juan. And richly furnished too, sir.

[1] Contrived.
[2] Equals read her obituary.
[3] Keenness in seeing things.
[4] Real, "a Spanish sixpence."
[5] Nor do I tell anything but truth when I say I am an ass.

Alon. Hung wantonly!—I like that preparation;
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial.
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.
Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn.[1]
Cac. I shall be master of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious, 10
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my stomach,[2]
How my affections stand to the young lady.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, Ladies *and* Servants

Marg. All welcome to your grace, and to these soldiers!
You honor my poor house with your fair presence,
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,
I do beseech your grace command; they are yours;
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight you.
Duke. I thank you, lady! I am bold to visit you, 20
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty.
'T has been a long night since you left the court,
For till I saw you now, no day broke to me.
Marg. Bring in the duke's meat!
Sanc. She's most excellent.
Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I looked on;
I had rather command her than my regiment.
Cac. I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up[3] again in ten days,
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery.
Say, I should marry her? she'll get more money 31
Than all my usury, put my knavery to it.
She appears the most infallible way of purchase.

[1] Pledge. [2] Appetite. [3] Gain by cheating.

I could wish her a size or two stronger for the encounter,
For I am like a lion where I lay hold;
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never bleat neither; that, sir,[1] Time has taught us.—
I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her;
The arrant'st shamefaced ass!—I broil away too.

Enter LEON

Marg. Why, where's this dinner?
Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor shall not be until I know the guests too;
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.
Juan. Is not this my alferez?[2] He looks another thing.
Are miracles afoot again?
Marg. Why, sirrah!
Why, sirrah, you!
Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;
And as you are my wife, command your absence!
And know your duty; 'tis the crown of modesty.
Duke. Your wife!
Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband;
And 'pray take notice that I claim that honor,
And will maintain it.
Cac. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determined thou shalt be my cuckold;
I'll be thy faithful friend.
Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill!
I will not lose mine anger on a rascal;
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown body
Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.
Alon. This is miraculous!
Sanc. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool,
A flirted[3] fool, and on a sudden break
(As if he would shew a wonder to the world)
Both into bravery, and fortune too?
I much admire the man; I am astonished.
Marg. I'll be divorced immediately.
Leon. You shall not;
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.

[1] Cacafogo imagines himself addressing someone.
[2] Ensign. [3] Flaunted.

I am more tender of your honor, lady,
And of your age. You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool; you had thought you had found a coxcomb:
I am innocent of any foul dishonor I mean to ye;
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.
Marg. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozened[1] fool!
Leon. Thou cozened fool? 'Tis not so,
I will not be commanded: I am above ye!
You may divorce me from your favor, lady,
But from your state you never shall; I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use; the law allows it!
And then maintain your wantonness; I'll wink at it.
Marg. Am I braved thus in mine own house?
Leon. 'Tis mine, madam;
You are deceived, I am lord of it; I rule it,
And all that's in't. You have nothing to do here, madam,
But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my further will to do me service;
And so I'll keep it.
Marg. As you love me, give way!
Leon. It shall be better,[2] I will give none, madam:
I stand upon the ground of mine own honor,
And will maintain it. You shall know me now
To be an understanding, feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at,
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with;
An itching woman, that her blood provokes too.
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief!
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;
They shall not wander but where I give way now.
Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wondrous highly.

[1] Cheated.
[2] It shall be better than my giving way.

Leon. As a husband ought, sir,
In his own house; and it becomes me well too.
I think your grace would grieve, if you were put to it,
To have a wife or servant of your own,
(For wives are reckoned in the rank of servants)
Under your own roof to command you.
Juan. Brave!
A strange conversion! Thou shalt lead in chief now.
Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, sir?
Leon. Not now, [my] lord; my fortune makes me even;
And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.
Marg. Get me my coach!
Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach too,
And eat your coach (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will. Or, take your coach, lady;
I give you liberty; and take your people,
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with you;
Take all these freely, but take me no more;
And so farewell!
Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it [*Draws*]
So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it:
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep.
Leon. They are tears of anger,
(I beseech ye note 'em) not worth pity;
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not;
(She would swound[1] now, if she could not cry)
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too;
But falling thus, they shew nor sweet, nor orient.
Put up, my lord; this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me;
All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In mine own house to brave me! is this princely?
Then to my guard; and if I spare your grace, [*Draws*]
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behavior,—
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye)—
Mercy, forsake me!
Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech you!
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.
Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tamed cuckold!
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conscience to reclaim her from a monster!
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honor!
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him!
Now, sir, fall on! I am ready to oppose you.
Duke. I have better thought. I pray, sir, use your wife well.
Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, sir.—
And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to dinner:
This is my wedding-day.
Duke. I'll cross your joy yet. [*Aside*]
Juan. I have seen a miracle! hold thine own, soldier!
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.
Sanc. [He] has beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,
As if he had threshed 'em out o' the husk.

Enter Perez

Perez. 'Save ye!
Which is the lady of the house?
Leon. That's she, sir;
That pretty lady, if you'd speak with her.
Juan. Don Michael, Leon; another darer come?

[1] Swoon.

Perez. Pray do not know me; I am full of business:
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.—
It is the woman.—Good madam, tell me truly,
Had you a maid called Estifania?
Marg. Yes, truly, had I. 180
Perez. Was she a maid, do you think?
Marg. I dare not swear for her;
For she had but a scant fame.
Perez. Was she your kinswoman?
Marg. Not that I ever knew. Now I look better,
I think you married her: Give you much joy, sir.
You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.
Perez. Give me a halter!—Is not this house mine, madam?
Was not she owner of it? 'Pray speak truly!
Marg. No, certainly; I'm sure my money paid for it; 190
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.
Perez. The hangings and the plate too?
Marg. All are mine, sir,
And every thing you see about the building:
She only kept my house when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.
Sanc. What a devil ails he?
Juan. [He]'s possessed, I'll assure you.
Perez. Where is your maid?
Marg. Do not you know that have her?
She is yours now; why should I look after her? 201
Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.
Perez. I saw her later; 'would the devil had had her!
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!
Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? thy excellent wife?
Art thou a man yet?
Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?
Sanc. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards.
You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look! 210
Perez. Prithee leave fooling;
I'm in no humor now to fool and prattle.—
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?
Marg. Yes, many times,
So often that I was ashamed to keep her;
But I forgave her, sir, in hope she would mend still,
And had not you o' th' instant married her,
I had put her off.
Perez. I thank ye; I am blest still![1]
Which way soe'er I turn, I am a made man;
Miserably gulled beyond recovery. 221
Juan. You'll stay and dine?
Perez. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest ass! But I must leave ye;
I am in haste, in haste!—Bless you, good madam;
And you[2] prove as good as my wife! *Exit*
Leon. Will you
Come near, sir? will your grace but honor me,
And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome. 230
All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye.
Juan. Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. *Exeunt*

ACT IV, SCENE I

[*The Street*]

Enter Perez

Perez. I'll go to a conjuror but I'll find this polecat,
This pilfering whore! A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudences of women!
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.—

Enter Estifania, *with a Casket*

It is my evil angel; let me bless me!
Estif. 'Tis he; I'm caught; I must stand to it stoutly,
And shew no shake of fear; I see he's angry,
Vexed at the uttermost!
Perez. My worthy wife,—
I have been looking of[3] your modesty 10
All the town over.
Estif. My most noble husband,
I am glad I have found ye; for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.
Perez. I've been in bawdy-houses.
Estif. I believe you,

[1] Forever. [2] May you. [3] For.

And very lately too.
Perez. 'Pray ye pardon me;—
To seek your ladyship. I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful actors:
At puppet-shows (you are mistress of the motions!):[1]
At gossipings I hearkened after you,
But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel:
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well;
But they say yours are bawdy songs, they mourn for ye:
And last I went to church to seek you out;
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.
Estif. You have had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine now.
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns—
Perez. And are you sober?
Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, sir.—
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers;
There I had great hope to find you disguised too:
From hence to th' dicing-house; there I found quarrels
Needless and senseless, swords, and pots, and candlesticks,
Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,
And to the chirurgeon's[2] went; he willed me stay,
'For,' says he learnedly, 'if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes too.'
I sought you where no safe thing would have ventured,
Amongst diseases base and vile, vile women,
For I remembered your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the honor!
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray: And here I've found you.
Perez. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty;
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.—
[*Aside*]
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.
Why am I cozened?
Estif. Why am I abused?
Perez. Thou most vile, base, abominable—
Estif. Captain!
Perez. Thou stinking, over-stewed, poor pocky—
Estif. Captain!
Perez. D'ye echo me?
Estif. Yes, sir, and go before ye,
And around about ye! Why do you rail at me
For that that was your own sin, your own knavery?
Perez. And brave me too?
Estif. You had best now draw your sword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!
Upon your wife, O most renownèd captain!
Perez. A plague upon thee! answer me directly?
Why didst thou marry me?
Estif. To be my husband;
I had thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozened.
Perez. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?
A house and riches, when they are but shadows,
Shadows to me?
Estif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, sir!)
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you would bring me
So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
So much in right rich clothes?
Perez. Thou hast 'em, rascal;
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast opened 'em, and sold my treasure.
Estif. Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles: Is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure!

[1] Motion was the Elizabethan word for a puppet-show. There is a play here on the word.
[2] Surgeons.

A man would think now, these were worthy matters. [*Opens the casket*]
Here's a shoeing-horn-chain gilt over,—how it scenteth!
Worse than the mouldy dirty heel it served for:
And here's another of a lesser value, 90
So little I would shame to tie my dog in't!
These are my jointure! Blush, and save a labor,
Or these else will blush for you.
Perez. A fire subtle ye!
Are ye so crafty?
Estif. Here's a goodly jewel;
Did you not win this at Goletta, captain?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw?[1]
How it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes!
And fills each room with light—like a close lanthorn! 100
This would do rarely in an abbey window,
To cozen pilgrims.
Perez. Pr'ythee leave prating.
Estif. And here's a chain of whitings' eyes for pearls;
A mussel-monger[2] would have made a better.
Perez. Nay, pr'ythee, wife, my clothes, my clothes!
Estif. I'll tell you;
Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper,
A kind of candlestick; these you thought, my husband, 110
To have cozened me withal, but I am quit with you.
Perez. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate, nor hangings?
Estif. There are none, sweet husband;
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.
Can you rail now? 'Pray put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words; you are a soldier; thunder!
Perez. I will speak little; I have played the fool,
And so I am rewarded.
Estif. You have spoke well, sir; 120
And now I see you are so conformable,
I'll heighten you again: Go to your house,

[1] Pasha. [2] A maker of shell jewelry.

They are packing to be gone; you must sup there;
I'll meet you, and bring clothes, and clean shirts after,
And all things shall be well.—I'll colt[1] you once more, [*Aside*]
And teach you to bring copper!
Perez. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee, tell me, tell me truth, wife;
(However, I forgive thee) art thou honest?
The beldame swore— 130
Estif. I bid her tell you so, sir;
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband!
The lady told you too—
Perez. Most strange things of thee.
Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your sufferance:
And she denied the house?
Perez. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.
Estif. 'Twas well carried.
No more; I'm right and straight. 140
Perez. I would believe thee,
But heaven knows how my heart is. Will you follow me?
Estif. I'll be there straight.
Perez. I am fooled, yet dare not find it.
Exit PEREZ
Estif. Go, silly fool! thou may'st be a good soldier
In open field, but for our private service
Thou art an ass; I'll make thee so, or miss else.—

Ent[er] CAC[AFOGO]

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I have lost my end else.—
May I crave your leave, sir? 150
Cac. Pr'ythee be answered, thou shalt crave no leave;
I am in my meditations; do not vex me;
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruised thing,
That people had compassion on, it looked so;
The next, Sir Palmerin: Here's fine proportion!
An ass, and then an elephant; sweet justice!

[1] Cheat.

There's no way left to come at her now; no craving;
If money could come near, yet I would pay him;
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much! a thousand ducats? 160
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.
Estif. 'Pray you hear me.
Cac. I know thou hast some wedding ring to pawn now,
Of silver, and gilt, with a blind posy[1] in't,
'Love and a mill-horse should go round together,'
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain:
I'll none of 'em.—I would she did but know me,
Or would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way!
Estif. I am gone, sir; 170
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady Margarita—
Cac. Stay, I pr'ythee;
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy tongue ache; I will hear ye.
Estif. She would entreat you, sir!
Cac. She shall command, sir!
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman;
Do not forget thyself.
Estif. She does command then 180
This courtesy, because she knows you are noble—
Cac. Your mistress, by the way?
Estif. My natural mistress—
Upon these jewels, sir—they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em right—
Cac. To doubt 'em is an heresy.
Estif. A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity
Of present use; her husband, sir, is stubborn.
Cac. Long may he be so!
Estif. She desires withal 190
A better knowledge of your parts and person;
And, when you please to do her so much honor—
Cac. Come, let's despatch.
Estif. In troth I've heard her say, sir,

[1] Inscription on the inner side of a ring.

Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, sir —
Cac. Let's do it first,
And then dispute; the lady's use may long for't.
Estif. All secrecy she would desire; she told me
How wise you are. 200
Cac. We are not wise to talk thus!
Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve thy lady,
Long monstrously!—Now, valor, I shall meet ye,
You that dare dukes!
Estif. [*aside*] Green goose, you are now in sippets.[1] *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*Another Street*]

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, [*and*] Alonzo

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him;
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, Don Juan,
Do you present it to him.
[*Gives him a paper*]
Juan. I am commanded. *Exit*
Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,
And moulded to the height, contemn his maker,
Curb the free hand that framed him? This must not be.
Sanc. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price, in prison! Was she made 10
To be the matter of her own undoing,
To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,
Unruly and self-willed, dispose her beauties?
We suffer all, sir, in this sad eclipse;
She should shine where she might shew like herself,
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those[2] admire her,

[1] In small pieces. [2] Supply *that*.

And shed her beams upon her friends. We are gulled all,
And all the world will grumble at your patience,
If she be ravished[1] thus.
Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio, 20
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubbered![2]
Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in it.
Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too: We shall hear anon
A new song from him; let's attend a little.
Exeunt

[SCENE III]

[*An Apartment in Margarita's House*]

Ent[*er*] LEON, *and* JUAN *with a Commission*

Leon. Colonel,[3] I am bound to you for this nobleness.
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir;
(And a proud man I should have been to have served you).
It has pleased the king, out of his boundless favors,
To make me your companion; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.
Juan. I rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company;
I am sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir. 10
Leon. Within four days I am gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;
The time grows shorter still. Are your goods ready?
Juan. They are aboard.
Leon. Who waits there?

[1] Snatched away.
[2] Spoiled.
[3] Coronel, the older form, is used at times in this play.

Enter Servant

Ser. Sir.
Leon. D'ye hear, ho!
Go, carry this unto your mistress, sir,
And let her see how much the king has honored me;
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.
Exit [Servant]
[Lorenzo!] 21

Enter LORENZO

Lor. Sir.
[*Leon.*] Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my clothes, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.—
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honor.—
And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe
Be safely placed in trunks; they must go along too.
Lor. Whither must they go, sir? 30
Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo,
And you and all; I will not leave a turnspit,
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman.
Lor. Why then, St. Jaques, hey! you've made us all, sir;
And, if we leave ye—Does my lady go too?
Leon. The stuff must go to-morrow towards the sea, sir;
All, all must go.
Lor. Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego!
Come, help me; come, come, boys; soldadoes,[1] comrades!
We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues; come away quickly! 40
Juan. He has taken a brave way to save his honor, [*Apart*]
And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly.
By the life of credit, thou art a noble gentleman!

Enter MARGARITA, *led by two* Ladies

Leon. Why, how now, wife? what, sick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.
Marg. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, sir, brought to consider

[1] Soldiers.

The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorced from you?
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king, 50
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mixed.
Leon. By no means, sweetheart!
Marg. If he were married but four days, as I am—
Leon. He would hang himself the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aside*]
Marg. He would make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talk of war, or anything to vex him.
You shall not go.
Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife.
What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough. 61
Marg. I'll to the duke my cousin,
He shall to th' king.
Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't; should I pray him now
To undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base discredit.
Marg. 'Would I were able, sir, to bear you company;
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.
Leon. Be in peace; you shall not. 70
Knock within
Marg. What knocking's this? Oh, heaven, my head! why rascals!
I think the war's begun i' th' house already.
Leon. The preparation is; they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall befit me
When I lie in garrison.

Enter Coachman

Coachman. Must the coach go too, sir?
Leon. How will your lady pass to th' sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.
Marg. I go? alas! 80
Leon. I'll have a main care of ye;
I know ye are sickly; he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.
Marg. Would I were able!
Leon. Come, I warrant ye;
Am not I with ye, sweet?—Are her clothes packed up,
And all her linens?—Give your maids direction;
You know my time's but short, and I am commanded.
Marg. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me, 90
And an easy bark!
Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant you;
Curvet it may sometimes.
Marg. I am with child, sir.
Leon. At four days' warning? this is something speedy.
Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady;
I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with you.
Marg. Pray, do not swear; I thought I was a maid too;
But we may both be cozened in that point, sir. 100
Leon. In such a strait point, sure I could not err, madam.
Juan. This is another tenderness to try him; [*Apart*]
Fetch her up now.
Marg. You must provide a cradle,
And what a trouble's that!
Leon. The sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock together;
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!
Marg. Faith, let me stay, I shall but shame you, sir.
Leon. An you were a thousand shames, you shall along with me; 110
At home I'm sure you'll prove a million:
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back; you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, [*and*] Sanchio

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care:
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you would prove some good man for your country;—

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet cousin; 120
Meantime, like sad Penelope and sage,
Among your maids at home, and huswifely—
Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness;
She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her; she shall go along, sir.
Duke. By no means, captain!
Leon. By all means, an't please ye.
Duke. What, take a young and tender-bodied lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults;
A sickly lady too! 130
Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir;
There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.
Sanc. Away, it must not be.
Alon. It ought not, sir;
Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.
Duke. I cannot blame her tears; fright her with tempests,
With thunder of the war!
I dare swear, if she were able—
Leon. She's most able;
And pray ye swear not; she must go, there's no remedy;— 140
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,—
And, I must tell you, sir, 'tis most unnoble,—
Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours' life,
Nay less, but two hours', I would have her with me;
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit,
As her weakness and your hot will would work her to.—

Enter Perez

What masque is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuse my sufferance? 150
What cousin's this?
Juan. Michael van Owl, how dost thou?
In what dark barn, or tod[1] of aged ivy,
Hast thou lain hid?
Perez. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people must conceal, and shine again.—
You are welcome hither, as your friend may say, gentlemen;
A pretty house you see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.
Alon. He's certain mad. 160
Juan. As mad as a French tailor,
That has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.[2]
Perez. I see you are packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so;
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I am sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honored cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants. 170
Leon. What house, what pleasure, sir? what do you mean?
Perez. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous.
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.
Leon. And what of them?
Perez. They are mine, sir, and you know it;
My wife's I mean, and so conferred upon me;
The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses;
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures 180
That are of under place. You're merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum.*

[1] Bushy mass.
[2] Coarse stuffs, remnants.

Leon. Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?
Marg. I can tell ye nothing.
Leon. I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so fantastic—All the house?
Perez. All mine, 190
And all within it. I will not bate you an ace on't.
Can you not receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o' th' top on't.
Leon. Canst thou fight?
Perez. I'll tell you presently; I could have done, sir.
Leon. For you must law and claw before you get it.
Juan. Away; no quarrels!
Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it proved, if you were never yet in Bedlam, 200
Never in love, (for that's a lunacy)
No great state left you that you never looked for,
Nor cannot manage, (that's a rank distemper)
That you were christened, and who answered for you;
And then I yield.
Perez. [He] has half persuaded me I was bred i' th' moon:
I have ne'er a bush at my breech?[1] Are not we both mad?
And is not this a fantastic house we're in,
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out, sir?
And if I do not beat thee presently 210
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And say I was one o' th' Cæsars, done by a seal cutter.
Leon. I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.
Marg. Why then, the house is his, and all that's in it;—
I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo you! [*Aside*]

[1] The man in the moon was represented with a bush. *Cf. M. N. Dr.* III, i, 60.

I gave it to his wife: You must restore, sir,
And make a new provision.
Perez. Am I mad now, 219
Or am I christened? You, my pagan cousin,
My mighty Mahound[1] kinsman, what quirk[2] now?—
You shall be welcome all; I hope to see, sir,
Your grace here, and my coz; we are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.
Duke. Are ye blank at this? then I must tell ye, sir,
Ye have no command! Now ye may go at pleasure,
And ride your ass-troop: 'Twas a trick I use[d]
To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,
And saving of your wife.
Leon. All this not moves me, 230
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.—
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those;
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it;
Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates,
Visit your factors[3] there, that may betray you:
'Tis done; we must go.
Marg. Now thou art a brave gentleman,
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.—
The house is none of yours, I did but jest, sir; [*To* PEREZ] 240
Nor you are no coz of mine; I beseech you vanish;
I tell you plain, you have no more right than he has;
That senseless thing, your wife, has once more fooled ye;
Go you, and consider!
Leon. Good morrow, my sweet cousin!
I should be glad, sir—
Perez. By this hand she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her!
Exit PEREZ
Juan. These are fine toys.
Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor month, 250
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too;
Give me but will so far.
Leon. Well, I will try you.—

[1] Mahomet. [2] Subterfuge. [3] Agents.

Good morrow to your grace; we have private business.
Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant bungler. [*Aside*]
Juan. Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march under thee;
Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a fellow.
Alon. I have seen visions! *Exeunt*

ACT V, SCENE I

[*The Same*]

Enter LEON *with a letter, and* MARGARITA

Leon. Come hither, wife; do you know this hand?
Marg. I do, sir;
'Tis Estifania's, that was once my woman.
Leon. She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,
An usuring jeweller's son (I know the rascal)
Is mortally fallen in love with ye—
Marg. Is a monster: Deliver me from mountains!
Leon. Do you go a-birding for all sorts of people?—
And this evening will come to ye and shew ye jewels,
And offers anything to get access to ye: 10
If I can make or sport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him;
And so I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my will.
Marg. I shall not fail, sir.
Leon. Will the duke come again, do you think?
Marg. No, sure, sir.
[He] has now no policy to bring him hither.
Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold fair,[1] wife!
Let's in to dinner. *Exeunt* 20

[SCENE II]

[*The Street*]

Enter PEREZ

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
That men might run away from contagion,
I had my wish: Would it were most high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry!
I mean for any man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in his wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to? Phalaris' bull now—
'Pox, they love bulling too well, though they smoke for't—
Cut her a-pieces? every piece will live still,
And every morsel of her will do mischief; 11
They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;
They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders.
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I must destroy her.

Enter CACAFOGO, *with a casket*

Cac. Be cozened by a thing of clouts, a she-mouth,
That ev'ry silk-man's shop breeds! to be cheated, 20
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!
Perez. Who's that is cheated? speak again, thou vision!
But art thou cheated? minister some comfort!
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?
Come, pr'ythee come; art thou so pure a coxcomb
To be undone? do not dissemble with me;
Tell me, I conjure thee.
Cac. Then keep thy circle,
For I am a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably. 30
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
Cac. Dost thou laugh! Damnably, I say, most damnably.
Perez. By whom, good spirit! speak, speak! ha, ha, ha!

[1] This comma is the emendation of Dyce.

Cac. I'll utter—laugh 'till thy lungs crack —by a rascal woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain[1] woman.
Dost thou laugh still?
Perez. I must laugh; pr'ythee pardon me;
I shall laugh terribly.
Cac. I shall be angry,
Terrible angry; I have cause.
Perez. That's it,
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,
Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee. 40
By a woman cheated? art sure it was a woman?
Cac. I shall break thy head; my valor itches at thee.
Perez. It is no matter. By a woman cozened?
A real woman?
Cac. A real devil;
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell!
Perez. Sweet cozened sir, let me see them;
I have been cheated too, (I would have you note that)
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman; I am undone, sweet sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.
Cac. Pray ye take it. 50
[*Gives him the casket*]
You are the merriest undone man in Europe;
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sack,
When our own miseries can make us merry?
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
I have seen these jewels; what a notable pennyworth
Have you had next your heart! You will not take, sir,
Some twenty ducats—
Cac. Thou art deceived; I will take—
Perez. To clear your bargain now?
Cac. I'll take some ten,
Some anything, some half ten, half a ducat.
Perez. An excellent lapidary set those stones sure; 60
Do you mark their waters?
Cac. Quicksand choak their waters,
And hers that bought[2] 'em too! But I shall find her.

[1] Mere.
[2] Later editors read *brought*.

Perez. And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt her;
You cannot find in all this kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have,
For such gross natures will desire it often,
It is at some time too a fine variety)
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.—
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. *Exit*
Cac. If I were valiant now, I would kill this fellow; 70
I have money enough lies by me, at a pinch,
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied.
Exit

[SCENE III]

[*An Apartment in Margarita's House*]

Enter LEON *and* MARGARITA

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-house,
And there we'll learn to live contently:
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.
Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with you.
Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honor.
Why, now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly, 10
And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
O, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And through the world we hold our current virtues;
Alone, we are single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;

I'll be as humble to you as a servant: 20
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all; visit acquaintance,
Go at your pleasure, now experience
Has linked you fast unto the chain of goodness!

Clashing swords. A cry within:
'Down with their swords!'—
What noise is this? what dismal cry?
Marg. 'Tis loud too:
Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street; look out there.
Leon. Look out, and help!

Enter a Servant

Serv. O, sir, the Duke Medina—
Leon. What of the Duke Medina?
Serv. O, sweet gentleman,
Is almost slain.
Marg. Away, away, and help him! 30
All the house help!

Ex[eunt MARG. *and]* Servant

Leon. How slain?—Why, Margarita! why, wife!—
Sure, some new device they have afoot again,
Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.
I'd rather guide a ship imperial
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter DUKE, MARGARITA, SANCHIO, ALONZO, *[and]* Servant

Marg. How came you hurt, sir?
Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel;
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honor,
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers; 40
And he has left me thus. For charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortured body,
That ere I perish, I may shew my penitence!
I fear I am slain.
Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.
Duke. I thank you, noble sir.
Leon. To bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance.

Enter JUAN

Juan. Doctors and surgeons—
Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.

Exeunt DUKE, SANCH., ALON., MARG. *[and]* Servants

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited!
Juan. True, it is so, sir; 50
And take you heed this last blow do not spoil ye.
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As though we purposed anger; that same scratch
On's hand he took, to color all, and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay. Stand now, and ye're a brave fellow.
Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I honor you.—
Never be quiet? *Exit* JUAN

Enter MARGARITA

Marg. He's most desperate ill, sir;
I do not think these ten months will recover him. 60
Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in?
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted!
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?
Marg. What ail you, sir?
Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus?
Have not I done my part like a true husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never looked for?
Marg. You have done handsomely, I must confess, sir. 70
Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk? [1]
And watched thee with delights to satisfy thee,
The very tithes of which had won a widow?
Marg. Alas, I pity you.

[1] Part of the training of a hawk.

Leon. Thou wilt make me angry;
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.
Marg. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still[1] about you.
Leon. If thou pursuest me further, I run stark mad;
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate! 81
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee,
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them opened,
Thy spirits purged, for those are they that fire ye.
Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid
And all those servile labors that she reach at,[2]
And go though cheerfully, or else sleep empty;
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty, 90
You in a pallet by, to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose.
Marg. I have lost myself, sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience;
Kneels
My wantonness, my stubbornness, I have lost too:
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crowned with,
By your own nobleness—
Leon. I take ye up,
And wear ye next my heart; see you be worth it.
Enter ALTEA
Now, what with you?
Altea. I come to tell my lady, 100
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her.
Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo; go, and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.
Marg. I shall observe you.
Leon. I have a rare design upon that gentleman;

[1] Ever.
[2] This line seems hopelessly corrupt. The general sense of the passage, however, is clear.

And you must work too.
Altea. I shall, sir, most willingly.
Leon. Away then, both, and keep him close in some place,
From the duke's sight; and keep the duke in too;
Make 'em believe both: I'll find time to cure 'em. 110
Exeunt

[SCENE IV]

[*The Street*]

Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA, *with a pistol and a dagge*[1]

Perez. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel, [*Draws*]
And know'st how thou hast used me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou com'st to invite me, and com'st upon me:
How like a sheep-biting[2] rogue, taken i' th' manner,
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing! 10
Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor never a string, to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?
Estif. I know you have mercy. [*Kneels*]
Perez. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.
What new trick's now afoot, and what new houses
Have you i' th' air? what orchards in apparition? 20
What canst thou say for thy life?
Estif. Little or nothing;

[1] A dag is really a heavy pistol, perhaps here confused with dagger. [2] Sneaking.

I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my book out,
And pray a little!
Perez. Do; a very little,
For I have further business than thy killing;
I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you are ready.
Estif. Now, now, sir, now! *Shews a pistol.* Come on! do you start off from me?
Do you swear, great captain?—have you seen a spirit?
Perez. Do you wear guns?
Estif. I am a soldier's wife, sir,
And by that privilege I may be armed.
Now, what's the news? and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.
Perez. Let me see,
Pr'ythee, let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.
Estif. No, no, sir; you shall feel.
Perez. Hold, [hold,] you villain!
What, thine own husband?
Estif. Let mine own husband then
Be in's own wits.—There, there's a thousand ducats!— [*Shows a purse*]
Who must provide for you?—And yet you'll kill me.
Perez. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.
Estif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawned 'em,
You see for what;—we must keep touch.
Perez. I'll kiss thee,
And, get as many more, I'll make thee famous.—
Had we the house now!
Estif. Come along with me;
If that be vanished, there be more to hire, sir.
Perez. I see I am an ass, when thou art near me. *Exeunt*

[SCENE V]

[*A Chamber in Margarita's House*]

Enter LEON, MARGARITA, *and* ALTEA, *with a taper*

Leon. Is the fool come?
Altea. Yes, and i' th' cellar fast,
And there he stays his good hour till I call him;
He will make dainty music 'mong the sackbutts.[1]
I have put him just, sir, under the duke's chamber.
Leon. It is the better.
Altea. [He] has giv'n me royally,
And to my lady a whole load of portigues.[2]
Leon. Better and better still.—Go, Margarita,
Now play your prize:—You say you dare be honest;[3]
I'll put you to your best.
Marg. Secure yourself, sir;
Give me the candle; pass away in silence.
Exeunt LEON *and* ALTEA.
[MARG.] *knocks*
Duke. Within Who's there? O, O!
Marg. My lord!
Duke. Within Have you brought me comfort?
Marg. I have, my lord:
Come forth; 'tis I. Come gently out; I'll help you;—

Enter DUKE, *in a gown*

Come softly too. How do you?
Duke. Are there none here?
Noise below
Let me look round; we cannot be too wary.
O, let me bless this hour! Are you alone, sweet friend?
Marg. Alone, to comfort you.
CACAFOGO *makes a noise below*
Duke. What's that you tumble?
I've heard a noise this half hour under me,
A fearful noise.
Marg. The fat thing's mad i' th' cellar, [*Aside*]
And stumbles from one hogshead to another;
Two cups more and he ne'er shall find the way out.
What do you fear? Come, sit down by me cheerfully;
My husband's safe. How do your wounds?
Duke. I've none, lady;
My wounds I counterfeited cunningly,
And feigned the quarrel too, to enjoy you, sweet:

[1] A musical instrument with a play on *sack*, a drink and butt.
[2] A gold coin worth about £3 or £4.
[3] Chaste.

Let's lose no time. *Noise below* Hark, the same noise again!
Marg. What noise? why look you pale? I hear no stirring.
(This goblin in the vault will be so tippled!) [*Aside*]
You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;
Your body's ill at ease; your wounds—
Duke. I've none; 40
I am as lusty, and as full of health,
High in my blood—
Marg. Weak in your blood, you would say.
How wretched is my case, willing to please you,
And find you so disable!
Duke. Believe me, lady—
Marg. I know, you'll venture all you have to satisfy me,
Your life I know; but is it fit I spoil you?
Is it, my love, do you think?
Cac. Below. Here's to the duke! 50
Duke. It named me certainly;
I heard it plainly sound.
Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers, sir, than pleasure.
What starts you make! I would not kiss you wantonly,
For the world's wealth. Have I secured my husband,
And put all doubts aside, to be deluded?
Cac. Below. I come, I come.
Duke. Heaven bless me!
Marg. And bless us both, for sure this is the devil! 60
I plainly heard it now; he'll come to fetch you!
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatched me.
You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts you:
Would you were out o' th' house!
Duke. I would I were,
O' that condition I had leaped a window.
Marg. And that's the least leap, if you mean to 'scape, sir.
Why, what a frantic man you were to come here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds, 70
To wound another deeper!
Duke. Are you honest then?
Marg. Yes, then, and now, and ever; and excellent honest,
And exercise this pastime but to shew you,
Great men are fools sometimes as well as wretches:
Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,
To get out quietly as you got in, sir!
I wish it like a friend that loves ye dearly;
For if my husband take ye, and take you thus 80
A counterfeit, one that would clip his credit,
Out of his honor he must kill you presently;
There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity:
And for me to entreat in such an agony,
Would shew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any mind to a lady now?
Duke. Would I were off fair!
If ever lady caught me in a trap more—
Marg. If you be well and lusty—fie, fie; shake not!
You say you love me; come, come bravely now; 90
Despise all danger; I am ready for ye.
Duke. She mocks my misery: Thou cruel lady!
Marg. Thou cruel lord! wouldst thou betray my honesty,
Betray it in mine own house, wrong my husband,
Like a night thief, thou dar'st not name by daylight?
Duke. I am most miserable.
Marg. You are indeed;
And, like a foolish thing, you have made yourself so.
Could not your own discretion tell ye, sir,
When I was married I was none of yours? 100
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a circle and secure;
Your spells nor power can never reach my body.
Mark me but this, and then, sir, be most miserable;
'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,
You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.
Duke. Let me be gone. I'll never more attempt ye.

Marg. You cannot go; 'tis not in me to save ye:
Dare you do ill, and poorly then shrink under it? 110
Were I the Duke Medina I would fight now,
For you must fight, and bravely, it concerns you;
You do me double wrong if you sneak off, sir,
And all the world would say I loved a coward;
And you must die too, for you will be killed,
And leave your youth, your honor, and your state,
And all those dear delights you worshipped here.
Duke. The noise again! *Noise below*
Cac. Below. Some small beer, if you love me.
Marg. The devil haunts you sure; your sins are mighty; 120
A drunken devil too, to plague your villainy.
Duke. Preserve me but this once!
Marg. There's a deep well
In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning:
It is but death.
Duke. I would not die so wretchedly.
Marg. Out of a garret-window I will let you down then:
But say the rope be rotten? 'tis huge high too.
Duke. Have you no mercy? 129
Marg. Now you are frighted throughly,
And find what 'tis to play the fool in vice[1]
And see with clear eyes your detested folly,
I'll be your guard.
Duke. And I'll be your true servant,
Ever from this hour virtuously to love ye,
Chastely and modestly to look upon ye,
And here I seal it. [*Kisses her*]
Marg. I may kiss a stranger,
For you must now be so.

Ent[*er*] LEON, JUAN, ALONZO, [*and*] SANCHIO

Leon. How do you, my lord? 140
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded ye? you were well before.
Pray, sir, be comforted; I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too.—Wife, you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations I dare trust you.
Juan. No more feigned fights, my lord; they never prosper.

[*Enter* ALTEA, *and* CACAFOGO *drunk*]

Leon. Who's this? the devil in the vault?
Altea. 'Tis he, sir,
And as lovingly drunk, as though he had studied it.
Cac. Give me a cup of sack, and kiss me, lady! 150
Kiss my sweet face, and make thy husband cuckold!—
An ocean of sweet sack!—Shall we speak treason?
Leon. He's devilish drunk.
Duke. I had thought he had been a devil;
He made as many noises, and as horrible.
Leon. O, a true lover, sir, will lament loudly.—
Which of the butts is your mistress?
Cac. Butt in thy belly!
Leon. There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.
Cac. Butt in thy face!
Leon. Go, carry him to sleep.
A fool's love should be drunk; he has paid well for't too.
When he is sober, let him out to rail, 160
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

Exeunt CACAFOGO *and* Serv[ant]

Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA

Who's this? my Mahound cousin?
Perez. Good, sir; 'tis very good! 'Would I had a house, too!
(For there's no talking in the open air)
My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell you,
I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too; I have missed both:
My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him!
Do me the courtesy to let me see it, 170

[1] The old edd. both read *folly* for *vice*, which latter is Dyce's emendation.

See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger!
I'll hire a chandler's shop close under you,
And, for my foolery, sell soap and whipcord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.
Leon. I must laugh a little,
And now I have done.—Coz, thou shalt live with me,
My merry coz; the world shall not divorce us.
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.
Will this content thee? 180
Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to you:
I would live a swallow here, I must confess.—
Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest;
At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.
Estif. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.
[*Leon.*] Hold, this is yours; some recompence for service:
[*Gives money to* ESTIF.]
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.
Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, sir. [*To* LEON]
Now you are a captain. 190
Leon. You are a noble prince, sir;
And now a soldier, gentlemen.[1]

[1] Both old edd. read "Gentleman, we all rejoice in't" as a part of Leon's speech.

[*Omnes.*] We all rejoice in't.
Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.
Alon. And I.
Altea. And I must needs attend my mistress.
Leon. Will you go, sister?
Altea. Yes, indeed, good brother;
I have two ties, my own blood, and my mistress.
Marg. Is she your sister? 200
Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sister; for she proved so, wench,
When she deceived you with a loving husband.
Altea. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.
Marg. Well, I could chide you;
But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.—
I'll bring you on your way, and feast you nobly,
(For now I have an honest heart to love you)
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.
Juan. Your colors you must wear, and wear 'em proudly, 210
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:
And all the world shall know we are Virtue's servants.
Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.
Exeunt

THE EPILOGUE

Good night, our worthy friends! and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither! To those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our laboring ends,
As we hope many, to such Fortune sends
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste!
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste!

A NEW WAY TO PAY

OLD DEBTS

A COMOEDIE

As it hath beene often acted at the Phænix in Drury-Lane, by the Queenes Maiesties seruants.

The Author.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

LONDON,
Printed by *E. P.* for *Henry Seyle*, dwelling in S. *Pauls* Church-yard, at the signe of the Tygers head. Anno. M. DC. XXXIII.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts was printed in a single quarto, that of 1633, and not again until the last century. Massinger's comedy was certainly on the stage in 1626, and perhaps several years earlier. This play has enjoyed the distinction of being the only Elizabethan drama, outside of Shakespeare, which has held the professional stage to our own time. While there is a certain similarity of idea between Massinger's comedy and Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One,* nothing could be more in contrast with the latter's irresponsible realism than the seriousness and moral earnestness that underlies Massinger's work. It is not impossible that the later playwright found a model for his Sir Giles Overreach in the person and exploits of one Sir Giles Mompesson who, under a patent from King James monopolizing the manufacture of gold and silver thread, was reputed similarly overbearing and avaricious.

Philip Massinger was born in Salisbury in 1584 of a family under the patronage of the Pembroke family. He went to Oxford, but left in 1606 without a degree. He is heard of in the employ of Henslowe making plays as early as 1613, but his best works belong to the very last years of the reign of James, and to the time of King Charles. Massinger tried all kinds of drama earnestly and honestly and achieved success in tragicomedies such as *The Maid of Honor* and *The Renegado,* and in tragedies like *The Roman Actor* and *The Unnatural Combat.* His comedy, *The City Madam,* is almost as good as *A New Way to Pay Old Debts.* Massinger died in 1640.

The edition by P. Cunningham, 3 vols., 1871, remains the latest complete edition of Massinger. This play has been frequently reprinted; a more recent edition is that by L. A. Sherman, in Masterpiece Series, Massinger, 1912.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

[LORD] LOVELL
SIR GILES OVERREACH, *a cruel Extortioner*
[FRANK] WELLBORN, *a Prodigal*
[TOM] ALLWORTH, *a young Gentleman, Page to Lord Lovell*
GREEDY, *a hungry Justice of Peace*
ORDER, [*Steward*] } *Servants to the Lady Allworth*
AMBLE, [*Usher*] } *Servants to the Lady Allworth*
FURNACE, [*Cook*] } *Servants to the Lady Allworth*
WATCHALL, [*Porter*] } *Servants to the Lady Allworth*
MARRALL, *a Term-Driver;*[1] *a creature of Sir Giles Overreach*
WILLDO, *a Parson*
TAPWELL, *an Alehouse Keeper*
Three Creditors, Servants, etc.
LADY ALLWORTH, *a rich Widow*
MARGARET OVERREACH, *Sir Giles' Daughter*
FROTH, *Tapwell's Wife*
Chambermaid
Waiting Woman

[SCENE: The Country near Nottingham]

[1] A term-trotter, who follows the courts.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

Philip Massinger

ACT I, SCENE I

Before Tapwell's House

[*Enter*] Wellborn [*in tattered apparel*], Tapwell, *and* Froth

Well. No bouse?[1] nor no tobacco?
Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night palled[2] too.
Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir.
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brach![3]
The devil turned precisian![4] Rogue, what am I?
Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.
Well. How, dog!
Tap. Even so, sir.
And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your Plymouth cloak[5] you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch called the constable,
That does command a citadel called the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen[6]
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tattered, lousy—
Well. Rascal! Slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril.—Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and sure, for other liquor,

[1] Booze. [2] Flat. [3] Bitch.
[4] Puritan. [5] Slang: cudgel.
[6] Guards bearing rusty halberds.

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.
Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk;[1] and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills[2] not;
What you are, is apparent. Now, for a farewell,
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and *quorum,*[3]
And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum;*[4]
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;[5]
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. But to my story.
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,[6]
And I your under-butler. Note the change now.

[1] In the reckoning.
[2] Matters.
[3] One necessary to the sitting of the court.
[4] Keeper of records.
[5] With difficulty.
[6] Leader in a fast life.

You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses; mistresses
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,
As[1] their embraces made your lordship melt;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing—
Resolving not to lose a drop of them—
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds, 50
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I have not done yet.
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scaped
Your paper-pellets,[2] from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.
Well. I shall switch your brains out.
Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage; 60
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment—
Well. Yes, to whores and canters,
Clubbers by night.[3]
Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for,
And stuck[4] not like your mastership. The poor income
I gleaned from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
I may rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter.[5] 70
And you shall thank my worship.
Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,[6]
And thus— *Beats and kicks him*

[1] That.
[2] Promissory notes.
[3] Beggars and footpads.
[4] Haggled.
[5] Dole of a penny a week.
[6] Dunderhead.

Tap. [*to* Froth] Cry out for help!
Well. Stir, and thou diest!
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses[1] for you? Then you licked my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.
'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor,—'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir; 80
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.
Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! Impudent bawd!
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar,[2]
Nor leave one bone unbroken.
[*Beats him again*]
Tap. O!
Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter Allworth

Well. 'Twill not be granted.
All. Hold—for my sake, hold. 90
Deny me, Frank! They are not worth your anger.
Well. For once thou hast redeemed them from this scepter.[3]
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.
Tap. Patience, Froth.
There's law to cure our bruises.

[1] Make up purses.
[2] Lumps of lime were so trodden out.
[3] His cudgel.

They go off on their hands and knees

Well. Sent to your mother?
All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favors me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,
With the splendor of her actions, leaves no tongue
To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors?
All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,
And send and sue again, but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gained her presence.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment. I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.
Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel; I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend, and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee.
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
All. I thank your noble care. But, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.[1]
All. In love, at my years!
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made,
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it[2] blush and start.

[1] Surprise affected. [2] It, the child, Allworth.

To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
All. You are too bitter, sir.
Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
With balms, but córrosives. I must be plain.
Art thou scarce manumised[1] from the porter's lodge
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,[2]
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page or player's boy of fourteen
But he either loves a wench or drabs love him,
Court-waiters not exempted.
All. This is madness.
Howe'er you have discovered my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious[3] briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions
Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.
Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her whose father
Ruined thy state?
All. And yours too.
Well. I confess it;
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine—let not self-love blind thee—
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience
Will cut his neighbor's throat, and I hope his own too,
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
All. You have well advised me.

[1] Manumitted from lodge-keeper.
[2] Slipper.
[3] Malicious.

But in the mean time you that are so studious
Of my affairs wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
Well. No matter, no matter.
All. Yes, 'tis much material.[1]
You know my fortune and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
Well. How's this?
All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces[2]
To put you in better fashion.[3]
Well. Money from thee!
From a boy! a stipendiary![4] one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favor of a lord!
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me—
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy—
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer:
And as I in my madness broke my state
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus and be forgotten.
All. A strange humor!
Exeunt

SCENE II

[*A Room in Lady Allworth's House*]

[*Enter*] ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,[5]
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

[1] It is important.
[2] Of some twenty-two shillings each.
[3] Clothe you better.
[4] Hireling.
[5] Task.

Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.
Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.
Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up;[1] then, 'tis allowed,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.
Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before!
Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.
Furn. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
Amb. There was no hurt meant.
Furn. I am friends with thee; and yet I will be angry.
Ord. With whom?
Furn. No matter whom. Yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.
Watch. Heaven forbid, man!
Ord. What cause has she given thee?
Furn. Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I performed it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise fortifications in the pastry
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries;
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,[2]
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it.
Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.
Furn. Matter! With six eggs, and a strike[3] of rye meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.
Ord. But what's this to your pet[4] against my lady?
Furn. What's this? Marry, this: when I am three parts roasted
And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands

[1] Dishing up.
[2] In Holland, taken by the Spaniards in 1625.
[3] Handful.
[4] Pique.

She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada[1]
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.
Furn. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity 40
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.[2]
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Furn. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well.
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.
Knocking
Watch. One knocks.
Ord. Our late young master!

Enter ALLWORTH

Amb. Welcome, sir.
Furn. Your hand.
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
Ord. His father's picture in little.[3]
Furn. We are all your servants. 50
Amb. In you he lives.
All. At once, my thanks, to all.
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid

Ord. Her presence answers for us.
L. All. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone.
Exeunt Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid
Furn. You air and air;
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?
L. All. Prithee, be not angry;
I shall ere long. I' the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

[1] Milk toast.
[2] Gained his commission by fraud.
[3] In miniature.

Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.
L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning 60
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore. But say, in my excuse,
I am indisposed.
Ord. I shall, madam.
L. All. Do, and leave them.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.
Exeunt ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL
All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.
L. All. So soon turned courtier!
All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty
Purchased on your part.
L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?
All. Ever like himself,
No scruple lessened in the full weight of honor, 70
He did command me, pardon my presumption,
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
L. All. I am honored in
His favor to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?
All. Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.
L. All. And how approve you of his course? You are yet
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honorable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free 80
To your own election.[1]
All. Any form you please,
I will put on. But, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
L. All. 'Tis well answered,
And I commend your spirit. You had a father—
Blessed be his memory—that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;
And, therefore, what I speak, you are bound to hear 90

[1] Selection.

With such respect as if he lived in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.
All. I have found you,
Most honored madam, the best mother to me,
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,
Will labor that you never may repent
Your bounties showered upon me.
L. All. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: 'If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honor
Are taught, if truly followed. But for such
As repair thither as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly,
In a fair cause, and for their country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
Are the essential parts[1] make up a soldier,
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.'
All. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt were impious.
L. All. To conclude:
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn[2] you, and that's Wellborn,—
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so debauched,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true, your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

[1] Supply *that.* [2] Q. *warn'd.*

All. I shall obey in all things.
L. All. Follow me to my chamber; you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still[1] supplied,
As I hear from you.
All. I am still your creature.
Exeunt

SCENE III

[*A Hall in the same*]

[*Enter*] Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall, *and* Marrall

Greedy. Not to be seen!
Over. Still cloistered up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
Ord. Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve it,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe[2]
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honor.
Greedy. Is it of the right race?[3]
Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er![4]
Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship!
Greedy. Honest Master Cook, thy hand; again. How I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? Speak, boy.
Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well seasoned.
Greedy. Good!
Furn. A pheasant, larded.
Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!
Furn. Other kickshaws.[5]
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cooked.

[1] Ever.
[2] Cask.
[3] Vintage.
[4] Waters.
[5] Trifles.

Greedy. A stag, man!
Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,
And baked in puff-paste.
Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.[1]
Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!
Over. You know we cannot.
Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such dinner.
We may put off a commission; you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.[2]
Over. Fie, Master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly
When we think of profit.
Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, Master Cook,
Send but a corner[3] of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you,—a brace of three-pences.
Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter Wellborn

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?
Well. You know me.
Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipped.
Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of Pie-corner,[4] Furnace!
[*Exeunt* Overreach, Greedy, *and* Marrall]
Watch. Will you out, sir?

[1] Right now.
[2] Statutes were so designated by the year.
[3] Triangle, piece.
[4] A cheap eating house with a play on the "corner" or piece of pie.

I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,[1]
But you must press into the hall?
Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty.
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth

Well. This is rare.
O, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers,
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. *Exit*
Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!

Enter Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! What thing's this?
Cham. A creature
Made out of the privy. Let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon.
Woman. I begin to faint already.
Exeunt Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid
Watch. Will you know your way?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs,[2] and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black-jacks[3] or flagons; you, that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions![4]—Who advances? Who
Shows me the way?
Ord. My lady!

[1] In which broken meat was placed for the poor.
[2] Bow.
[3] Leathern drinking cups.
[4] Feast on kitchen remains.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid

Cham. Here's the monster.
Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.
Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes[1] may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.
Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
L. All. To me!
Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As[2] may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
L. All. I am amazed
To see and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn,[3] that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to change words with thee,
Thou son of infamy! Forbear my house,
And know and keep the distance that's between us;
Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order[4] you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.
Well. Scorn me not, good lady,
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least a while to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins. Those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues,
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown

[1] Supply *that.*
[2] That.
[3] Though oath were taken.
[4] Provide that.

For your late noble husband.
Ord. How she starts!
Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.
L. All. Have you aught else to say?
Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him. Let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion;[1] mine the sword,
That did on all occasions second his.
I brought him on and off with honor, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoyed up,
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.
Furn. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?
Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behavior, not to be
Resisted, madam.
L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.
Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.
L. All. For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.
Well. No, madam, on no terms.
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; and 'tis this.
Whispers to her
L. All. Fie! nothing else?
Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants
To throw away a little respect upon me.
L. All. What you demand is yours.
Well. I thank you, lady.

[1] Gave him social form.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition. I have said all;
When you please, you may retire.
[*Exit* Lady ALL.]
Nay, all's forgotten; 130
[*To the* Servants]
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.
Ord. Agreed, agreed.
Furn. Still merry Master Wellborn.
Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE I

[*A Room in Overreach's House*]

Enter OVERREACH *and* MARRALL

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crushed him.
Mar. Your worships[1] have the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air; and yet,
The chapfallen[2] justice did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate,[3]
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favor, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.
Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice. He that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.
Mar. I wonder, 10
Still with your license, why, your worship having
The power to put his thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?
Over. Thou art a fool.
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness or error
Run myself finely into a *præmunire*,[4]
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion.[5] So he serve 20
My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care not.
Friendship is but a word.
Mar. You are all wisdom.
Over. I would be worldly wise. For the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-governed life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an atom.
Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbor, Master Frugal? As 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships, 30
Is a foul blemish.
Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.
Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs.
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year, 40
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*,[1] in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.
Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.
Over. Then, with the favor of my man of law,
I will pretend some title. Want will force him
To put it to arbitrament; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.
Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Over. Well thought on. 50

[1] Men like your worship.
[2] Lean-faced.
[3] Ruling out the document.
[4] Encroachment on crown rights.
[5] Devoted to my interests.

[1] The standing of a pauper.

This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat[1] put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last night I caused
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favor, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.
Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.
Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.
Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg.
Then, if I prove he has but robbed a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.[2]
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.
Mar. I will do my best, sir.
Over. I am now on my main work with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion[3] of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you;[4]
This points at my young mistress.
Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honorable,
Right honorable, Marrall, my right honorable daughter,
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decayed and brought so low,

[1] Secret cheating.
[2] Criminals were hanged for trifling crimes.
[3] Darling.
[4] I understand you.

That for cast[1] clothes and meat will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.
Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.
Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN

Mar. See, who's here, sir.
Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well. Sir, your wife's nephew.
She and my father tumbled in one belly.
Over. Avoid my sight! Thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall. [*Aside*] This is the time to work him. *Exit*
Mar. I warrant you, sir.
Well. By this light I think he's mad.
Mar. Mad! Had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.
Well. You have ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—
Well. By what?
Mar. By my religion.
Well. Thy religion!
The devil's creed. But what would you have done?
Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,
And presently,[2] as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.

[1] Cast off. [2] At once.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself, 110
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
Well. Here's variety,
I must confess. But I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink, or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself! Take some course
For your reputation.
Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter, 120
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair.
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever—
Mar. Ha! ha! These castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee.
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay more, dine gratis.
Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders[1] or abram-men[2] that are your consorts? 130
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the Lady of the Lake, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is cracked.
Well. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertained.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes. 140
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet,[1] and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along then.
Exeunt

[1] Foot-pads.
[2] Beggars pretending insanity.

SCENE II

[A Room in Lady Allworth's House]

[*Enter*] ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?
Cham. Or half an hour?
All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.
Woman. Pray you do me the favor
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket;
They are of mine own preserving.
Cham. And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.
Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you. 10
Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir.
[ALLWORTH] *kisses them severally*
Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!
I think the tits[2] will ravish him.
All. My service
To both.
Woman. Ours waits on you.
Cham. And shall do ever.
Ord. You are my lady's charge; be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.

[1] Toss. [2] Wenches.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.
Exeunt Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid
Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir.[1] It hath boiled
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game,[2] ten dozen of sparrows, 20
Knuckles of veal, potato-roots and marrow,
Coral and ambergris. Were you two years older,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither. You need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long;
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.
All. Your courtesies overwhelm me. I much grieve
To part from such true friends, and yet find comfort.
My attendance on my honorable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady, 30
Will speedily bring me back.
[*Knocking at the gate. Exit* Watchall]
Mar. [*within*] Dar'st thou venture further?
Well. [*within*] Yes, yes, and knock again.
Ord. 'Tis he; disperse!
Amb. Perform it bravely.
Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.
Exeunt [*all but* Allworth]

[*Re-*]*enter* Watchall, *ceremoniously introducing* Wellborn *and* Marrall

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay! Most welcome.
You were long since expected.
Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.
Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.
Mar. For his sake!
Well. Mum; this is nothing.
Mar. More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.
All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,

[1] Prolonger of life.
[2] Game-cocks.

You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me, 40
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.
Mar. Service! with a vengeance!
Well. I am satisfied. Farewell, Tom.
All. All joy stay with you!
Exit

Re-enter Amble

Amb. You are happily encountered; I yet never
Presented one so welcome as I know
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision,
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel. Be so, miscreant,
And meditate on 'blankets, and on dog-whips!' 50

Re-enter Furnace

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! Is it possible?
Well. What's thy will?
Furn. Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turkey chicken,
Some rails[1] and quails, and my lady willed me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
Mar. [*aside*] The devil's entered this cook. Sauce for his palate!
That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelvemonth,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays. 60
Well. That way I like them best.
Furn. It shall be done, sir. *Exit*
Well. What think you of 'the hedge we shall dine under?'
Shall we feed gratis?
Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter Order

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

[1] A water bird.

Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! But yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapped up in pease-straw.

Re-enter Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid

Woman. O sir, you are wished for.
Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.
Woman. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was—her devotions done—to give her notice
When you approached here.
Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.
Mar. I shall be converted. I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.
Woman. Sir, my lady!

Enter Lady Allworth

L. All. I come to meet you, and languished till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend. *Kisses* Wellborn
Mar. To such a friend! Heaven bless me!
Well. I am wholly yours. Yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute—
Mar. Salute me at his bidding!
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favor.
L. All. Sir, you may command me. [*Advances to kiss* Marrall, *who retires*]
Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favor
I am unworthy of. *Offers to kiss her foot*
L. All. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you.
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.
Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.
L. All. You are too modest.
I will not be denied.

Re-enter Furnace

Furn. Will you still be babbling
Till your meat freeze on the table? The old trick still;
My art ne'er thought on!
L. All. Your arm, Master Wellborn,—
Nay, keep us company. [*To* Marrall]
Mar. I was ne'er so graced.
Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Amble, Marrall, Waiting Woman, [*and* Chambermaid]
Ord. So! We have played our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!
Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire!—for cooks are Persians,[1] and swear by it—
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Furn. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats,[2] bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common.
But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration[3] still increases
In wealth and lordships.
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare and power to do were never
Lodged so unluckily.

[1] Worshippers of fire.
[2] A trivial sum.
[3] Wonder.

Re-enter AMBLE [*laughing*]

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! My lady has got
Such a guest at her table—this term-driver[1] Marrall,
This snip of an attorney—
Furn. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley,[2]
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;
And feeds so slovenly!
Furn. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please Master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boiled capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg[3] or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.
Ord. Risen already!
Amb. I shall be chid.[4]

Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL

Furn. My lady frowns.
L. All. You wait well! [*To* AMBLE]
Let me have no more of this; I observed you jeering.
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.[5]
Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.
L. All. [*to* WELLBORN] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes. In a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
Well. [*aside to* MARRALL] Mark that.
Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like[1] your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further,
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Master Marrall.
Mar. I attend your worship.
Exeunt WELLBORN *and* MARRALL
L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress. Be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me. I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Furn. We are ready.
Exeunt

SCENE III

[*The Country near Lady Allworth's House*]

[*Enter*] WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL [*bare-headed*]

Well. I think I am in a good way.
Mar. Good! sir, the best way,
The certain best way.
Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.
Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.
Well. Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off?
Mar. Ease! an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.
Well. [*aside*] Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,[2]
Can turn thus suddenly? 'Tis rank already.

[1] Pettifogger.
[2] A low street abounding in cook-shops.
[3] Bow. [4] Scolded. [5] Equal.

[1] If it please. [2] Cheating.

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel,
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice—but still
Under correction—I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No; speak freely.
Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment—
Still with your worship's favor—I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady—
I say no more—that loves you; for, this morning,
To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savored not of amber.[1]
Well. I do now then!
Mar. This your batoon[2] hath got a touch of it.
Kisses the end of his cudgel
Yet, if you please, for change,[3] I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding-suit.
Well. But where's the horse?
Mar. My gelding
Is at your service. Nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land,[4] called Knave's-acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use of it.
What's twenty pounds?
Mar. 'Tis all that I can make,[5] sir.
Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I could not have them,
For one word to my lady?
Mar. As I know not that!
Well. Come, I will tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I will not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married—
There being no woman but is sometimes froward—
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnished something like myself,
And so farewell. For thy suit touching Knave's-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine.
Mar. I thank your worship.
Exit WELLBORN
How was I cozened in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! My master cozened too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, Master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated;
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possessed
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.
Walks by, musing

Enter OVERREACH, [*speaking to a* Servant *within*]

Over. Sirrah, take my horse.
I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pursy.[1]
Ha! Marrall! Is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't. No matter,
So it be done.—Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
Mar. Never better, sir.
Over. Has he hanged or drowned himself?
Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
Over. Art thou in thy wits?

[1] Ambergris.
[2] Stick.
[3] Of dress.
[4] Field.
[5] Do.

[1] Short winded.

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
Mar. A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.
Over. With him. What lady?
Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.
Over. Thou dolt! How dar'st thou speak this?
Mar. I speak truth;
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir. We dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.
Over. His worship!
Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here;[1] and saw when she kissed him, 80
And would, at his request, have kissed me too.
But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad[2] after performance.
Over. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain to see her, though I came, a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn, 91
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah.
Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these 100
Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
From my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?

[1] Dressed as I am.
[2] And remain serious.

On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Wellborn—
(*Aside*) I would give a crown now I durst say his worship—
My nag, and twenty pounds.
Over. Did you so, idiot!
Strikes him down.
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.
Over. I have done then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady, 110
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me tomorrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him,
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank them.
There's a piece for my late blows.
Mar. [*aside*] I must yet suffer;
But there may be a time—
Over. Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir.
[*Exeunt*]

ACT III, SCENE I

[*The Country near Overreach's House*]

[*Enter* Lord] Lovell, Allworth, *and* Servants

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill. Something in private
I must impart to Allworth.
Exeunt Servants
All. O my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em,
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer!
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties showered upon me.
Lov. Loving youth, 10

Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet locked[1]
Treachery shall never open. I have found you—
For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't—
More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards.
All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.
Lov. Such your gratitude calls 'em, 20
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As[2] some great men are taxed with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honors
If they use not all such as follow 'em,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so conditioned.[3] I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy
And a gentleman by want compelled to serve me.
All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have been
More like a father to me than a master. 30
Pray you, pardon the comparison.
Lov. I allow it.
And, to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanor to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.
All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted—O!
Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted, 39
I will not be more true to mine own honor,
Than to my Allworth!
All. As you are the brave Lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance

[1] Supply *which.*
[2] Which.
[3] I am not of such a nature.

Of more validity and weight to me
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise;
Yet being a man—for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery—I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.
Lov. So young, and jealous!
All. Were you to encounter with a single foe, 50
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.
Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.
All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself—provided
They may advantage you—must be obeyed.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair, 60
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And rammed with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous[1] sounds
Assault your hearing—such as Ulysses, if he
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Sirens,
Could not resist—the combat must grow doubtful 70
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And, in the van, the nectar of her lips,

[1] Rhythmical.

Which you must taste, bring the battalia on
Well armed, and strongly lined[1] with her discourse,
And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.
Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! These powerful aids, which would
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful—
Yet are but ornaments to give her luster,
That in herself is all perfection—must
Prevail for her. I here release your trust.
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.
Lov. Why, shall I swear?
All. O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.
Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach's house?
All. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.
Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.
All. O that I durst but hope it!
Exeunt

SCENE II

[*A Room in Overreach's House*]

[*Enter*] OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.
Greedy. 'Store indeed's no sore,' sir.

[1] Reinforced.

Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy.
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of. Let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mixed, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.
Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.[1]
Over. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my labored ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
[*Exit* MARRALL]
And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em—
Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.
Over. I do confer that providence,[2] with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.
Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked;
For which I will eat often, and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum: and that's pure justice. *Exit*
Over. It must be so. Should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all. She had it not from me,
But from her mother. I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

[*Enter*] MARGARET

Alone,—and let your women wait without.
Marg. Your pleasure, sir?
Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not,[3] it should have been

[1] Expensive. [2] Foresight. [3] I do not like

Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportioned, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?
Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.
Over. Is she humble, Meg? 40
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?
Marg. I pity her fortune.
Over. Pity her! Trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin[1] gown—
Even starved for want of twopenny chops—to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,
Into the counter,[2] and there let them howl together.
Marg. You know your own ways; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended 50
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.
Over. In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hail down curses on me, which I mind not?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt[3] thyself
To the noble state I labor to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honorable,
I will adopt a stranger to[4] my heir, 60
And throw thee from my care. Do not provoke me.
Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

[1] Linsey wolsey.
[2] Prison.
[3] Fit.
[4] For.

Re-enter GREEDY

Over. How! interrupted!
Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-willed, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.
Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! Cook it any way. Prithee, leave me. 70
Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?
Over. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own cauldron.
Greedy. I had lost my stomach[1]
Had I lost my mistress dumpling. I'll give thanks for't. [*Exit*]
Over. But to our business, Meg. You have heard who dines here?
Marg. I have, sir.
Over. 'Tis an honorable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one. And to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume, 80
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obeyed.
Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic?
Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks[2]—
Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.
Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dressed to my mind. He has found out

[1] Courage as well as appetite.
[2] Regarded a foolish bird.

A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter. My father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.
Over. [*loudly*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn,[1] and trouble me no further.
Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. *Exit*
Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull[2] disturbed us,
This honorable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality[3] and mine, to hope it.
Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it.
Be thou no enemy to thyself. My wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.
This mincing modesty has spoiled many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Over. Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say, private.
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off[4] too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I have heard this is the strumpet's fashion, sir,

[1] "Neck of a boar." Neilson.
[2] Fool.
[3] Position, station.
[4] And succeed.

Which I must never learn.
Over. Learn any thing
And from any creature that may make thee great;
From the devil himself.
Marg. [*aside*] This is but devilish doctrine.
Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardor. If a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.
Marg. In your house,
Your own house, sir; for heaven's sake, what are you then?
Or what shall I be, sir?
Over. Stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honor, cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell, excuse me,
In worldly policy, this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honor so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
When[1] tempted by others; so, in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honor,
He must and will forsake me.
Over. How! Forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up or withered? Does there live a man
Of that large list I have encountered with[2]
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! He dares not.
Give me but proof he has enjoyed thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood armed by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favor, I will make him render

[1] Q. reads: *when he is.*
[2] Supply *who.*

A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honor!
I have said it.

Re-enter MARRALL

Mar. Sir, the man of honor's come,
Newly alighted.
Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
Exit MARGARET
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
Mar. 'Tis, sir.
Over. Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit* MARRALL]
Roughness awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature, 160
Must make way for me.

Loud music. Enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.
Over. What you are pleased to style so is an honor
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. [*aside*] Strange, so humble.
Over. A justice of peace, my lord.
Presents GREEDY *to him*
Lov. Your hand, good sir.
Greedy. [*aside*] This is a lord, and some think this a favor;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.
Over. Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.
Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly[1]
She shall attend my lord.
Lov. You'll be obeyed, sir. 170
Exeunt all but OVERREACH
Over. 'Tis to my wish. As soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach.—

[*Re-enter* MARGARET]

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry them quickly or I'll dig 'em out.

[1] At once.

Is this a time to whimper? Meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, 'My honorable daughter;'
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, 'Put on,'
Or, 'Father, you forget yourself.' No more;
But be instructed, or expect—he comes.

Re-enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL

A black-browed girl,[1] my lord.
Lov. As I live, a rare one. 180
They salute
All. [*aside*] He's ta'en already. I am lost.
Over. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it. Quit the room.
[*Exeunt all but* OVERREACH, LOVELL, *and* MARGARET]
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar; but—
Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves.—Remember. [*Aside to* MARGARET, *and exit*]
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous,
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty. 190
Marg. Which forced too much, may break.
Lov. Bend rather, sweetest.
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours;
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.
Lov. Do you think I am old?
Marg. I am sure I am too young.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow,
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
And tissues matched with scarlet suit but ill.[2]
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that

[1] A deprecatory remark.
[2] Silks matched with woolens.

I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter OVERREACH [*behind*], *listening*

Over. Close at it! Whispering! This is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY *behind*

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles!
Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!
Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked-meats are run out, the roast turned powder.
Over. I shall powder you.
Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not.
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.
Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum[1] of the shambles! *Strikes him*
Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'Tis petty treason,
Edwardi quinto.[2] But that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.[3]
Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day. Disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse!
Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?
Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.
Over. Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? *Thrusts* GREEDY *off*
Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it.
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
Marg. So shall your honor save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.
Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good. Howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me to delude

[1] Glutton.
[2] The year of the statute.
[3] Writ commanding the sheriff to take bail.

Your subtle father.
Marg. I am prone[1] to that.
Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles?
[OVERREACH *comes forward*]

Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, *and* GREEDY

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Over. So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.
Over. With all my soul—a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Master Allworth. Know my house
Is ever open to you.
All. [*aside*] 'Twas shut till now.
Over. Well done, well done, my honorable daughter!
Thou'rt so already. Know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honorable daughter.
Marg. I shall, with my best care.
Noise within, as of a coach
Over. A coach!
Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN

L. All. If I find a welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come armed for all[2]
Can be objected.
Lov. How! the Lady Allworth!
Over. And thus attended!
LOVELL *salutes* Lady ALLWORTH; Lady ALLWORTH *salutes* MARGARET
Mar. No, 'I am a dolt!
The spirit of lies hath entered me!'
Over. Peace, patch,[3]

[1] Ready to do that.
[2] Supply *that.*
[3] Fool.

'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favor, to prevent[1] my visit, 250
The service of my life can never equal.
L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn;
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequalled beauty, for your stay,
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation[2] of my service to you,
I borrowed so much from my long restraint
And took the air in person to invite you. 260
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
L. All. Good Sir Giles Overreach.—
[*Salutes him*]
How dost thou, Marrall? Liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like[3] your ladyship.
L. All. When you please, Master Greedy.
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,
Presents WELLBORN
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's. Wonder not I speak at large;[4] 270
And howsoe'er his humor carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
Over. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger. Faith you have,
Pray let it be mended.
LOVELL *confers aside with* WELLBORN
Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is 'rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself;' no man of worship, 280
Much less your nephew.
Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.
Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.
Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.
Lov. I would hear, and help 'em.
Over. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.
L. All. Nay, you are my guest. Come, dear Master Wellborn.
Exeunt all but GREEDY
Greedy. 'Dear Master Wellborn!' So she said. Heaven! heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate 290
All day on this. I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham jail; and now, 'Dear Master Wellborn!'
And 'My good nephew!' But I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.—

Re-enter MARRALL

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. Long since. Pray you a word, sir.
Greedy. No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must. My master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew, 300
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.
Greedy. How! No dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!

[1] Anticipate.
[2] Expression.
[3] If you please.
[4] Freely.

Mar. No bug words,[1] sir.
Should his worship hear you—
Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And buttered toasts, and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,[2]
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and buttered toasts too.
Greedy. This revives me.
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. This is the way, sir.
Exeunt

SCENE III

[*Another Room in Overreach's House*]

[*Enter*] OVERREACH, *as from dinner*

Over. She's caught! O women! She neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring,
Her eyes fixed on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat[3] to feed upon his looks,
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. And why grieve I
At this? It makes for me. If she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.
Over. No matter, I'll excuse it. Prithee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
Mar. Who? 'The rogue
The lady scorned to look on?'
Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.

[1] Threats. [2] Importance. [3] Food.

L. All. With your favor, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two,
In your rare garden.
Over. There's an arbor too,
If your ladyship please to use it.
L. All. Come, Master Wellborn.
Exeunt Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN
Over. Grosser and grosser! Now I believe the poet
Feigned not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamored of a bull.
This lady's lust's more monstrous.—My good lord,

Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, *and the rest*

Excuse my manners.
Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles,
I may ere long say father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.
Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter WELLBORN *and* Lady ALLWORTH

Marg. My lady is returned.
L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away. My thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.
Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.
L. All. I must do you a further wrong
In taking away your honorable guest.
Lov. I wait on you, madam. Farewell, good Sir Giles.
L. All. Good Mistress Margaret! Nay, come, Master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once
Let my nephew stay behind. He shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.
L. All. Stay not long, sir.
Lov. This parting kiss. [*Kisses* MARGARET]
You shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page.
All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

Exeunt Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, *and* Marrall

Over. Daughter, to your chamber.—[*Exit* Margaret] You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. So I do, sir.
'Tis strange to me.
Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom.
As, I must yield,[1] with you I practised it.
But, now I see in you a way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich lady—
And I am glad of't—is enamored of you.
'Tis too apparent, nephew.
Well. No such thing.
Compassion rather, sir.
Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
Well. [*aside*] He'll run into the noose, and save my labor.
Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn. I will redeem 'em; and that no clamor
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—
Over. As it is, nephew—
Well. Binds me still your servant.
Over. No compliments, you are stayed for. Ere you have supped
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew.
To-morrow I will visit you.
Well. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes![2] How much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!

[1] Admit. [2] Extremities.

Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love. What men report I weigh not. *Exeunt*

ACT IV, SCENE I

[*A Room in Lady Allworth's House*]

[*Enter* Lord] Lovell *and* Allworth

Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak. I now discharge you
From further service. Mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honor,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt. Yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—
Lov. Nay, do not melt.
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
Over. [*within*] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! O, here's your letter. Let him in.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, *and* Marrall

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser, Sir Giles.
Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favor,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.
Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady's Allworth's?

Over. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles—
Upon your reputation, think better.
For if you do abate but one half-quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles' riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Mar. Whether you ride, 30
Or go afoot, you are that way still[1] provided,
An it please your worship.
Over. How now, sirrah? Prating
Before my lord! No difference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. [*aside*] I may fit you too.
Tossed like a dog still! *Exit*
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring. 'Twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead 40
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatched,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honorable, nay, right honorable daughter.
Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast.
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you,
And eat to purpose.
Over. Some Fury's in that gut.
Hungry again! Did you not devour, this morning,
A shield of brawn,[2] and a barrel of Colchester oysters? 50
Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,[3]

[1] Always. [2] Boar's neck.
[3] No one would eat with a hangman.

Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord.
Greedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer.
Exeunt GREEDY *and* ALLWORTH
Over. To my wish. We are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial;
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods, 60
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?[1]
It is well wooded, and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich. Would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air, 70
And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revénue.
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time. But let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines[2] that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's—
As by her dotage on him I know they will be—
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's 80
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted.
My fame and credit are more dear to me,

[1] Place of residence. [2] Devices.

Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill, 90
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honor,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.[1]
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honorable, which my lord can make her. 100
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra*[2] to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port[3]
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own. For, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you. 110
Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined,[4] howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course. With mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong. 120
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breathed out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbor's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common,[1] to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity, 130
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire[2]
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence. In one word, therefore,
Is it a match?
Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now. 140
Over. Then rest secure. Not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher,—an earl, if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith.
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. *Exit*
Lov. He's gone. I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted, 151
To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat. Yet, like a mountain, he—
Confirmed in atheistical assertions—
Is no more shaken than Olympus[3] is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

[1] Stainlessness.
[2] Nothing beyond.
[3] Dignity.
[4] Famished.

[1] A frequent offense.
[2] Wonder.
[3] Probably a slip for Parnassus.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* AMBLE

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. No, good madam.
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach, 160
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,[1]
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
L. All. I ne'er pressed, my lord,
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made—
So vehement and loud he was—partaker
Of his tempting offers.
Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear 170
Your wiser counsel.
L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty.—Wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near[2] to force me
To whisper my intents.
Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.
Woman. And well know our distance.
L. All. Do so, and talk not. 'Twill become your breeding.
Exeunt AMBLE *and* Woman
Now, my good lord. If I may use my freedom,
As to an honored friend—
Lov. You lessen else
Your favor to me.
L. All. I dare then say thus:
As you are noble—howe'er common men 180
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims—'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer[3] their honors than to increase
The state left to 'em by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,

[1] Morning service. [2] Supply *as*. [3] Promote.

And quite neglect their births; though I must grant,
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed;
But what infer you from it?
L. All. This, my lord, 190
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean if ill-acquired, cemented to honor
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish poured into a river—
Howe'er intended to make good the bank—
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow 199
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of. Yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,[1]
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's—
How wrung from both needs now no repetition—
Were real motives that more worked your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues.
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy 211
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;
And there, well to discharge[2] it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither;
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.
But I come nearer.
L. All. Pray you do, my lord.
Lov. Were Overreach's states thrice centupled, his daughter 230

[1] Stop the gossip. [2] Properly to accomplish it.

Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London blue.[1] In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.
L. All. [*aside*] I am glad to hear this.
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line by which you, hitherto,
Have measured all your actions.
Lov. I make answer, 231
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference,[2] or the favors
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserved before, incur not censure?
L. All. I am innocent here; and, on my life, I swear
My ends are good.
Lov. On my soul, so are mine 240
To Margaret; but leave both to the event.
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offered means unto ourselves,
To search each other farther, you having shown
Your care of me, I my respect to you,
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.
L. All. So[3] I shall hear you.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

[*Before Tapwell's House*]

[*Enter*] TAPWELL *and* FROTH

Tap. Undone, undone! This was your counsel, Froth.

[1] Blue was the servant's color.
[2] Talk.
[3] On these conditions.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee. Did not Master Marrall—
He has marred all, I am sure—strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
Tap. 'Tis true.
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he filled his belly,
At his commandment, to do anything.
Woe, woe to us!
Froth. He may prove merciful.
Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands. 10
Though he knew all the passages[1] of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,
And then his information could not hurt us.
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks,
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
For a close[2] bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I scape the halter, with the letter R[3] 20
Printed upon it.
Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder. As for credit,
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.
Tap. He has summoned all his creditors by the drum
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found out such A NEW WAY
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!
Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship 30
Comes this way, to my lady's?
A cry within: Brave master Wellborn!

[1] Doings.
[2] Secret.
[3] The branded R for rogue.

Tap. Yes; I hear him.
Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

Enter WELLBORN *in a rich habit,* [MARRALL,] GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors; TAPWELL *kneeling, delivers his bill of debt*

Well. How's this! petitioned too?
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.
Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be—I know what I hope to see you.
Well. Then look thou for advancement.
Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.
Mar. Pray you sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,[1]
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.
Well. Fear me not[2] Sir Giles.
This interim, TAPWELL *and* FROTH *flattering and bribing* JUSTICE GREEDY
Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.
Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.
Greedy. How! With Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms.
See you this honest couple; they are good souls
As ever drew out faucet. Have they not
A pair of honest faces?
Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozened in them;
For, of[3] all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved me,

[1] Appointment. [2] Do not fear. [3] Q. reads *by.*

And therefore speak not for 'em. By your place
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear.
Forget his turkeys, and call in his licence
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.
Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion! Come near; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch-knave? His very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.
Tap., Froth. Worshipful sir.
Greedy. No, though the great Turk came, instead of turkeys,
To beg my favor, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name. Besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroyed many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent,[1] as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy licence,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.
Froth. No mercy?
Greedy. Vanish!
If I show any, may my promised oxen gore me!
Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
Exeunt GREEDY, TAPWELL, *and* FROTH
Well. Speak; what are you?
1 *Cred.* A decayed vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muscadine[2] and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after drinkings,

[1] Edible. [2] A sweet wine.

When you lodged upon the Bankside.[1]
Well. I remember.
1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir—
Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again. See his bill paid.— 90
What are you?
2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.[2]
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,
I was removed from the shopboard, and confined
Under a stall.
Well. See him paid; and botch no more.
2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not.
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year,
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,
[*To* 3 Creditor
Thou wert my surgeon. You must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private. 100
Ord. A royal gentleman!
Furn. Royal as an emperor!
He'll prove a brave master. My good lady knew
To choose a man.
Well. See all men else discharged;
And since old debts are cleared by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me.
There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts;
And this, for your respect. [*To* Order]
Take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.
Ord. You are too munificent.
Furn. He was ever so.
Well. Pray you, on before.
3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you!
Mar. At four o'clock; the rest know where to meet me. 110
Exeunt Order, Furnace, *and* Creditors
Well. Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only, in a word: I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land.
I had a hand in't—I speak it to my shame—
When you were defeated[1] of it.
Well. That's forgiven. 121
Mar. I shall deserve it. Then urge him to produce
The deed in which you passed it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies. I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship. If I play not my prize[2]
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee.
Exeunt

SCENE III

[*A Room in Overreach's House*]

Enter Allworth *and* Margaret

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequalled temperance or your constant sweetness
That I yet live, my weak hands fastened on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office[3] registered,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest.
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones 16

[1] The author's own place of lodging.
[2] Mender.

[1] Robbed.
[2] Play not my part.
[3] In heaven.

Make wilful shipwrecks of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness,
And you rise up [no] less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world, hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honor, when it comes to court you;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.
Marg. Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is wanting? 20
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines
In being dispossessed of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will,
And, so his ravenous humor may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election? [1]
All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse—
Marg. To me they are nothing. 30
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me,
A tear or two, by you dropped on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours:
I then shall rest in peace. Or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments
In mind and body I must waste to air,
In poverty joined with banishment; so you share 40
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo 'em
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.
All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!

[1] Selection.

Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigor. But since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.
Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And, though but a young actor, second me 50
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter OVERREACH [*behind*]

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth. [*Seeing her father*]
All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.
Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his honor,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence 60
In his lordship [1] will deceive him.
All. I hope better,
Good lady.
Marg. Hope, sir, what you please. For me
I must take a safe and secure course. I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneeled for my favor,
I can grant nothing.
Over. I like this obedience. [*Comes forward*]
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you. 70
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? Give me it.
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.

[1] Supply *that*.

Over. [*reads*] 'Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys;[1]
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honors, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.'
Is this the arrogant piece of paper? Fool! 80
Will you still be one? In the name of madness, what
Could his good honor write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wished, after these two,
That are already offered, marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after; what would you more?
Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter,
Not hurried away i' th' night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited
To honor the solemnity.
All. An't please your honor,
For so before to-morrow I must style you, 90
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honorable kinsmen are afar off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect[2] their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honor up to London.
Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge.
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness, 100
Must put it off, forsooth, and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad
[*Points to his sword*]
Shall prick you to him.
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
Over. So my lord have you,

[1] Trifles. [2] Await.

What do I care who gives you? Since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse 110
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense. To-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums. In the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and called Parson Willdo.
'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.
Marg. With your favor, sir, what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused
Were such a stain upon me! If you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.
Over. Still perverse! 120
I say again, I will not cross my lord.
Yet I'll prevent[1] you too.—Paper and ink, there!
All. I can furnish you.
Over. I thank you, I can write then.
Writes on his book
All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
'Marry her to this gentleman.'
Over. Well advised.
'Tis done; away. [MARGARET *kneels*] My blessing, girl? Thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, be gone.—Good Master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made. 129
All. I hope so, sir.
Exeunt ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET
Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure.
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honorable daughter? Has her honor
Slept well to-night? or, will her honor please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquet—
This is state in ladies—or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?

[1] Anticipate.

My ends, my ends are compassed—then for Wellborn
And the lands. Were he once married to the widow—
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself, 140
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. *Exit*

ACT V, SCENE I

[*A Room in Lady Allworth's House*]

[*Enter* Lord] LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, *and* AMBLE

L. All. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little, with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favors to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband
Might justly claim an obligation from me
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I 10
Coyly or over-curiously[1] denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.
Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnished for fair employment.
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well;
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant 20
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.
L. All. As my wishes
Are with yours, my lord, yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. Despair not, madam.
Hard things are compassed oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven, 30
Though sometimes lodged i' th' hearts of worldly men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
For sakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.
L. All. May he be so! Yet, in his name to express it,
Is a good omen.
Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you! 40
What think you of the motion?
L. All. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropped, presented me
With this great favor; looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.
Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine. 50
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honor. Nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same 60
That you were to your Allworth. In a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
You being descended nobly, and allied so.

[1] Fastidiously.

If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.
L. All. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it. [*Kisses him*] Yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.
Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness, 70
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!
L. All. There needs no protestation; my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter WELLBORN, *handsomely apparelled*

You are welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.
Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.
Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.
L. All. For me, I am happy 80
That my endeavors prospered. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?
Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange passions
About his daughter. This last night he looked for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplexed and troubled.
Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.
L. All. I strongly hope.
Over. [*within*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. May it please your lordship, 90
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.
Lov. You shall direct me.
Steps aside

Enter OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him,* [*with a box*]

Over. I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!
Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?
Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing.
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.
Mar. [*aside*] I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. 101
Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady,
And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honor,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make curtsies
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favor.
L. All. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it.
But, in the mean time, as I am myself, 110
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where 'her honor' is.
Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.
Well. Sir.
Over. No more![1]
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Over. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. [*in scorn*] Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?
Over. [*aside*] His fortune swells him.
'Tis rank, he's married.
L. All. This is excellent!
Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it, 120
I am familiar with the cause that makes you

[1] No more than "sir"?

Bear up thus bravely. There's a certain buzz[1]
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened.[2]
I name no parties.
Well. Well, sir, and what follows?
Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds. Put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you 130
Dragged in your lavender robes[3] to the jail. You know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me 'in pure love, and no ends else'?
Over. End me no ends! Engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.
Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?
Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed you shall not, 141
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.
Your great looks fright not me.
Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! *Both draw*
L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Armed with his cut-throat practices to guard him.

[1] Rumor.
[2] Fooled.
[3] Clothes recently in pawn.

The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!
L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Over. Were't in a church, 150
By heaven and hell, I'll do't!
Mar. Now put him to
The showing of the deed.
[*Aside to* WELLBORN]
Well. This rage is vain, sir.
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law—howe'er you have no conscience—
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! Did I not purchase 160
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of it? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now!
Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land. I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it, 171
Must of necessity follow.
L. All. In my judgment
He does advise you well.
Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices. But when
This manor is extended[1] to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favor.
L. All. Never; do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.

[1] Seized.

Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out 180
The precious evidence. If thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Opens the box, [and displays the bond]
Thy ears to the pillory, see! Here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!
L. All. A fair skin of parchment.[1]
Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! Thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, is this that makes
Your interest clear?
Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? What subtle devil 190
Hath razed out the inscription? The wax
Turned into dust! The rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only
Made nothing! Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you,[2] which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is.
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
Over. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. [*flattering him*] Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony 200
Help with an oath or two; and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight. Besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses. The deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this?

[1] A skin with no writing on it.
[2] The law against witchcraft.

Mar. I! No, I assure you.
I have a conscience not seared up like yours.
I know no deeds.
Over. Wilt thou betray me?
Mar. Keep him 210
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.
Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase[1] you too.
'The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise,' your 'football,' or
'Th' unprofitable lump of flesh,' your 'drudge,'
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth 220
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions[2] guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Well. To him again.
Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you when I have discovered,[3]
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with 230
An army of whole families, who, yet alive,[5]
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in[4] Dunkirk.
Well. All will come out.
L. All. The better.
Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,[6]

[1] As a fox is driven out of his hole.
[2] Wicker protections to trench diggers in war.
[3] Disclosed.
[4] Capture.
[5] So Gifford; Q. *live.* [6] In my breast.

Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.
Lov. [*aside*] Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog[1] worry the other!
Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous. 240
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so.
You dare do any ill, yet want true valor
To be honest, and repent.
Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY *and* Parson WILLDO

Shall find no harbor here. After these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks. Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.
Willdo. Married! Yes, I assure you. 250
Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! There's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honorable, my right honorable daughter.
Greedy. Here will I be feasting, at least for a month!
I am provided. Empty guts, croak no more.
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing[2] dishes.
Over. Instantly be here?
(*Whispering to* WILLDO)
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble. (*Loud music*) They come! I hear the music. 260
A lane there for my lord!
Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.
Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling*]
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened. Not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.
Over. How!
All. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage, 270
With every circumstance, are past. Alas, sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honorable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.
Over. Devil! Are they married?
Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, heaven give them joy!
Over. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.
Willdo. They are married.
Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these. My brain turns!
Willdo. Why this rage to me? 280
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
'Marry her to this gentleman.'
Over. It cannot—
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not.
That I, that in all passages I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labors
Defeated and made void.
Well. As it appears,

[1] Fierce dog.
[2] Solid.

You are so, my grave uncle.
Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses. I'll not waste
A syllable but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Offers to kill* MARGARET]
Lov. [*coming forward*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.
Over. Lord! Thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valor
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
Lov. I am ready.
L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!
Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in—Thus!
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place.
Alone I can do nothing. But I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes—by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good—or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! *Exit*
Mar. Is't not brave sport?
Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.
All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity. What's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.
L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.
Well. I do believe thee.
But first discover the quaint[1] means you used
To raze out the conveyance?
Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public. Certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; but that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
Well. You are a rascal! He that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favor from me. I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears. Howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.
Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.
Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
Ord. Take this kick with you.
Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.
Mar. This is the haven
False servants still[2] arrive at. *Exit*

Re-enter OVERREACH

L. All. Come again!
Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.

[1] Clever. [2] Ever.

Well. His looks are ghastly.
Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favors,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery. But observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? To what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them? 360
No. I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
Flourishing his sword sheathed[1]
I'll fall to execution. Ha! I am feeble.
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha, what are these? Sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat. Now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall 370
Ingloriously, and yield? No; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursèd spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground*]
Well. There's no help.
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy. Take a *mittimus*,[2]
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lov. How he foams!
Well. And bites the earth!
Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,[3]
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Marg. O my dear father!
They force OVERREACH *off*

[1] Q. reads *unsheathed*.
[2] A committal to the madhouse.
[3] The usual contemporary treatment.

All. You must be patient, mistress.
Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men, 380
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave 'em. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavor you shall be his guardians
In his distractions; and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, th' undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach. For me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.
All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.
Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too. But there is something else 390
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action. If your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not in my service
To my king and country but I shall do something
That may make me right again.
Lov. Your suit is granted, 400
And you loved for the motion.[1]
Well. [*coming forward*] Nothing wants then
But your allowance—

THE EPILOGUE

But your allowance, and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favor due
To the poet's and our labors—as you may,
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play—
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write. 500
[*Exeunt*]

[1] For making it.

13.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A Tragedy.

ACTED
By the KINGS Majesties Seruants
at the priuate House in the
BLACK-FRIERS.

Fide Honor.

LONDON:
Printed by *I. B.* for HVGH BEESTON, and are to
be sold at his Shop, neere the *Castle* in
Cornne-hill. 1633.

This remarkable and original tragedy appeared in the single quarto of 1633, as acted by the King's players at Blackfriars, with the author's name, modestly veiled under his customary anagram, *Fide Honor*. Although the Prologue declares,

> What may be here thought fiction, when Time's youth
> Wanted some riper years, was known a truth,

a source has not been found for the main story and it is in all likelihood Ford's own invention. The strange device of the mechanical chair as a trap has been traced back to Pausanias and, through one of Bandello's novels, to an older play by Barnaby Barnes, *The Devil's Charter*. There are other "resemblances" to earlier drama, but all award Ford the palm among his fellows for inventive originality.

John Ford was a Devonshire man, born in 1586, of Oxford and the Middle Temple. His dramatic writing belongs between 1626 and 1639, when he drops out of sight. The play of the text is less distinctive of the peculiar and decadent art of Ford than one or two others. Whatever his choice of topic at times, Ford is no decadent in the beauty of his diction and the music of his verse.

The complete edition of Ford is that of Alexander Dyce, 3 vols., 1869. Also the Mermaid edition by H. Ellis, 1888.

THE SPEAKERS' NAMES FITTED TO THEIR QUALITIES

AMYCLAS, *Common to the Kings of Laconia*
ITHOCLES, *Honor of loveliness*, a Favorite
ORGILUS, *Angry*, son to Crotolon
BASSANES, *Vexation*, a jealous Nobleman
ARMOSTES, *an Appeaser*, a Councillor of State
CROTOLON, *Noise*, another Councillor
PROPHILUS, *Dear*, Friend to Ithocles
NEARCHUS, *Young Prince*, Prince of Argos
TECNICUS, *Artist*, a Philosopher
HEMOPHIL, *Glutton*, } two Courtiers
GRONEAS, *Tavern-haunter*, }
AMELUS, *Trusty*, Friend to Nearchus
PHULAS, *Watchful*, Servant to Bassanes
[Lords, Courtiers, Officers, Attendants, etc.]

CALANTHA, *Flower of beauty*, the King's Daughter
PENTHEA, *Complaint*, Sister to Ithocles [and Wife to Bassanes]
EUPHRANEA, *Joy*, a Maid of honor [Daughter to Crotolon]
CHRISTALLA, *Christal*, } Maids of honor
PHILEMA, *A Kiss*, }
GRAUSIS, *Old Beldam*, Overseer of Penthea

PERSONS INCLUDED

THRASUS, *Fierceness*, Father of Ithocles
APLOTES, *Simplicity*, Orgilus so disguised

THE SCENE: Sparta.

PROLOGUE

Our scene is Sparta. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece calls it The Broken Heart.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel courts applause
From vulgar admiration: such low songs,
Tuned to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The Virgin Sisters then deserved fresh bays
When Innocence and Sweetness crowned their lays; [10]
Then vices gasped for breath, whose whole commèrce
Was whipped to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow;
What may be here thought a fiction, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a truth:
In which, if words have clothed the subject right,
You may partake a pity with delight.

THE BROKEN HEART

JOHN FORD

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*The house of Crotolon, a room*]

Enter CROTOLON *and* ORGILUS

Crot. Dally not further; I will know the reason
That speeds thee to this journey.
Org. Reason! good sir,
I can yield many.
Crot. Give me one, a good one;
Such I expect, and ere we part must have.
Athens! Pray, why to Athens? You intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read the logic lecture, or become
An Areopagite,[1] and judge in cases
Touching the commonwealth; for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate 10
So grave an honor.
Org. All this I acknowledge.
Crot. You do! Then, son, if books and love of knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.
Org. 'Tis not that, sir.
Crot. Not that, sir! As a father, I command thee
To acquaint me with the truth.
Org. Thus I obey ye.
After so many quarrels as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broached in blood, and sometimes
With death to such confederates as sided
With now-dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord, 20
Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled
Your eager swords and sealed a gentle peace:
Friends you profest yourselves; which to confirm,
A resolution for a lasting league
Betwixt your families was entertained,
By joining in a Hymenean bond
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasus.

[1] Member of the Areopagus court, a judge.

Crot. What of this?
Org. Much, much, dear sir.
A freedom of convèrse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fixed our souls 30
In a firm growth of union, that no time
Can eat into the pledge: we had enjoyed
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
By Thrasus his untimely death.
Crot. Most certain.
Org. From this time sprouted up that poisonous stalk
Of aconite, whose ripened fruit hath ravished
All health, all comfort of a happy life;
For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourished closely
The memory of former discontents, 41
To glory in revenge. By cunning partly,
Partly by threats, a[1] woos at once and forces
His virtuous sister to admit[2] a marriage
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honor
And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes.
Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
My leave for thy departure.
Org. Now it follows.
Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
By an insulting brother, being secretly 50
Compelled to yield her virgin freedom up
To him who never can usurp her heart,
Before contracted mine, is now so yoked
To a most barbarous thraldom, misery,
Affliction, that he savors not humanity,
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity
In hearing but her name.
Crot. As how, pray?
Org. Bassanes,
The man that calls her wife, considers truly
What heaven of perfections he is lord of
By thinking fair Penthea his: this thought 60
Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
Is nurse unto a fear so strong and servile
As[3] brands all dotage with a jealousy:
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty

[1] He. [2] Contract.
[3] That it.

He doth resolve[1] do homage to the miracle;
Some one, he is assured, may now or then,
If opportunity but sort,[2] prevail.
So much, out of a self-unworthiness,
His fears transport him; not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust. 70
Crot. You spin out your discourse.
Org. My griefs are violent:
For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courted by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favors,
And undermine her virtues; which the gods
Know I nor dare nor dream of. Hence, from hence
I undertake a voluntary exile;
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth; 80
Lastly, to lose the memory of something
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.
Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Athens,
I give a full consent.—Alas, good lady!—
We shall hear from thee often?
Org. Often.
Crot. See,
Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter EUPHRANEA

Euph. Brother!
Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss; more careful of thine honor,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father, 90
I must prefer a suit t' ye.
Euph. You may style it,
My brother, a command.
Org. That you will promise
To pass never to any man, however
Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.
Crot. An easy motion!
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.
Org. Your pardon;
Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.
Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires I swear.
Crot. And I,
By Great Apollo's beams, join in the vow,
Not without thy allowance to bestow her 100
On any living.

[1] Decide, convince himself. [2] Agree.

Org. Dear Euphranea,
Mistake me not: far, far 'tis from my thought,
As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
Preferment to an honorable bed
Or fitting fortune; thou art young and handsome;
And 'twere injustice,—more, a tyranny,—
Not to advance thy merit. Trust me, sister,
It shall be my first care to see thee matched
As may become thy choice and our contents.
I have your oath. 109
Euph. You have. But mean you, brother,
To leave us, as you say?
Crot. Ay, ay, Euphranea;
He has just grounds direct him. I will prove
A father and a brother to thee.
Euph. Heaven
Does look into the secrets of all hearts:
Gods, you have mercy with ye, else—
Crot. Doubt nothing;
Thy brother will return in safety to us.
Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without 'em;
They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about 'em. *Exeunt omnes*

SCENE II

[*A Room in the Palace*]

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS the King, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS, [Courtiers,] *and* Attendants

Amy. The Spartan gods are gracious; our humility
Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is ent'ring
Into his youth again! I shall shake off
This silver badge of age, and change this snow
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks;
Our heart leaps in new vigor.
Arm. May old time
Run back to double your long life, great sir!
Amy. It will, it must, Armostes: thy bold nephew, 10
Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.
Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
To Lacedaemon's royalty. O, 'twas
A glorious victory, and doth deserve

More than a chronicle—a temple, lords,
A temple to the name of Ithocles!—
Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus?
Pro. At Pephon, [20]
Most gracious sovereign; twenty of the noblest
Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,
For such conditions as you shall propose
In setting peace, and liberty of life.
Amy. When comes your friend, the general?
Pro. He promised
To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CALANTHA, EUPHRANEA; CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA [*with a garland;*] *and* CROTOLON

Amy. Our daughter!—Dear Calantha, the happy news,
The conquest of Messene, hath already
Enriched thy knowledge.
Cal. With the circumstance
And manner of the fight, related faithfully [30]
By Prophilus himself.—But, pray, sir, tell me
How doth the youthful general demean
His actions in these fortunes?
Pro. Excellent princess,
Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and limits
Of thankfulness and joy, a[1] doth digest
Such amplitude of his success as would
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance 'em to comparison with heaven: [40]
But Ithocles—
Cal. Your friend—
Pro. He is so, madam,
In which the period of my fate consists:
He, in this firmament of honor, stands
Like a star fixed, not moved with any thunder
Of popular applause or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion; he hath served his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.
Crot. You describe
A miracle of man.
Amy. Such, Crotolon,
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him.— *Flourish.* [49]
Hark, warning of his coming! All attend him.

Enter ITHOCLES, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRONEAS; *the rest of the* Lords *ushering him in*

Return into these arms, thy home, thy sanctuary,

[1] He.

Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles!
Ith. Your humblest subject.
Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in,
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,
Right noble nephew.
Ith. Sir, your love's too partial.
Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy valor,
Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action;
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A general welcome.
Ith. You exceed in bounty. [60]
Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet. [*Takes the chaplet from them*]—Ithocles,
Upon the wings of Fame the singular
And chosen fortune of an high attempt
Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I myself with mine own hands have wrought,
To crown thy temples, this provincial garland:[1]
Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift
Deserved, not purchased.
Ith. Y'are a royal maid.
Amy. She is in all our daughter.
Ith. Let me blush,
Acknowledging how poorly I have served, [70]
What nothings I have done, compared with th' honors
Heaped on the issue of a willing mind;
In that lay mine ability, that only:
For who is he so sluggish from his birth,
So little worthy of a name or country,
That owes not out of gratitude for life
A debt of service, in what kind soever
Safety or counsel of the commonwealth
Requires, for payment?
Cal. A[2] speaks truth.
Ith. Whom heaven
Is pleased to style victorious, there to such [80]
Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason,
Voicing the leader-on a demi-god;
Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood
Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase
As his whose much more delicate condition

[1] The laurel wreath . . . conferred on those who added a province to the empire. (Gifford).
[2] He.

Hath suckt the milk of ease: judgment commands,
But resolution executes. I use not,
Before this royal presence, these fit slights[1]
As in contempt of such as can direct; 90
My speech hath other end; not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is strengthened
By many hands. For instance, here is Prophilus,
A gentleman—I cannot flatter truth—
Of much desert; and, though in other rank,
Both Hemophil and Groneas were not missing
To wish their country's peace; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.
Amy Courtiers turn soldiers!—We vouchsafe our hand.
[HEMOPHIL *and* GRONEAS *kiss his hand*]
Observe your great example.
Hem. With all diligence. 100
Gron. Obsequiously and hourly.
Amy. Some repose
After these toils is[2] needful. We must think on
Conditions for the conquered; they expect[3] 'em.
On!—Come, my Ithocles.
Euph. Sir, with your favor,
I need not a supporter.
Pro. Fate instructs me.
Exeunt. HEMOPHIL *stays* CHRISTALLA; GRONEAS, PHILEMA
Chris. With me?
Phil. Indeed, I dare not stay.
Hem. Sweet lady.
Soldiers are blunt,—your lip.
Chris. Fie, this is rudeness:
You went not hence such creatures.
Gro. Spirit of valor
Is of a mounting nature.
Phil. It appears so.—
Pray, in earnest, how many men apiece 110
Have you two been the death of?
Gro. Faith, not many;
We were composed of mercy.
Hem. For our daring,
You heard the general's approbation
Before the king.
Chris. You "wish'd your country's peace";

[1] Trivial words befitting slight service.
[2] Q. *are.*
[3] Await.

That showed your charity: where are your spoils,
Such as the soldier fights for?
Phil. They are coming.
Chris. By the next carrier, are they not?
Gro. Sweet Philema,
When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs,—
Phil. And all together. 120
Gro. Then would I with a sigh remember thee,
And cry "Dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!"—Dost not love me
With all thy heart now?
Phil. Now as heretofore.
I have not put my love to use;[1] the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.
Gro. By Mars,
I'll marry thee!
Phil. By Vulcan, you're forsworn
Except my mind do alter strangely.
Gro. One word.
Chris. You lie beyond all modesty:—forbear me. 129
Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city; 'tis
Mine own by conquest.
Chris. By petition; sue for't
Informa pauperis.—City! kennel.—Gallants
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants;
Learn to reel, thrum,[2] or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!
Hem. Christalla!
Chris. Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers! corncutters,
But not so valiant; they ofttimes draw blood,
Which you durst never do. When you have practised
More wit or more civility, we'll rank ye 140
I' th' list of men: till then, brave things-at-arms,
Dare not to speak to us,—most potent Groneas!—
Phil. And Hemophil the hardy!—at your services.
Exeunt CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA
Gro. They scorn us as they did before we went.
Hem. Hang 'em! let us scorn them, and be revenged.
Gro. Shall we?

[1] Out at interest. [2] Weave.

Hem. We will: and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow us;
It is a woman's nature.
Gro. 'Tis a scurvy one. *Exeunt*

SCENE III

[*Gardens of the Palace*]

Enter TECNICUS, *a* philosopher, *and* ORGILUS *disguised like a* Scholar *of his*

Tec. Tempt not the stars; young man, thou canst not play
With the severity of fate: this change
Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all times
Down to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note
A consequence[1] of danger.
Org. Give me leave,
Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
Of thy oraculous lectures. If my fortune 11
Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.
I will not court the world.
Tec. Ah, Orgilus,
Neglects in young men of delights and life
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harms to others who contemn their own.
Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so much
At odds with nature that I grudge the thrift 20
Of any true deserver; nor doth malice
Of present hopes so check them with despair
As that I yield to thought of more affliction
Than what is incident to frailty: wherefore
Impute not this retired course of living
Some little time to any other cause
Than what I justly render,—the information
Of an unsettled mind; as the effect
Must clearly witness.
Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee!
On these conditions I conceal thy change, 30
And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—
I'll to my study.
Org. I to contemplations
In these delightful walks.—[*Exit* TECNICUS]
Thus metamorphosed
I may without suspicion hearken after
Penthea's usage and Euphranea's faith.
Love, thou art full of mystery! The deities
Themselves are not secure[1] in searching out
The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste
A breast made tributary to the laws
Of beauty: physic yet hath never found 40
A remedy to cure a lover's wound.—
Ha! who are those that cross yon private walk
Into the shadowing grove in amorous foldings?

PROPHILUS *passeth over, supporting*[2] EUPHRANEA, *and whispering*

My sister! O, my sister! 'tis Euphranea
With Prophilus: supported too! I would
It were an apparition! Prophilus
Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.
Again! help me, my book; this scholar's habit
Must stand my privilege: my mind is busy,
Mine eyes and ears are open.
Walks by, reading

Enter again PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANEA

Pro. Do not waste 50
The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness.[3] Bright Euphranea,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires,—
Org. [*aside*] Desires!
Pro. My service, my integrity,—
Org. [*aside*] That's better.
Pro. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conned without a prompter but thine eyes.
My love is honorable.
Org. [*aside*] So was mine
To my Penthea, chastely honorable.
Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my wish 60
Of happiness than having thee a wife;
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.
Org. [*aside*] But a brother
More cruel than the grave.
Euph. What can you look for,
In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?
Org. [*aside*] Hold out, Euphranea!
Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never undervalued,

[1] Outcome.

[1] Certain.
[2] His arm round her waist. (Dyce).
[3] Coyness.

From the first time you mentioned worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person: it had been 70
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness
In my affections, not to weigh and thank
My better stars that offered me the grace
Of so much blissfulness. For, to speak truth,
The law of my desires kept equal pace
With yours; nor have I left that resolution:
But only, in a word, whatever choice
Lives nearest in my heart must first procure
Consent both from my father and my brother,
Ere he can own me his.
Org. [*aside*] She is forsworn else. 80
Pro. Leave me that task.
Euph. My brother, ere he parted
To Athens, had my oath.
Org. [*aside*] Yes, yes, a had, sure.
Pro. I doubt not, with the means the court supplies,
But to prevail at pleasure.
Org. [*aside*] Very likely!
Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my hopes
On the foundation of thy constant sufferance[1]
In any opposition.
Euph. Death shall sooner
Divorce life and the joys I have in living
Than my chaste vows from truth.
Pro. On thy fair hand
I seal the like. 90
Org. [*aside*] There is no faith in woman.
Passion, O, be contain'd! My very heart-strings
Are on the tenters.[2]
Euph. Sir, we are overheard.
Cupid protect us! 'Twas a stirring, sir,
Of some one near.
Pro. Your fears are needless, lady;
None have access into these private pleasures[3]
Except some near in court, or bosom-student
From Tecnicus his oratory, granted
By special favor lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher.
Euph. Methinks 100
I hear one talking to himself,—I see him.
Pro. 'Tis a poor scholar, as I told you, lady.
Org. [*aside*] I am discovered.—[*Half aloud to himself, as if studying*] Say it; is it possible,
With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,

[1] Consent, abstinence from objection.
[2] Hooks for stretching cloth.
[3] Gardens.

Flattery, or force of reason—I come t'ye, sir—
To turn or to appease the raging sea?
Answer to that.—Your art! what art to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?
No, no; they'll out, they'll out: ye may as easily
Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast 110
As fiddle-faddle so! Peace, or speak sense.
Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'Las, he's lunatic.
Pro. Observe him, sweet; 'tis but his recreation.
Org. But will you hear a little? You're so tetchy,
You keep no rule in argument. Philosophy
Works not upon impossibilities,
But natural conclusions.—Mew!—absurd!
The metaphysics are but speculations
Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents
As not mixed perfectly, in the air engendered
Appear to us unnatural; that's all. 121
Prove it; yet, with a reverence to your gravity,
I'll balk illiterate sauciness, submitting
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.
Pro. Now let us fall in with him.
[*They come forward*]
Org. Ha, ha, ha!
These apish boys, when they but taste the grammates[1]
And principles of theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors.
Pro. By your leave, sir.
Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?
Org. I am, gay creature, 130
With pardon of your deities, a mushroom
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then;
The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams!
Sometime I feel their warmth; and eat and sleep.
Pro. Does Tecnicus read to thee?
Org. Yes, forsooth,
He is my master surely; yonder door
Opens upon his study.
Pro. Happy creatures!
Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness; their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty; 140
Their love is love of virtue.—What's thy name?
Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

[1] Elements.

Euph. Dost thou want anything?
Org. Books, Venus, books.
Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.
Euph. My lord,—
Pro. Whiles I endeavor to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend[1]
What notice I can write of my success, 149
Here in this grove, and give it to your hands;
The like from you to me: so can we never,
Barred of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence,
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues cannot.
Euph. Occasion is most favorable; use it.
Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day,
At nine i' the morning and at four at night,
Here in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire. 160
Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I beseech thee,
Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty:
You will not fail me books?
Pro. Nor aught besides
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphranea,
Mine Prophilus.
Org. I have a pretty memory;
It must prove my best friend. I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.
Pro. Write
The books thou wouldst have bought thee in a note,
Or take thyself some money.
Org. No, no money;
Money to scholars is a spirit invisible, 170
We dare not finger it: or books, or nothing.
Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not forget
Our names.
Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.
Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our desires;
We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires!
Exeunt [PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANEA]
Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!
Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.
Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms, 179
Beyond the compass of my brain.[1] Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purposed by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own stories;
They die too basely who outlive their glories.
Exit

[1] Await.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in Bassanes' House*]

Enter BASSANES *and* PHULAS

Bass. I'll have that window next the street dammed up;
It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a gazer's glances. There's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-whelp,
Adultery, be licked into the act,
The very act. That light shall be dammed up;
D' ye hear, sir?
Phu. I do hear, my lord; a mason
Shall be provided suddenly.[2]
Bass. Some rogue,
Some rogue of your confederacy,—factor[3] 10
For slaves and strumpets!—to convey close packets
From this spruce springal[4] and t'other youngster,
That gaudy earwig, or my lord your patron,
Whose pensioner you are.—I'll tear thy throat out,
Son of a cat, ill-looking hound's-head, rip-up
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
A scroll, but half as big as what can cover
A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,
Directed to my lady; it may prove
A mystical preparative to lewdness. 20
Phu. Care shall be had: I will turn every thread
About me to an eye.—[*aside*] Here's a sweet life!
Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic
Of chamber merchandise, set all at price
By wholesale; yet they wipe their mouths and simper,

[1] Beyond what I could have planned.
[2] At once. [3] Agent. [4] Youth.

Cull,[1] kiss, and cry "sweetheart," and stroke the head
Which they have branched;[2] and all is well again!
Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs
Stuck on the[ir] foreheads.
Phu. 'Tis a villainous world;
One cannot hold his own in't.
Bass. Dames at court, 30
Who flaunt in riots, run another bias;[3]
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't.
Poor honor, thou art stabbed, and bleed'st to death
By such unlawful hire! The country mistress
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt.
But all are false: on this truth I am bold,
No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.—
Now for the newest news about the city; 41
What blab the voices, sirrah?
Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news
That ever—
Bass. Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal!
What is't?
Phu. Forsooth, they say the king has mewed[4]
All his gray beard, instead of which is budded
Another of a pure carnation color,
Speckled with green and russet.
Bass. Ignorant block!
Phu. Yes, truly; and 'tis talkt about the streets
That, since Lord Ithocles came home, the lions 50
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danced their very hearts out.
Bass. Dance out thine too.
Phu. Besides, Lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought
A never can return.
Bass. Grant it, Apollo!
Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis reported
For certain, that whoever is found jealous
Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton
Shall be divorced: but this is but she-news;
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet. 60

[1] Hug.
[2] Cuckolded.
[3] Way.
[4] Moulted.

Bass. Antic,[1] no more! Idiots and stupid fools
Grate my calamities. Why to be fair
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul—
Look to the doors.
Phu. [*aside*] The horn of plenty crest him! *Exit*
Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my thoughts
In rare distemper.—Beauty! O, it is
An unmatched blessing or a horrid curse.

Enter PENTHEA *and* GRAUSIS, *an old* Lady

She comes, she comes! so shoots the morning forth,
Spangled with pearls of transparent dew.—
The way to poverty is to be rich, 70
As I in her am wealthy; but for her,
In all contents a bankrupt.—
Loved Penthea!
How fares my heart's best joy?
Grau. In sooth, not well,
She is so over-sad.
Bass. Leave chattering, magpie.—
Thy brother is returned, sweet, safe, and honored
With a triumphant victory; thou shalt visit him:
We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing luster
Of jewels above value, that the dames
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshined,
Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen 80
Fret in their tears; whiles every wondering eye
Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.
Choose thine own recreations; be a queen
Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,
What place, what times; do anything, do all things
Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these clouds
From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.
Grau. Now 'tis well said, my lord.—What, lady! laugh,
Be merry; time is precious.
Bass. [*aside*] Furies whip thee! 90
Pen. Alas, my lord, this language to your hand-maid
Sounds as would music to the deaf; I need
No braveries nor cost of art to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence:

[1] Fool.

Let such, if any such there are, who covet
A curiosity of admiration,
By laying-out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gaudy outsides; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;
From which, if your opinion, nobly placed, 100
Change not the livery your words bestow,
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.
Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat too much inward,
It is too melancholy; we'll remove
Nearer the court: or what thinks my Penthea
Of the delightful island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish.
Pen. I am no mistress.
Whither you please, I must attend; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me.
Grau. Island; prison!
A prison is as gaysome: we'll no islands; 110
Marry, out upon 'em! Whom shall we see there?
Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,
And crabs, and mews,[1] and dog-fish; goodly gear
For a young lady's dealing,—or an old one's!
On no terms islands; I'll be stewed first.
Bass. [*aside to* GRAUSIS] Grausis,
You are a juggling bawd.—This sadness, sweetest,
Becomes not youthful blood.—[*aside to* GRAUSIS] I'll have you pounded.—
For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth;
Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.—
[*aside to* GRAUSIS] Damnable bitch-fox!
Grau. I am thick of hearing, 120
Still, when the wind blows southerly.—What think ye,
If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord?
Would not a chopping boy d' ye good at heart?
But, as you said—
Bass. [*aside to* GRAUSIS] I'll spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops!
Grau. Pray, speak louder.
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.
Pen. Thou prat'st madly.
Bass. 'Tis very hot; I sweat extremely.

Enter PHULAS

Now?
Phu. A herd of lords, sir.
Bass. Ha!

[1] Gulls.

Phu. A flock of ladies.
Bass. Where?
Phu. Shoals of horses.
Bass. Peasant, how?
Phu. Caroches[1]
In drifts; th' one enter, th' other stand without, sir: 130
And now I vanish. *Exit*

Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GRONEAS, CHRISTALLA, *and* PHILEMA

Pro. Noble Bassanes!
Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus; ladies, gentlemen,
To all my heart is open; you all honor me,—
[*aside*] A tympany[2] swells in my head already,—
Honor me bountifully.—[*aside*] How they flutter,
Wagtails and jays together!
Pro. From your brother
By virtue of your love to him, I require
Your instant presence, fairest.
Pen. He is well, sir?
Pro. The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear beauty,
I find some alteration in him lately, 140
Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,
I pray, use no delay.
Bass. We had not needed
An invitation, if his sister's health
Had not fallen into question.—Haste, Penthea,
Slack not a minute.—Lead the way, good Prophilus;
I'll follow step by step.
Pro. Your arm, fair madam.
Exeunt omnes sed BASSANES *et* GRAUSIS
Bass. One word with your old bawdship: th' hadst been better
Railed at the sins[3] thou worshipp'st than have thwarted
My will: I'll use thee cursedly.
Grau. You dote,
You are beside yourself. A politician 150
In jealousy? No, y'are too gross, too vulgar.
Pish, teach not me my trade; I know my cue.
My crossing you sinks me into her trust,
By which I shall know all; my trade's a sure one.
Bass. Forgive me, Grausis, 'twas consideration
I relished not;[4] but have a care now.

[1] Coaches.
[2] Swelling.
[3] Gifford reads *saints*.
[4] A point I did not see.

Grau. Fear not,
I am no new-come-to't.
Bass. Thy life's upon it,
And so is mine. My agonies are infinite.
Exeunt

SCENE II

[*The Apartment of Ithocles*]

Enter ITHOCLES, *alone*

Ith. Ambition! 'tis of vipers' breed: it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled[1] dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance: 10
But this is form of books and school-tradition;
It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased
With counsel, but with best receipts and means;
Means, speedy means and certain; that's the cure.

Enter ARMOSTES *and* CROTOLON

Arm. You stick, Lord Crotolon, upon a point
Too nice and too unnecessary; Prophilus
Is every way desertful. I am confident
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your son's tutelage.
Crot. Yet not so ripe, 20
My Lord Armostes, that it dares to dote
Upon the painted meat[2] of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.
Ith. Not yet
Resolved, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta. The king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been moved to't.
Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Crotolon
For a dispatch.

[1] Blinded by the sewing up of the eye-lids.
[2] Bait.

Crot. Kings may command; their wills
Are laws not to be questioned.
Ith. By this marriage 30
You knit an union so[1] devout, so[1] hearty,
Between your loves to me and mine to yours,
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine, and I am his.
Crot. My lord, my lord!—
Ith. What, good sir? Speak your thought.
Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed.
Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasus lived,—but 40 peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.
Arm. Y'are bold and bitter.
Ith. [*aside*] A presses home the injury; it smarts.—
No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve 'em.
Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to:—'twas a fault,
A capital fault; for then I could not dive 50
Into the secrets of commanding love;
Since when, experience, by the extremities[2] (in others),
Hath forced me collect.[3] And, trust me, Crotolon,
I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current.
Arm. Thy acknowledgment is satisfaction:
What would you more?
Crot. I'm conquered: if Euphranea
Herself admit the motion, let it be so;
I doubt not my son's liking.
Ith. Use my fortunes,
Life, power, sword, and heart,—all are your own. 60
Arm. The princess, with your sister.

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, GRAUSIS, BASSANES, *and* PROPHILUS

Cal. I present ye
A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not

[1] As.
[2] Gifford reads *extremes*.
[3] Understand.

Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.
Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wedlock
Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.—
[*To* BASSANES.] 'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume,
T' immure her in a chamber.
Bass. 'Tis her will; 70
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare:
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.
Ith. How does Penthea now?
Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.
Bass. [*aside*] I like the answer well; 'tis sad and modest.
There may be tricks yet, tricks.—Have an eye, Grausis!
Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we joined in must not
Fall by too long demur.
Crot. 'Tis granted, princess, 80
For my part.
Arm. With condition, that his son
Favor the contract.
Cal. Such delay is easy.—
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert!
Pro. Most sweetly gracious!
Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures;—no restoratives
Like to a constant woman!—[*aside*] But where is she? 90
'Twould puzzle all the gods but to create
Such a new monster.—I can speak by proof,
For I rest in Elysium; 'tis my happiness.
Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolved, speak freely,
In your affections to this gentleman?
Euph. Nor more nor less than as his love assures me;
Which—if your liking with my brother's warrants—
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.
Crot. So, so!—[*To* PROPHILUS] I know your answer.
Ith. 'T had been pity
To sunder hearts so equally consented. 100

Enter HEMOPHIL

Hem. The king, Lord Ithocles, commands your presence;—
And, fairest princess, yours.
Cal. We will attend him.

Enter GRONEAS

Gro. Where are the lords? All must unto the king
Without delay: the Prince of Argos—
Cal. Well, sir?
Gro. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.
Cal. How!
The Prince of Argos?
Gro. 'Twas my fortune, madam,
T' enjoy the honor of these happy tidings.
Ith. Penthea!—
Pen. Brother?
Ith. Let me an hour hence
Meet you alone within the palace-grove; 109
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be cleared of any to disturb us.
Pro. I shall.
Bass. [*aside*] How's that?
Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—
I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords!
Exeunt [*all but* BASSANES]
Bass. Alone! alone! What means that word "alone"?
Why might not I be there?—hum!—he's her brother.
Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,
And this same whoreson court-ease is temptation
To a rebellion in the veins;—besides,
His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian: 120
Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly
Before the other come?—or—pandering, pandering
For one another,—be't to sister, mother,
Wife, cousin, anything,—'mongst youths of mettle
Is in request; it is so—stubborn fate!
But if I be a cuckold, and can know it,
I will be fell, and fell.

Enter GRONEAS

Gro. My lord, y'are called for.

Bass. Most heartily I thank ye. Where's my wife, pray?
Gro. Retired amongst the ladies.
Bass. Still I thank ye.
There's an old waiter[1] with her; saw you her too? 130
Gro. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep, sir.
Bass. Asleep! asleep, sir!
Gro. Is your lordship troubled?
You will not to the king?
Bass. Your humblest vassal.
Gro. Your servant, my good lord.
Bass. I wait your footsteps.
Exeunt

SCENE III

[*The Gardens of the Palace*]

Enter PROPHILUS *and* PENTHEA

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find you:
And, with your favor, give me leave a little
To work a preparation. In his fashion
I have observed of late some kind of slackness
To such alacrity as nature [once]
And custom took delight in; sadness grows
Upon his recreations, which he hoards
In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will argue little skill in friendship,
And less good manners.
Pen. Sir, I'm not inquisitive 10
Of secrecies without an invitation.
Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift—

Enter ORGILUS, [*disguised as before*]

[*To* ORG.] Do thy best
To make this lady merry for an hour. *Exit*
Org. Your will shall be a law, sir.
Pen. Prithee, leave me;
I have some private thoughts I would account with;
Use thou thine own.
Org. Speak on, fair nymph; our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres
As any's who have feasted with the gods. 20
Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.
Org. What heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection?

[1] Servant.

Pen. Set thy wits
In a less wild proportion.
Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonor; turn those eyes,
The arrows of pure love, upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfumed with vows
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking 30
On Vesta's altars, ...[1]
. . . the holiest odors, virgin's tears,
. . . . sprinkled, like dews, to feed 'em
And to increase their fervor.
Pen. Be not frantic.
Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real[2] taste of food:
Such is the leanness of a heart divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves; 40
No horror should deface that precious figure
Sealed with the lively stamp of equal souls.
Pen. Away! some Fury hath bewitched thy tongue.
The breath of ignorance, that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions
Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone!
Begone, without reply!
Org. Be just, Penthea,
In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes. 51
[*Throws off his* Scholar's *dress*]
What is thy sentence next?
Pen. Rash man! thou layest
A blemish on mine honor, with the hazard
Of thy too-desperate life: yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change since cruelty enforced
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
Why would you fall from goodness thus?
Org. O, rather
Examine me, how I could live to say 60
I have been much, much wronged. 'Tis for thy sake
I put on this imposture: dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turned to marble,
Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest
Confirms me thou art mine still.

[1] Gifford's reading, Q hopelessly corrupt.
[2] Diesyllabic.

Pen. Lend your hand;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye.
Org. You instruct my duty.
Pen. We may stand up.—Have you aught else to urge
Of new demand? As for the old, forget it;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence, 70
And shall be, shall be ever. What more would ye?
Org. I would possess my wife; the equity
Of very reason bids me.
Pen. Is that all?
Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.
Pen. Remove
Your steps some distance from me:—at this space
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrowed shape.
Org. You are obeyed; 'tis done.
[*He resumes his disguise*]
Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise I was thine
The heavens do witness: they can witness too
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee 80
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.
Continue this fair race:[1] then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen, 89
And pity mine own ruin.—Live, live happy,—
Happy in thy next choice, that thou mayst people
This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
And O, when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt! I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—
Now let us part.
Org. Part! yet advise thee better:
Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be
Pen. Never shall nor will.
Org. How!
Pen. Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee why.
The virgin-dowry which my birth bestowed 100
Is ravished by another; my true love
Abhors to think that Orgilus deserved
No better favors than a second bed.
Org. I must not take this reason.

[1] Course.

Pen. To confirm it
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
Another worse than this and less desired,
If, of all men alive, thou shouldst but touch
My lip or hand again!
Org. Penthea, now
I tell ye, you grow wanton in my sufferance:
Come, sweet, th'art mine.
Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear! 110
Or I can turn affection into vengeance;
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty, 116
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks,[1]
To hide thy shame: this once I spare thy life.
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes. 121
If ever thou didst harbor worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more!—Go from me!
Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,
And stand up like a man resolved to do:
Action, not words, shall show me.—O Penthea! *Exit*
Pen. A sighed my name, sure, as he parted from me:
I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman
A looked not like the ruins of his youth, 130
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honor,
How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee! [*Walks aside*]

Enter Bassanes *and* Grausis

Bass. Fie on thee! damn thee, rotten maggot, damn thee!
Sleep? sleep at court? and now? Aches,[2] convulsions,
Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy bones
A dozen years more yet!
Grau. Now y'are in humors.
Bass. She's by herself, there's hope of that; she's sad too;
She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fixt:
The signs are wholesome.
Grau. Very wholesome, truly.

[1] Walks, perhaps wanderings.
[2] Pronounced *aitches*.

Bass. Hold your chops,[1] nightmare!—
Lady, come; your brother
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.
Pen. Not well, my lord?
Bass. A sudden fit; 'twill off!
Some surfeit or disorder.—How dost, dearest?
Pen. Your news is none o' the best.

Enter PROPHILUS

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.
Bass. We are hasting to him.
Pen. In vain we labor in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath: our home is in the grave.
Bass. Perfect philosophy!
[*Pen.*] Then let us care
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even
When we're to make account.
Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds: sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise;[2] and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady; be all gentle:
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight;
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.
Exeunt omnes

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA

Enter TECNICUS, *and* ORGILUS *in his own shape*

Tec. Be well advised; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.
Org. It shall not, most sage master.
Tec. I am jealous;[3]
For if the borrowed shape so late put on
Inferred a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatched execution. Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrouded unlawful plots; our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods
Are only privy to them.
Org. Learned Tecnicus,
Such doubts are causeless; and, to clear the truth
From misconceit,[4] the present state commands me.

[1] Jaws.
[2] Discipline.
[3] Suspicious.
[4] Misconception.

The Prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir; besides, mine only sister,
Euphranea, is disposed[1] to Prophilus;
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court:
Please to accept these reasons.
Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted: yet beware
Of an unsure foundation; no fair colors
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.
I have observed a growth in thy aspèct
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and—look to't—
I might add, certain—
Org. My aspèct! Could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not sift
An inclination there more than what suited
With justice of mine honor.
Tec. I believe it.
But know then, Orgilus, what honor is.
Honor consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave;
Such honor comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk: but real honor
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valor which for basis
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honor, who for lucre [or] revenge
Commits thefts, murders, treasons, and adulteries,
With suchlike, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserved by justice.
Thus, as you see how honor must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion,—for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth,—
I leave thee to the fit consideration
Of what becomes the grace of real honor,
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.
Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend oracle,
And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty![2]
Tec. I thank thy wish. *Exit*
Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes; curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts:—
But let the gods be moderators still;
No human power can prevent their will.

[1] Betrothed.
[2] In availing myself of them.

Enter ARMOSTES [*with a casket*]

From whence come ye?
Arm. From King Amyclas,—pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here, 60
In this sealèd box, he sends a treasure
Dear to him as his crown. A prays your gravity
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains.
Tec. What is't, Armostes?
Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth;
The sum of what the oracle delivered
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which, 70
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.
Tec. [*Takes the casket*] Apollo
Inspire my intellect!—The Prince of Argos
Is entertained?
Arm. He is; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.
Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes!
Arm. Like to Tecnicus! *Exeunt* 80

[SCENE II]

[*The Apartment of Ithocles*]

Soft music.—A Song

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honor chastely?
No, O, no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display 10
Beauty's beauty; such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

During which time enter PROPHILUS, BASSANES, PENTHEA, GRAUSIS, *passing over the stage.* BASSANES *and* GRAUSIS *enter again softly, stealing to several stands, and listen*

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—Grausis, no creaking?
No noise? Dost hear nothing?
Grau. Not a mouse,
Or whisper of the wind.
Bass. The floor is matted;
The bedposts sure are steel or marble.—Soldiers 20
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate:
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Upon the sloth of luxury, they heighten
Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.
Grau. What do you mean, my lord?—speak low; that gabbling
Of yours will but undo us.
Bass. Chamber-combats
Are felt, not heard.
Pro. [*within*] A wakes.
Bass. What's that?
Ith. [*within*] Who's there?
Sister?—All quit the room else.
Bass. 'Tis consented!

Enter PROPHILUS

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be private,
We must forbear; his sleep hath newly left him. 30
Please ye withdraw.
Bass. By any means;[1] 'tis fit.
Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.
Grau. Yes, I will, sir. *Exeunt omnes*

ITHOCLES *discovered in a chair, and* PENTHEA [*beside him*]

Ith. Sit nearer, sister to me; nearer yet.
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have lived
At distance, like two strangers. I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled
Had proved to me a grave.
Pen. You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance, 40

[1] By all means.

For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.
Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand plucked from thy bosom
A love-blest[1] heart, to grind it into dust;
For which mine's now a-breaking.
Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee! First let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cherished
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!
Ith. Wronged soul, thy prayers are heard.
Pen. Here, lo, I breathe, 50
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother!
Ith. I consume
In languishing affections[2] for that trespass;
Yet cannot die.
Pen. The handmaid to the wages
Of country toil drinks the untroubled streams
With leaping kids and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure;[3] whiles I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings[4] of my tears.
Ith. The laborer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earned with his sweat, and lies him down to sleep; 60
While[5] every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee merciful.
Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband;
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray; nay, will ye?
Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?
Pen. Such an one
As only you have made me; a faith-breaker,
A spotted whore:—forgive me, I am one 70
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.
Ith. Thou dost belie thy friend.
Pen. I do not, Ithocles;
For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
In known adultery with Bassanes,
Is at the best a whore. Wilt kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will assume

[1] Q. *lover-blest.*
[2] Query, afflictions.
[3] In security.
[4] Falling.
[5] Q. *Which.*

Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betrayed their name
To infamy in this reproachful match.
Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature 81
Hath made my actions monstrous. Thou shalt stand
A deity, my sister, and be worshipped
For thy resolvèd martyrdom; wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallowed shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles,[1] crowned with myrtle; if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure lend
One finger but to ease it.
Pen. O, no more!
Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks, 90
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.
Pen. Who is the saint you serve?
Ith. Friendship, or [nearness][2]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have moved that question; ['tis][3] a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.
Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations I conjure ye,
Partake her name.
Ith. Her name?—'tis—'tis—I dare not.
Pen. All your respects are forged.[4]
Ith. They are not.—Peace!
Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter— 100
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable
Do I now love thee? For my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do:—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.
Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split ev'n your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the Prince of Argos?
Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story; 110
I sweat in blood for't.
Pen. We are reconciled.
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches

[1] Doves.
[2] Q. omits.
[3] Q. *as.*
[4] Your respect for me is feigned.

Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide:
Have comfort, you may find it.
Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea mine.
Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dulled my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention for an active strain.[1]
Ith. Mad man! why have I wrong'd a maid so excellent!

Enter BASSANES *with a poniard;* PROPHILUS, GRONEAS, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRAUSIS

Bass. I can forbear no longer; more, I will not.
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point.—
Patience is tired; for, like a slow-paced ass, 121
Ye ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance a reproach and property.[2]
Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?
Pro. He's distracted.
Pen. O, my grievèd lord!—
Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him;
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
To prick a cares not whom nor where,—see, see, see!
Bass. My birth is noble: though the popular blast
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath reared thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or progress in the chariot of the sun, 131
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Nor, like your slave of expectation,[3] wait
The bawdy hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.
Gro. Fine humors! they become him.
Hem. How a stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats! Most admirable[4] lunacy!
Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
Has took possession of your soberer custom,
I'd say you were unmannerly.
Pen. Dear brother!— 140
Bass. Unmannerly! — mew, kitling! — smooth Formality
Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But Impudence bears up the train. Indeed, sir,
Your fiery mettle, or your springal[5] blaze

[1] I will try to devise something.
[2] A characteristic of mine.
[3] Inactive slave.
[4] Amazing.
[5] Youthful.

Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty
To print upon my forehead the scorn, "cuckold."
Ith. His jealousy has robbed him of his wits;
A talks a knows not what.
Bass. Yes, and a knows
To whom a talks; to one that franks[1] his lust
In swine-security of bestial incest. 150
Ith. Ha, devil!
Bass. I will haloo 't;[2] though I blush more
To name the filthiness than thou to act it.
Ith. Monster! [*Draws his sword*]
Pro. Sir, by our friendship—
Pen. By our bloods—
Will you quite both undo us, brother?
Grau. Out on him!
These are his megrims,[3] firks,[4] and melancholies.
Hem. Well said, old touch-hole.
Gro. Kick him out of doors.
Pen. With favor, let me speak.—My lord, what slackness
In my obedience hath deserved this rage?
Except humility and silent duty
Have drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity 160
Ne'er studied your vexation.
Bass. Light of beauty,
Deal not ungently with a desperate wound!
No breach of reason dares make war with her
Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm.
O, that I could preserve thee in fruition
As in devotion!
Pen. Sir, may every evil
Locked in Pandora's box shower, in your presence,
On my unhappy head, if, since you made me
A partner in your bed, I have been faulty
In one unseemly thought against your honor!
Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.
Bass. Yes, say on, 171
Excellent creature!—[*To* ITHOCLES] Good, be not a hindrance
To peace and praise of virtue.—O, my senses
Are charmed with sounds celestial!—On, dear, on:
I never gave you one ill word; say, did I?
Indeed I did not.
Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.
Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.

[1] Feeds. [2] Proclaim it. [3] Whims. [4] Freaks.

Grau. Alas, kind animal!
Ith. No; but for penance.
Bass. Noble sir, what is it?
With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not 180
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.
Ith. When you shall show good proof that manly wisdom,
Not overswayed by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead [your] judgment, then this lady,
Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you; but, till first
I can out of clear evidence approve it,
She shall be my care.
Bass. Rip my bosom up,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy;
This torture is unsufferable. 190
Ith. Well, sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury.
Bass. But
Penthea says not so.
Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse who never purposed wrong.
Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity,
Stay you behind.
Gro. [*to* GRAUSIS] The court wants not your diligence.
Exeunt omnes sed BASSANES *et* GRAUSIS
Grau. What will you do, my lord? My lady's gone;
I am denied to follow.
Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more?
Grau. And feel her too, man;
Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and bone.
Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike. 200
She swore she has been true.
Grau. True, on my modesty.
Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her vows!
Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumor will voice me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus. Some way I must try
To outdo art, and jealousy decry.[1]
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE III]

[*A Room in the Palace*]

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, NEARCHUS, *leading* CALANTHA, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, *and* AMELUS

Amy. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have pleased,
In their unchanging counsels to conclude
For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to:
Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
Who, when we were even creeping to our grave,
Sent us a daughter, in whose birth our hope
Continues of succession. As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's love; since we have ever vowed 10
Not to enforce affection by our will,
But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.
Near. You speak the nature of a right just father.
I come not hither roughly to demand
My cousin's thraldom, but to free mine own.
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness, and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was published
By constant truth; from which, if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction, 20
This lady must command it.
Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,[1]
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll study to be chief.
Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
In my devotions, as in all men's wonder.
Amy. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty;
Use thine own opportunities.—Armostes,
We must consult with the philosophers;
The business is of weight.
Arm. Sir, at your pleasure. 30
Amy. You told me, Crotolon, your son's returned
From Athens: wherefore comes he not to court
As we commanded?
Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.
Amy. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea
Tastes of too much delay.
Crot. My lord,—
Amy. Some pleasures
At celebration of it would give life

[1] Q. *Cry a jealousie.*

[1] Courtship.

To th' entertainment of the prince our kinsman;
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.
Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high attempts, 40
Without a cloud.
Crot. So may the gods protect us.
Cal. A prince a subject?
Near. Yes, to beauty's scepter;
As all hearts kneel, so mine.
Cal. You are too courtly.

To them [*enter*] ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, *and* PROPHILUS

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome:
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.
Org. Your lordship may command me, your poor servant. 50
Ith. [*aside*] So amorously close!—so soon!—my heart!
Pro. What sudden change is next?
Ith. Life to the king!
To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens: royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favor of his merit.
[*The* King *gives* ORGILUS *his hand to kiss*]
Crot. [*aside*] My son preferred by Ithocles!
Amy. Our bounties
Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,—
Hark in thine ear,—if, out of those inventions
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engrost[1]
Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials 60
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit: think on't.
Org. Your highness honors me.
Near. My tongue and heart are twins.
Cal. A noble birth,
Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wished for.
Org. May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!
Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

[1] Acquired.

Near. We embrace him,
Proud of so dear acquaintance.
Amy. All prepare 70
For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phoebus in his luster, put to flight
All mists of dulness, crown the hours with gladness:
No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!
Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way; I am provided.
Near. I dare not disobey.
Ith. Most heavenly lady! *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[*A room in the house of Crotolon*]

Enter CROTOLON *and* ORGILUS

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.
Org. His will he hath;
But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects sometimes might
Borrow of nature justice, to inform
That license sovereignty holds without check
Over a meek obedience.
Crot. How resolve you
Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.
Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it; 10
Could wish him thrift[1] in all his best desires,
And with a willingness inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
He never touched on any wrong that maliced
The honor of our house nor stirred our peace:
Yet, with your favor, let me not forget
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must live so.
Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition;[2]
No courtesy can win it; 'tis too rancorous. 20
Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construction;
I am no stranger to such easy calms
As sit in tender bosoms: lordly Ithocles
Hath graced my entertainment in abundance,
Too humbly hath descended from that height

[1] Prosperity.
[2] Disposition.

Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
On grieved Penthea's purity; his scorn
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaimed
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning:—
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so. 30
Crot. Since I will have it so! Friend, I will have it so,
Without our ruin by your politic plots,
Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir, have ye? A familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.
Org. If unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.
Crot. Sure, your business
Was soon dispatched, or your mind altered quickly.
Org. 'Twas care, sir, of my health cut short my journey; 40
For there a general infection
Threatens a desolation.
Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with thee,—
Infection of thy mind; which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family.
Org. Forbid it, our dear genius! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,
Or kneel to Ithocles, his son, in dust,
Than woo a father's curse. My sister's marriage
With Prophilus is from my heart confirmed; 50
May I live hated, may I die despised,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concern me!
Crot. I have been too rough.
My duty to my king made me so earnest;
Excuse it, Orgilus.
Org. Dear sir!—
Crot. Here comes
Euphranea with Prophilus and Ithocles.

Enter [*to them*] PROPHILUS, EUPHRANEA, ITHOCLES, GRONEAS, [*and*] HEMOPHIL

Org. Most honored!—ever famous!
Ith. Your true friend;
On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes
Look on this worthy couple; your consent
Can only make them one.
Org. They have it.—Sister, 60
Thou pawnedst to me an oath, of which engagement
I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
At any other choice than this.
Euph. Dear brother,
At him, or none.
Crot. To which my blessing's added.
Org. Which, till a greater ceremony perfect,—
Euphranea, lend thy hand,—here, take her, Prophilus;
Live long a happy man and wife; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

[*Sings*] Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing: 71
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom bedded;
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced,
Budding, as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth:
All what thought can add beside 80
Crown this bridegroom and this bride!

Pro. You have sealed joy close to my soul.—Euphranea,
Now I may call thee mine.
Ith. I but exchange
One good friend for another.
Org. If these gallants
Will please to grace a poor invention
By joining with me in some slight device,
I'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.
Hem. With thankful willingness
I offer my attendance.
Gro. No endeavor
Of mine shall fail to show itself.
Ith. We will 90
All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.
Org. O, my good lord, your favors flow towards
A too unworthy worm;—but as you please;
I am what you will shape me.
Ith. A fast friend.
Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgment;
It is a sight of gladness.
Org. But my duty. *Exeunt omnes*

[SCENE V]

[*Calantha's Apartment in the Palace*]

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, *and* PHILEMA

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his entrance;
Be careful of our charge.
Chris. We shall, madam.
Cal. Except the king himself, give none admittance;
Not any.
Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.
Exeunt [CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA]
Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel 11
The summons of departure short and certain.
Cal. You feel too much your melancholy.
Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness 20
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.
Cal. Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great 30
As to distrust a remedy.
Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.
Cal. Speak; I enjoin[1] it.
Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on ye to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially.
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heaven will reward your piety, and thank it 40
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.
Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman. [*Weeps*]
Pen. [*aside*] Her fair eyes
Melt into passion.—Then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was charactered; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
Cal. Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.
Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
Cal. To whom that [jewel]? 51
Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood; and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage:
May those be ever young!
Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with?
Pen. 'Tis my fame, I trust 60
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonor!
Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.
Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ 70
This gift as I intend it.
Cal. Do not doubt me.

[1] Q. *enjoy*.

Pen. 'Tis long agone since first I lost my heart:
Long I have lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only brother, Ithocles.
Cal. What saidst thou?
Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers 80
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it.
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
A moves before you.
Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?
Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
A dares not utter any but of service: 90
Yet this lost creature loves ye.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.
Cal. What new change
Appears in my behavior, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?
Pen. I must leave the world
To revel [in] Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here;
Yet, by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look or one harsh word, 100
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.
Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.
Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O, most unkind!
Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter Christalla *and* Philema

Both. Madam, here.
Cal. I think ye sleep, ye drones: wait on Penthea
Unto her lodging.—[*aside*] Ithocles? Wronged lady! 110
Pen. My reckonings are made even; death or fate
Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.
Exeunt

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*The Apartment of Ithocles*]

Enter Ithocles *and* Armostes

Ith. Forbear your inquisition: curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature,
In fears of love too quick, too slow of credit.—
I am not what you doubt me.
Arm. Nephew, be, then,
As I would wish;—all is not right.—Good heaven
Confirm your resolutions for dependence
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet!
Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But grieved Penthea more: I now repent it,—
Now, uncle, now; this "now" is now too late.
So provident is folly in sad issue, 11
That after-wit, like bankrupts' debts, stands tallied,
Without all possibilities of payment.
Sure, he's an honest, very honest gentleman;
A man of single[1] meaning.
Arm. I believe it:
Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward:—but I question
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.
Ith. The princess! ha!
Arm. With her the Prince of Argos. 20

Enter Nearchus, *leading* Calantha; Amelus, Christalla, Philema

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance
Of livery,[2] from the allowance of your favor;
This little spark—
[*Attempts to take a ring from her finger*]
Cal. A toy!
Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child;—vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be denied.
Cal. You shall not value,

[1] Simple
[2] Badge or mark making him an accepted suitor.

Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap;
So cheap, that let him take it who dares stoop for't,
And give it at next meeting to a mistress:
She'll thank him for't, perhaps.
Casts it [the ring] to ITHOCLES
Ame. The ring, sir, is
The princess's; I could have took it up.
Ith. Learn manners, prithee.—To the blessèd owner,
Upon my knees—
[*Kneels and offers it to* CALANTHA]
Near. Y'are saucy.
Cal. This is pretty!
I am, belike, "a mistress"[1]—wondrous pretty!
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on't.—On, cousin!
Ith. [*to* AMELUS] Follow, spaniel;
I'll force ye to a fawning else.
Ame. You dare not.
Exeunt. Manent ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES
Arm. My lord, you were too forward.
Ith. Look ye, uncle,
Some such there are whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who after full repasts can lay them down
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures—observe me, uncle—of rare object;
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honors,
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance:
Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers,
A real, visible, material happiness;
And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.
I saw it, sir, I saw it; for it came
From her own hand.
Arm. The princess threw it t'ye.
Ith. True; and she said—well I remember what—
Her cousin prince would beg it.
Arm. Yes, and parted
In anger at your taking on't.
Ith. Penthea,

[1] One who accepts a wooer.

O, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language!
I want a fee to gratify thy merit;
But I will do—
Arm. What is't you say?
Ith. In anger!
In anger let him part; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves as lick
The dust his footsteps print into a vapor,
It durst not stir a hair of mine, it should not;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be anything
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.
Arm. Contain yourself, my lord: Ixion, aiming
To embrace Juno, bosomed but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs; 'tis an useful moral.
Ambition hatched in clouds of mere opinion
Proves but in birth a prodigy.
Ith. I thank ye;
Yet, with your licence, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, if, relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it.
Arm. He deserves small trust
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Enter NEARCHUS *and* AMELUS, *with* ORGILUS

Near. Brave me!
Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper;
For Ithocles in fashion of his mind
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection.
Ame. Was't your modesty
Termed any of the prince's servants "spaniel"?
Your nurse, sure, taught you other language.
Ith. Language!
Near. A gallant man-at-arms is here, a doctor
In feats of chivalry, blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which [less] rash spirits style good manners!
Ith. Manners!
Org. No more, illustrious sir; 'tis matchless Ithocles.
Near. You might have understood who I am.
Ith. Yes.
I did; else—but the presence calmed th' affront—

Y'are cousin to the princess.
Near. To the king, too;
A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your colossic greatness—to that king too,
You might have added.
Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.
Arm. O fie, fie!
Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic in loyalty.
Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars.
Exeunt NEARCHUS *and* AMELUS
Ith. Come back!—What pitiful dull thing am I
So to be tamely scolded at! come back!— 100
Let him come back, and echo once again
That scornful sound of mushroom! painted colts—
Like heralds' coats gilt o'er with crowns and scepters—
May bait a muzzled lion.
Arm. Cousin, cousin,
Thy tongue is not thy friend.
Org. In point of honor
Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me
'Twas all about a little ring.
Ith. A ring
The princess threw away, and I took up.
Admit she threw 't to me, what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence? No; could he grind the hoop 110
To powder, a might sooner reach my heart
Than steal and wear one dust on't.—Orgilus,
I am extremely wronged.
Org. A lady's favor
Is not to be so slighted.
Ith. Slighted!
Arm. Quiet
These vain unruly passions, which will render ye
Into a madness.
Org. Griefs will have their vent.

Enter TECNICUS [*with a scroll*]

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend man,
To pour the balsam of a suppling[1] patience
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.
Org. [*aside*] What makes he here?
Tec. The hurts are yet not[2] mortal, 120
Which shortly will prove deadly. To the king,
Armostes, see in safety thou deliver
This sealed-up counsel; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the gods.—O Sparta,
O Lacedaemon! double-named, but one
In fate: when kingdoms reel,—mark well my saw,—
Their heads must needs be giddy. Tell the king
That henceforth he no more must inquire after
My aged head; Apollo wills it so:
I am for Delphos.
Arm. Not without some conference 130
With our great master?
Tec. Never more to see him:
A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,
When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeless trunk shall wed the broken heart.
Ith. What's this, if understood?
Tec. List, Orgilus;
Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.
Arm. 'Las, good man!
Tec. *Let craft with courtesy a while confer,*
Revenge proves its own executioner.
Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests; 140
I am not Oedipus.
Tec. My hour is come;
Cheer up the king; farewell to all.—O Sparta,
O Lacedaemon! *Exit* TECNICUS
Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warmed this old man's bosom, we might construe
His words to fatal sense.
Ith. Leave to the powers
Above us the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lies within me: servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha!
Arm. The gods be still propitious!
Exeunt [ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES]
Org. Something oddly 150
The book-man prated, yet a talked it weeping:
Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.
Con it again;—for what? It shall not puzzle me;
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Penthea
Forbade me not her presence; I may see her,
And gaze my fill. Why see her, then, I may,
When, if I faint to speak—I must be silent.
Exit ORGILUS

[1] Dyce's emendation. Q. *supplying.*
[2] Q. *but.*

[SCENE II]

[*A room in the house of Bassanes*]

Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, *and* PHULAS

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
I will expect is quietness amongst ye;
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods,
Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.
Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart!
Phu. [*aside*] Here's a rare change!
My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;
The cuckold in conceit[1] hath cast his horns.
Bass. Betake ye to your several occasions;
And wherein I have heretofore been faulty, 10
Let your constructions mildly pass it over.
Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more
I have not for employment.
Grau. O, sweet man!
Thou art the very "Honeycomb of Honesty."[2]
Phu. The "Garland of Good-will."[2]—Old lady, hold up
Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
As it becomes a moil[3] of ancient carriage.
Exeunt GRAUSIS *and* PHULAS
Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness;
Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not
Against the portion nature hath bestowed: 21
But men, endowed with reason and the use
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
Of abject scarcity the quintessence,
Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,
The treasures of the sea, the air, nay, heaven,
Repining at these glories of creation
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts
The worst am I: I, who was made a monarch
Of what a heart could wish for,—a chaste wife,— 30
Endeavored what in me lay to pull down
That temple built for adoration only,
And level 't in the dust of causeless scandal.
But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall pour, before the deities
I have incensed, a largess[4] of more patience
Than their displeased altars can require:

[1] Imagination.
[2] Doubtless both the titles of popular books of the day.
[3] Mule.
[4] Q. *largeness.*

No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
The calms of my composure.

Enter ORGILUS

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk 40
Of manhood, hooped about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,
Curst by thy jealousies,—more, by thy dotage,—
Is left a prey to words.
Bass. Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penance;
I am resolved.
Org. Play not with misery
Past cure: some angry minister of fate hath
Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne; but, what's the miracle
More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live! 50
Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgment;
'Tis anchored into a firm resolution;
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:
Practise[1] yet further.
Org. May thy death of love to her
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast
From every joy of life! Thou barren rock,
By thee we have been split in ken[2] of harbor.

Enter ITHOCLES, PENTHEA *her hair about her ears*, [ARMOSTES,] PHILEMA, *and* CHRISTALLA

Ith. Sister, look up; your Ithocles, your brother,
Speaks t' ye; why do you weep? Dear, turn not from me.—
Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes, 60
A lamentable object!
Org. Man, dost see't?
Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merriment?
Why dost not laugh?
Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent.
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared imposture,[3] and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.
Org. Was I in earnest?

[1] Try me.
[2] Sight.
[3] Q. *impostors.*

Pen. Sure, if we were all Sirens, we should sing pitifully.
And 'twere a comely music, when in parts 70
One sung another's knell. The turtle[1] sighs
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
A must be dead first. 'Tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream; indeed, I've slept
With mine eyes open a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave. I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.
Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet, 80
Ere thou canst travel that way.
Bass. Let the sun[2] first
Be wrapped up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly formed
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal!
Org. Wisdom, look ye, begins
To rave!—Art thou mad too, antiquity?
Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled, and for certain
I should have cried when they cried:—truly, brother, 90
My father would have picked me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.
Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Ætna,
And bury me in flames! Sweats hot as sulphur
Boil through my pores! Affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.
Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out 101
The jealousies that hatched this thraldom first
With thine own poniard. Every antic rapture
Can roar as thine does.
Ith. Orgilus, forbear.
Bass. Disturb him not; it is a talking motion[3]

[1] Turtle-dove.
[2] Q. *swan.*
[3] Puppet.

Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
To bandy passion! Ere I'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.
Pen. I loved you once. [*To* ORGILUS]
Org. Thou didst, wronged creature: in despite of malice,
For it I love thee ever.
Pen. Spare your hand; 110
Believe me, I'll not hurt it.
Org. Pain my heart too.
[*Pen.*] Complain not though I wring it hard.
I'll kiss it;
O, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear;
Like whom do I look, prithee?—Nay, no whispering.
Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness
Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he— *Points at* ITHOCLES
And yet he paid for 't home; alas, his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
We shall have points[1] and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gathered roses in the garden, 120
I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 'tis he.
[*Again pointing at* ITHOCLES]
Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue!
Bass. [*aside*] Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamor.
Org. [*aside*] She has tutored me:
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness.—
Now let me kiss your hand, grieved beauty.
Pen. Kiss it.—
Alack, alack, his lips be wondrous cold.
Dear soul, h'as lost his color: have ye seen
A straying heart? All crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst, 130
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.
Org. Peace usher her into Elysium!—
If this be madness, madness is an oracle.
Exit ORGILUS
Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild?
Chris. Sir, not these ten days.
Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,
We can not any way pray her to eat.
Bass. O, misery of miseries!

[1] Tagged laces.

Pen. Take comfort;
You may live well, and die a good old man.
By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken, 140
If you had joined our hands once in the temple,—
'Twas since my father died, for had he lived
He would have done 't,—I must have called you father.—
O, my wracked honor! ruined by those tyrants,
A cruel brother and a desperate dotage!
There is no peace left for a ravished wife,
Widowed by lawless marriage; to all memory
Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted:
But since her blood was seasoned by the forfeit
Of noble shame with mixtures of pollution, 150
Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never heightened
With taste of sustenance! Starve; let that fulness
Whose plurisy[1] hath fever'd faith and modesty—
Forgive me; O, I faint!
[*Falls into the arms of her* Attendants]
Arm. Be not so wilful,
Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.
Ith. Nature
Will call her daughter monster!—What! not eat?
Refuse the only ordinary means
Which are ordained for life? Be not, my sister,
A murderess to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bassanes?
Bass. Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts 160
Enow to think: all shall be well anon.
'Tis tumbling in my head; there is a mastery
In art to fatten and keep smooth the outside;
Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits
Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,
Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone; I'll search out
The trick on 't.
Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.
Griefs are sure friends; they leave without control
Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.
Exeunt the maids *supporting* PENTHEA
Bass. I grant ye; and will put in practice instantly 170
What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderful,
'Tis super-singular, not to be matched;

[1] Excess.

Yet, when I've done 't, I've done 't:—ye shall all thank me. *Exit* BASSANES
Arm. The sight is full of terror.
Ith. On my soul
Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,
As[1] that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
See, uncle, th' angry[2] thing returns again;
Shall's welcome him with thunder? We are haunted,
And must use exorcism to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.
Arm. Mildly, nephew. 190

Enter NEARCHUS *and* AMELUS

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder,
Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness
In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,
So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off
The custom of the war in hours of leisure;
Nor shall you need excuse, since y' are to render
Account to that fair excellence, the princess,
Who in her private gallery expects it
From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger
But to her pleasure.
Ith. Excellent Nearchus, 190
Be prince still of my services, and conquer
Without the combat of dispute; I honor ye.
Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed,
Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, Armostes,
You should be near him.
Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.
Exeunt [ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES]
Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warmed with other fires than such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might address to her. Young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant 200
Of her devotions; one, to speak him truly,
In every disposition nobly fashioned.
Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rivalled,
Considering the inequality of the persons?
Near. I can, Amelus; for affections injured
By tyranny or rigor of compulsion,
Like tempest-threatened trees unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth: observe, for instance,
Life-spent Penthea and unhappy Orgilus.
Ame. How does your grace determine?

[1] That.
[2] Q. *augury*.

Near. To be jealous
In public of what privately I'll further;
And though they shall not know, yet they shall find it. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

[*An Apartment in the Palace*]

Enter HEMOPHIL *and* GRONEAS *leading* AMYCLAS, *and placing him in a chair; followed by* ARMOSTES [*with a box*], CROTOLON, *and* PROPHILUS

Amy. Our daughter is not near?
Arm. She is retired, sir,
Into her gallery.
Amy. Where's the prince our cousin?
Pro. New walked into the grove, my lord.
Amy. All leave us
Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon;
We would be private.
Pro. Health unto your majesty!
Exeunt PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRONEAS
Amy. What! Tecnicus is gone?
Arm. He is to Delphos;
And to your royal hands presents this box.
Amy. Unseal it, good Armostes; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle; out with it:
[ARMOSTES *takes out the scroll*]
Apollo live our patron! Read, Armostes.
Arm. [*reads*] *The plot in which the vine takes root*
Begins to dry from head to foot;
The stock soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape;
But from the neighboring elm a dew
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.
Amy. That is the oracle: what exposition
Makes the philosopher?
Arm. This brief one only.
[*Reads*] *The plot is Sparta, the dried vine the king;*
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be revealed,
Is a near prince, the elm: the rest concealed.
TECNICUS.
Amy. Enough; although the opening of this riddle
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our laboring age draws to a rest.
But must Calantha quail too? that young grape
Untimely budded! I could mourn for her;
Her tenderness hath yet deserved no rigor
So to be crost by fate.
Arm. You misapply, sir,—
With favor let me speak it,—what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense. I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighboring prince, the dew
Of which befriending elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.
Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of oracles
Is to be then digested when th' events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As uttered. Truth is child of Time; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.
Amy. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation!—Where is Ithocles?—
Armostes, Crotolon, when this withered vine
Of my frail carcass, on the funeral pile
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves.
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now.
Arm. All attend here!

Enter CALANTHA, ITHOCLES, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS, EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRONEAS

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!
Ith. O my royal master!
Amy. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my life's solace,
With your forejudging fears; there is no physic
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigor,
As your consents in duty. I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness.
Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus?
Crot. This morning, gracious lord.
Org. This very morning;
Which, with your highness' leave, you may observe too.
Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle maids know only that they know not.
Pish! prithee, blush not; 'tis but honest change

Of fashion in the garment, loose for strait,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business—is't not, sister?
Euph. You are pleasant.[1]
Amy. We thank thee, Orgilus; this mirth becomes thee.
But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.
Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it. 70
Amy. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward
The bridal sports, to which I will be present;
If not, at least consenting.—Mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.
Ith. Y' have built me
To the full height I stand in.
Cal. [*aside*] Now or never!—
May I propose a suit?
Amy. Demand, and have it.
Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no further
Account him yours than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine: I will esteem him
According to his merit.
Amy. Still thou 'rt my daughter, 80
Still grow'st upon my heart.—[*To* Ithocles] Give me thine hand;—
Calantha, take thine own: in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute.—I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress who is all what I am.
Ith. A change, great king, most wished for, cause the same—
Cal. [*aside to* Ithocles] Th' art mine. Have I now kept my word?
Ith. [*aside to* Calantha] Divinely.
Org. Rich fortunes guard, [the][2] favor of a princess
Rock thee, brave man, in ever-crownèd plenty!
Y' are minion of the time; be thankful for it.— 90
[*aside*] Ho! here's a swing in destiny—apparent!
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble.
Amy. On to your recreations.—Now convey me
Unto my bed-chamber: none on his forehead
Wear a distempered look.
All. The gods preserve ye!

[1] In good humor. [2] Q. *to*.

Cal. [*aside to* Ithocles] Sweet, be not from my sight.
Ith. [*aside to* Calantha] My whole felicity!
Exeunt, carrying out the king. Orgilus *stays* Ithocles
Org. Shall I be bold, my lord?
Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.
Call me thine own; for Prophilus must henceforth
Be all thy sister's: friendship, though it cease not 100
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.
Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great lord,
My gracious princely lord, I might add, royal.
Ith. Royal! A subject royal?
Org. Why not, pray, sir?
The sovereignty of kingdoms in their nonage
Stooped to desert, not birth; there's as much merit
In clearness of affection as in puddle
Of generation: you have conquered love
Even in the loveliest; if I greatly err not, 110
The son of Venus hath bequeathed his quiver
To Ithocles his manage,[1] by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is opened.
Ith. Can't be possible?
Org. I was myself a piece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too; so forward
That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper that my hopes, and—hark ye—
My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing—by your leave—as any's
Now at this very instant—but—
Ith. 'Tis granted: 120
And for a league of privacy between us,
Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret;
The princess is contracted mine.
Org. Still, why not?
I now applaud her wisdom: when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch;
Greece must admire and tremble.
Ith. Then the sweetness
Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus!
It is to banquet with the gods.
Org. The glory

[1] Control.

Of numerous children, potency of nobles, 130
Bent knees, hearts paved to tread on!
Ith. With a friendship
So dear, so fast as thine.
Org. I am unfitting
For office; but for service—
Ith. We'll distinguish
Our fortunes merely in the title; partners
In all respects else but the bed.
Org. The bed!
Forfend it Jove's own jealousy!—till lastly
We slip down in the common earth together,
And there our beds are equal; save some monument
To show this was the king, and this the subject.— *Soft sad music*
List, what sad sounds are these,—extremely sad ones? 140
Ith. Sure, from Penthea's lodgings.
Org. Hark! a voice too.

A Song [*within*]

O, no more, no more, too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out: no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.

Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes, 150
Ope no more, for now Love dies,
Now Love dies,—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. O, my misgiving heart!
Org. A horrid stillness
Succeeds this deathful air; let's know the reason:
Tread softly; there is mystery in mourning.
Exeunt

[Scene IV]

Enter Christalla *and* Philema, *bringing in* Penthea *in a chair, veiled: two other* Servants *placing two chairs, one on the one side, and the other with an engine*[1] *on the other. The* Maids *sit down at her feet, mourning. The* Servants *go out: meet them* Ithocles *and* Orgilus

1 *Ser.* [*aside to* Orgilus] 'Tis done; that on her right hand.

[1] A trap concealed in the chair.

Org. Good: begone.
[*Exeunt* Servants]
Ith. Soft peace enrich this room!
Org. How fares the lady?
Phil. Dead!
Chris. Dead!
Phil. Starved!
Chris. Starved!
Ith. Me miserable!
Org. Tell us
How parted she from life.
Phil. She called for music,
And begged some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs: Christalla touched the lute;
I wept the funeral song.
Chris. Which scarce was ended
But her last breath sealed up these hollow sounds,
"O, cruel Ithocles and injured Orgilus!"
So down she drew her veil, so died.
Ith. So died! 10
Org. Up! you are messengers of death; go from us;
Here's woe enough to court without a prompter:
Away: and—hark ye—till you see us next,
No syllable that she is dead.—Away,
Keep a smooth brow.
Exeunt [Christalla *and* Philema]
My lord,—
Ith. Mine only sister!
Another is not left me.
Org. Take that chair;
I'll seat me here in this: between us sits
The object of our sorrows; some few tears
We'll part among us: I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare 'em.— 20
There, there; sit there, my lord.
Ith. Yes, as you please.
Ithocles *sits down, and is catched in the engine*
What means this treachery?
Org. Caught! you are caught,
Young master; 'tis thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness! See, I take this veil off;
Survey a beauty withered by the flames
Of an insulting Phaëton, her brother.
Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely?
Org. I foreknew
The last act of her life, and trained[1] thee hither

[1] Lured.

To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
You dreamed of kingdoms, did ye? How to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess;
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth; whiles Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touched upon your thought: as for my injuries,
Alas, they were beneath your royal pity;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound thee.
Behold thy fate; this steel! [*Draws a dagger*]
Ith. Strike home! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome:
But prithee faint not; if the wound close up,
Tent[1] it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine and beg compassion,
As loth to leave the vainness of my glories.
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honor; neither could I
With equal trial of unequal fortune
By hazard of a duel; 'twere a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
On to the execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors.
Org. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly.
And take this peace along: some few short minutes
Determined, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand: be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality! thus, thus I free it.
[*Stabs*] *him*[2]
Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.
Org. Keep up thy spirit:
I will be gentle even in blood; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.
[*Stabs him again*]
Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow
Safety, with best success: O, may it prosper!—

[1] Probe.
[2] Q. *kills.*

Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds;
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long-look'd-for peace—now—moves—to heaven. *Moritur*
Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood! Henceforth welcome
Best expectation of a noble sufferance.
I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow
Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for ever!—
In vain they build their hopes whose life is shame:
No monument lasts but a happy name.
Exit [*locking the door*]

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIMA

[*A room in the house of Bassanes*]

Enter BASSANES, *alone*

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the nursery
Of Greece for learning and the fount of knowledge;
For here in Sparta there 's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct; we're all turned madcaps.
'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs,
Then certainly he knows the virtue of 'em:
To Delphos I have sent too. If there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter ORGILUS

Org. Honor
Attend thy counsels ever!
Bass. I beseech thee
With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;
I will not aught to do with thee, of all men.
The doubles[1] of a hare, or, in a morning,
Salutes from a splay-footed witch, to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose just and no more,
Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,
Are not so boding mischief as thy crossing
My private meditations. Shun me, prithee;
And if I cannot love thee heartily,
I'll love thee as well as I can.
Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mistake me not.
Bass. Phew! then we shall be troubled.

[1] Q. *doublers.*

Thou wert ordained my plague—heaven make me thankful,
And give me patience too, heaven, I beseech thee.
Org. Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
Never to speak vexation. I will study
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards ye.
Bass. Hey-day, good words, good words! I must believe 'em,
And be a coxcomb for my labor.
Org. Use not
So hard a language; your misdoubt is causeless.
For instance, if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, such a patience
As chronicle or history ne'er mentioned,
As follows not example, but shall stand
A wonder and a theme for imitation,
The first, the index[1] pointing to a second,
I will acquaint ye with an unmatched secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.
Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus; 'tis in the power
Of the gods only: yet, for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest[2] in thine utterance,
Unforced and naturally free, be resolute[3]
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning
With a more careless danger than my constancy
The full of thy relation. Could it move
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock: I do expect now
Some truth of unheard moment.
Org. To your patience
You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd-up in Jove's own bosom.
Bass. A skull hid in the earth a treble age
Shall sooner prate.
Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
You ought to yield obedience.
Bass. With assurance
Of will and thankfulness.
Org. With manly courage
Please, then, to follow me.

[1] Index finger.
[2] A sincerity.
[3] Sure.

Bass. Where'er, I fear not.
Exeunt omnes

Scene II

[*A room of state in the palace*]

Loud music. Enter Groneas *and* Hemophil, *leading* Euphranea; Christalla *and* Philema, *leading* Prophilus; Nearchus *supporting* Calantha; Crotolon *and* Amelus. *Cease loud music: all make a stand*

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles and Orgilus;
On whom attend they?
Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher: wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.
Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome: Armostes
Is with the king?
Crot. He is.
Cal. On to the dance!—
Dear cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegroom must be
Intrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

Music. Nearchus *dances with* Euphranea, Prophilus *with* Calantha, Christalla *with* Hemophil, Philema *with* Groneas

[*They*] *dance the first change; during which enter* Armostes

Arm. (*in* Calantha's *ear*) The king your father's dead.
Cal. To the other change.
Arm. Is 't possible? [*They*] *dance again*

Enter Bassanes

Bass. [*whispers* Calantha] O, madam!
Penthea, poor Penthea's starved.
Cal. Beshrew thee!—
Lead to the next.
Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.
They dance again

Enter Orgilus

Org. [*whispers* Calantha] Brave Ithocles is murdered, murdered cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly;
Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.
Org. I am thunderstruck.
[*The*] *last change. Cease music*
Cal. So! let us breathe awhile.—Hath not this motion, 20
Raised fresher color on your cheeks?
Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.
Cal. We all look cheerfully;
And, cousin, 'tis, methinks, a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.
Near. None dares, lady.
Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice delivered to me
How that the king was dead.
Arm. The king is dead: 30
That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
He breathed his last, and with his crown bequeathed ye
Your mother's wedding ring; which here I tender.
Crot. Most strange!
Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen, then.
Near. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign queen!
Omnes. Long live the queen!
Cal. What whispered Bassanes?
Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starved to death.
Cal. She's happy; she hath finished
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.
Org. That Ithocles 41
Was murdered;—rather butchered, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaimed his last act triumph over ruin.
Arm. How! murder'd!
Cal. By whose hand?
Org. By mine; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge: the reasons
Are just, and known; quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abiliment[1] to steer a kingdom.

[1] Ability.

Crot. Fie,[1] Orgilus!
Euph. Fie, brother!
Cal. You have done it? 50
Bass. How it was done let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigor of justice; but that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced.[2] Armostes, rent[3] not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities; thou 'st lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife: continue man still;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking 60
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
And entered into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly; mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea!
Excellent misery!
Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence 70
Shall be excused.—Give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son;—Euphranea, take a farewell;—
And both be gone.
Crot. [*to* Orgilus] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution!
Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.
Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye!
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus: my vengeance
Aim'd never at thy prejudice.
Cal. Now withdraw.
Exeunt Crotolon, Prophilus, *and* Euphranea
Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that[4] thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatched from him, 80
With honorable mention, make thy choice

[1] A much stronger word in Elizabethan English.
[2] Confuted.
[3] Rend.
[4] In as much as.

Of what death likes thee best; there's all our bounty.—
But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution
Instant before ye part.
Near. Your will commands us.
Org. One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.
Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end
I make the reference. Those that are dead 90
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords;
We'll suddenly prepare our coronation.
Exeunt CALANTHA, PHILEMA, *and* CHRISTALLA
Arm. 'Tis strange these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.
Bass. She has a masculine spirit;
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye? Let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.
Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice?
Org. To bleed to death. 100
Arm. The executioner?
Org. Myself, no surgeon;
I am well skilled in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream; here's a skilful instrument. [*Shows his dagger*]
Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution
By lending th' other prick to th' tother arm,
When this is bubbling life out.
Bass. I am for ye;
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit.—
Quick, fillet both his arms.
Org. Gramercy, friendship! 110
Such courtesies are real which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand.
[*They give him a staff*]
—If a proneness
Or custom in my nature from my cradle
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betrayed fame to ignoble flight
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety:
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune, which, since Bassanes 120
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.
We trifle time in words:—thus I show cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.
[*Pierces the vein with his dagger*]
Arm. Desperate courage!
[*Near.*][1] Honorable infamy!
Hem. I tremble at the sight.
Gro. Would I were loose!
Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broached;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.—
Grasp hard this other stick—I'll be as nimble—
But prithee, look not pale—have at ye! stretch out
Thine arm with vigor and unshook virtue.
[*Opens the vein*]
Good! O, I envy not a rival, fitted 131
To conquer in extremities. This pastime
Appears majestical; some high-tuned poem
Hereafter shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory and his subject's triumph.
How is 't, man? Droop not yet.
Org. I feel no palsies.
On a pair royal do I wait in death;
My sovereign, as his liegeman; on my mistress,
As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy. 140
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, strength, or cunning; but for that I durst not
Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outfaced my vengeance.
O, Tecnicus, inspired with Phoebus' fire!
I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect;
Revenge proves its own executioner.
When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust a was first framed on, thus he totters.
Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.
Org. So falls the standard 151
Of my prerogative in being a creature!
A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright splendor
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow;
Welcome, thou ice, that sitt'st about my heart

[1] Q. *Org.*

No heat can ever thaw thee. *Dies*
Near. Speech hath left him.
Bass. A has shook hands with time; his funeral urn
Shall be my charge: remove the bloodless body.
The coronation must require attendance;
That past, my few days can be but one mourning. *Exeunt* 160

[SCENE III]

[*A temple*]

An altar covered with white; two lights of virgin wax, during which music of recorders;[1] *enter four bearing* ITHOCLES *on a hearse, or in a chair, in a rich robe, and a crown on his head; place him on one side of the altar. After him enter* CALANTHA *in a white robe and crowned;* EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, *and* CHRISTALLA, *in white;* NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRONEAS.

CALANTHA *goes and kneels before the altar, the rest stand off, the* women *kneeling behind;* [*the*] *recorders cease during her devotions. Soft music.* CALANTHA *and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the altar*

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.—
Now tell me, you whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties or obedience is to render
Subjection to the scepter of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition.
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanors, passions, and divisions.[2]
A nation warlike and inured to practice 10
Of policy and labor cannot brook
A feminate authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.
Near. Royal lady,
Your law is your will.
Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.
Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice
By your own judgment both allowed and liked of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed 20
To an increasing height.
Cal. Hold you the same mind?
Bass. Alas, great mistress, reason is so clouded
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
Give me some corner of the world to wear out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds but sad complaints
Of virgins who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravisht
By some untimely fate; of friends divided 30
By churlish opposition; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's slaughtered carcases;
Or daughters groaning o'er their fathers' hearses;
And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort
As musical as theirs. What can you look for
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man
But craziness of age?
Cal. Cousin of Argos,—
Near. Madam?
Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on 40
Before our marriage.
Near. Name them, virtuous lady.
Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos
Armostes might be viceroy; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes—
Bass. I, queen! alas, what I?
Cal. Be Sparta's marshal.
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person in your chamber.— 50
I would bestow Christalla on Anelus.
She'll prove a constant wife; and Philema
Should into Vesta's Temple.
Bass. This is a testament!
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.
Near. All this should be performed.

[1] A flute-like instrument, now obsolete.
[2] Variations.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus,
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honors, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend and my neglected husband
Too short a time enjoyed.
Pro. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.
Euph. Excellent lady! 60
Near. Madam, what means that word, "neglected husband"?
Cal. Forgive me:—now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.
[*Places a ring on the finger of* ITHOCLES]
Thus I new-marry him whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. O, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another
Of death! and death! and death! still I danced forward; 70
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to court[1] new pleasures, and outlive them.
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings;
Let me die smiling.
Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.
Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last!
[*Kisses* ITHOCLES]—Crack, crack!—
Argos now 's Sparta's king.—Command the voices
Which wait at th' altar now to sing the song
I fitted for my end.
Near. Sirs, the song! 80

A SONG

All. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
Outward senses when the mind
Is or[2] untroubled or by peace refined.

1 [*Voice.*] Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
2 [*Voice.*] Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
3 [*Voice.*] Earthly honors flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last. 90
All. Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

[CALANTHA *dies*]

Arm. Look to the queen!
Bass. Her heart is broke, indeed.
O, royal maid, would thou hadst missed this part!
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.
Arm. Wise Tecnicus! thus said he;
When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The Lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart
Is here fulfilled.
Near. I am your king.
All. Long live 101
Nearchus, King of Sparta!
Near. Her last will
Shall never be digrest from: wait in order
Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—
The counsels of the gods are never known
Till men can call th' effects of them their own.
[*Exeunt*]

THE EPILOGUE

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fixed
To grace endeavor, there sits truth, not mixed
With ignorance; those censures may command
Belief which talk not till they understand.
Let some say, "This was flat"; some, "Here the scene
Fell from its height"; another, that the mean
Was "ill observed" in such a growing passion
As it transcended either state or fashion:
Some few may cry, "'Twas pretty well," or so,
"But—" and there shrug in silence; yet we know 10
Our writer's aim was in the whole addrest
Well to deserve of *all*, but please the *best;*
Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain
The BROKEN HEART may be pieced up again.

[1] Q. *vow.*
[2] Q. *not.*

THE LADY OF PLEASVRE.

A COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in *Drury* Lane.

Written by *James Shirly*.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and *William Cooke*.

The Lady of Pleasure was licensed by the Master of the Revels in October, 1635, and acted by the Queen's players at their private house in Drury Lane. It was very popular from the first and was printed in quarto in 1637. The variety of its personages and the firmness of the picture of contemporary manners suggest a rescript from life and presage the social, or society, comedy of the Restoration and later. Sir Thomas Bornwell is a progenitor direct of Sir Peter Teazle, nor are their Ladies more remotely related.

James Shirley, youngest of the great Elizabethan brotherhood, wrote wholly in the reign of King Charles. He was born in 1596 in London, educated at the Merchant Taylors' School and at Cambridge, becoming for a time a schoolmaster at St. Albans. Turning to the drama about the time of the death of Fletcher, he succeeded to his leadership as the most popular writer for the stage, leaving nearly as many plays behind him as Shakespeare. He, too, was as notable for tragicomedy and tragedy as for comedy, *The Politician* and *The Opportunity* being good examples of the first of these; *The Traitor* and *The Cardinal* examples of his best in tragedy. But for a certain license of speech that had come more and more to rule the stage, *The Witty Fair One* or *The Gamester* are as favorable specimens of Shirley's comedy of manners as that of the text. Shirley died, after years of poverty during Commonwealth times, in 1666.

The Complete Works of Shirley were edited by A. Dyce, 6 vols., 1833. The Mermaid edition, by E. Gosse, 1888, contains five plays and a Masque.

PERSONS OF THE COMEDY

LORD
SIR THOMAS BORNWELL
SIR WILLIAM SCENTLOVE, } [*Gallants*]
MR. ALEXANDER KICKSHAW, } [*Gallants*]
MR. JOHN LITTLEWORTH, } [*Gallants*]
MR. HAIRCUT, *a Barber*
MR. FREDERICK, [*nephew to Lady Bornwell*]
STEWARD *to the Lady Aretina*
STEWARD *to the Lady Celestina*

SECRETARY *to Lord*
Servants, etc.
ARETINA, *Sir Thomas Bornwell's* Lady
CELESTINA, *a young Widow*
ISABELLA, } [*Friends of Celestina*]
MARIANA, } [*Friends of Celestina*]
MADAM DECOY, [*a Procuress*]
[*Gentlewoman*]

SCENE: The Strand.

THE LADY OF PLEASURE

JAMES SHIRLEY

THE FIRST ACT, [SCENE I]

[*A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House*]

Enter ARETINA *and her* Steward

Stew. Be patient, madam; you may have your pleasure.
Are. 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not
Endure again the country conversation,
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains,
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of plowing as their ground. To hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling
Sellinger's Round![1] To observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candle-sticks!
How they become the morris[2] with whose bells
They ring all in to Whitsun-ales; and sweat,
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobby-horse
Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolved to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon meat!
Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least to your particular,[3] who enjoyed
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleased
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom;
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power joined
To give your life more harmony. You lived there
Secure, and innocent, beloved of all;
Praised for your hospitality, and prayed for:
You might be envièd; but malice knew
Not where you dwelt. I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension,
What may succeed your change.
Are. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talked wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent-bailiff.
Stew. How, madam!
Are. Even so, sir.
Stew. I am a gentleman,
Though now your servant.
Are. A country gentleman,
By your affection to converse with stubble.
His tenants will advance your wit, and plump it so
With beef and bag-pudding!
Stew. You may say your pleasure,
It becomes not me dispute.
Are. Complain to
The lord of the soil, your master.
Stew. Y'are a woman
Of an ungoverned passion, and I pity you.

Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL

Born. How now? What's the matter?
Stew. Nothing, sir. [*Exit*]
Born. Angry, sweetheart?
Are. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrained in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honor
To see me satisfied.
Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obeyed
All thy desires? against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship

[1] An old fashioned dance tune.
[2] Morris dance in which Maid Marian and the hobby-horse both figured.
[3] So far as you are concerned.

We lived in? changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, composed of noise and charge?[1]
Are. What charge, more than is necessary for
A lady of my birth and education?
Born. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen great and powerful
I' th' state; but with this, lose not you memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth 70
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employed
To serve your vast expenses.
Are. Am I then
Brought in the balance? So, sir!
Born. Though you weigh
Me in a partial[2] scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have 80
Obeyed no modest counsel, to affect,[3]
Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony:
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;[4]
Fourscore-pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman,
Banquets for 'tother lady aunt, and cousins,
And perfumes that exceed all; train of servants, 90
To stifle us at home, and show abroad
More motley than the French or Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postillion
Must pester[5] every narrow lane, till passengers[6]
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship,
For hindering o' their market.
Are. Have you done, sir?

[1] Expense.
[2] Prejudiced.
[3] Desire.
[4] Head-dressings.
[5] Obstruct.
[6] Passers by.

Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which 100
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not show their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And show like bonfires on you by the tapers:
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honor, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.—
I could urge something more.
Are. Pray do, I like
Your homily of thrift. 110
Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.
Are. A gamester, too!
Born. But are not come to that acquaintance[1] yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
You look not through the subtilty of cards,
And mysteries of dice; nor can you save
Charge with the box,[2] buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant 120
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchased beneath my honor. You make play
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.
Are. Good! proceed.
Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings called the Ball, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna 130
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love[3] translated

[1] Q. *repentance.*
[2] Expenditure with the dice-box.
[3] A peculiar sect, concerning which there was scandal; Middleton wrote a play on the topic.

Into more costly sin! There was a play on't,[1]
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in't,
Some darks[2] had been discovered, and the deeds, too;
In time he may repent, and make some blush,
To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonoring me
By any foul act; but the virtuous know, 140
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicions of our shame.
Are. Have you concluded
Your lecture?
Born. I ha' done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.
Are. I'll not be so tedious 150
In my reply; but, without art or elegance,
Assure you, I keep still my first opinion:
And though you veil your avaricious meaning
With handsome names of modesty and thrift,
I find you would intrench and wound the liberty
I was born with. Were my desires unprivileged
By example, while my judgment thought 'em fit,
You ought not to oppose; but when the practice
And track of every honorable lady
Authorize me, I take it great injustice 160
To have my pleasures circumscribed, and taught me.
A narrow-minded husband is a thief
To his own fame, and his preferment, too;
He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world,
While, from the popular vote and knowledge, men
Rise to employment in the state.
Born. I have
No great ambition to buy preferment at
So dear a rate.

[1] Shirley wrote a play on the Ball, or subscription dance, a new thing in his day.
[2] Things to be concealed.

Are. Nor I to sell my honor, 170
By living poor and sparingly; I was not
Bred in that ebb of fortune, and my fate
Shall not compel me t' it.
Born. I know not,
Madam; but you pursue these ways—
Are. What ways?
Born. In the strict sense of honesty, I dare
Make oath they are innocent.
Are. Do not divert,
By busy troubling of your brain, those thoughts 180
That should preserve 'em.
Born. How was that?
Are. 'Tis English.
Born. But carries some unkind sense.

Enter Madam Decoy

Dec. Good morrow, my sweet madam.
Are. Decoy! welcome;
This visit is a favor.
Dec. Alas, sweet madam,
I cannot stay; I came but to present
My service to your ladyship; I could not 190
Pass by your door, but I must make the boldness
To tender my respects.
Are. You oblige me, madam;
But I must not dispense so with your absence.
Dec. Alas, the coach, madam, stays for me at the door.
Are. Thou sha't command mine; prithee, sweet Decoy—
Dec. I would wait on you, madam, but I have many
Visits to make this morning; I beseech—
Are. So you will promise to dine with me.
Dec. I shall 200
Present a guest.
Are. Why, then good morrow, madam.
Dec. A happy day shine on your ladyship! *Exit*

[*Re-*]*enter* Steward

Are. What's your news, sir?
Stew. Madam, two gentlemen.
Are. What gentlemen? Have they no names?
Stew. They are,
The gentleman with his own head of hair,
Whom you commended for his horsemanship
In Hyde Park, and becoming so the saddle,

The t'other day. 211
Are. What circumstance is this
To know him by?
Stew. His name's at my tongue's end—
He liked the fashion of your pearl chain, madam;
And borrowed it for his jeweler to take
A copy by it.
Born. What cheating gallant's this? [*Aside*]
Stew. That never walks without a lady's busk,[1]
And plays with fans—Master Alexander Kickshaw,— 220
I thought I should remember him.
Are. What's the other?
Stew. What an unlucky memory I have!
The gallant that still[2] danceth in the street,
And wears a gross of ribbon in his hat;
That carries oringado[3] in his pocket,
And sugar-plums, to sweeten his discourse;
That studies compliment, defies all wit
In black, and censures plays that are not bawdy—
Master John Littleworth. 230
Are. They are welcome; but
Pray entertain them a small time, lest I
Be unprovided.
Born. Did they ask for me?
Stew. No, sir.
Born. It matters not, they must be welcome.
Are. Fie! how's this hair disordered? Here's a curl
Straddles most impiously. I must to my closet. *Exit*
Born. Wait on 'em; my lady will return again. [*Exit* Steward] 239
I have to such a height fulfilled[4] her humor,
All application's[5] dangerous: these gallants
Must be received, or she will fall into
A tempest, and the house be shook with names
Of all her kindred. 'Tis a servitude
I may in time shake off.

Enter KICKSHAW *and* LITTLEWORTH

Kick.[6] *and Little.* Save you, Sir Thomas!
Born. Save you, gentlemen!

[1] Being corseted like a woman.
[2] Ever.
[3] Candied orange-peel.
[4] Indulged.
[5] Appeal.
[6] *Alex*, here and elsewhere.

Kick. I kiss your hand.
Born. What day is it abroad?[1]
Little. The morning rises from your lady's eye: 250
If she look clear, we take the happy omen
Of a fair day.
Born. She'll instantly appear,
To the discredit of your compliment;
But you express your wit thus.
Kick. And you modesty,
Not to affect[2] the praises of your own.
Born. Leaving this subject, what game's now on foot?
What exercise carries the general vote
O' the town, now? nothing moves without your knowledge. 260
Kick. The cocking[3] now has all the noise; I'll have
A hundred pieces on one battle.—O,
These birds of Mars!
Little. Venus is Mars his bird, too.
Kick. Why, and the pretty doves are Venus's,
To show that kisses draw the chariot.
Little. I am for that skirmish.
Born. When shall we have
More booths and bagpipes upon Banstead downs?
No mighty race is expected?—But my lady
Returns! 271

[*Re-*]*enter* ARETINA

Are. Fair morning to you, gentlemen!
You went not late to bed by[4] your early visit.
You do me honor.
Kick. It becomes our service.
Are. What news abroad? you hold precious intelligence.
Little. All tongues are so much busy with your praise,
They have not time to frame other discourse.
Will't please you, madam, taste a sugar-plum?
Born. What does the goldsmith think the pearl is worth 290
You borrowed of my lady?
Kick. 'Tis a rich one.
Born. She has many other toys, whose fashion you
Will like extremely: you have no intention

[1] What's the weather.
[2] Like.
[3] Cock-fighting.
[4] Considering.

To buy any of her jewels?
Kick. Understand me—
Born. You had rather sell, perhaps. But leaving this,
I hope you'll dine with us.
Kick. I came a' purpose.
Are. And where were you last night? 290
Kick. I, madam? where
I slept not; it had been sin, where so much
Delight and beauty was to keep me waking.
There is a lady, madam, will be worth
Your free society; my conversation
Ne'er knew so elegant and brave a soul,
With most incomparable flesh and blood;
So spirited! so courtly! speaks the languages,
Sings, dances, plays o' the lute to admiration!
Is fair, and paints not; games, too, keeps a table, 300
And talks most witty satire; has a wit
Of a clean[1] Mercury—
Little. Is she married?
Kick. No.
Are. A virgin?
Kick. Neither.
Little. What! a widow! something
Of this wide commendation might have been
Excused. This such a prodigy!
Kick. Repent, 310
Before I name her: she did never see
Yet full sixteen, an age, in the opinion
Of wise men, not contemptible. She has
Mourned out her year too for the honest knight
That had compassion of her youth, and died
So timely. Such a widow is not common;
And now she shines more fresh and tempting
Than any natural virgin.
Are. What's her name?
Kick. She was christened Celestina; by her husband, 320
The Lady Bellamour: this ring was hers.
Born. You borrowed it to copy out the posy.[2]
Kick. Are they not pretty rubies? 'twas a grace
She was pleased to show me, that I might have one
Made of the self-same fashion; for I love
All pretty forms.

[1] Veritable. [2] Inscription in a ring.

Are. And is she glorious?
Kick. She is full of jewels, madam; but I am
Most taken with the bravery[1] of her mind,
Although her garments have all grace and ornament. 330
Are. You have been high in praises.
Kick. I come short;
No flattery can reach her.
Born. [*aside*] Now my lady
Is troubled, as she feared to be eclipsed:
This news will cost me somewhat.
Are. You deserve
Her favor, for this noble character.
Kick. And I possess it, by my stars' benevolence.
Are. You must bring us acquainted. 340
Born. I pray do, sir;
I long to see her, too.—Madam, I have
Thought upon't, and corrected my opinion.
Pursue what ways of pleasure your desires
Incline you to, not only with my state,
But with my person; I will follow you.
I see the folly of my thrift, and will
Repent in sack and prodigality,
To your own heart's content.
Are. But do not mock. 350
Born. Take me to your embraces, gentlemen,
And tutor me.
Little. And will you kiss the ladies?
Born. And sing and dance. I long to see this beauty;
I would fain lose a hundred pounds at dice now.—
Thou sha't have another gown and petticoat
To-morrow;—will you sell me running-horses?
We have no Greek wine in the house, I think;
Pray send one of your footmen to the merchant,
And throw the hogsheads of March-beer into 360
The kennel,[2] to make room for sacks and claret.
What think you to be drunk yet before dinner?
We will have constant music, and maintain
Them and their fiddles in fantastic liveries:
I'll tune my voice to catches.—I must have
My dining-room enlarged, to invite ambassadors.

[1] Finery. [2] Gutter.

We'll feast the parish in the fields, and teach
The military men new discipline,
Who shall charge all their great artillery
With oranges and lemons, boy, to play 370
All dinner upon our capons.
Kick. He's exalted!
Born. I will do anything to please my lady,
Let that suffice; and kiss o' the same condition.
I am converted; do not you dispute,
But patiently allow the miracle.
Are. I am glad to hear you, sir, in so good tune.

Enter Servant

Serv. Madam, the painter.
Are. I am to sit this morning.
Born. Do, 380
While I give new directions to my steward.
Kick. With your favor, we'll wait on you.
Sitting's but a melancholy exercise without
Some company to discourse.
Are. It does conclude
A lady's morning work. We rise, make fine,
Sit for our picture, and 'tis time to dine.
Little. Praying's forgot.
Kick. 'Tis out of fashion. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*A Room in Celestina's House*]

Enter CELESTINA *and her* Steward

Cel. Fie! what an air this room has!
Stew. 'Tis perfumed.
Cel. With some cheap stuff. Is it your wisdom's thrift
To infect my nostrils thus? or is't to favor
The gout in your worship's hand, you are afraid
To exercise your pen in your account book?
Or do you doubt my credit to discharge
Your bills?
Stew. Madam, I hope you have not found
My duty, with the guilt of sloth or jealousy,
Unapt to your command. 11
Cel. You can extenuate
Your faults with language, sir; but I expect
To be obeyed. What hangings have we here!
Stew. They are arras, madam.
Cel. Impudence! I know't.
I will have fresher, and more rich; not wrought
With faces that may scandalize a Christian,
With Jewish stories stuffed with corn and camels.[1]
You had best wrap all my chambers in wild Irish, 20
And make a nursery of monsters here,
To fright the ladies come to visit me.
Stew. Madam, I hope—
Cel. I say I will have other,
Good Master Steward, of a finer loom;
Some silk and silver, if your worship please
To let me be at so much cost. I'll have
Stories to fit the seasons of the year,
And change as often as I please.
Stew. You shall, madam. 30
Cel. I am bound to your consent, forsooth! And is
My coach brought home?
Stew. This morning I expect it.
Cel. The inside, as I gave directions,
Of crimson plush?
Stew. Of crimson camel plush.
Cel. Ten thousand moths consume't! Shall I ride through
The streets in penance, wrapt up round in hair cloth?
Sell't to an alderman, 'twill serve his wife
To go a feasting to their country-house;
Or fetch a merchant's nurse-child, and come home
Laden with fruit and cheese-cakes. I despise it! 40
Stew. The nails adorn it, madam, set in method,
And pretty forms.
Cel. But single gilt, I warrant.
Stew. No, madam.
Cel. Another solecism! O fie!
This fellow will bring me to a consumption
With fretting at his ignorance. Some lady
Had rather never pray, than go to church in't.
The nails not double gilt! To market with't;[2]
'Twill hackney out to Mile-end, or convey
Your city tumblers,[3] to be drunk with cream
And prunes at Islington.[4]
Stew. Good madam, hear me. 50
Cel. I'll rather be beholding to my aunt

[1] The story of Joseph and his brethren.
[2] Q. reads *wo't*.
[3] Common women.
[4] A suburban resort.

The countess, for her mourning coach, than be
Disparaged so. Shall any juggling tradesman
Be at charge to shoe his running-horse with gold,[1]
And shall my coach nails be but single gilt!
How dare these knaves abuse me so?
Stew. Vouchsafe
To hear me speak.
Cel. Is my sedan yet finished,
And liveries for my men-mules,[2] according
As I gave charge?
Stew. Yes, madam, it is finished,
But without tilting-plumes at the four corners; 60
The scarlet's pure, but not embroiderèd.
Cel. What mischief were it to your conscience
Were my coach lined with tissue, and my harness
Covered with needle-work? if my sedan
Had all the story of the prodigal
Embroidered with pearl?
Stew. Alas, good madam,
I know 'tis your own cost; I am but your steward,
And would discharge my duty the best way.
You have been pleased to hear me; 'tis not for
My profit that I manage your estate, 70
And save expense, but for your honor, madam.
Cel. How, sir! my honor?
Stew. Though you hear it not,
Men's tongues are liberal in your character,
Since you began to live thus high. I know
Your fame is precious to you.
Cel. I were best
Make you my governor: audacious varlet!
How dare you interpose your doating counsel!
Mind your affairs with more obedience,
Or I shall ease you of an office, sir.
Must I be limited to please your honor, 80
Or, for the vulgar breath, confine my pleasures?
I will pursue 'em in what shapes I fancy,
Here, and abroad; my entertainments shall
Be oftener, and more rich. Who shall control me?

[1] In allusion to a favorite horse of the day.
[2] Chair-men.

I live i' th' Strand, whither few ladies come
To live, and purchase more than fame. I will
Be hospitable then, and spare no cost
That may engage all generous report
To trumpet forth my bounty and my bravery,
Till the court envy, and remove. I'll have 90
My house the academy of wits, who shall
Exalt their genius with rich sack and sturgeon,[1]
Write panegyrics of my feasts, and praise
The method of my witty superfluities.[2]
The horses shall be taught, with frequent waiting
Upon my gates, to stop in their career
Toward Charing-cross, spite of the coachman's fury;
And not a tilter[3] but shall strike his plume,
When he sails by my window: my balcony
Shall be the courtier's idol, and more gazed at 100
Than all the pageantry at Temple Bar,
By country clients.
Stew. Sure my lady's mad.
Cel. Take that for your ill manners.
[*Strikes him*]
Stew. Thank you, madam.—
I would there were less quicksilver in your fingers. *Exit*
Cel. There's more than simple honesty in a servant
Required to his full duty; none should dare
But with a look, much less a saucy language,
Check at their mistress' pleasure. I'm resolved
To pay for some delight, my estate will bear it;
I'll rein it shorter when I please.

[*Re-*]*enter* Steward

Stew. A gentleman 110
Desires to speak with your ladyship.
Cel. His name?
Stew. He says you know him not: he seems to be
Of quality.
Cel. Admit him. [*Exit* Steward]

[1] A delicacy.
[2] Clever extravagances.
[3] Gentlemen riding by to tilt.

Enter HAIRCUT

Sir, with me?
Hair. Madam, I know not how you may receive
This boldness from me; but my fair intents
Known, will incline you to be charitable.
Cel. No doubt, sir.
Hair. He must live obscurely, madam,
That hath not heard what virtues you possess;
And I, a poor admirer of your fame,
Am come to kiss your hand.
Cel. That all your business?
Hair. Though it were worth much travel, I have more
In my ambition.
Cel. Speak it freely, sir.
Hair. You are a widow.
Cel. So!
Hair. And I a bachelor.
Cel. You come a wooing, sir, and would perhaps
Show me a way to reconcile the two?
Hair. And bless my stars for such a happiness.
Cel. I like you, sir, the better, that you do not
Wander about, but shoot home to the meaning;
It is a confidence will make a man
Know sooner what to trust to; but I never
Saw you before, and I believe you come not
With hope to find me desperate upon marriage.
If maids, out of their ignorance of what
Men are, refuse these offers, widows may,
Out of their knowledge, be allowed some coyness
And yet I know not how much happiness
A peremptory answer may deprive me of;—
You may be some young lord, and though I see not
Your footmen and your groom, they may not be
Far off, in conference with your horse. Please you
To instruct me with your title, against which
I would not willingly offend.
Hair. I am
A gentleman; my name is Haircut, madam.
Cel. Sweet Master Haircut! are you a courtier?
Hair. Yes.
Cel. I did think so, by your confidence.
Not to detain you, sir, with circumstance,
I was not so unhappy in my husband,
But that 'tis possible I may be a wife
Again; but I must tell you, he that wins
My affection, shall deserve me.
Hair. I will hope,
If you can love, I shall not present, madam,
An object to displease you in my person:
And when time, and your patience, shall possess you
With further knowledge of me, and the truth
Of my devotion, you will not repent
The offer of my service.
Cel. You say well.
How long do you imagine you can love, sir?
Is it a quotidian, or will it hold
But every other day?
Hair. You are pleasant,[1] madam.
Cel. Does't take you with a burning at the first,
Or with a cold fit? for you gentlemen
Have both your summer and your winter service.
Hair. I am ignorant what you mean; but I shall never
Be cold in my affection to such beauty.
Cel. And 'twill be somewhat long ere I be warm in't.
Hair. If you vouchsafe me so much honor, madam,
That I may wait on you sometimes, I shall not
Despair to see a change.
Cel. But, now I know
Your mind, you shall not need to tell it when
You come again; I shall remember it.
Hair. You make me fortunate.

[*Re-*]*enter* Steward

Stew. Madam, your kinswomen,
The lady Novice, and her sister, are
New lighted from their coach.
Cel. I did expect 'em.
They partly are my pupils. I'll attend them.
[*Exit* Steward]
Hair. Madam, I have been too great a trespasser
Upon your patience; I will take my leave:
You have affairs, and I have some employment

[1] Jocular.

Calls me to court; I shall present again
A servant to you.
Cel. Sir, you may present,[1]
But not give fire, I hope.—*Exit* HAIR. Now to the ladies.
This recreation's past, the next must be
To read to them some court philosophy.
Exit

THE SECOND ACT, [SCENE I]

[*A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House*]

Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL

Born. 'Tis a strange humor I have undertaken,
To dance, and play, and spend as fast as she does;
But I am resolved: it may do good upon her,
And fright her into thrift. Nay, I'll endeavor
To make her jealous too; if this do not
Allay her gamboling, she's past a woman,
And only a miracle must tame her.

Enter Steward

Stew. 'Tis master Frederick, my lady's nephew—
Born. What of him?
Stew. Is come from the university.
Born. By whose directions?
Stew. It seems, my lady's.
Born. Let me speak with him
Before he sees his aunt. [*Exit* Steward] I do not like it.

Enter [Steward, *with*] Mr. FREDERICK, [*in his college dress*]

Master Frederick, welcome! I expected not
So soon your presence; what's the hasty cause?
Fred. These letters, from my tutor, will acquaint you.
[*Gives* BORNWELL *letters*]
Stew. Welcome home, sweet Master Frederick!
Fred. Where's my aunt?
Stew. She's busy about her painting, in her closet;

[1] Present arms.

The outlandish[1] man of art is copying out
Her countenance.
Fred. She is sitting for her picture?
Stew. Yes, sir; and when 'tis drawn she will be hanged
Next the French cardinal, in the dining-room.
But when she hears you 're come, she will dismiss
The Belgic gentleman, to entertain
Your worship.
Fred. Change of air has made you witty.
Born. Your tutor gives you a handsome character,
Frederick, and is sorry your aunt's pleasure
Commands you from your studies; but I hope
You have no quarrel to the liberal arts:
Learning is an addition[2] beyond
Nobility of birth. Honor of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious[3] ignorance.
Fred. I never knew
More sweet and happy hours than I employed
Upon my books. I heard
A part of my philosophy, and was so
Delighted with the harmony of nature,
I could have wasted my whole life upon it.
Born. [*aside*] 'Tis pity a rash indulgence should corrupt
So fair a genius! She's here; I'll observe.

Enter ARETINA, KICKSHAW, LITTLEWORTH, Steward

Fred. My most loved aunt!
Are. Support me, I shall faint.
Little. What ails your ladyship?
Are. Is that Frederick?
In black?
Kick. Yes, madam; but the doublet's satin.
Are. The boy's undone!
Fred. Madam, you appear troubled.
Are. Have I not cause? Was not I trusted with
Thy education, boy, and have they sent thee
Home like a very scholar!
Kick. 'Twas ill done,
Howe'er they used him in the university,
To send him to his friends thus.
Fred. Why, sir? black

[1] Foreign. [2] Title. [3] Vainglorious.

(For 'tis the color that offends your eyesight)
Is not, within my reading, any blemish;
Sables are no disgrace in heraldry.
Kick. 'Tis coming from the college thus, that makes it
Dishonorable. While you wore it for
Your father, it was commendable; or were
Your aunt dead, you might mourn, and justify.
Are. What luck[1] I did not send him into France;
They would have given him generous education,
Taught him another garb, to wear his lock,[2]
And shape, as gaudy as the summer; how 70
To dance, and wag his feather *à-la-mode*,
To compliment, and cringe;[3] to talk not modestly,[4]
Like, 'ay forsooth', and 'no forsooth'; to blush,
And look so like a chaplain!—There he might
Have learned a brazen confidence, and observed
So well the custom of the country, that
He might, by this time, have invented fashions
For us, and been a benefit to the kingdom;
Preserved our tailors in their wits, and saved 80
The charge of sending into foreign courts
For pride and antic[5] fashions. Observe
In what a posture he does hold his hat now!
Fred. Madam, with your pardon you have practised
Another dialect than was taught me when
I was commended to your care and breeding.
I understand not this; Latin or Greek
Are more familiar to my apprehension:
Logic was not so hard in my first lectures
As your strange language. 90
Are. Some strong waters! O!
Little. Comfits[6] will be as comfortable to your stomach, madam.
[*Offers his box*]
Are. I fear he's spoiled for ever! he did name
Logic, and may, for aught I know, be gone
So far to understand it. I did always
Suspect they would corrupt him in the college.—
Will your Greek saws and sentences discharge
The mercer? or is Latin a fit language,
To court a mistress in?—Master Alexander,
If you have any charity, let me 100
Commend him to your breeding.—I suspect
I must employ my doctor first, to purge
The university that lies in's head;
It alters his complexion.
Kick. If you dare
Trust me to serve him—
Are. Master Littleworth,
Be you joined in commission.
Little. I will teach him
Postures and rudiments. 110
Are. I have no patience
To see him in this shape; it turns my stomach.
When he has cast his academic skin
He shall be yours. I am bound in conscience
To see him bred; his own state shall maintain
The charge, while he's my ward.—Come hither, sir.
Fred. What does my aunt mean to do with me?
Stew. To make you a fine gentleman, and translate you
Out of your learned language, sir, into
The present Goth and Vandal, which is French. 120
Born. [*Aside*] Into what mischief will this humor ebb?
She will undo the boy; I see him ruined.
My patience is not manly: but I must
Use stratagem to reduce her: open ways
Give me no hope.
Stew. You shall be obeyed, madam.
Exeunt [*all but* FREDERICK *and* Steward]
Fred. Master Steward, are you sure we do not dream?
Was't not my aunt you talked to?
Stew. One that loves you
Dear as her life. These clothes do not become you, 130
You must have better, sir—
Fred. These are not old.

[1] What a pity.
[2] Love lock of hair.
[3] Bow.
[4] Bashfully.
[5] Novel.
[6] Sweets, in America, candy.

Stew. More suitable to the town and time; we keep
No Lent here, nor is't my lady's pleasure you
Should fast from anything you have a mind to;
Unless it be your learning, which she would have you
Forget with all convenient speed that may be,
For the credit of your noble family.
The case is altered since we lived i' th' country;
We do not now invite the poor o' th' parish 140
To dinner, keep a table for the tenants;
Our kitchen does not smell of beef; the cellar
Defies the price of malt and hops; the footmen
And coach-drivers may be drunk like gentlemen,
With wine; nor will three fiddlers upon holidays,
With aid of bag-pipes, that called in the country
To dance, and plough the hall up with their hob-nails,
Now make my lady merry. We do feed
Like princes, and feast nothing else but princes;
And are these robes fit to be seen amongst 'em? 150
Fred. My lady keeps a court then! Is Sir Thomas
Affected[1] with this state and cost?
Stew. He was not,
But is converted: and I hope you wo' not
Persist in heresy, but take a course
Of riot, to content your friends; you shall
Want nothing, if you can be proud, and spend it
For my lady's honor. Here are a hundred
Pieces, will serve you till you have new clothes;
I will present you with a nag of mine, 160
Poor tender of my service, please you accept;
My lady's smile more than rewards me for it.
I must provide fit servants to attend you,
Monsieur, for horse and foot.
Fred. I shall submit,

[1] Delighted.

If this be my aunt's pleasure, and be ruled;
My eyes are opened with this purse already,
And sack will help to inspire me. I must spend it?
Stew. What else, sir?
Fred. I'll begin with you: to encourage 170
You to have still a special care of me,
There is five pieces,—not for your nag.
Stew. No, sir; I hope it is not.
Fred. Buy a beaver
For thy own block.[1] I shall be ruled. Who does
Command the wine cellar?
Stew. Who commands but you, sir?
Fred. I'll try to drink a health or two, my aunt's,
Or anybody's; and if that foundation
Stagger me not too much, I will commence
In all the arts of London. 181
Stew. If you find, sir,
The operation of the wine exalt
Your blood to the desire of any female
Delight, I know your aunt wo' not deny
Any of her chambermaids to practise on;
She loves you but too well.
Fred. I know not how
I may be for that exercise,—Farewell. Aristotle!
Prithee commend me to the library 190
At Westminster; my bones I bequeath thither,
And to the learnèd worms that mean to visit 'em.
I will compose myself; I begin to think
I have lost time indeed.—Come to the wine cellar. *Exeunt*

[1] Block-head.

[SCENE II]

[*A Room in Celestina's House*]

Enter Celestina, Mariana, [*and*] Isabella

Mar. But shall we not, madam, expose ourselves
To censure for this freedom?
Cel. Let them answer,
That dare mistake us. Shall we be so much
Cowards, to be frighted from our pleasure,
Because men have malicious tongues, and show

What miserable souls they have? No, cousin,
We hold our life and fortunes upon no
Man's charity; if they dare show so little
Discretion to traduce our fames, we will 10
Be guilty of so much wit to laugh at 'em.
Isab. 'Tis a becoming fortitude.
Cel. My stars
Are yet kind to me; for, in a happy minute,
Be't spoke, I'm not in love, and men shall never
Make my heart lean with sighing, nor with tears
Draw on my eyes the infamy of spectacles.
'Tis the chief principle to keep your heart
Under your own obedience; jest, but love not.
I say my prayers, yet can wear good clothes,
And only satisfy my tailor for 'em. 21
I wo' not lose my privilege.
Mar. And yet they say your entertainments are—
Give me your pardon, madam—to proclaim
Yourself a widow, and to get a husband.
Cel. As if a lady of my years, some beauty,
Left by her husband rich, that had mourned for him
A twelvemonth too, could live so obscure i' th' town,
That gallants would not know her, and invite
Themselves, without her chargeable[1] proclamations! 30
Then we are worse than citizens: no widow
Left wealthy can be throughly warm in mourning,
But some one noble blood, or lusty kindred,
Claps in, with his gilt coach, and Flandrian[2] trotters,
And hurries her away to be a countess.
Courtiers have spies, and great ones with large titles,
Cold in their own estates, would warm themselves
At a rich city bonfire.
Isab. Most true, madam.
Cel. No matter for corruption of the blood: 40
Some undone courtier made her husband rich,
And this new lord receives it back again.
Admit it were my policy, and that

[1] Expensive. [2] Flemish.

My entertainments pointed to acquaint me
With many suitors, that I might be safe,
And make the best election,[1] could you blame me?
Mar. Madam, 'tis wisdom.
Cel. But I should be
In my thoughts miserable, to be fond
Of leaving[2] the sweet freedom I possess, 50
And court myself into new marriage fetters.
I now observe men's several wits, and windings,[3]
And can laugh at their follies.
Mar. You have given
A most ingenious satisfaction.
Cel. One thing I'll tell you more, and this I give you
Worthy your imitation, from my practice:
You see me merry, full of song and dancing,
Pleasant in language, apt to all delights
That crown a public meeting; but you cannot 60
Accuse me of being prodigal of my favors
To any of my guests. I do not summon,
By any wink, a gentleman to follow me,
To my withdrawing chamber; I hear all
Their pleas in court, nor can they boast abroad,
And do me justice, after a salute,
They have much conversation with my lip.
I hold the kissing of my hand a courtesy,
And he that loves me must, upon the strength
Of that, expect till I renew his favor. 70
Some ladies are so expensive in their graces,
To those that honor 'em, and so prodigal,
That in a little time they have nothing but
The naked sin left to reward their servants;
Whereas, a thrift in our rewards will keep
Men long in their devotion, and preserve
Ourselves in stock, to encourage those that honor us.
Isab. This is an art worthy a lady's practice.
Cel. It takes not from the freedom of our mirth,
But seems to advance it, when we can possess 80
Our pleasures with security of our honor;
And, that preserved, I welcome all the joys
My fancy can let in. In this I have given

[1] Selection.
[2] To be so foolish as to leave.
[3] Intrigues.

The copy of my mind, nor do I blush
You understand it.
Isab. You have honored us.

Enter CELESTINA's Gentlewoman

Gentlew. Madam, Sir William Scentlove's come, to wait on you.
Cel. There's one would be a client.—Make excuse
For a few minutes.
[*Exit* Gentlewoman]
Mar. One that comes a wooing?
Cel. Such a thing he would seem, but in his guiltiness
Of little land, his expectation is not
So valiant as it might be. He wears rich clothes
And feeds with noblemen; to some, I hear,
No better than a wanton emissary,
Or scout for Venus' wild fowl; which made tame,
He thinks no shame to stand court sentinel,
In hope of the reversion.
Mar. I have heard
That some of them are often my lord's tasters,
The first fruits they condition for, and will
Exact as fees, for the promotion.
Cel. Let them agree, there's no account shall lie
For me among their traffic.

[*Re-*]*enter* Gentlewoman

Gentlew. Master Haircut, madam,
Is new come in, to tender you his service.
Cel. Let him discourse a little with Sir William. *Exit* Gentlewoman
Mar. What is this gentleman, Master Haircut, madam?
I note him very gallant, and much courted
By gentlemen of quality.
Cel. I know not,
More than a trim gay man; he has some great office,
Sure, by his confident behavior:
He would be entertained under the title
Of servant[1] to me, and I must confess,
He is the sweetest of all men that visit me.
Isab. How mean you, madam?
Cel. He is full of powder;
He will save much in perfume for my chamber,
Were he but constant here. Give 'em access.

Enter Sir WILLIAM SCENTLOVE *and* Mr. HAIRCUT

Scent. Madam, the humblest of your servants is
Exalted to a happiness, if you smile
Upon my visit.
Hair. I must beg your charity
Upon my rudeness, madam; I shall give
That day up lost to any happiness,
When I forget to tender you my service.
Cel. You practise courtship, gentlemen.
Scent. But cannot
Find where with more desert to exercise it.
What lady's this, I pray?
Cel. A kinswoman
Of mine, Sir William.
Scent. I am more her servant.
Cel. You came from court, now, I presume?
Hair. 'Tis, madam,
The sphere I move in, and my destiny
Was kind to place me there, where I enjoy
All blessings that a mortal can possess,
That lives not in your presence; and I should
Fix my ambition, when you would vouchsafe
Me so much honor, to accept from me
An humble entertainment there.
Cel. But by
What name shall I be known? in what degree
Shall I be of kindred to you?
Hair. How mean you, madam?
Cel. Perhaps you'll call me sister, I shall take it
A special preferment; or it may be
I may pass under title of your mistress,
If I seem rich, and fair enough to engage
Your confidence to own me.
Hair. I would hope—
Cel. But 'tis not come to that yet: you will, sir,
Excuse my mirth.
Hair. Sweet madam!
Cel. Shall I take
Boldness to ask what place you hold in court?
'Tis an uncivil curiosity;

[1] Suitor.

But you'll have mercy to a woman's question.
Hair. My present condition, madam, carries
Honor and profit, though not to be named
With that employment I expect i' th' state,
Which shall discharge the first maturity
Upon your knowledge; until then, I beg
You allow a modest silence.
Cel. I am charmed, sir;
And if you 'scape ambassador, you cannot
Reach a preferment wherein I'm against you.
But where is Sir William Scentlove?
Hair. Give him leave
To follow his nose, madam, while he hunts;
In view, he'll soon be at a fault.[1]
Cel. You know him?
Hair. Know Scentlove? not a page but can decipher him;
The waiting-women know him to a scruple;
He's called the blister-maker of the town.
Cel. What's that?
Hair. The laundry ladies can resolve you,
And you may guess: an arrant epicure,
As this day lives, born to a pretty wit,
A knight, too; but no gentleman. I must
Be plain to you; your ladyship may have
Use of this knowledge, but conceal the author.
Scent. I kiss your fairest hand.
Mar. You make a difference;
Pray reconcile them to an equal whiteness.
Scent. You wound my meaning, lady.
Cel. Nay, Sir William
Has the art of compliment.
Scent. Madam, you honor me
'Bove my desert of language.
Cel. Will you please
To enrich me with your knowledge of that gentleman?
Scent. Do you not know him, madam?
Cel. What is he?
Scent. A camphire ball; you shall know more hereafter;
He shall tell you himself, and save my character;
Till then,—you see he's proud.
Cel. One thing, gentlemen,
I observe in your behavior, which is rare
In two that court one mistress: you preserve
A noble friendship; there's no gum within

[1] Lose track of the game.

Your hearts; you cannot fret,[1] or show an envy
Of one another's hope; some would not govern
Their passions with that temper!
Scent. The whole world
Sha' not divorce our friendship.—Master Haircut!
Would I had lives to serve him! he is lost
To goodness does not honor him.
Hair. My knight!
Cel. [*Aside*] This is right playing at court shuttlecock.

[*Re-*]*enter* Gentlewoman

Gentlew. Madam, there is a gentleman desires
To speak wi' ye, one Sir Thomas Bornwell.
Cel. Bornwell?
Gentlew. He says he is a stranger to your ladyship.
Scent. I know him.
Hair. Your neighbor, madam.
Scent. Husband to
The lady that so revels in the Strand.
Hair. He has good parts, they say, but cannot help
His lady's bias.
Cel. They have both much fame
I' th' town, for several merits. Pray admit him. [*Exit* Gentlewoman]
Hair. [*Aside*] What comes he for?

Enter Sir Thomas [Bornwell]

Born. Your pardon, noble lady, that I have
Presumed, a stranger to your knowledge,— [*Salutes* Celestina]
Cel. Sir,
Your worth was here before you, and your person
Cannot be here ungrateful.
Born. 'Tis the bounty
Of your sweet disposition, madam.—Make me
Your servant, lady, by her fair example,
To favor me. [*Offers to salute* Isabella, *who turns from him. Aside*]—I never knew one turn
Her cheek to a gentleman that came to kiss her,

[1] *Cf. I Henry IV*, i.

But she'd a stinking breath—Your servant, gentlemen.
Will Scentlove, how is't?
Cel. I am sorry, coz,
To accuse you; we in nothing more betray
Ourselves to censure of ridiculous pride,
Than answering a fair salute too rudely. 240
O, it shows ill upon a gentlewoman
Not to return the modest lip, if she
Would have the world believe her breath is not
Offensive.
Born. Madam, I have business
With you.
Scent. His looks are pleasant.
Cel. With me, sir?
Born. I hear you have an exc'llent wit, madam;
I see you're fair. 250
Cel. The first is but report;
And do not trust your eye-sight for the last,
'Cause I presume y'are mortal, and may err.
Hair. He is very gamesome.
Born. Y'have an exc'llent voice,
(They say you catched it from a dying swan)
Which, joinèd to the harmony of your lute,
You ravish all mankind.
Cel. Ravish mankind?
Born. With their consent. 260
Cel. It were the stranger rape;
But there's the less indictment lies against it:
And there is hope your little honesties
Cannot be much the worse, for men do rather
Believe they had a maidenhead, than put
Themselves to th' rack of memory how long
'Tis since they left the burden of their innocence.
Born. Why, you are bitter, madam!
Cel. So is physic;
I do not know your constitution. 270
Born. You shall, if't please you, madam.
Cel. Y'are too hasty;
I must examine what certificate
You have first, to prefer you.
Born. Fine! certificate?
Cel. Under your lady's hand and seal.
Born. Go to;
I see you are a wag.
Cel. But take heed how
You trust to't. 280
Born. I can love you in my wedlock,
As well as that young gallant o' the first hair,
Or the knight-bachelor; and can return
As amorous delight to thy soft bosom.
Cel. Your person and your language are both strangers.
Born. But may be more familiar; I have those
That dare make affidavit for my body.
Cel. D'ye mean your surgeon?
Born. My surgeon, madam?
I know not how you value my abilities, 290
But I dare undertake as much, to express
My service to your ladyship, and with
As fierce ambition fly to your commands,
As the most valiant of these lay siege to you.
Cel. You dare not, sir.
Born. How, madam?
Cel. I will justify 't.
You dare not marry me; and I imagine
Some here, should I consent, would fetch a priest
Out of the fire. 300
Born. I have a wife, indeed.
Cel. And there's a statute not repealed, I take it.
Born. Y'are in the right; I must confess y'have hit
And bled me in a master vein.
Cel. You think
I took you on the advantage; use your best
Skill at defence, I'll come up to your valor,
And show another work you dare not do:
You dare not, sir, be virtuous.
Born. I dare, 310
By this fair hand, I dare; and ask a pardon,
If my rude words offend your innocence,
Which, in a form so beautiful, would shine
To force a blush in them suspected it,
And from the rest draw wonder.
Hair. I like not
Their secret parley; shall I interrupt 'em?
Isab. By no means, sir.
Scent. Sir Thomas was not wont
To show so much a courtier. 320
Mar. He cannot
Be prejudicial to you; suspect not
Your own deserts so much; he's marrièd.
Born. I have other business, madam: you keep music:
I came to try how you can dance.
Cel. You did? [*Aside*] I'll try his humor out of breath.

Although I boast no cunning, sir, in revels,
If you desire to show your art that way,
I can wait on you.
Born. You much honor me;
Nay, all must join to make a harmony.
They dance
Born. I have nothing now, madam, but to beseech,
After a pardon for my boldness, you
Would give occasion to pay my gratitude:
I have a house will be much honorèd,
If you vouchsafe your presence; and a wife
Desires to present herself your servant.
I came with the ambition to invite you;
Deny me not: your person you shall trust
On fair security.
Cel. Sir, although I use not
This freedom with a stranger, you shall have
No cause to hold me obstinate.
Born. You grace me.
Sir William Scentlove—
Hair. I must take my leave.
You will excuse me, madam; court attendances—
Cel. By any means.
Born. Ladies, you will vouchsafe
Your company?
Isab. We wait upon you, sir. *Exeunt*

THE THIRD ACT, [SCENE I]

[*Lord's House*]

Enter Lord, *unready*.[1] HAIRCUT *preparing his periwig; table and looking glass*

Lord. [*within*] What hour is't?
Hair. 'Bout three o'clock, my lord.
Lord. 'Tis time to rise.
Hair. Your lordship went but late
To bed last night.
Lord. 'Twas early in the morning.
Sec. [*within*]—Expect[2] awhile, my lord is busy.
Enter Secretary

Lord. What's the matter?
Sec. Here is a lady
Desires access to you upon some affairs,
She says, may specially concern your lordship.
Lord. A lady? what's her name?

[1] Undressed. [2] Wait.

Sec. Madam Decoy.
Lord. Decoy? Prithee admit her.—
[*Exit* Secretary]

Enter DECOY

Have you business, madam,
With me?
Dec. And such, I hope, as will not be
Offensive to your lordship.
Lord. I pray speak it.
Dec. I would desire your lordship's ear more private.
Lord. Wait i' th' next chamber till I call. [*Exit* HAIRCUT]—Now, madam.
Dec. Although I am a stranger to your lordship,
I would not lose a fair occasion offered,
To show how much I honor, and would serve you.
Lord. Please you to give me the particular,
That I may know the extent of my engagement.[1]
I am ignorant by what desert you should
Be encouraged to have care of me.
Dec. My lord,
I will take boldness to be plain; beside
Your other excellent parts, you have much fame
For your sweet inclination to our sex.
Lord. How d'ye mean, madam?
Dec. I' that way your lordship
Hath honorably practised upon some
Not to be named. Your noble constancy
To a mistress, hath deserved our general vote;
And I, a part of womankind, have thought
How to express my duty.
Lord. In what, madam?
Dec. Be not so strange, my lord; I knew the beauty
And pleasures of your eyes; that handsome creature
With whose fair life all your delight took leave,
And to whose memory you have paid too much
Sad tribute.
Lord. What's all this?
Dec. This: if your lordship
Accept my service, in pure zeal to cure

[1] Obligation.

Your melancholy, I could point where you might 50
Repair your loss.
Lord. Your ladyship, I conceive,
Doth traffic in flesh merchandise.
Dec. To men
Of honor, like yourself. I am well known
To some in court, and come not with ambition
Now to supplant your officer.
Lord. What is
The Lady of Pleasure you prefer?
Dec. A lady 60
Of birth and fortune, one upon whose virtue
I may presume, the Lady Aretina.
Lord. Wife to Sir Thomas Bornwell?
Dec. The same, sir.
Lord. Have you prepared her?
Dec. Not for your lordship, till I have found your pulse.
I am acquainted with her disposition,
She has a very appliable[1] nature.
Lord. And, madam, when expect you to be whipped
For doing these fine favors? 70
Dec. How, my lord?
Your lordship does but jest, I hope; you make
A difference between a lady that
Does honorable offices, and one
They call a bawd. Your lordship was not wont
To have such coarse opinion of our practice.
Lord. The Lady Aretina is my kinswoman.
Dec. What if she be, my lord? the nearer blood,
The dearer sympathy.
Lord. I'll have thee carted.[2] 80
Dec. Your lordship will not so much stain your honor
And education, to use a woman
Of my quality—
Lord. 'Tis possible you may
Be sent off with an honorable convoy
Of halberdiers.
Dec. O, my good lord!
Lord. Your ladyship shall be no protection,
If you but stay three minutes.
Dec. I am gone.— 90
When next you find rebellion in your blood,

[1] Accessible.
[2] Whipped at the tail of a cart.

May all within ten mile o' th' court turn honest![1] *Exit*
Lord. I do not find that proneness, since the fair
Bella Maria died; my blood is cold,
Nor is there beauty enough surviving
To heighten me to wantonness.—Who waits?

[*Re-*]*enter* HAIRCUT [*and* Secretary]

And what said my lady?
Hair. The silent language of her face, my lord,
Was not so pleasant, as it showed upon
Her entrance. 100
Lord. Would any man that meets
This lady take her for a bawd?
Hair. She does
The trade an honor, credit to the profession.
We may, in time, see baldness, quarter noses,
And rotten legs to take the wall[2] of footcloths.[3]
Lord. I have thought better; call the lady back.—
I wo' not lose this opportunity.—
Bid her not fear. [*Exit* Secretary]—The favor is not common,
And I'll reward it. I do wonder much 110
Will Scentlove was not here to-day.
Hair. I heard him say this morning he would wait
Upon your lordship.—
She is returned, sir.

[*Re-*]*enter* Secretary *and* DECOY

Sec. Madam, be confident, my lord's not angry.
Lord. You return welcome, madam; you are better
Read in your art, I hope, than to be frighted
With any shape of anger, when you bring
Such news to gentlemen. Madam, you shall
Soon understand how I accept the office. 120
Dec. You are the first lord, since I studied carriage,
That showed such infidelity and fury
Upon so kind a message. Every gentleman

[1] Chaste.
[2] Take precedence of.
[3] The caparison of a horse of state.

Will show some breeding; but if one right honorable
Should not have noble blood—
Lord. You shall return
My compliment, in a letter, to my lady
Aretina. Favor me with a little patience.—
Show her that chamber.
Dec. I'll attend your lordship. 130
Exeunt [DECOY *and* HAIRCUT. SECRETARY *seats himself at a table*]
Lord. Write,—'Madam where your honor is in danger, my love must not be silent.'

Enter [Sir WILLIAM] SCENTLOVE *and* KICKSHAW

Scentlove and Kickshaw!
Kick. Your lordship's busy.
Lord. Writing a letter.—Nay, it shall not bar
Any discourse.
[*Walks alternately to the* Secretary *and to* SCENTLOVE *and* KICKSHAW]
Sec. 'Silent.'
Lord. 'Though I be no physician, I may prevent a fever in your blood.'—
And where have you spent the morning's conversation? 140
Scent. Where you would have given the best barbary
In your stable, to have met on honorable terms.
Lord. What new beauty? You acquaint yourselves
With none but wonders.
Scent. 'Tis too low,—a miracle!
Lord. It will require a strong faith.
Sec. 'Your blood.'
Lord. 'If you be innocent, preserve your fame, lest this Decoy-madam betray it, to your repentance.'— 150
By what name is she known?
Scent. Ask Alexander.
He knows her.
Kick. Whom?
Scent. The lady Celestina.
Lord. He has a vast knowledge of ladies. 'Las, poor Alexander!
When dost thou mean thy body shall lie fallow?
Kick. When there is mercy in a petticoat:
I must turn pilgrim for some breath.
Lord. I think 160
'Twere cooler travel, if you examine it,
Upon the hoof through Spain.
Scent. Through Ethiopia.
Lord. Nay, less laborious to serve a prenticeship
In Peru, and dig gold out of the mine,
Though all the year were dog-days.
Sec. 'To repentance.'
Lord. 'In brief, this lady, could you fall from virtue, within my knowledge, will not blush to be a bawd.' 170
Scent. But hang 't, 'tis honorable journeywork;
Thou art famous by it, and thy name's up.
Kick. So, sir!
Let me ask you a question, my dear knight:
Which is less servile, to bring up the pheasant,
And wait, or sit at table uncontrolled,
And carve to my own appetite?
Scent. No more;
Thou'rt witty, as I am.
Sec. 'A bawd.' 180
Scent. How's that?
Kick. O,
You are famous by't, and your name's up, sir.
Lord. 'Be wise, and reward my caution with timely care of yourself, so I shall not repent to be known your loving kinsman and servant'—
Gentlemen, the lady Celestina,
Is she so rare a thing?
Kick. If you'll have my 190
Opinion, my lord, I never saw
So sweet, so fair, so rich a piece of nature.
Lord. I'll show thee a fairer presently, to shame
Thy eyes and judgment; look o' that.
[*Gives him a miniature*]—So; I'll subscribe. [*Signs his name to the letter*]
Seal it; I'll excuse your pen for the direction.
Kick. Bella Maria's picture! she was handsome.
Scent. But not to be compared—
Lord. Your patience, gentlemen; I'll return instantly. *Exit*
Kick. Whither is my lord gone?
Sec. To a lady i' th' next chamber. 200
Scent. What is she?
Sec. You shall pardon me, I am his secretary.
Scent. I was wont to be of his counsel. A new officer,

And I not know't? I am resolved to batter
All other with the praise of Celestina:
I must retain him.

[*Re-enter*] Lord

Lord. Has not that object
Convinced your erring judgments?
Kick. What! this picture?
Lord. Were but your thoughts as capable as mine
Of her idea,[1] you would wish no thought
That were not active in her praise, above
All worth and memory of her sex.
Scent. She was fair,
I must confess; but had your lordship looked
With eyes more narrow, and some less affection,
Upon her face,—
Kick. I do not love the copies
Of any dead, they make me dream of goblins;
Give me a living mistress, with but half
The beauty of Celestina. [*Returns the miniature*] Come, my lord,
'Tis pity that a lord of so much flesh
Should waste upon a ghost, when they are living
Can give you a more honorable consumption.
Scent. Why, do you mean, my lord, to live an infidel?
Do, and see what will come on't; observe still,[2]
And dote upon your vigils; build a chamber
Within a rock, a tomb among the worms,
Not far off, where you may, in proof apocryphal,
Court 'em not to devour the pretty pile
Of flesh your mistress carried to the grave.
There are no women in the world; all eyes,
And tongues, and lips, are buried in her coffin!
Lord. Why, do you think yourselves competent judges
Of beauty, gentlemen?
Both. What should hinder us?
Kick. I have seen and tried as many as another
With a mortal back.
Lord. Your eyes are bribed,

[1] Image. [2] Worship ever.

And your hearts chained to some desires; you cannot
Enjoy the freedom of a sense.
Kick. Your lordship
Has a clear eyesight, and can judge and penetrate.
Lord. I can, and give a perfect censure[1] of
Each line and point; distinguish beauty from
A thousand forms, which your corrupted optics
Would pass for natural.
Scent. I desire no other
Judge should determine[2] us, and if your lordship
Dare venture but your eyes upon this lady,
I'll stand their justice, and be confident
You shall give Celestina victory,
And triumph, o'er all beauties past and living.
Kick. I dare, my lord, venture a suit of clothes,
You'll be o'ercome.
Lord. You do not know my fortitude.
Scent. Nor frailty; you dare not trust yourself to see her.
Lord. Think you so, gentlemen? I dare see this creature
To make you know your errors, and the difference
Of her, whose memory is my saint. Not trust
My senses! I dare see, and speak with her.
Which holds the best acquaintance to prepare
My visit to her?
Scent. I will do't, my lord.
Kick. She is a lady free in entertainments.
Lord. I would give this advantage to your cause,
Bid her appear in all the ornaments
Did ever wait on beauty, all the riches
Pride can put on, and teach her face more charms
Than ever poet dressed up Venus in;
Bid her be all the Graces, and the queen
Of love in one, I'll see her, Scentlove, and
Bring off my heart, armed but with a single thought
Of one that's dead, without a wound; and when

[1] Judgment. [2] Decide for us.

I have made your folly prisoner, I'll laugh at you.
Scent. She shall expect you; trust to me for knowledge.
Lord. I'm for the present somewhere else engaged;
Let me hear from you. [*Exit*]
Scent. So! I am glad he's yet
So near conversion.
Kick. I am for Aretina.
Scent. No mention of my lord.
Kick. Prepare his lady!
'Tis time he were reduced[1] to the old sport;
One lord like him more would undo the court. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

[*A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House*]

Enter ARETINA *with a letter,* [*and*] DECOY

Dec. He is the ornament of your blood, madam;
I am much bound to his lordship.
Are. He gives you
A noble character.
Dec. 'Tis his goodness, madam.
Are. [*Aside*] I wanted such an engine. My lord has
Done me a courtesy, to disclose her nature;
I now know one to trust, and will employ her.—
Touching my lord, for reasons which I shall
Offer to your ladyship hereafter, I
Desire you would be silent; but, to show
How much I dare be confident in your secrecy,
I pour my bosom forth: I love a gentleman,
On whom there wo' not need much conjuration
To meet.—Your ear. [*Whispers her*]
Dec. I apprehend you, and I shall
Be happy to be serviceable. I am sorry
Your ladyship did not know me before now:
I have done offices: and not a few
Of the nobility but have done feats
Within my house, which is convenient
For situation, and artful chambers,
And pretty pictures to provoke the fancy.

Enter LITTLEWORTH

Little. Madam, all pleasures languish in your absence.

[1] Brought back.

Are. Your pardon a few minutes, sir.—You must
Contrive it thus.
[*Walks aside with* DECOY]
Little. I attend, and shall account it
Honor to wait on your return.
Are. He must not
Have the least knowledge of my name or person.
Dec. I have practised that already for some great ones,
And dare again, to satisfy you, madam;
I have a thousand ways to do sweet offices.
Little. If this Lady Aretina should be honest,
I have lost time: she's free as air; I must
Have closer conference, and if I have art,
Make her affect[1] me in revenge.
Dec. This evening?
Leave me to manage things.
Are. You will oblige me.
Dec. You shall command my art, and thank me after. *Exit*
Are. I hope the revels are maintained within?
Little. By Sir Thomas and his mistress.
Are. How? his mistress?
Little. The lady Celestina; I never saw
Eyes shoot more amorous interchange.
Are. Is't so?
Little. He wears her favor with more[2] pride—
Are. Her favor?
Little. A feather that he ravished from her fan;
And is so full of courtship! which she smiles on.
Are. 'Tis well.
Little. And praises her beyond all poetry.
Are. I am glad he has so much wit.
Little. [*aside*] Not jealous!
Are. [*aside*] This secures me. What would make other ladies pale
With jealousy, gives but license to my wanderings.
Let him now tax[3] me, if he dare; and yet
Her beauty's worth my envy, and I wish
Revenge upon it, not because he loves,
But that it shines above my own.

[1] Love.
[2] Unmixed. Q. *ore.*
[3] Accuse.

Enter KICKSHAW

Kick. Dear madam!
Are. I have it.—You two gentlemen profess
Much service to me; if I have a way
To employ your wit and secrecy?—
Both. You'll honor us.
Are. You gave a high and worthy character
Of Celestina.
Kick. I remember, madam.
Are. Do either of you love her? 70
Kick. Not I, madam.
Little. I would not, if I might.
Are. She's now my guest,
And, by a trick, invited by my husband,
To disgrace me.—You, gentlemen, are held
Wits of the town, the consuls that do govern
The senate here, whose jeers are all authentic.
The taverns and the ordinaries are
Made academies, where you come, and all
Your sins and surfeits made the time's example. 80
Your very nods can quell a theater,
No speech or poem good without your seal;
You can protect scurrility, and publish,
By your authority believed, no rapture
Ought to have honest meaning.
Kick. Leave our characters.
Little. And name the employment.
Are. You must exercise
The strength of both your wits upon this lady,
And talk her into humbleness or anger, 90
Both which are equal, to my thought. If you
Dare undertake this slight thing for my sake,
My favor shall reward it; but be faithful,
And seem to let all spring from your own freedom.
Kick. This all! We can defame her; if you please,
My friend shall call her whore, or anything,
And never be endangered to a duel.
Are. How's that?
Kick. He can endure a cudgeling, and no man
Will fight after so fair a satisfaction: 100
But leave us to our art, and do not limit us.
Are. They are here; begin not till I whisper you.

Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL, CELESTINA, MARIANA, [*and*] ISABELLA

Are. Je vous prie, madame, d'excuser l'importunité de mes affaires, qui m'ont fait offenser, par mon absence, une dame de laquelle j'ai reçu tant d'obligations.
Cel. Pardonnez moi, madame; vous me faites trop d'honneur.
Are. C'est bien de la douceur de votre naturel, que vous tenez cette langage; 110 *mais j'espère que mon mari n'a pas manqué de vous entretenir en mon absence.*
Cel. En vérité, monsieur nous a fort obligé.
Are. Il eût trop failli, s'il n'eut taché de tout son pouvoir à vous rendre toutes sortes de services.
Cel. C'est de sa bonté qu'il nous a tant favorisé.
Are. De la vôtre plutôt, madame, que 120 *vous fait donner d'interprétation si bénigne à ses efforts.*
Cel. Je vois bien que la victoire sera toujours à madame, et de langage et de la courtesie.
Are. Vraiment, madame, que jamais personne a plus désiré l'honneur de votre compagnie que moi.
Cel. Laissons-en, je vous supplie, des compliments, et permettez à votre servante 130 *de vous baiser les mains.*
Are. Vous m'obligez trop.
Born. I have no more patience; let's be merry again
In our own language: madam, our mirth cools.
Our nephew!

Enter FREDERICK [*intoxicated, and* STEWARD]

Are. Passion of my brain!
Fred. Save you, gentlemen! save you, ladies!
Are. I am undone.
Fred. I must salute; no matter at which end I begin. [*Salutes* CELESTINA]
Are. There's a compliment! 140
Cel. Is this your nephew, madam?
Are. Je vous prie, madame, d'excuser les habits et le rude comportement de mon cousin. Il est tout fraîchement venu de l'université, où on l'a tout gâté.

Cel. Excusez moi, madame, il est bien accompli.

Fred. This language should be French by the motions of your heads, and the mirth of your faces. 150

Are. I am dishonored.

Fred. 'Tis one of the finest tongues for ladies to show their teeth in: if you'll Latin it, I am for you, or Greek it; my tailor has not put me into French yet. *Mille basia, basia mille.*

Cel. Je ne vous entends pas, monsieur; I understand you not, sir.

Fred. Why, so!
You and I then shall be in charity; 160
For though we should be abusive, we ha' the benefit
Not to understand one another. Where's my aunt?
I did hear music somewhere; and my brains,
Tuned with a bottle of your capering claret,
Made haste to show their dancing.

Little. Please you, madam,
[*Offering his box of sweetmeats to* CELESTINA]
They are very comfortable.[1]

Stew. Alas, madam,
How would you have me help it? I did use
All means I could, after he heard the music,
To make him drunk, in hope so to contain him; 171
But the wine made him lighter, and his head
Flew hither, ere I missed his heels.

Kick. Nay, he
Spoke Latin to the lady.

Are. O, most unpardonable!
Get him off quickly, and discreetly, too.
Or, if I live—

Stew. It is not in my power; he swears I am
An absurd, sober fellow; and if you keep 180
A servant in his house to cross his humor,
When the rich sword and belt comes home, he'll kill him.

Are. What shall I do? Try your skill, Master Littleworth.

Little. He has ne'er a sword.—Sweet Master Frederick—

Born. 'Tis pity, madam, such a scion should
Be lost; but you are clouded.

Cel. Not I, sir,
I never found myself more clear at heart.

[1] Comforting.

Born. I could play with a feather; your fan, lady.—
Gentlemen, Aretina, ta, ra, ra, ra! Come, madam. 190

Fred. Why, my good tutor in election,
You might have been a scholar.

Little. But I thank
My friends, they brought me up a little better.
Give me the town wits, that deliver jests
Clean from the bow, that whistle in the air,
And cleave the pin[1] at twelvescore! Ladies do
But laugh at a gentleman that has any learning;
'Tis sin enough to have your clothes suspected.
Leave us, and I will find a time to instruct you. 200
Come, here are sugar plums; 'tis a good Frederick.

Fred. Why, is not this my aunt's house in the Strand?
The noble rendezvous? Who laughs at me?
Go, I will root here if I list, and talk
Of rhetoric, logic, Latin, Greek, or anything,
And understand 'em too; who says the contrary?
Yet, in a fair way, I contemn all learning,
And will be as ignorant as he, or he,
Or any taffata, satin, scarlet, plush,
Tissue, or cloth o' bodkin[2] gentleman, 210
Whose manners are most gloriously infected.—
Did you laugh at me, lady?

Cel. Not I, sir;
But if I did show mirth upon your question,
I hope you would not beat me, little gentleman?

Fred. How! 'Little gentleman?' You dare not say
These words to my new clothes, and fighting sword.

Are. Nephew Frederick!

Fred. 'Little gentleman!'
'Tis an affront both to my blood and person. 220
I am a gentleman of as tall a birth
As any[3] boast nobility; though my clothes
Smell o' the lamp, my coat is honorable,

[1] Bull's eye.
[2] Of silk and gold thread.
[3] Supply *that*.

Right honorable, full of or and argent.—
A 'little gentleman!'
Born. Coz, you must be patient;
My lady meant you no dishonor, and
You must remember she's a woman.
Fred. Is she a woman? that's another matter.—
Do you hear? my uncle tells me what you are.
Cel. So, sir. 230
Fred. You called me 'little gentleman.'
Cel. I did, sir.
Fred. A little pink[1] has made a lusty ship
Strike her top-sail; the crow may beard the elephant,
A whelp may tame the tiger, spite of all
False decks and murderers;[2] and a 'little gentleman'
Be hard enough to grapple with your ladyship,
Top and top-gallant.—Will you go drink, uncle,
T' other enchanted bottle? you and I
Will tipple, and talk philosophy. 240
Born. Come, nephew.—
You will excuse a minute's absence, madam.—
Wait you on us.
Stew. My duty, sir.

Exeunt all but CELESTINA, KICKSHAW *and* LITTLEWORTH

Are. Now, gentlemen.
Kick. Madam, I had rather you excuse my language
For speaking truth, than virtue suffer in
My further silence; and it is my wonder
That you, whose noble carriage hath deserved
All honor and opinion, should now 250
Be guilty of ill manners.
Cel. What was that
You told me, sir?
Little. Do you not blush, madam,
To ask that question?
Cel. You amaze rather
My cheek to paleness. What mean you by this?
I am not troubled with the hiccup, gentlemen,
You should bestow this fright upon me.
Little. Then 260
Pride and ill memory go together.
Cel. How, sir?
Kick. The gentleman on whom you exercise[d]
Your thin wit, was a nephew to the lady
Whose guest you are; and though her modesty
Look calm on the abuse of one so near
Her blood, the affront was impious.
Little. I am ashamed on't.
You an ingenious lady, and well mannered!
I'll teach a bear as much civility. 270
Cel. You may be master of the college, sir,
For aught I know.
Little. What college?
[*Cel.*] Of the bears.
Have you a plot upon me? Do you possess
Your wits, or know me, gentlemen?

[*Re-*]*enter* [SIR THOMAS] BORNWELL [*behind*]

Born. How's this?
Kick. Know you? yes; we do know you to an atom.
Little. Madam, we know what stuff your soul is made on.
Cel. But do not bark so like a mastiff, pray.— 280
Sure they are mad.—Let your brains stand awhile,
And settle, gentlemen; you know not me;
What am I?
Little. Th'art a puppet, a thing made
Of clothes and painting, and not half so handsome
As that which played Susanna in the fair.
Cel. I heard you visited those canvas tragedies,
One of their constant audience, and so taken
With Susan, that you wished yourself a rival
With the two wicked elders. 290
Kick. You think this
Is wit now. Come, you are—
Cel. What, I beseech you?
Your character will be full of salt and satire,
No doubt. What am I?
Kick. Why, you are a woman—
Cel. And that's at least a bow wide of your knowledge.
Kick. Wo'd be thought handsome, and might pass i' th' country
Upon a market day; but so miserably 299
Forfeit to pride and fashions, that if heaven

[1] Small boat. [2] Cannon.

Were a new gown, you'd not stay in't a fortnight.
Cel. It must be miserably out of fashion then.
Have I no sin but pride?
Kick. Hast any virtue,
Or but a good face, to excuse that want?
Cel. You praised it yesterday.
Kick. That made you proud.
Cel. More pride!
Kick. You need not. To close up the praise, 309
I have seen a better countenance in a sybil.
Cel. When you wore spectacles of sack,[1] mistook
The painted cloth,[2] and kissed it for your mistress.
Kick. Let me ask you a question: how much
Have you consumed in expectation
That I would love you?
Cel. Why I think as much
As you have paid away in honest debts
This seven year. 'Tis a pretty impudence,
But cannot make me angry.
Little. Is there any 320
Man that will cast away his limbs upon her?
Kick. You do not sing so well as I imagined,
Nor dance; you reel in your coranto,[3] and pinch
Your petticoat too hard: y'ave no good ear
To th' music, and incline too much one shoulder,
As you were dancing on the rope, and falling.
You speak abominable French, and make
A curtsey like a dairy-maid.—[*Aside*] Not mad!
Little. Do we not sting her handsomely?
Born. A conspiracy! 330
Kick. Your state is not so much as 'tis reported,
When you confer notes, all your husband's debts,
And your own reconciled; but that's not it
Will so much spoil your marriage.
Cel. As what, sir?
Let me know all my faults.
Kick. Some men do whisper

[1] Were drunk.
[2] A cheap substitute for arras.
[3] A quick dance.

You are not over honest.[1]
Cel. All this shall not
Move me to more than laughter, and some pity, 340
Because you have the shapes of gentlemen;
And though you have been insolent upon me,
I will engage no friend to kick or cudgel you,
To spoil your living and your limbs together:
I leave that to diseases that offend you,
And spare my curse, poor silken vermin! and
Hereafter shall distinguish men from monkeys.
Born. [*coming forward*] Brave soul!—You brace of horse-leeches!—I have heard
Their barbarous language, madam; y'are too merciful:
They shall be silent to your tongue; pray punish 'em. 350
Cel. They are things not worth my character,[2] nor mention
Of any clean breath; so lost in honesty,
They cannot satisfy for wrongs enough,
Though they should steal out of the world at Tyburn.[3]
Little. We are hanged already.
Cel. Yet I will talk a little to the pilchards.[4]
You two, that have not 'twixt you both the hundredth
Part of a soul, coarse woollen-witted fellows,
Without a nap, with bodies made for burdens!
You, that are only stuffings for apparel, 360
As you were made but engines[5] for your tailors
To frame their clothes upon, and get them custom,
Until men see you move; yet, then you dare not,
Out of your guilt[6] of being the ignobler beast,
But give a horse the wall,[7] whom you excel
Only in dancing of the brawls,[8] because

[1] Chaste.
[2] Characterization.
[3] Be hanged as criminals.
[4] A small fish; here a term of reproach.
[5] Mannikins.
[6] Consciousness.
[7] A show of respect.
[8] A species of dance.

The horse was not taught the French way. Your two faces,
One fat, like Christmas, t' other lean, like Candlemas,
And prologue to a Lent, both bound together,
Would figure Janus, and do many cures 370
On agues, and the green disease,[1] by frighting;
But neither can, with all the characters
And conjuring circles, charm a woman, though
Sh'ad fourscore years upon her, and but one
Tooth in her head, to love, or think well of you:
And I were miserable, to be at cost
To court such a complexion as your malice
Did impudently insinuate. But I waste time,
And stain my breath in talking to such tadpoles.
Go home, and wash your tongues in barley-water, 380
Drink[2] clean tobacco, be not hot i' th' mouth,
And you may 'scape the beadle; so I leave you
To shame, and your own garters![3]—Sir, I must
Entreat you, for my honor, do not penance them;
They are not worth your anger. How shall I
Acquit your lady's silence?
Born. Madam, I
Am sorry to suspect, and dare revenge.
Cel. No cause of mine.
Born. It must become me to attend you home. 390
Cel. You are noble.—Farewell, mushrooms.
[*Exit with* Sir THOMAS BORNWELL; *re-enter* ARETINA]
Are. Is she gone?
Little. I think we peppered her.
Kick. I'm glad 'tis over;
But I repent no service for you, madam.—

Enter Servant, *with a letter* [*and a jewel, which he delivers*] *to* KICKSHAW

To me? from whence?—a jewel! a good prefàce.

[1] Perhaps here jaundice. (Neilson).
[2] The usual word for *smoke* tobacco.
[3] To be used as halters.

Be happy the conclusion!
He smiles upon it
Are. Some love letter.
Little. He has a hundred mistresses: you may
Be charitable, madam, I ha' none; 400
He surfeits, and I fall away i' th' kidneys.
[*Exit* Servant]
Kick. I'll meet.—[*Aside*]
'Tis some great lady, questionless, that has
Taken notice, and would satisfy her appetite.
Are. Now, Master Alexander, you look bright o' the sudden;
Another spirit's in your eye.
Kick. Not mine, madam;
Only a summons to meet a friend.
Are. What friend?
Little. By this jewel, I know her not. 410
Are. 'Tis a she-friend. I'll follow, gentlemen;
We may have a game at cent[1] before you go.
Kick. I shall attend you, madam.
Little. 'Tis our duty.
[*Exeunt* KICKSHAW *and* LITTLEWORTH]
Are. I blush while I converse with my own thoughts.
Some strange fate governs me, but I must on;
The ways are cast already, and we thrive
When our sin fears no eye nor perspective.
Exit

THE FOURTH ACT, [SCENE I]

[*A Room in Decoy's House*]

Enter two men leading KICKSHAW *blinded, and go off suddenly*

Kick. I am not hurt; my patience to obey 'em,
Not without fear to ha' my throat cut else,
Did me a courtesy. Whither ha' they brought me? [*Pulls off a bandage*]
'Tis devilish dark; the bottom of a well
At midnight, with but two stars on the top,
Were broad day to this darkness. I but think
How like a whirlwind the rogues caught me up,
And smotherèd my eyesight. Let me see:

[1] A game like piquet; also called *saint*.

These may be spirits, and, for aught I know,
Have brought me hither over twenty steeples. 10
Pray heaven they were not bailiffs—that's more worth
My fear—and this a prison! All my debts
Reek in my nostril, and my bones begin
To ache with fear to be made dice; and yet
This is too calm and quiet for a prison.—
What if the riddle prove I am robbed? and yet
I did not feel 'em search me. How now! music! [*Music within*]

Enter Decoy, *like an* old Woman, *with a light*

And a light! What beldam's this? I cannot pray.—
What art?
Dec. A friend. Fear not, young man, I am 20
No spirit.
Kick. Off!
Dec. Despise me not for age,
Or this coarse outside, which I wear not out
Of poverty: thy eyes be witness; 'tis
No cave, or beggar's cell, th'art brought to; let
That gold speak here's no want, which thou mayst spend,
And find a spring to tire even prodigality,
If thou be'st wise. [*Gives him a purse*]
Kick. The devil was a coiner 30
From the beginning; yet the gold looks current.
Dec. Thou'rt still in wonder: know, I am mistress of
This house, and of a fortune that shall serve
And feed thee with delights; 'twas I sent for thee;
The jewel and the letter came from me.
It was my art thus to contrive our meeting,
Because I would not trust thee with my fame,
Until I found thee worth a woman's honor.
Kick. Honor and fame! [*Aside*] The devil means to have 39
A care on's credit. Though she sent for me,
I hope she has another customer
To do the trick withal; I would not turn
Familiar to a witch.
Dec. What say'st? Canst thou
Dwell in my arms to-night? shall we change kisses,
And entertain the silent hours with pleasure,
Such as old Time shall be delighted with,
And blame the too swift motion of his wings,
While we embrace?
Kick. [*aside*] Embrace! she has had no teeth 50
This twenty years, and the next violent cough
Brings up her tongue; it cannot possibly
Be sound at root. I do not think but one
Strong sneeze upon her, and well meant, would make
Her quarters fall away; one kick would blow
Her up like gunpowder, and loose all her limbs.
She is so cold, an incubus would not heat her;
Her phlegm would quench a furnace, and her breath
Would damp a musket bullet.
Dec. Have you, sir, 60
Considered?
Kick. What?
Dec. My proposition.
Canst love?
Kick. I could have done; whom do you mean?
I know you are pleased but to make sport.
Dec. Thou art not
So dull of soul as thou appear'st.
Kick. [*Aside*] This is
But some device; my grannam[1] has some trick in't.— 70
Yes, I can love.
Dec. But canst thou affect me?
Kick. Although to reverence so grave a matron
Were an ambitious word in me, yet since
You give me boldness, I do love you.
Dec. Then
Thou art my own.
Kick. [*Aside*] Has she no cloven foot?
Dec. And I am thine, and all that I command,
Thy servants; from this minute thou art happy, 89
And fate in thee will crown all my desires.
I grieved a proper[2] man should be compelled

[1] Grandmother. [2] Handsome.

To bring his body to the common market.
My wealth shall make thee glorious; and, the more
To encourage thee, howe'er this form may fright
Thy youthful eyes, yet thou wo't find, by light
Of thy own sense, for other light is banished
My chamber, when our arms tie lovers' knots,
And kisses seal the welcome of our lips, 89
I shall not there affright thee, nor seem old,
With rivelled[1] veins; my skin is smooth and soft
As ermines, with a spirit to meet thine,
Active, and equal to the queen of love's,
When she did court Adonis.
Kick. [*aside*] This doth more
Confirm she is a devil, and I am
Within his own dominions. I must on,
Or else be torn o' pieces. I have heard
These succubæ must not be crossed.
Dec. We trifle 100
Too precious time away; I'll show you a prospect
Of the next chamber, and then out the candle.
Kick. Have you no sack i' th' house? I would go armed
Upon this breach.
Dec. It sha' not need.
Kick. One word,
Mother; have not you been a cat in your days?
Dec. I am glad you are so merry, sir. You observe
That bed? [*Opens a door*]
Kick. A very brave one. 110
Dec. When you are
Disrobed, you can come thither in the dark.
You sha' not stay for me? Come, as you wish
For happiness. *Exit*
Kick. I am preferred, if I
Be modest and obey: she cannot have
The heart to do me harm, an she were Hecate,
Herself. I will have a strong faith, and think
I march upon a mistress, the less evil.
If I 'scape fire now, I defy the devil. *Exit*

[1] Wrinkled.

[SCENE II]

[*A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House*]

Enter FREDERICK [*gaily dressed*], LITTLEWORTH, [*and*] Steward

Fred. And how d'ye like me now?
Stew. Most excellent.
Fred. Your opinion, Master Littleworth?
Little. Your French tailor
Has made you a perfect gentleman; I may
Converse now with you, and preserve my credit.
D'ye find no alteration in your body
With these new clothes?
Fred. My body altered? No.
Little. You are not yet in fashion, then, that must 10
Have a new motion, garb, and posture too,
Or all your pride is cast away. It is not
The cut of your apparel makes a gallant,
But the geometrical wearing of your clothes.
Stew. Master Littleworth tells you right; you wear your hat
Too like a citizen.
Little. 'Tis like a midwife:
Place it with best advantage of your hair.
Is half your feather moulted? This does make
No show; it should spread over, like a canopy. 20
Your hot-reined monsieur wears it for a shade,
And cooler to his back. Your doublet must
Be more unbuttoned hereabouts; you'll not
Be a sloven else, a foul shirt is no blemish;
You must be confident, and outface clean linen.
Your doublet and your breeches must be allowed
No private meeting here; your cloak's too long,
It reaches to your buttock, and doth smell
Too much of Spanish gravity; the fashion
Is to wear nothing but a cape; a coat 30
May be allowed a covering for one elbow,
And some, to avoid the trouble choose to walk
In querpo,[1] thus.
Stew. [*aside*] Your coat and cloak's a-brushing

[1] Stripped of the upper garment.

In Long-lane, Lombard.[1]
Fred. But what if it rain?
Little. Your belt about your shoulder is sufficient
To keep off any storm; beside, a reed
But waved discreetly, has so many pores,
It sucks up all the rain that falls about one.
With this defence, when other men have been 41
Wet to the skin through all their cloaks, I have
Defied a tempest, and walked by the taverns
Dry as a bone.
Stew. [*aside*] Because he had no money
To call for wine.
Fred. Why, do you walk enchanted?
Have you such pretty charms in town? But stay:
Who must I have to attend me?
Little. Is not that 50
Yet thought upon?
Stew. I have laid out[2] for servants.
Little. They are everywhere.
Stew. I cannot yet be furnished
With such as I would put into his hands.
Fred. Of what condition must they be, and how
Many in number, sir?
Little. Beside your fencing,
Your singing, dancing, riding, and French master,
Two may serve domestic, to be constant waiters 60
Upon a gentleman: a fool, a pimp.
Stew. For these two officers I have enquired,
And I am promised a convenient whiskin:[3]
I could save charges, and employ the pie-wench,
That carries her intelligence in whitepots;[4]
Or 'tis but taking order[5] with the woman
That trolls[6] the ballads, she could fit him with
A concubine to any tune; but I
Have a design to place a fellow with him
That has read all Sir Pandarus' works; a Trojan[7]
That lies concealed, and is acquainted with
Both city and suburban fripperies,[8]

[1] A locality famed for pawn-shops.
[2] Arranged.
[3] Go-between.
[4] Milk-puddings.
[5] Arranging.
[6] Q. *holds.*
[7] Rascal.
[8] Fast women.

Can fetch 'em with a spell at midnight to him,
And warrant which are for his turn; can, for
A need, supply the surgeon, too.
Fred. I like thy providence; such a one deserves
A livery twice a year.
Stew. It sha' not need; a cast suit of your worship's
Will serve; he'll find a cloak to cover it,
Out of his share with those he brings to bed to you. 80
Fred. But must I call this fellow pimp?
Little. It is
Not necessary; or Jack, or Harry,
Or what he's known abroad by, will sound better,
That men may think he is a Christian.
Fred. But hear you, Master Littleworth: is there not
A method, and degrees of title in
Men of this art?
Little. According to the honor
Of men that do employ 'em. An emperor 90
May give this office to a duke; a king
May have his viceroy to negotiate for him;
A duke may use a lord; the lord a knight,
A knight may trust a gentleman; and when
They are abroad, and merry, gentlemen
May pimp to one another.
Fred. Good, good fellowship!
But for the fool now, that should wait on me,
And break me jests?
Little. A fool is necessary.
Stew. By any means.[1]
Fred. But which of these two servants
Must now take place?[2]
Little. That question, Master Frederick,
The school of heraldry should conclude upon:
But if my judgment may be heard, the fool
Is your first man; and it is known a point
Of state to have a fool.
Stew. But, sir, the other 109
Is held the finer servant; his employments
Are full of trust, his person clean and nimble,
And none so soon can leap into preferment,
Where fools are poor.
Little. Not all; there's story[3] for't;
Princes have been no wiser than they should be.

[1] By all means.
[2] Precedence.
[3] Example.

Would any nobleman, that were no fool,
Spend all in hope of the philosopher's stone,
To buy new lordships in another country?
Would knights build colleges, or gentlemen
Of good estates challenge the field, and fight,
Because a whore wo' not be honest? Come,
Fools are a family over all the world; 122
We do affect one naturally;[1] indeed
The fool is lieger[2] with us.
Stew. Then the pimp
Is extraordinary.
Fred. Do not you fall out
About their places.—Here's my noble aunt!

Enter ARETINA

Little. How do you like your nephew, madam, now?
Are. Well! turn about, Frederick. Very well! 130
Fred. Am I not now a proper[3] gentleman?
The virtue of rich clothes! Now could I take
The wall of Julius Cæsar, or affront
Great Pompey's upper lip, and defy the senate.
Nay, I can be as proud as your own heart, madam,
You may take that for your comfort; I put on
That virtue with my clothes, and I doubt not
But in a little time I shall be impudent
As any page, or player's boy. I am
Beholding to this gentleman's good discipline; 140
But I shall do him credit in my practice.
Your steward has some pretty notions, too,
In moral mischief.
Are. Your desert in this
Exceeds all other service, and shall bind me
Both to acknowledge and reward.
Little. Sweet madam,
Think me but worth your favor; I would creep
Upon my knees to honor you, and for every
Minute you lend to my reward, I'll pay 150
A year of serviceable tribute.
Are. You
Can compliment.

[1] Love one by nature.
[2] Resident as an ambassador.
[3] Handsome.

Little. [*aside*] Thus still she puts me off; unless I speak
The downright word, she'll never understand me.
A man would think that creeping on one's knees
Were English to a lady.

Enter KICKSHAW

Kick. How is't, Jack?—Pleasures attend you, madam!
How does my plant of honor?
Are. Who is this? 160
Kick. 'Tis Alexander.
Are. Rich and glorious!
Little. 'Tis Alexander the Great.
Kick. And my Bucephalus
Waits at the door.
Are. Your case is altered, sir.
Kick. I cannot help these things, the Fates will have it;
'Tis not my land does this.
Little. But thou hast a plough
That brings it in. 170
Are. Now he looks brave and lovely.
Fred. Welcome, my gallant Macedonian.
Kick. Madam, you gave your nephew for my pupil.
I read[1] but in a tavern; if you'll honor us,
The Bear at the Bridge foot[2] shall entertain you.
A drawer is my Ganymede, he shall skink[3]
Brisk nectar to us; we will only have
A dozen partridge in a dish; as many pheasants,
Quails, cocks, and godwits shall come marching up 179
Like the trained-band;[4] a fort of sturgeon[5]
Shall give most bold defiance to an army,
And triumph o'er the table.—
Are. Sir, it will
But dull the appetite to hear more, and mine
Must be excused. Another time I may be
Your guest.
Kick. 'Tis grown in fashion now with ladies;
When you please, I'll attend you. Littleworth.—

[1] Hold forth.
[2] A tavern at Strand-bridge.
[3] Draw, unbottle.
[4] City militia.
[5] A sturgeon-pasty.

Come, Frederick.
Fred. We'll have music; I love noise. 190
We will out-roar the Thames, and shake the bridge, boy.
Exit [*with* KICKSHAW]
Little. Madam, I kiss your hand; would you would think
Of your poor servant; flesh and blood is frail,
And troublesome to carry, without help.
Are. A coach will easily convey it, or
You may take water at Strand-bridge.
Little. But I
Have taken fire.
Are. The Thames will cool it, sir.
Little. But never quench my heart; your charity 200
Can only do that.
Are. I will keep it cold
Of purpose.
Little. Now you bless me, and I dare
Be drunk in expectation. [*Exit*]
Are. I am confident
He knows me not, and I were worse than mad
To be my own betrayer. Here's my husband.

Enter [Sir THOMAS] BORNWELL

Born. Why, how now, Aretina? What! alone?
The mystery of this solitude? My house 210
Turned desert o' the sudden! all the gamesters
Blown up! Why is the music put to silence?
Or have their instruments caught a cold, since we
Gave 'em the last heat? I must know thy ground
Of melancholy.
Are. You are merry, as
You came from kissing Celestina.
Born. I
Feel her yet warm upon my lip; she is
Most excellent company: I did not think 220
There was that sweetness in her sex. I must
Acknowledge, 'twas thy care[1] to disenchant me
From a dull husband to an active lover.
With such a lady I could spend more years
Than since my birth my glass hath run soft minutes,

[1] Q. *cure.*

And yet be young; her presence has a spell
To keep off age; she has an eye would strike
Fire through an adamant.
Are. I have heard as much
Bestowed upon a dull-faced chambermaid, 230
Whom love and wit would thus commend. True beauty
Is mocked when we compare thus,[1] itself being
Above what can be fetched[2] to make it lovely;
O[3] could our thoughts reach something to declare
The glories of a face, or body's elegance,
That touches but our sense, when beauty spreads
Over the soul, and calls up understanding
To look when thence[4] is offered, and admire.
In both I must acknowledge Celestina
Most excellently fair, fair above all 240
The beauties I ha' seen, and one most worthy
Man's love and wonder.
Born. Do you speak, Aretina,
This with a pure sense to commend? or is't
The mockery of my praise?
Are. Although it shame
Myself, I must be just, and give her all
The excellency of women; and were I
A man—
Born. What then? 250
Are. I know not with what loss
I should attempt her love. She is a piece
So angelically moving, I should think
Frailty excused to dote upon her form,
And almost virtue to be wicked with her.
Exit
Born. What should this mean? This is no jealousy,
Or she believes I counterfeit. I feel
Something within me, like a heat, to give
Her cause, would Celestina but consent.
What a frail thing is man! It is not worth 260
Our glory to be chaste, while we deny
Mirth and converse with women. He is good
That dares the tempter, yet corrects his blood. *Exit*

[1] Make comparisons such as these.
[2] Brought into comparison.
[3] Q. *or.* Could but our thoughts, etc. . . . could we but declare, etc. when beauty, etc.
[4] *I.e.,* from understanding.

[SCENE III]

[*A Room in Celestina's House*]

[*Enter*] CELESTINA, MARIANA, [*and*] ISABELLA

Cel. I have told you all my knowledge: since he is pleased
To invite himself, he shall be entertained,
And you shall be my witnesses.
Mar. Who comes with him?
Cel. Sir William Scentlove, that prepared me for
The honorable encounter. I expect
His lordship every minute.

Enter [Sir WILLIAM] SCENTLOVE

Scent. My lord is come.
Cel. He has honored me.

Enter LORD [*and*] HAIRCUT

Scent. My lord, your periwig is awry. 10
Lord. You, sir—
While HAIRCUT *is busy about his hair,* SCENTLOVE *goes to* CELESTINA
Scent. You may guess at the gentleman that's with him.
It is his barber, madam, d'ye observe?
An your ladyship wants a shaver—
Hair. She is here, sir.
I am betrayed.—Scentlove, your plot. I may
Have opportunity to be revenged. *Exit*
Scent. She in the midst.
Lord. She's fair, I must confess; 19
But does she keep this distance out of state?
Cel. Though I am poor in language to express
How much your lordship honors me, my heart
Is rich and proud in such a guest. I shall
Be out of love with every air abroad,
And for this grace done my unworthy house,
Be a fond prisoner, become anchorite,
And spend my hours in prayer, to reward
The blessing and the bounty of this presence.
Lord. Though you could turn each place you move in to
A temple, rather than a wall should hide 30
So rich a beauty from the world, it were
Less want to lose our piety and your prayer.
A throne were fitter to present you to
Our wonder, whence your eyes, more worth than all
They look on, should chain every heart a prisoner.
Scent. 'Twas pretty well come off.
Lord. By your example
I shall know how to compliment; in this,
You more confirm my welcome.
Cel. I shall love 40
My lips the better, if their silent language
Persuade your lordship but to think so truly.
Lord. You make me smile, madam.
Cel. I hope you came not
With fear that any sadness here should shake
One blossom from your eye. I should be miserable
To present any object should displease you.—
Lord. You do not, madam.
Cel. As I should account
It no less sorrow, if your lordship should 50
Lay too severe a censure on my freedom.
I wo' not court a prince against his justice,
Nor bribe him with a smile to think me honest.
Pardon, my lord, this boldness, and the mirth
That may flow from me. I believe my father
Thought of no winding-sheet when he begot me.
Lord. She has a merry soul.—It will become
Me ask your pardon, madam, for my rude
Approach, so much a stranger to your knowledge.
Cel. Not, my lord, so much stranger to my knowledge; 60
Though I have but seen your person afar off,
I am acquainted with your character,
Which I have heard so often, I can speak it.
Lord. You shall do me an honor.
Cel. If your lordship will
Be patient.
Lord. And glad to hear my faults.
Cel. That as your conscience can agree upon 'em:
However, if your lordship give me privilege,
I'll tell you what's the opinion of the world.

Lord. You cannot please me better. 71
Cel. Y'are a lord.
Born with as much nobility as would,
Divided, serve to make ten noblemen,
Without a herald; but with so much spirit
And height of soul, as well might furnish twenty.
You are learned, a thing not compatible now
With native honor; and are master of
A language that doth chain all ears,[1] and charm
All hearts, where you persuade; a wit so flowing, 80
And prudence to correct it, that all men
Believe they only meet in you, which, with
A spacious memory, make up the full wonders:
To these[2] you have known valor, and upon
A noble cause, know how to use a sword
To honor's best advantage, though you wear none.
You are as bountiful as the showers that fall
Into the spring's green bosom; as you were
Created lord of Fortune, not her steward; 89
So constant to the cause in which you make
Yourself an advocate, you dare all dangers;
And men had rather you should be their friend,
Than justice or the bench bound up together.
Lord. But did you hear all this?
Cel. And more, my lord.
Lord. Pray let me have it, madam.
Cel. To all these virtues there is added one,—
(Your lordship will remember, when I name it,
I speak but what I gather from the voice
Of others)—it is grown to a full fame 100
That you have loved a woman.
Lord. But one, madam?
Cel. Yes, many; give me leave to smile, my lord,
I shall not need to interpret in what sense;
But you have showed yourself right honorable,
And, for your love to ladies, have deserved,
If their vote might prevail, a marble statue.
I make no comment on the people's text,—
My lord, I should be sorry to offend.
Lord. You cannot, madam; these are things we owe 110
To nature for.
Cel. And honest men will pay
Their debts.
Lord. If they be able, or compound.
Cel. She had a hard heart would be unmerciful,
And not give day to men so promising;
But you owed women nothing.
Lord. Yes, I am
Still in their debt, and I must owe them love,
It was part of my character. 120
Cel. With your lordship's
Pardon, I only said you had a fame
For loving women; but of late, men say
You have, against the imperial laws of love,
Restrained the active flowings of your blood,
And with a mistress buried all that is
Hoped for in love's succession, as all beauty
Had died with her, and left the world benighted!
In this you more dishonor all our sex
Than you did grace a part; when everywhere 130
Love tempts your eye to admire a glorious harvest,
And everywhere as full blown ears submit
Their golden heads, the laden trees bow down
Their willing fruit, and court your amorous tasting.
Lord. I see men would dissect me to a fiber;
But do you believe this?
Cel. It is my wonder,
I must confess, a man of nobler earth
Than goes to vulgar composition,
Born and bred high, so unconfined, so rich
In fortunes, and so read in all that sum 141
Up human knowledge, to feed gloriously,
And live at court, the only sphere wherein
True beauty moves; nature's most wealthy garden,
Where every blossom is more worth than all
The Hesperian fruit by jealous dragon watched,
Where all delights do circle appetite,
And pleasures multiply by being tasted,
Should be so lost with thought of one turned ashes.
There's nothing left, my lord, that can excuse you, 150
Unless you plead, what I am ashamed to prompt
Your wisdom to?

[1] Q. *years.* [2] In addition to these.

Lord. What's that?
Cel. That you have played
The surgeon with yourself.
Lord. And am made eunuch?
Cel. It were much pity.
Lord. Trouble not yourself,
I could convince your fears with demonstration 150
That I am man enough, but knew not where,
Until this meeting, beauty dwelt. The court
You talked of must be where the Queen of Love is,
Which moves but with your person; in your eye
Her glory shines, and only at that flame
Her wanton boy doth light his quickening torch.
Cel. Nay, now you compliment; I would it did,
My lord, for your own sake.
Lord. You would be kind,
And love me then?
Cel. My lord, I should be loving, 170
Where I found worth to invite it, and should cherish
A constant man.
Lord. Then you should me, madam.
Cel. But is the ice about your heart fallen off?
Can you return to do what love commands?—
Cupid, thou shalt have instant sacrifice,
And I dare be the priest.
Lord. Your hand, your lip; [*Kisses her*]
Now I am proof 'gainst all temptation.
Cel. Your meaning, my good lord? 180
Lord. I, that have strength
Against thy voice and beauty, after this
May dare the charms of womankind.—Thou art,
Bella Maria, unprofanèd yet;
This magic has no power upon my blood.—
Farewell, madam! if you durst be the example
Of chaste as well as fair, you were a brave one.
Cel. I hope your lordship means not this for earnest:
Be pleased to grace a banquet.
Lord. Pardon, madam.— 190
Will Scentlove, follow; I must laugh at you.
Cel. My lord, I must beseech you stay, for honor,
For her whose memory you love best.
Lord. Your pleasure.
Cel. And by that virtue you have now professed,
I charge you to believe me too; I can
Now glory that you have been worth my trial,
Which, I beseech you, pardon. Had not you
So valiantly recovered in this conflict,
You had been my triumph, without hope of more 200
Than my just scorn upon your wanton flame;
Nor will I think these noble thoughts grew first
From melancholy, for some female loss,
As the fantastic world believes, but from
Truth, and your love of innocence, which shine
So bright in the two royal luminaries[1]
At court, you cannot lose your way to chastity.
Proceed, and speak of me as honor guides you. *Exit* LORD
I am almost tired. Come, ladies, we'll beguile
Dull time, and take the air another while.
Exeunt

THE FIFTH ACT, [SCENE I]

[*A Room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's House*]

Enter ARETINA *and a* Servant

Are. But hath Sir Thomas lost five hundred pounds
Already?
Serv. And five hundred more he borrowed.
The dice are notable devourers, madam;
They make no more of pieces than of pebbles,
But thrust their heaps together, to engender.
'Two hundred more the caster!'[2] cries this gentleman.
'I am wi' ye.—I ha' that to nothing, sir.'
Again; ''Tis covered!' and the table too,
With sums that frightened me. Here one sneaks out, 10

[1] Charles I and his queen, Henrietta Maria, a tribute well deserved.
[2] Thrower.

And with a martyr's patience smiles upon
His money's executioner, the dice;
Commands a pipe of good tobacco, and
I' th' smoke on't vanishes. Another makes
The bones vault o'er his head, swears that ill-throwing
Has put his shoulder out of joint, calls for
A bone-setter. That[1] looks to the box, to bid
His master send him some more hundred pounds,
Which lost, he takes tobacco, and is quiet.
Here a strong arm throws in and in, with which
He brusheth all the table, pays the rooks[2]
That went their smelts[3] a piece upon his hand,
Yet swears he has not drawn a stake this seven year.
But I was bid make haste; my master may
Lose this five hundred pounds ere I come hither. *Exit*

Are. If we both waste so fast, we shall soon find
Our state is not immortal. Something in
His other ways appear not well already.

Enter Sir Thomas [Bornwell, *and* Servants, *one with a purse*]

Born. Ye tortoises, why make ye no more haste?
Go pay to the master of the house that money,
And tell the noble gamesters I have another
Superfluous thousand pound; at night I'll visit 'em.
D'ye hear?

Serv. Yes, an[4] please you.

Born. Do't, ye drudges. [*Exeunt* Servants]
Ta, ra, ra!—Aretina!

Are. You have a pleasant humor, sir.

Born. What! should a gentleman be sad?

Are. You have lost—

Born. A transitory sum; as good that way
As another.

Are. Do you not vex within for't?

Born. I had rather lose a thousand more, than one
Sad thought come near my heart for't. Vex for trash!
Although it go from other men like drops
Of their life blood, we lose with the alacrity
We drink a cup of sack, or kiss a mistress.
No money is considerable with a gamester;
They have souls more spacious than kings. Did two
Gamesters divide the empire of the world,
They'd make one throw for't all, and he that lost
Be no more melancholy than to have played for
A morning's draught. Vex a rich soul for dirt,
The quiet of whose every thought is worth
A province!

Are. But when dice have consumed all,
Your patience will not pawn for as much more.

Born. Hang pawning! sell outright, and the fear's over.

Are. Say you so? I'll have another coach to-morrow
If there be rich above ground.

Born. I forgot
To bid the fellow ask my jeweler
Whether the chain of diamonds be made up;
I will present it to my Lady Bellamour,
Fair Celestina.

Are. This gown I have worn
Six days already; it looks dull, I'll give it
My waiting-woman, and have one of cloth
Of gold embroidered; shoes and pantables[1]
Will show well of the same.

Born. I have invited
A covey of ladies, and as many gentlemen
To-morrow, to the Italian ordinary;[2]
I shall have rarities and regalias
To pay for, madam; music, wanton songs,
And tunes of silken petticoats to dance to.

Are. And to-morrow have I invited half the court
To dine here. What misfortune 'tis your company
And our's should be divided! After dinner
I entertain 'em with a play.

Born. By that time
Your play inclines to the epilogue, shall we
Quit our Italian host; and whirl in coaches

[1] That one.
[2] Fools.
[3] Staked their trifling sums.
[4] If it.

[1] Slippers.
[2] Eating-house.

To the Dutch magazine of sauce, the Still-yard,[1]
Where deal, and backrag,[2] and what strange wine else
They dare but give a name to in the reckoning,
Shall flow into our room, and drown Westphalias,[3]
Tongues, and anchovies, like some little town
Endangered by a sluice, through whose fierce ebb
We wade, and wash ourselves, into a boat, 90
And bid our coachmen drive their leather tenements
By land, while we sail home, with a fresh tide,
To some new rendezvous.
Are. If you have not
'Pointed the place, pray bring your ladies hither;
I mean to have a ball to-morrow night,
And a rich banquet for 'em, where we'll dance
Till morning rise and blush to interrupt us.
Born. Have you no ladies i' th' next room, to advance[4]
A present mirth? What a dull house you govern! 100
Farewell! a wife's no company.—Aretina,
I've summed up my estate, and find we may have
A month good yet.
Are. What mean you?
Born. And I'd rather
Be lord one month of pleasures, to the height
And rapture of our senses, than be years
Consuming what we have in foolish temperance.
Live in the dark, and no fame wait upon us!
I will live so, posterity shall stand 110
At gaze when I am mentioned.
Are. A month good!
And what shall be done then?
Born. I'll over sea,
And trail a pike. With watching, marching, lying
In trenches, with enduring cold and hunger,
And taking here and there a musket-shot,

[1] Steelyard, the German merchants' precinct.
[2] Baccarach, Rhine wine.
[3] Ham.
[4] Arouse.

I can earn every week four shillings, madam;
And if the bullets favor me to snatch
Any superfluous limb, when I return, 120
With good friends, I despair not to be enrolled
Poor knight of Windsor.[1] For your course, madam,
No doubt you may do well; your friends are great:
Or if your poverty, and their pride, cannot
Agree, you need not trouble much invention,
To find a trade to live by; there are customers.
Farewell, be frolic, madam! If I live,
I will feast all my senses, and not fall
Less than a Phaeton from my throne of pleasure,
Though my estate flame like the world about me. *Exit* 130
Are. 'Tis very pretty!—

Enter Decoy

Madam Decoy!
Dec. What! melancholy,
After so sweet a night's work? Have not I
Showed myself mistress of my art?
Are. A lady.
Dec. That title makes the credit of the act
A story higher. Y'ave not seen him yet?
I wonder what he'll say.
Are. He's here. 140

Enter Kickshaw *and* Frederick

Kick. Bear up,
My little myrmidon; does not Jack Littleworth
Follow?
Fred. Follow? he fell into the Thames
At landing.
Kick. The devil shall dive for him,
Ere I endanger my silk stockings for him:
Let the watermen alone, they have drags and engines.[2]
When he has drunk his julep, I shall laugh
To see him come in pickled the next tide. 150
Fred. He'll never sink, he has such a cork brain.
Kick. Let him be hanged or drowned, all's one to me;

[1] A pensioner. [2] Devices.

Yet he deserves to die by water, cannot
Bear his wine credibly.
Fred. Is not this my aunt?
Kick. And another handsome lady; I must know her.
[*Goes up to* DECOY]
Fred. My blood is rampant too, I must court somebody;
As good my aunt as any other lady.
Are. Where have you been, cousin?
Fred. At the Bridge
At the Bear-foot,[1] where our first health began
To the fair Aretina, whose sweet company
Was wished by all. We could not get a lay,
A tumbler, a device, a *bona roba*,[2]
For any money; drawers were grown dull:
We wanted our true firks,[3] and our vagaries.—
When were you in drink, aunt?
Are. How?
Fred. Do not ladies
Play the good fellows too? There's no true mirth
Without 'em. I have now such tickling fancies!
That doctor of the chair of wit has read
A precious lecture, how I should behave
Myself to ladies; as now, for example.
[*Goes up to* Lady BORNWELL]
Are. Would you practise upon me?
Fred. I first salute you,
You have a soft hand, madam; are you so
All over?
Are. Nephew!
Fred. Nay, you should but smile.
And then again I kiss you; and thus draw
Off your white glove, and start, to see your hand
More excellently white: I grace my own
Lip with this touch, and turning gently thus,
Prepare you for my skill in palmistry,
Which, out of curiosity, no lady
But easily applies[4] to: the first line
I look with most ambition to find out,
Is Venus' girdle, a fair semicircle,
Enclosing both the mount of Sol and Saturn;
If that appear, she's for my turn; a lady
Whom nature has prepared for the career;

[1] An intentional misplacement for the Bear at Bridge-foot.
[2] Courtesan. [3] Antics. [4] Yields.

And, Cupid at my elbow, I put forward:
You have this very line, aunt.
Are. The boy's frantic!
Fred. You have a couch or pallet; I can shut
The chamber door. Enrich a stranger, when
Your nephew's coming into play!
Are. No more.
Fred. Are you so coy to your own flesh and blood?
Kick. Here, take your playfellow; I talk of sport,
And she would have me marry her.
Fred. Here's Littleworth.

Enter LITTLEWORTH, *wet*

Why, how now, tutor?
Little. I ha' been fishing.
Fred. And what have you caught?
Little. My belly full of water.
Kick. Ha, ha! Where's thy rapier?
Little. My rapier is drowned,
And I am little better; I was held up b' the heels,
And out came a ton of water, beside wine.
Kick. It has made thee sober.
Little. Would you have me drunk
With water?
Are. I hope your fire is quenched by this time.
Fred. It is not now, as when 'your worship walked
By all the taverns, Jack, dry as a bone.'
Kick. You had store of fish under water, Jack.
Little. It has made a poor John[1] of me.
Fred. I do not think but if we cast an angle
Into his belly, we might find some pilchards.[2]
Little. And boiled, by this time.—Dear madam, a bed.
Kick. Carry but the water-spaniel to a grass-plot,
Where he may roll himself; let him but shake
His ears twice in the sun, and you may grind him
Into a posset.[3]
Fred. Come, thou shalt to my bed,
Poor pickerel.

[1] Dried and salted hake.
[2] A small fish.
[3] A warm spiced drink.

Dec. Alas, sweet gentleman!
Little. I have ill luck an I should smell by this time;
I am but new ta'en, I am sure.—Sweet gentlewoman!
Dec. Your servant.
Little. Pray do not pluck off my skin;
It is so wet, unless you have good eyes,
You'll hardly know it from a shirt.
Dec. Fear nothing.
Exeunt [*all but* KICKSHAW *and* ARETINA]
Are. [*aside*] He has sack enough, and I may find his humor.
Kick. And how is't with your ladyship? You look
Without a sunshine in your face.
Are. You are glorious.
In mind and habit.
Kick. Ends of gold and silver!
Are. Your other clothes were not so rich. Who was
Your tailor, sir?
Kick. They were made for me long since;
They have known but two bright days upon my back.
I had a humor, madam, to lay things by;
They will serve two days more: I think I have gold enough
To go to the mercer. I'll now allow myself
A suit a week, as this, with necessary
Dependences, beaver, silk stockings, garters,
And roses,[1] in their due conformity;
Boots are forbid a clean leg, but to ride in.
My linen every morning comes in new,
The old goes to great bellies.
Are. You are charitable.
Kick. I may dine wi' you sometime, or at the court,
To meet good company, not for the table.
My clerk o' th' kitchen's here, a witty epicure,
A spirit, that, to please me with what's rare,
Can fly a hundred mile a day to market,
And make me lord of fish and fowl. I shall
Forget there is a butcher; and to make
My footman nimble, he shall feed on nothing
But wings of wild fowl.
Are. These ways are costly.
Kick. Therefore I'll have it so; I ha' sprung a mine.

[1] Rosettes.

Are. You make me wonder, sir, to see this change
Of fortune: your revenue was not late
So plentiful.
Kick. Hang dirty land, and lordships!
I wo' not change one lodging I ha' got,
For the Chamber of London.
Are. Strange, of such a sudden,
To rise to this estate! No fortunate hand
At dice could lift you up so, for 'tis since
Last night: yesterday, you were no such monarch.
Kick. There be more games than dice.
Are. It cannot be
A mistress, though your person is worth love;
None possibly are rich enough to feed
As you have cast the method of your riots.
A princess, after all her jewels, must
Be forced to sell her provinces.
Kick. Now you talk
Of jewels, what do you think of this?
Are. A rich one.
Kick. You'll honor me to wear't; this other toy
I had from you; this chain I borrowed of you,
A friend had it in keeping. [*Gives her the jewel and chain*] If your ladyship
Want any sum, you know your friend and Alexander.
Are. Dare you trust my security?
Kick. There's gold;
I shall have more to-morrow.
Are. You astonish me;
Who can supply these?
Kick. A dear friend I have.
She promised we should meet again i' th' morning.
Are. Not that I wish to know
More of your happiness than I have already
Heart to congratulate,—be pleased to lay[1]
My wonder.
Kick. 'Tis a secret—
Are. Which I'll die
Ere I'll betray.
Kick. You have always wished me well;
But you shall swear not to reveal the party.
Are. I'll lose the benefit of my tongue.
Kick. Nor be
Afraid at what I say. What think you first
Of an old witch, a strange ill-favored hag,

[1] Allay.

That, for my company last night, has wrought
This cure upon my fortune? I do sweat
To think upon her name.
Are. How, sir! a witch?
Kick. I would not fright your ladyship too much
At first, but witches are akin to spirits.
The truth is—nay, if you look pale already,
I have done.
Are. Sir, I beseech you.
Kick. If you have
But courage then to know the truth, I'll tell you
In one word; my chief friend is—the devil!
Are. What devil? how I tremble!
Kick. Have a heart;
'Twas a she-devil, too, a most insatiate,
Abominable devil, with a tail
Thus long.
Are. Goodness defend me! did you see her?
Kick. No, 'twas i' th' dark; but she appeared first to me
I' th' likeness of a beldam, and was brought,
I know not how, nor whither, by two goblins,
More hooded than a hawk.
Are. But would you venture
Upon a devil!
Kick. Ay, for means.
Are. [*aside*] How black
An impudence is this!—But are you sure
It was the devil you enjoyed?
Kick. Say nothing;
I did the best to please her; but as sure
As you live, 'twas a hell-cat.
Are. D'ye not quake?
Kick. I found myself in the very room i' th' morning,
Where two of her familiars had left me.

Enter Servant

Serv. My lord is come to visit you.
Kick. No words,
As you respect my safety. I ha' told tales
Out of the devil's school; if it be known,
I lose a friend. 'Tis now about the time
I promised her to meet again; at my
Return I'll tell you wonders. Not a word.
Exit
Are. 'Tis a false glass; sure I am more deformed: [*Looks in her pocket mirror*]
What have I done? my soul is miserable.

Enter Lord

Lord. I sent you a letter, madam.
Are. You expressed
Your noble care of me, my lord.

[*Re-*]*enter* [Sir Thomas] Bornwell [*with*] Celestina

Born. Your lordship
Does me an honor.
Lord. Madam, I am glad
To see you here; I meant to have kissed your hand,
Ere my return to court.
Cel. Sir Thomas has
Prevailed to bring me, to his trouble, hither.
Lord. You do him grace.
Born. Why, what's the matter, madam?
Your eyes are tuning *Lachrimæ*.[1]
Are. As you
Do hope for heaven, withdraw, and give me but
The patience of ten minutes.
Born. Wonderful!
I wo'not hear you above that proportion.
She talks of heaven.—Come, where must we to counsel?
Are. You shall conclude me when you please. [*Exit*]
Born. I follow.
Lord. What alteration is this? I, that so late
Stood the temptation of her eye and voice,
Boasted a heart 'bove all licentious flame,
At second view turn renegade, and think
I was too superstitious, and full
Of phlegm, not to reward her amorous courtship
With manly freedom.
Cel. I obey you, sir.
Born. I'll wait upon your lordship presently. [*Exit*]
Lord. She could not want a cunning to seem honest
When I neglected her. I am resolved.—
You still look pleasant, madam.
Cel. I have cause,
My lord, the rather for your presence, which
Hath power to charm all trouble in my thoughts.

[1] Getting ready to cry. *Lacrimæ* was a popular mournful tune.

Lord. I must translate that compliment, and owe
All that is cheerful in myself to these
All-quick'ning smiles: and rather than such bright
Eyes should repent their influence upon me,
I would release the aspects, and quit the bounty
Of all the other stars. Did you not think me
A strange and melancholy gentleman,
To use you so unkindly?
Cel. Me, my lord?
Lord. I hope you made no loud complaint; I would not
Be tried by a jury of ladies.
Cel. For what, my lord?
Lord. I did not meet that noble entertainment
You were late pleased to show me.
Cel. I observed
No such defect in your lordship, but a brave
And noble fortitude.
Lord. A noble folly;
I bring repentance for't. I know you have,
Madam, a gentle faith, and wo' not ruin
What you have built to honor you.
Cel. What's that?
Lord. If you can love, I'll tell your ladyship.
Cel. I have a stubborn soul else.
Lord. You are all
Composed of harmony.
Cel. What love d'ye mean?
Lord. That which doth perfect both; madam, you have heard
I can be constant, and if you consent
To grace it so, there is a spacious dwelling
Prepared within my heart for such a mistress.
Cel. Your mistress, my good lord?
Lord. Why, my good lady,
Your sex doth hold it no dishonor
To become mistress to a noble servant
In the new[1] court Platonic way. Consider
Who 'tis that pleads to you; my birth and present
Value can be no stain to your embrace;
But these are shadows when my love appears,
Which shall, in his first miracle, return
Me in my bloom of youth, and thee a virgin;

[1] Q. *now.*

When I, within some new Elysium,
Of purpose made and meant for us, shall be
In every thing Adonis, but in his
Contempt of love; and court thee from a Daphne
Hid in the cold rind of a bashful tree,
With such warm language and delight, till thou
Leap from that bays into the queen of love,
And pay my conquest with composing garlands
Of thy own myrtle for me.
Cel. What's all this?
Lord. Consent to be my mistress, Celestina,
And we will have it spring-time all the year;
Upon whose invitations, when we walk,
The winds shall play soft descant to our feet,
And breathe rich odors to re-pure the air;
Green bowers on every side shall tempt our stay,
And violets stoop to have us tread upon 'em.
The red rose shall grow pale, being near thy cheek,
And the white blush, o'ercome with such a forehead.
Here laid, and measuring with ourselves some bank,
A thousand birds shall from the woods repair,
And place themselves so cunningly behind
The leaves of every tree, that while they pay
Us[1] tribute of their songs, thou sha't imagine
The very trees bear music, and sweet voices
Do grow in every arbor. Here can we
Embrace and kiss, tell tales, and kiss again.
And none but heaven our rival.
Cel. When we are
Weary of these, what if we shift our paradise,
And through a grove of tall and even pine,
Descend into a valley, that shall shame
All the delights of Tempe; upon whose
Green plush the Graces shall be called to dance,
To please us, and maintain their fairy revels,
To the harmonious murmurs of a stream
That gently falls upon a rock of pearl.
Here doth the nymph, forsaken Echo, dwell,

[1] Q. *As.*

To whom we'll tell the story of our love, 470
Till at our surfeit and her want of joy,
We break her heart with envy. Not far off,
A grove shall call us to a wanton river,
To see a dying swan give up the ghost,
The fishes shooting up their tears in bubbles,
That they must lose the genius of their waves—
And such love linsey woolsey, to no purpose.
Lord. You chide me handsomely; pray tell me how
You like this language. 480
Cel. Good my lord, forbear.
Lord. You need not fly out of this circle, madam;
These widows are so full of circumstance!
I'll undertake, in this time I ha' courted
Your ladyship for the toy, to ha' broken ten,
Nay, twenty colts, virgins I mean, and taught 'em
The amble, or what pace I most affected.
Cel. Y'are not, my lord, again, the lord I thought you;
And I must tell you now, you do forget
Yourself and me. 490
Lord. You'll not be angry, madam?
Cel. Nor rude, (though gay men have a privilege,)
It shall appear.—There is a man, my lord,
Within my acquaintance, rich in worldly fortunes,
But cannot boast any descent of blood,
Would buy a coat of arms.
Lord. He may, and legs
Booted and spurred, to ride into the country.
Cel. But these will want antiquity, my lord,
The seal of honor. What's a coat cut out 500
But yesterday, to make a man a gentleman?
Your family, as old as the first virtue
That merited an escutcheon, doth owe[1]
A glorious coat of arms; if you will sell now
All that your name doth challenge, in that ensign,
I'll help you to a chapman, that shall pay,
And pour down wealth enough for't.
Lord. Sell my arms!
I cannot, madam.
Cel. Give but your consent, 510
You know not how the state may be inclined
To dispensation; we may prevail
Upon the Heralds' office afterward.
Lord. I'll sooner give these arms to th' hangman's axe,
My head, my heart, to twenty executions,
Than sell one atom from my name.
Cel. Change that,
And answer him would buy my honor from me;
Honor, that is not worn upon a flag,
Or pennon, that, without the owner's dangers, 520
An enemy may ravish, and bear from me;
But that which grows and withers with my soul,
Beside the body's stain: think, think, my lord,
To what you would unworthily betray me,
If you would not, for price of gold, or pleasure,
(If that be more your idol,) lose the glory
And painted honor of your house.—I ha' done.
Lord. Enough to rectify a satyr's blood.
Obscure my blushes here.

Enter [Sir William] Scentlove *and* Haircut [*behind*]

Hair. Or this, or fight with me; 530
It shall be no exception that I wait
Upon my lord; I am a gentleman,
You may be less, and be a knight: the office
I do my lord is honest, sir. How many
Such you have been guilty of heaven knows.
Scent. 'Tis no fear of your sword, but that I would not
Break the good laws established against duels.
Hair. Off with your periwig, and stand bare.
[Sir William Scentlove *takes off his periwig*]
Lord. From this 539
Minute I'll be a servant to thy goodness;
A mistress in the wanton sense is common,
I'll honor you with chaste thoughts, and call you so.
Cel. I'll study to be worth your fair opinion.
Lord. Scentlove, your head was used to a covering,
Beside a hat; when went the hair away?

[1] Own.

Scent. I laid a wager, my lord, with Hair-cut,
Who thinks I shall catch cold, that I'll stand bare
This half hour.
Hair. Pardon my ambition—
Madam, I told you truth; I am a gentleman,
And cannot fear that name is drowned in my
Relation to my lord.
Cel. I dare not think so.
Hair. From henceforth call my service duty, madam:
That pig's head, that betrayed me to your mirth,
Is doing penance for't.
Scent. Why may not I,
My lord, begin a fashion of no hair?
Cel. Do you sweat, Sir William?
Scent. Not with store of nightcaps.

[*Re-*]*enter* ARETINA *and* BORNWELL

Are. Heaven has dissolved the clouds that hung upon
My eyes, and if you can with mercy meet
A penitent, I throw my own will off,
And now in all things obey yours. My nephew
Send back again to the college, and myself
To what place you'll confine me.
Born. Dearer now
Than ever to my bosom, thou shalt please
Me best to live at thy own choice. I did
But fright thee with a noise of my expenses;
The sums are safe, and we have wealth enough,
If yet we use it nobly. My lord—madam,
Pray honor us to-night,
Are. I beg your presence,
And pardon.
Born. I know not how my Aretina
May be disposed to-morrow for the country.
Cel. You must not go before you have done
Me honor to accept an entertainment
Where I have power; on those terms I'm your guest.
Born. You grace us, madam.
Are. [*aside*] Already
I feel a cure upon my soul, and promise
My after-life to virtue. Pardon, heaven,
My shame, yet hid from the world's eye.

[*Re-*]*enter* DECOY [*behind*]

Dec. Sweet madam!
Are. Not for the world be seen here! we are lost.
I'll visit you at home. [*Aside*] —But not to practise
What she expects: my counsel may recover her. [*Exit* DECOY]

[*Re-*]*enter* KICKSHAW

Kick. Where's madam?—Pray lend me a little money,
My spirit has deceived me; Proserpine
Has broke her word.
Are. Do you expect to find
The devil true to you?
Kick. Not too loud.
Are. I'll voice it
Louder, to all the world, your horrid sin,
Unless you promise me religiously,
To purge your foul blood by repentance, sir.
Kick. Then I'm undone.
Are. Not while I have power
To encourage you to virtue; I'll endeavor
To find you out some nobler way at court,
To thrive in.
Kick. Do't, and I'll forsake the devil,
And bring my flesh to obedience. You shall steer me.—
My lord, your servant.
Lord. You are brave again.
Kick. Madam, your pardon.
Born. Your offence requires
Humility.
Kick. Low as my heart.—Sir Thomas,
I'll sup with you, a part of satisfaction.
Born. Our pleasures cool. Music! and when our ladies
Are tired with active motion, to give
Them rest, in some new rapture to advance
Full mirth, our souls shall leap into a dance. *Exeunt*

The facsimile of a page from the manuscript of *The Play of Sir Thomas More,* represents lines 138 to 164 as printed on page 772. It falls within the part of the play supposed by some to be in the handwriting of Shakespeare. See the volume *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More,* as noted above.

[illegible]
[illegible] wyth [illegible] by [illegible] wyll [illegible]
[illegible] wyll [illegible] wyll [illegible]
[illegible] wyll [illegible] wyll [illegible]
[illegible] wyll

APPENDIX

The Book of Sir Thomas More, as it is designated, is preserved in the British Museum, MS. Harley 7368. Thirteen original leaves in one handwriting and seven additional ones in five different hands remain. But there are two serious gaps (or *lacunae*), so that we can not know just how much has been lost. In addition to these six hands, there are notes in the handwriting of Sir Edmund Tilney, Master of the Revels, discharging his functions as censor. As to authorship, the original leaves are in the handwriting of Anthony Munday, who was doubtless the author of most of the matter as well as the copyist. One of the additions has been identified as in the handwriting of Thomas Dekker; another, Scene VI below, has been thought to be the composition of Shakespeare and written by his hand. This view, of course, has not been universally accepted.

For the history of the association of Shakespeare's name with this scene, the reader is referred to A. W. Pollard's Introduction to *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More,* 1923, where the arguments in favor of Shakespeare's authorship are skillfully mustered. The manuscript was printed by Alexander Dyce for the *Shakespeare Society's Publications,* 1844; in facsimile by J. S. Farmer in 1910; and critically edited by W. W. Greg for the *Publications of the Malone Society,* in 1911. I have followed the text of Greg, as reprinted in *Shakespeare's Hand,* with a consultation of Dyce, modernizing the punctuation and spelling according to the plan of this book, and preferring the original version of Scene IV to that reprinted by Greg in *Shakespeare's Hand.* Aside from the question of authorship, this play is not uninteresting as a specimen of the haphazard manner in which collaboration and revision was conducted in the old age. That a play, so palpably dealing with current affairs, should have met the ban of the censor is no matter for surprise. Pollard refers the suggestion of the scenes concerning "ill May Day" to the anti-alien riots of 1593. Into other theories, this is not the place to enter.

[PERSONS IN THESE SCENES

JOHN LINCOLN
GEORGE BETTS } *Brothers*
RAFE BETTS, *the Clown,* }
DOLL WILLIAMSON, *a lusty Woman*
CAVELER } *Frenchmen*
FRANCIS DE BARDE }
WILLIAMSON, *a Carpenter, Doll's Husband*
SHERWIN, *a Goldsmith*
EARL OF SHREWSBURY
EARL OF SURREY
SIR THOMAS PALMER
SIR ROGER CHOLMELEY
MESSENGER
THE LORD MAYOR
SIR THOMAS MORE
SIR JOHN MUNDAY
CROFTS
SHERIFF *and* OFFICERS

SCENE: London]

[ILL MAY DAY SCENES FROM] THE BOOK OF SIR THOMAS MORE

[SCENE I]

[*A Street in the City*]

Enter at one end JOHN LINCOLN *with* [*the two* BETTSES][1] *together; at the other end enters* FRANCIS DE [BARDE *and* DOLL], *a lusty woman, he haling her by the arm*

Doll. Whither wilt thou hale me?

Bard. Whither I please, thou art my prize and I plead purchase of thee.[2]

Doll. Purchase of me? Away, ye rascal, I am an honest plain carpenter's wife, and though I have no beauty to like[3] a husband, yet whatsoever is mine scorns to stoop to a stranger: hand off then when I bid thee.

Bard. Go with me quietly, or I'll compel thee.

Doll. Compel me, ye dog's face? Thou thinkst thou hast the goldsmith's wife in hand, whom thou enticedst from her husband with all his plate, and when thou turndst her home to him again, madst him (like an ass) pay for his wife's board.

Bard. So will I make thy husband too, if please me.

Enter CAVELER *with a pair of doves,* WILLIAMSON, *the carpenter, and* SHERWIN *following him*

Doll. Here he comes himself, tell him so if thou darst.

Cave. Follow me no further, I say thou shalt not have them.

Wil. I bought them in Cheapside, and paid my money for them.

Sher. He did, sir, indeed, and you offer him wrong, both to take them from him, and not restore him his money neither.

Cave. If he paid for them, let it suffice that I possess them; beef and brews[1] may serve such hinds;[2] are pigeons meat for a coarse carpenter?

Lin. It is hard when Englishmen's patience must be thus jetted on[3] by strangers and they not dare to revenge their own wrongs.

Geo. Lincoln, let's beat them down, and bear no more of these abuses.

Lin. We may not, Betts; be patient and hear more.

Doll. How now, husband? What, one stranger take thy food from thee, and another thy wife? Bi'r Lady, flesh and blood, I think, can hardly brook that.

Lin. Will this gear[4] never be otherwise? Must these wrongs be thus endured?

Geo. Let us step in, and help to revenge their injury.

Bard. What art thou that talkest of revenge? My Lord Ambassador shall once more make your Mayor have a check,[5] if he punish thee not for this saucy presumption.

Wil. Indeed my Lord Mayor, on the Ambassador's complaint, sent me to Newgate one day, because (against my will) I took the wall[6] of a stranger. You may do anything, the goldsmith's wife, and mine now, must be at your commandment.

Geo. The more patient fools are ye both to suffer it.

Bard. Suffer it? Mend it thou or he if ye can or dare; I tell thee, fellow, and[7] she were the Mayor of London's wife, had I her once in my possession, I would keep her in spite of him that durst say nay.

Geo. I tell thee, Lombard, these words should cost thy best cap, were I not curbed

[1] George, so designated, and the Clown.
[2] Claim thee as booty.
[3] Please.

[1] Broth.
[2] Peasants.
[3] Boldly encroached on: to jet is to strut.
[4] Matter.
[5] Rebuff.
[6] This was to show a lack of deference.
[7] If.

by duty and obedience. The Mayor of London's wife! O God, shall it be thus! 70

Doll. Why, Betts, am not I as dear to my husband, as my Lord Mayor's wife to him, and wilt thou so neglectly[1] suffer thine own shame? Hands off, proud stranger, or, [by] him that bought me, if men's milky hearts dare not strike a stranger, yet women will beat them down, ere they bear these abuses.

Bard. Mistress, I say you shall along with me.

Doll. Touch not Doll Williamson, lest 80 she lay thee along on God's dear earth. (*To* CAVELER) And you, sir, that allow such coarse cates[2] to carpenters, whilst pigeons, which they pay for, must serve your dainty appetite: deliver them back to my husband again or I'll call so many women to mine assistance, as[3] we'll not leave one inch untorn of thee. If our husbands must be bridled by law and forced to bear your wrongs, their wives will be a little lawless, 90 and soundly beat ye.

Cave. Come away, de Barde and let us go complain to my Lord Ambassador.

Exeunt ambo

Doll. Ay, go, and send him among us, and we'll give him his welcome, too. I am ashamed that freeborn Englishmen, having beaten strangers within their own bounds, should thus be braved and abused by them at home.

Sher. It is not our lack of courage in 100 the cause, but the strict obedience that we are bound to: I am the goldsmith whose wrongs you talked of, but how to redress yours or mine own, is a matter beyond all our abilities.

Lin. Not so, not so, my good friends; I, though a mean man, a broker[4] by profession and named John Lincoln, have long time winked[5] at these vild[6] enormities with mighty impatience, and, as these two 110 brethren here (Bettses by name) can witness, with loss of mine own life would gladly remedy them.

Geo. And he is in a good forwardness, I tell ye, if all hit right.

Doll. As how, I pre'thee? Tell it to Doll Williamson.

[1] Neglectfully.
[2] Food.
[3] That.
[4] A tapster or peddler.
[5] Shut my eyes to.
[6] Vile.

Lin. You know the Spittle[1] Sermons begin the next week; I have drawn a [bill] of our wrongs, and the strangers' inso- 120 lencies.

Geo. Which he means the preachers shall there openly publish in the pulpit.

Wil. O, but that they would, in faith it would tickle our strangers thoroughly.

Doll. Ay, and if you men durst not undertake it, before God, we women [will.[2] Take] an honest woman from her husband, why, it is intolerable!

Sher. But how find ye the preachers 130 affected to [our proceeding?]

Lin. Master Doctor Standish[3] . . . . . .

. . . . . .

[re]form it and doubts not but happy success wil ensu . . . our wrongs. You shall perceive there's no hurt in the bill; here's a copy of it, I pray ye, hear it.

All. With all our hearts; for God's sake read it. 140

Lin. (*reads*) To you all the worshipful lords and masters of this City, that will take compassion over the poor people your neighbors, and also of the great importable[4] hurts, losses and hinderances, whereof proceedeth extreme poverty to all the King's subjects, that inhabit within this City and suburbs of the same. For so it is that aliens and strangers eat the bread from the fatherless children, and take the living 150 from all the artificers, and the intercourse[5] from all merchants; whereby poverty is so much increased, that every man bewaileth the misery of other, for craftsmen be brought to beggary, and merchants to neediness. Wherefor, the premises considered, the redress must be of the commons, knit and united to one part. And as the hurt and damage grieveth all men, so must all men see to their willing power for 160 remedy, and not suffer[6] the said aliens in their wealth, and the natural born men of this region to come to confusion.

Doll. Before God, 'tis excellent, and I'll maintain the suit to be honest.

Sher. Well, say 'tis read, what is your further meaning in the matter?

[1] Hospital.
[2] I supply *will* here in preference to Dyce's *would*.
[3] The MS. is wanting here.
[4] Intolerable.
[5] Trade.
[6] Endure.

Geo. What? Marry,[1] list to me. No doubt but this will store us with friends enow, whose names we will closely[2] keep in writing, and on May day next in the morning we'll go forth a-Maying, but make it the worst May day for the strangers that ever they saw. How say ye? Do ye subscribe, or are ye fainthearted revolters?

Doll. Hold thee, George Betts, there's my hand and my heart; by the Lord I'll make a captain among ye, and do somewhat to be talked of for ever after.

Will. My masters, ere we part, let's friendly go and drink together, and swear true secrecy upon our lives.

Geo. There spake an angel; come, let us along then. *Exeunt*[3]

[SCENE III]

[*The Council Chamber*]

Enter the EARLS OF SHREWSBURY *and* SURREY, SIR THOMAS PALMER *and* SIR ROGER CHOLMELEY

Shrew. My Lord of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Palmer,
Might I with patience tempt your grave advice?
I tell ye true, that in these dangerous times,
I do not like this frowning vulgar brow.[4]
My searching eye[5] did never entertain,
A more distracted countenance of grief
Than I have late observed
In the displeasèd commons of the city.
Sur. 'Tis strange, that from his princely clemency,
So well a tempered mercy and a grace
To all the aliens in this fruitful land,
That this high-crested insolence should spring,
From them that breathe from his majestic bounty,
That fattened with the traffic of our country,
Already leap into his subjects' face.
Pal. Yet Sherwin['s] hindered to commence his suit
Against de Barde, by the Ambassador
By supplication made unto the king.
Who, having first enticed away his wife
And got his plate, near worth four hundred pound,
To grieve[1] some wrongèd citizens, that found
This vile disgrace oft cast into their teeth:
Of late sues Sherwin, and arrested him
For money for the boarding of his wife.
Sur. The more knave Barde, that using Sherwin's goods,
Doth ask him interest for the occupation:
I like not that, my Lord of Shrewsbury.
He's ill bested,[2] that lends a well paced horse,
Unto a man that will not find him meat.
Chol. My Lord of Surrey will be pleasant still.[3]
Pal. I being then employèd by your honors
To stay the broil that fell about the same,
Where by persuasion I enforced the wrongs,
And urged the grief of the displeasèd City:
He answered me and with a solemn oath
That if he had the Mayor of London's wife,
He would keep her in despite of any English.
Sur. 'Tis good, Sir Thomas, then for you and me,
Your wife is dead, and I a bachelor.
If no man can possess his wife alone,
I am glad, Sir Thomas Palmer, I have none.
Chol. If a[4] take my wife, a shall find her meat.
Sur. And reason good, Sir Roger Cholmeley, too.
If these hot Frenchmen needsly[5] will have sport,
They should in kindness yet defray the charge.
'Tis hard when men possess our wives in quiet,
And yet leave us in to discharge their diet.
Shrew. My Lord, our cators[6] shall not use the market
For our provision, but some stranger now
Will take the victuals from him he hath bought.
A carpenter, as I was late informed,
Who, having bought a pair of doves in Cheap,[7]

[1] Mary, an attenuated oath.
[2] Secretly.
[3] Scene II is omitted as not concerned with Ill May Day.
[4] Frown on common men's faces.
[5] My eye looking for such things, did never see, etc.

[1] To the grief of.
[2] Advantaged.
[3] Will always be jocular.
[4] He.
[5] Necessarily.
[6] Caterers.
[7] The Market.

Immediately a Frenchman took them from him,
And beat the poor man for resisting him.
And when the fellow did complain his wrongs,
He was severely punished for his labor.
Sur. But if the English blood be once but up,
As I perceive their hearts already full,
I fear me much,[1] before their spleens be cooled, 60
Some of these saucy aliens for their pride
Will pay for it soundly; wheresoe'er it lights,
This tide of rage, that with the eddy strives,
I fear me much will drown too many lives.
Chol. Now afore God, your honors, pardon me,
Men of your place and greatness, are to blame,
I tell ye true, my Lords, in that his majesty
Is not informèd of this base abuse,
And daily wrongs are offered to his subjects;
For if he were, I know his gracious wisdom,
Would soon redress it. 71

Enter a Messenger

Shrew. Sirrah, what news?
Chol. None good, I fear.
Mess. My Lord, ill news, and worse I fear will follow,
If speedily it be not looked unto.
The city is in an uproar and the mayor
Is threatened, if he come out of his house.
A number poor artifi[cers]—[2]
. . . . . .
feared what this would come unto.
This follows on the doctor's publishing, 81
The bill of wrongs in public at the Spittle.
Shrew. That Doctor Beale may chance beshrew[3] himself
For reading of the bill.
Pal. Let us go gather forces to the mayor,
For quick suppressing this rebellious rout.[4]
Sur. Now I bethink myself of Master More,
One of the sheriffs, a wise and learnèd gentleman,
And in especial favor with the people.

[1] I am much afraid.
[2] A break in the MS.
[3] Curse.
[4] Rabble.

He, backed with other grave and sober men,
May by his gentle and persuasive speech
Perhaps prevail more than we can with power.
Shrew. Believe me, but your honor well advises.
Let us make haste, or I do greatly fear,
Some to their graves this morning's work will bear. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

[A Street in Saint Martin's-le-Grand]

Enter Lincoln, [*the*] Bettses, Williamson, Sherwin *and others armed,* Doll *in a shirt of mail, a head-piece, sword and buckler, a crew*[1] *attending*

Doll. Peace there, I say, hear Captain Lincoln speak,
Keep silence, till we know his mind at large.
All. Agreed, agreed, speak, then, brave Captain Lincoln.
Lin. Come, gallant bloods, you whose free souls do scorn
To bear the enforcèd wrongs of aliens,
Add rage to resolution, fire the houses
Of these audacious strangers. This is Saint Martin's
And yonder dwells Mutas, a wealthy Picard,
At the Green Gate,
de Barde, Peter van Hollock, Adrian Martin,
With many more outlandish[2] fugitives. 11
Shall these enjoy more privilege than we
In our own country? Let's then become their slaves!
Since justice keeps not them in greater awe,
We'll be ourselves rough ministers at law.
All. Fire the houses! fire the houses!
Doll. Ay, for we may as well make bonfires on May Day as at midsummer. We'll alter the day in the calendar, and set it down in flaming letters.[3] 20
Sher. Stay, that would much endanger the whole city, whereto I would not the least prejudice.
Doll. No, nor I neither, so may mine own house be burned for company; I'll tell ye what, we'll drag the strangers out into More-

[1] Mob.
[2] Foreign.
[3] In allusion to the rubric or red initial used in calendars.

fields and there bumbaste[1] them till they stink again.
Geo. Let some of us enter the strangers' houses,
And if we find them there, then bring them forth.

Ex[eunt] some and SHER[WIN]

Doll. If ye bring them forth before ye find them, I'll never allow of that.
Will. Now, lads, how shall we labor in our safety?
I hear the mayor hath gathered men in arms,
And that Sheriff More an hour ago received
Some of the privy council in at Ludgate.
Force now must make our peace or else we fall.
'Twill soon be known we are the principal.
Doll. And what of that? if thou beest afraid, husband,
Go home again and hide thy head, for by the Lord
I'll have a little sport now I am at it.
Geo. Let's stand upon our guards, and if they come,
Receive them as they were our enemies.

En[ter] SHER[WIN] *and the rest*

Lin. How now? Have ye found any?
Sher. Not one: th'are fled.
Lin. Then fire the houses, that the mayor being busy,
About the quenching of them, we may 'scape.
Burn down their kennels; let us s[traight] away,
Lest that this day prove to us all an ill May Day. *Exeunt*

[SCENE V]

[The Guildhall]

Enter at one door SIR THOMAS MORE *and* LORD MAYOR; *at another door* SIR JOHN MUNDAY, *hurt*

Mayor. What, Sir John Munday, are you hurt?
Sir John. A little knock, my lord; there was, even now,
A sort[2] of prentices playing at cudgels;
I did command them to their masters' houses,
But one of them, backed by the other crew,
Wounded me in the forehead with his cudgel,
And now I fear me they are gone to join
With Lincoln, Sherwin and their dangerous train.[1]
More. The captains of this insurrection
Have ta'en themselves to arms, and came but now
To both the counters[2] where they have released
Sundry indebted prisoners,[3] and from thence
I hear that they are gone into Saint Martin's
Where they intend to offer violence
To the amazèd[4] Lombards. Therefore, my lord,
If we expect the safety of the city,
'Tis time that force or parley do encounter
With these displeasèd men.

Enter a Messenger

Mayor. How now, what news?
Mess. My lord, the rebels have broke open Newgate
From whence they have delivered many prisoners,
Both felons and notorious murderers,
That desperately cleave to their lawless train.[1]
Mayor. Up with the draw bridge; gather some forces
To Cornhill and Cheapside. And, gentlemen,
If diligence be used on every side,
A quiet ebb will follow this rough tide.

Enter SHREWSBURY, SURREY, PALMER, CHOLMELEY

Shrew. Lord Mayor, his majesty receiving notice
Of this most dangerous insurrection,
Hath sent my Lord of Surrey and myself,
Sir Thomas Palmer and our followers,
To add unto [y]our forces our best means
For pacifying of this mutiny.
In God's name then, set on with happy speed;

[1] Beat.
[2] Gang, group.

[1] Followers.
[2] Prisons.
[3] Debtors.
[4] Surprised.

The King laments if one true subject bleed.
Sur. I hear they mean to fire the Lombard's houses;
O power, what art thou in a madman's eyes!
Thou mak'st the plodding idiot bloody wise.
More. My lords, I doubt not but we shall appease
With a calm breath this flux of discontent.
Pal. To call them to a parley questionless
May fall out good; 'tis well said, Master More.
More. Let's to these simple men; for many sweat
Under this act, that knows not the law's debt
Which hangs upon their lives; for silly men
Plod on they know not how, like a fool's pen,
That, ending, shows not any sentence writ,
Linked but to common reason or slightest wit:
These follow for no harm, but yet incur
Self-penalty[1] with those that raised this stir.
A' God's name, one to calm our private foes
With breath of gravity, not dangerous blows! *Exeunt*

[SCENE VI]

[*The Gate of Saint Martin's-le-Grand*]

Enter LINCOLN, DOLL, CLOWN, GEORGE BETTS, WILLIAMSON, *others and a* Sergeant at Arms

Lin. Peace, hear me. He that will not see a red herring at a harry groat,[2] butter at eleven pence a pound, meal at nine shillings a bushel and beef at four nobles[3] a stone, list to me.

Geo. It will come to that pass, if strangers be suffered, mark him.

Lin. Our country is a great eating country, argo[4] they eat more in our country than they do in their own.

Clo. By a half-penny loaf[5] a day, troy weight.

Lin. They bring in strange roots,[6] which is merely[7] to the undoing of poor apprentices; for what's a sorry parsnip to a good heart?

Will. Trash, trash; they breed sore eyes, and 'tis enough to infect the city with the palsy.

Lin. Nay, it has infected it with the palsy; for these bastards of dung, as you know they grow in dung, have infected us, and it is our infection will make the city shake, which partly comes through the eating of parsnips.

Clo. True; and pumpions together.[1]

Ser. What say you to the mercy of the king? Do you refuse it?

Lin. You would have us upon th' hip,[2] would you? No, marry, do we not; we accept of the king's mercy, but we will show no mercy upon the strangers.

Ser. You are the simplest things that ever stood in such a question.

Lin. How say ye now, prentices? Prentices simple! Down with him!

All. Prentices simple! Prentices simple!

Enter the LORD MAYOR, SURREY, SHREWSBURY, [PALMER, CHOLMELEY, MORE]

Mayor. Hold! in the king's name, hold!

Sur. Friends, masters, countrymen!—

Mayor. Peace! Ho! Peace! I charge you, keep the peace!

Shrew. My masters, countrymen!—

Will. The noble earl of Shrewsbury, let's hear him.

Geo. We'll hear the earl of Surrey.

Lin. The earl of Shrewsbury!

Geo. We'll hear both.

All. Both! both! both! both!

Lin. Peace! I say peace! Are you men of wisdom, or what are you?

Sur. What you will have them, but not men of wisdom.

All. We'll not hear my lord of Surrey; no, no, no, no, no! Shrewsbury! Shrewsbury!

More. Whiles they are o'er the bank of their obedience, thus will they bear down all things.

Lin. Shreeve[3] More speaks; shall we hear Shreeve More speak?

[1] The selfsame penalty.
[2] A groat coined in Henry VIII's reign.
[3] A gold coin worth 6 s. 8 d.
[4] Ergo, therefore.
[5] MS. *loot.*
[6] Perhaps the potato.
[7] Wholly.

[1] Pumpkins also.
[2] Cf. Shylock, *The Merchant of Venice,* I. 3.
[3] Sheriff.

Doll. Let's hear him; a keeps a plentiful shrievalty, and a made my brother, Arthur Watchins, Sergeant Safe's yeoman. Let's hear Shreeve More.

All. Shreeve More! More! More! Shreeve More!

More. Even by the rule you have among yourselves,
Command still audience.

All. Surrey! Surrey!

All. More! More! 70

Geo. / *Lin.* } Peace, peace, silence, peace!

More. You that have voice and credit with the number,
Command them to a stillness.

Lin. A plague on them, they will not hold their peace; the devil can not rule them.

More. Then what a rough and riotous charge have you,
To lead those that the devil can not rule!
Good masters, hear me speak.

Doll. Ay, by th' mass, will we, More. Th'art a good housekeeper, and I thank 80 thy good worship for my brother, Arthur Watchins.

All. Peace! peace!

More. Look, what you do offend, you cry upon,
That is, the peace; not [one] of you here present,
Had there such fellows lived when you were babes,
That could have topped[1] the peace, as now you would;
The peace, wherein you have till now grown up,
Had been ta'en from you, and the bloody times
Could not have brought you to the state of men. 90
Alas, poor things, what is it you have got,
Although we grant you get the thing you seek?

Geo. Marry, the removing of the strangers, which can not choose but much advantage the poor handicrafts of the city.

More. Grant them removed and grant that this your noise
Hath chid down all the majesty of England;
Imagine that you see the wretched strangers,
Their babies at their backs, with their poor luggage,
Plodding to th' ports and coasts for transportation, 100
And that you sit as kings in your desires,
Authority quite silent by your brawl,
And you in ruff of your opinion clothed;
What had you got? I'll tell you: you had taught
How insolence and strong hand should prevail,
How order should be quelled; and by this pattern
Not one of you should live an agèd man.
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With selfsame hand,[1] self reasons, and self right,[2]
Would shark on you, and men like ravenous fishes 110
Would feed on one another.

Doll. Before God, that's as true as the gospel.

Lin. Nay, this [is] a sound fellow, I tell you; let's mark him.

More. Let me set up before your thoughts, good friends,
One supposition, which if you will mark,
You shall perceive how horrible a shape
Your innovation bears; first, 'tis a sin
Which oft th' apostle did forewarn us of,
Urging obedience to authority;
And 'twere no error if I told you all, 120
You were in arms 'gainst God.

All. Marry, God forbid that!

More. Nay, certainly you are;
For to the king God hath his office lent
Of dread, of justice, power and command,
Hath bid him rule and willed you to obey;
And, to add ampler majesty to this,
He hath not only lent the king his figure,
His throne and sword, but given him his own name
Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then, 130
Rising 'gainst him that God himself enstalls,
But rise 'gainst God? what do you to your souls,
In doing this? O, desperate as you are,
Wash your foul minds with tears, and those same hands,
That you, like rebels, lift against the peace,
Lift up for peace: and your unreverent knees,
Make them your feet, to kneel to be forgiven.

[1] Perhaps *toppled*, overthrown.

[1] With the same violence.
[2] Similar reasons and assumed rights.

Tell me but this; what rebel captain,
As mutinies are incident,[1] by his name
Can still the rout? who will obey a traitor?
Or how can well that proclamation sound 141
When there is no addition[2] but a rebel
To qualify a rebel? You'll put down strangers,
Kill them, cut their throats, possess their houses,
And lead the majesty of law in liom,[3]
To slip him like a hound. Say now the king,
As he is clement, if th' offender mourn,
Should so much come too short of your great trespass
As but to banish you, whither would you go?
What country by the nature of your error 150
Should give you harbor? Go you to France or Flanders,
To any German province, to Spain or Portigall,
Nay any where that not adheres to England,—
Why, you must needs be strangers; would you be pleased
To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
That, breaking out in hideous violence,
Would not afford you an abode on earth,
Whet their detested knives against your throats,
Spurn you like dogs, and like as if that God
Owed[4] not nor made not you, nor that the elements 160
Were not all appropriate to your comforts,
But chartered unto them, what would you think
To be thus used? This is the strangers' case;
And this your momtanish[5] inhumanity.

All. Faith, a says true. Let's do as we may be done by.

Lin. We'll be ruled by you, Master More, if you'll stand our friend to procure our pardon.

More. Submit you to these noble gentlemen,
Entreat their mediation to the king, 170
Give up yourself to form, obey the magistrate,
And there's no doubt but mercy may be found,
If you so seek it.

All. We yield, and desire his highness' mercy.

They lay by their weapons

More. No doubt his majesty will grant it you;
But you must yield to go to several prisons,
Till that his highness' will be further known.

All. Most willingly, whither you will have us.

Shrew. Lord Mayor, let them be sent to several prisons,
And there, in any case, be well entreated.[1] 180
My Lord of Surrey, please you to take horse,
And ride to Cheapside, where the aldermen
Are with their several companies in arms.
Will them to go unto their several wards,
Both for the stay of further mutiny,
And for the apprehending of such persons
As shall contend.

Sur. I go, my noble Lord. *Exit* SURREY

Shrew. We'll straight go tell his highness these good news.
Withal, Shreeve[2] More, I'll tell him how your breath 190
Hath ransomed many a subject from sad death.

Exeunt SHREWSBURY *and* CHOLMELEY

Mayor. Lincoln and Sherwin, you shall both to Newgate,
The rest unto the Counters.[3]

Pal. Go, guard them hence; a little breath well spent,
Cheats expectation in his fair'st event.

Doll. Well, Sheriff More, thou hast done more with thy good words than all they could do with their weapons: give me thy hand, keep thy promise now for the king's pardon, or by the Lord, I'll call thee a 200 plain cony-catcher.[4]

Lin. Farewell, Shreeve More; and as we yield by thee,
So make our peace, then thou dealst honestly.

Clo. Ay, and save us from the gallows, else a[5] deals double.[6]

They are led away

[1] Liable to occur.
[2] Title. [3] Leash. [4] Owned.
[5] Thus in the MS.; possibly *mountanish* (Dyce), or *moritanish* (H. Bradley).

[1] Treated.
[2] This word appears variously in the MS., *shreeve* or *shieve* and *sheriff* as six lines below.
[3] Prisons, so called.
[4] Sharper. [5] He.
[6] Greg's reading in *Shakespeare's Hand.*

Mayor. Master Shreeve More, you have preserved the City
From a most dangerous fierce commotion.
For if this limb of riot, here in Saint Martin's,
Had joined with other branches of the city
That did begin to kindle, 'twould have bred
Great rage, that rage much murder would have fed.
More. My Lord, and brethren, what I here have spoke,
My country's love, and next, the city's care,
Enjoined me to, which since it thus prevails,[1]
Think, God hath made weak More his instrument,
To thwart sedition's violent intent.
I think 'twere best, my Lord, some two hours hence,
We meet at the Guildhall, and there determine,
That thorough every ward the watch be clad
In armor, but especially provide
That at the city gates, selected men,
Substantial citizens, do ward tonight,
For fear of further mischief.
Mayor. It shall be so.

Enter SHREWSBURY

But yond methinks' my Lord of Shrewsbury.
Shrew. My Lord, his majesty sends loving thanks,
To you, your brethren, and his faithful subjects,
Your careful citizens. But Master More, to you
A rougher, yet as kind a salutation:
Your name is yet too short; nay, you must kneel,
A knight's creation is this knightly steel.
Rise up Sir Thomas More.
More. I thank his highness for thus honoring me.
Shrew. This is but first taste of his princely favor;
For it hath pleasèd his high majesty
(Noting your wisdom and deserving merit)
To put this staff of honor in your hand,
For he hath chose you of his Privy Council.

[1] Avails.

More. My Lord, for to deny[1] my Sovereign's bounty,
Were to drop precious stones into the heaps
Whence first they came;
To urge my imperfections in excuse,
Were all as stale as custom. No, my Lord,
My service is my king's, good reason why:
Since life and death hangs on our sovereign's eye.
Mayor. His majesty hath honored much the city
In this his princely choice.
More. My Lord, and brethren,
Though I depart for . my love shall rest
. . . . . .
I now must sleep in court, sound sleeps forbear,
The chamberlain to state is public care.
Yet, in this rising of my private blood,
My studious thoughts shall tend the City's good.

Enter CROFTS

Shrew. How now, Crofts? What news?
Crofts. My Lord, his highness send express command,
That a recòrd be entered of this riot,
And that the chief and capital offenders
Be thereon straight arraigned, for himself intends
To sit in person on the rest tomorrow
At Westminster.
Shrew. Lord Mayor, you hear your charge.
Come, good Sir Thomas More, to court let's hie;
You are th' appeaser of this mutiny.
More. My Lord, farewell; new days begets new tides,
Life whirls 'bout fate, then to a grave it slides. *Exeunt severally*

[SCENE VII]

[*Cheapside*]

Enter Master Sheriff, *and meet a* Messenger

Sher. Messenger, what news?
Mess. Is execution yet performed?
Sher. Not yet; the carts stand ready at the stairs,

[1] Reject.

And they shall presently away to Tyburn.
Mess. Stay, Master Shreeve, it is the Council's pleasure,
For more example in so bad a case,
A gibbet be erected in Cheapside,
Hard by the Standard;[1] whither you must bring
Lincoln and those that were the chief with him,
To suffer death, and that immediately. 10

Enter Officers

Sher. It shall be done, sir. (*Exit* Messenger) Officers, be speedy.
Call for a gibbet, see it be erected;
Others make haste to Newgate, bid them bring
The prisoners hither, for they here must die.
Away, I say, and see no time be slacked.
Off. We go, sir.
Sher. That's well said, fellows, now you do your duty.
Ex[eunt] some severally; others set up the gibbet
God for his pity help these troublous times!
The streets stopped up with gazing multitudes,
Command our armèd officers with halberds,
Make way for entrance of the prisoners. 21
Let proclamation once again be made,
That every householder, on pain of death,
Keep in his prentices, and every man
Stand with a weapon ready at his door,
As he will answer to the contrary.
Off. I'll see it done, sir. *Exit*

Enter another Officer

Sher. Bring them away to execution;
The writ is come above two hours since,
The city will be fined for this neglect. 30
Off. There's such a press and multitude at Newgate,
They cannot bring the carts unto the stairs,
To take the prisoners in.
Sher. Then let them come on foot;
We may not dally time with great command.
Off. Some of the bench, sir, think it very fit
That stay be made, and give it out abroad
The execution is deferred till morning;
And when the streets shall be a little cleared,
To chain them up,[1] and suddenly dispatch it. 40
Sher. Stay, in mean time methinks they come along.

The Prisoners are brought in, well guarded

See, they are coming, so, 'tis very well.
Bring Lincoln there the first unto the tree.
Clo. Ay, for I cry lag, sir.
Lin. I knew the first, sir, did belong to me.
This the old proverb now complete doth make,
That Lincoln should be hanged for London's sake.
A' God's name let's to work. (*He goes up*) Fellow, dispatch;
I was the foremost man in this rebellion,
And I the foremost that must die for it. 50
Doll. Bravely, John Lincoln, let thy death express,
That, as thou liv'dst a man, thou diedst no less.
Lin. Doll Williamson, thine eyes shall witness it.
Then to all you that come to view mine end,
I must confess, I had no ill intent,
But against such as wronged us overmuch.
And now I can perceive, it was not fit
That private men should carve out their redress
Which way they list; no, learn it now by me:
Obedience is the best in each degree.[2] 60
And asking mercy meekly of my king
I patiently submit me to the law.
But God forgive them that were cause of it!
And, as a Christian, truly from my heart
I likewise crave they would forgive me, too.

. . . . . .

That others by example of the same
Henceforth be warned to attempt the like
'Gainst any alien that repaireth hither.
Fare ye well, all; the next time that we meet
I trust in heaven we shall each other greet. 71
He leaps off
Doll. Farewell, John Lincoln, say all what they can,

[1] A water conduit, the place for proclamations and minor punishments.

[1] *I.e.*, the streets.

[2] Station in life.

Thou liv'dst a good fellow, and diedst an honest man.
Clo. Would I were so far on my journey; the first stretch is the worst, methinks.
Sher. Bring Williamson there forward.
Doll. Good Master Shreeve, I have an earnest suit,
And as you are a man, deny 't me not.
Sher. Woman, what is it? Be it in my power,
Thou shalt obtain it. 80
Doll. Let me die next, sir; that is all I crave.
You know not what a comfort you shall bring
To my poor heart to die before my husband.
Sher. Bring her to death; she shall have her desire.
Clo. Sir, and I have a suit to you too.
[*Sher.*] What is it?
[*Clo.*] That as you have hanged Lincoln first and will hang her next, so you will not hang me at all.
[*Sher.*] Nay, you set ope the Counter 90 gates and you must hang [for] the folly.
[*Clo.*] Well, then, so much for it!
Doll. Sir, your free bounty much contents my mind;
Commend me to that good Shreeve Master More,
And tell him had 't not been for his persuasion,
John Lincoln had not hung here as he does.
We would first have [been] locked up in Leadenhall,
And there been burnt to ashes with the roof.
Sher. Woman, what Master More did, was a subject's duty,
And hath so pleased our gracious lord the king, 100
That he is hence removed to higher place,
And made of Council to his majesty.
Doll. Well is he worthy of it, by my troth,
An honest, wise, well-spoken gentleman;
Yet would I praise his honesty much more,
If he had kept his word, and saved our lives;
But let that pass, men are but men, and so
Words are but words, and pays not what men owe.
Now, husband, since perhaps the world may say
That through my means thou comest thus to thy end, 110
Here I begin this cup of death to thee,
Because thou shalt be sure to taste no worse
Than I have taken, that must go before thee.
What though I be a woman? that's no matter;
I do owe God a death, and I must pay him.
Husband, give me thy hand; be not dismayed;
This char being charred,[1] then all our debt is paid.
Only two little babes we leave behind us,
And all I can bequeath them at this time
Is but the love of some good honest friend 120
To bring them up in charitable sort.
What masters! he goes upright that never halts,
And they may live to mend their parents' faults.
Will. Why, well said, wife, i' faith thou cheerst my heart;
Give me thy hand; let's kiss, and so let's part.
He kisses her on the ladder
Doll. The next kiss, Williamson, shall be in heaven.
Now cheerily, lad! George Betts, a hand with thee;
And thine too, Rafe; and thine, good honest Sherwin.
Now let me tell the women of this town,
No stranger yet brought Doll to lying down
So long as I an Englishman can see, 130
Nor French nor Dutch shall get a kiss of me.
And when that I am dead, for me yet say,
I died in scorn to be a stranger's prey.
A great shout and noise [*within*]
Pardon! pardon! pardon! pardon!
Room for the Ea[r]l of Surrey! room there! room!

Enter SURREY

Sur. Save the man's life, if it be possible.
Sher. It is too late my lord, he's dead already.
Sur. I tell ye, Master Sheriff, you are too forward,
To make such haste with men unto their death; 140

[1] This work being done.

I think your pains will merit little thanks,
Since that his highness is so merciful
As not to spill the blood of any subject.
Sher. My noble Lord, would we so much had known;
The Council's warrant hastened our dispatch;
It had not else been done so suddenly.
Sur. Sir Thomas More humbly upon his knee,
Did beg the lives of all, since on his word
They did so gently yield. The king hath granted it,
And made him Lord High Chancellor of England, 150
According as he worthily deserves.
Since Lincoln's life cannot be had again,
Then for the rest, from my dread sovereign's lips,
I here pronounce free pardon for them all.
All. (*flinging up caps*) God save the king! God save the king!
My good Lord Chancellor and the Earl of Surrey!
Doll. And Doll desires it from her very heart,
More's name may live for this right noble part.
And whensoe'er we talk of ill May Day,
Praise More [whose] 160
Sur. In hope his highness' clemency and mercy,
Which in the arms of mild and meek compassion
Would rather clip[1] you, as the loving nurse
Oft doth the wayward infant, than to leave you
To the sharp rod of justice so to draw you
To shun such lewd[2] assemblies as beget
Unlawful riots and such traitorous acts,
That, striking with the hand of private hate,
Maim your dear country with a public wound.
O God, that Mercy, whose majestic brow, 170
Should be unwrinkled, and that awful Justice,
Which looketh through a veil of sufferance
Upon the frailty of the multitude,
Should with the clamors of outrageous wrongs,
Be stirred and wakened thus to punishment!
But your deservèd death he doth forgive;
Who gives you life, pray all he long may live.
All. God save the king! God save the king!
My good Lord Chancellor and the Earl of Surrey. *Exeunt*

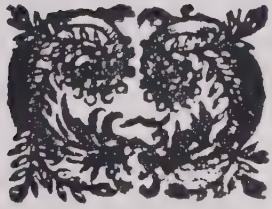
[1] Embrace.
[2] Base.

THE RETVRNE FROM PERNASSVS:

Or

The Scourge of Simony.

Publiquely acted by the Students
in Saint Iohns Colledge in
Cambridge.



AT LONDON
Printed by *G. Eld*, for *John Wright*, and
are to bee sold at his shop at
Christ church Gate.
1606.

The Return from Parnassus Part II is the third and last of a trilogy of plays, written evidently by a collegian or by collegians and acted, perhaps more than once, at St. John's College, Cambridge, speaking now of all three plays, between 1598 and 1601 or 1602. The first part, *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus,* tells of the "travails" of two students through the curriculum of the University of their day; the other two parts satirically describe the vicissitudes of scholarship. All three plays are witty and well written, and of abiding interest as representative of the very considerable body of dramas tragic, comic, and especially satirical, with which the Elizabethan university man amused himself when the London stage was ringing with the successes of Shakespeare, Jonson and Fletcher. The authorship of this play remains unknown, despite some clever guessing on the part of scholars. The play of the text alone came to the press, the other two parts remaining in manuscript to be discovered among the treasures of the Bodleian Library at Oxford by its Librarian, W. D. Macray, who published the three plays together in 1886. The text of these scenes, selected from *The Second Part of The Return from Parnassus,* is that of the quarto of 1606, not without profit of the work of Macray and the later edition, 1905, of O. Smeaton.

[PERSONS IN THESE SCENES

In the Prologue

Stage-Keeper
Momus
Defensor
Boy

In the Play

Ingenioso
Judicio
Danter, *the Printer*
Academico
Immerito
Stercutio, *his Father*
Amoretto *and* Page
Sir Raderic
Recorder
Burbage, *the Tragedian*
Kempe, *the Comedian*
Studioso
Philomusus]

THE SECOND PART OF THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS

THE PROLOGUE

BOY, STAGE-KEEPER, MOMUS, DEFENSOR

Boy. Spectators, we will act a comedy—
(*non plus*)

Stage-K. A pox on't, this book hath it not in it. You would be whipped, thou rascal: thou must be sitting up all night at cards, when thou should be conning thy part.

Boy. It's all 'long on you: I could not get my part a night or two before, that I might sleep on it.

STAGE-KEEPER *carrieth the* BOY *away under his arm*

Mo. It's even well done, here is such a stir about a scurvy English show.

Defen. Scurvy in thy face, thou scurvy jack,[1] if this company were not—you paltry critic gentleman, you that know what it is to play at primero,[2] or passage; you that have been student at post and pair, saint and lodam; you that have spent all your quarter's revenues in riding post[3] one night in Christmas, bear with the weak memory of a gamester.

Mo. Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy,[4] or rather play upon noddies; you that can set up a jest at primero instead of a rest,[5] laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voider.[6]

Defen. What we present I must needs confess is but slubbered[7] invention: if your wisdom obscure the circumstance, your kindness will pardon the substance.

Mo. What is presented here is an old musty show, that hath lain this twelvemonth in the bottom of a coal-house amongst brooms and old shoes; an invention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we have promised the copies to the chandler to wrap his candles in.

Defen. It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your courtesies to let it pass.

Mom. It's a Christmas toy indeed, as good a conceit as sloughing hotcockles,[1] or blind-man buff.

Defen. Some humors[2] you shall see aimed at, if not well resembled.

Mom. Humors indeed: is it not a pretty humor to stand hammering upon two *individuum vagum,*[3] two scholars some whole year. These same Philomusus and Studioso have been followed with a whip and a verse, like a couple of vagabonds, through England and Italy. The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, and the Return from Parnassus, have stood the honest stage-keepers in many a crown's expense for links and vizards,[4] purchased [many] a sophister[5] a knock with[6] a club, hindered the butler's box,[7] and emptied the College barrels; and now unless you know the subject well, you may return home as wise as you came, for this last is the last[8] part of the Return from Parnassus, that is both the first and the last time that the author's wit will turn upon the toe in this vein, and at this time the scene is not at Parnassus, that is, looks not good invention in the face.

Defen. If the catastrophe please you not, impute it to the unpleasing fortunes of discontented scholars.

Mom. For catastrophe there's never a tale in Sir John Mandeville,[9] or Bevis of Southampton,[10] but hath a better turning.

Stage-K. What, you jeering ass, be gone with a pox.

[1] Rogue.
[2] Primero, post and pair, saint or cent and lodam were all popular games at cards.
[3] Gaming furiously.
[4] A game, also a fool.
[5] A term at primero.
[6] The tray or basin for scraps from the table.
[7] Slovenly.

[1] Stooping blind-man's-buff.
[2] Eccentricities of character.
[3] Wandering creatures.
[4] Lights and masks.
[5] An underclass man. [6] Q. *which.*
[7] A box containing cards and counters, for the use of which the butler was feed.
[8] Q. *east.*
[9] His tale of marvelous travel.
[10] An old romance full of adventure.

Mom. You may do better to busy your self in providing beer, for the show will be pitiful dry, pitiful dry. *Exit*

[*Defen.*] No more of this; I heard the spectators ask for a blank verse.

[*Advancing*]

What we show, is but a Christmas jest,
Conceive of this, and guess of all the rest:
Full like a scholar's hapless fortunes penned,
Whose former griefs seldom have happy end.
Frame as well, we might with easy strain,
With far more praise, and with as little pain,
Stories of love, where forne[1] the wond'ring bench,
The lisping gallant might enjoy his wench;
Or make some sire acknowledge his lost son,
Found when the weary act is almost done.[2]
Nor unto this, nor unto that our scene is bent,
We only show a scholar's discontent;
In scholars' fortunes twice forlorn and dead,
Twice hath our weary pen erst laborèd,
Making them pilgrims in Parnassus hill,
Then penning their return with ruder quill.
Now we present unto each pitying eye,
The scholars' progress in their misery.
Refinèd wits, your patience is our bliss,
Too weak our scene, too great [y]our judgment is.
To you we seek to show a scholar's state,
His scornèd fortunes, his unpitied fate.
To you; for if you did not scholars bless,
Their case,—poor case!—were too too pitiless.
You shade the muses under fostering,
And make them leave[3] to sigh, and learn to sing.

ACTUS I, SCENA II

Enter Ingenioso, Judicio

Jud. What, Ingenioso, carrying a vinegar[4] bottle about thee, like a great school-boy, giving the world a bloody nose?

Ing. Faith, Judicio, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great reason I should confer it upon the bald-pated world; and again, if my kitchen want the utensils of viands, it's great reason other men should have the sauce of vinegar; and for the bloody nose, Judicio, I may chance indeed give the world a bloody nose, but it shall hardly give me a cracked crown, though it gives other poets French crowns.[1]

Jud. I would wish thee, Ingenioso, to sheathe thy pen, for thou canst not be successful in the fray, considering thy enemies have the advantage of the ground.

Ing. Or rather, Judicio, they have the grounds with advantage, and the French crowns with a pox, and I would they had them with a plague too; but hang them, swads,[2] the basest corner in my thoughts is too gallant a room to lodge them in. But say, Judicio, what news in your press, did you keep any late corrections[3] upon any tardy pamphlets?

Jud. Veterem jubes renovare dolorem, Ingenioso; whate'er befalls thee, keep thee from the trade of the corrector of the press.[4]

Ing. Marry so I will, I warrant thee, if poverty press not too much, I'll correct no press but the press of the people.

Jud. Would it not grieve any good spirits to sit a whole month knitting[5] out a lousy, beggarly pamphlet, and like a needy physician to stand whole years, tossing and tumbling the filth that falleth from so many draughty inventions as daily swarm in our printing-house?

Ing. Come, I think we shall have you put finger in the eye, and cry, 'O friends, no friends';[6] say, man, what new paper hobby-horses,[7] what rattle-babies[7] are come out in your late May morris dance?[8]

Jud. Fly my rhymes as thick as flies in the sun, I think there be never an ale-house in England, nor any so base a May-pole on a country green, but sets forth some poet's petronels or demilances[9] to the paper wars in Paul's Churchyard.[10]

Ing. And well too may the issue of a strong hop learn to hop all over England, whenas better wits sit like lame cobblers in

[1] Before.
[2] A general criticism of the plots of the time.
[3] Cease.
[4] Vinegar represented bloodshed in the old drama.

[1] A play on the head and the piece of money.
[2] Bumpkins.
[3] Criticisms.
[4] Critic as well as proof-reader.
[5] Putting into shape, editing.
[6] A mockery of Kyd's lines in *The Spanish Tragedy* beginning: "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears," etc.
[7] Terms for new publications.
[8] The morris dance was a feature of May Day; here, perhaps, new devices for the spring trade.
[9] A light gun or a lance borne by a rider.
[10] The chief site of the Elizabethan book trade.

their studies. Such barmy[1] heads will always be working, whenas[2] sad vinegar wits sit souring at the bottom of a barrel; plain meteors, bred of the exhalation of tobacco, and the vapors of a moist pot, that soar up into the open air, whenas sounder wit keeps below. 60

Jud. Considering the furies of the times, I could better endure to see those young can-quaffing hucksters shoot off their pellets, so they would keep them from these English *flores-poetarum;*[3] but now the world is come to that pass, that there starts up every day an old goose that sits hatching up those eggs which have been filched from the nest of crows and kestrels: here is a book, Ingenioso; why, to condemn it to *cloaca,*[4] the 70 usual Tyburn[5] of all misliving papers, were too fair a death for so foul an offender.

Ing. What's the name of it, I pray thee, Judicio?

Jud. Look, it's here, *Belvedere.*

Ing. What! a bellwether in Paul's Churchyard, so called because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinkling bell of so many poets about the neck of it? What is the rest of the title? 80

Jud. The Garden of the Muses.

Ing. What have we here? The poets, garish, gaily bedecked like fore-horses of the parish! What follows?

Jud. Quem referent musæ, vivet dum robora tellus,
Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.
Who blurs fair paper, with foul bastard rhymes,
Shall live full many an age in latter times;
Who makes a ballad for an ale-house door,
Shall live in future times for ever more.[6] 90
Then [Bodenham][7] thy muse shall live so long,
As drafty ballats to thy praise are sung.

But what's his device,[8] Parnassus with the sun and the laurels? I wonder this owl dares look on the sun, and I marvel this goose flies not the laurel; his device might have been better a fool going into the market place to be seen, with this motto, *scribimus indocti;* or a poor beggar gleaning of ears in the end of harvest, with this 100 word, *sua cuique gloria.*

Jud. Turn over the leaf, Ingenioso, and thou shalt see the pains of this worthy gentleman. Sentences gathered out of all kind of poets, referred to certain methodical heads, profitable for the use of these times, to rhyme upon any occasion at a little warning. Read the names.

Ing. So I will, if thou wilt help me to censure them. 110

Edmund Spenser.[1]	Michael Drayton.
Henry Constable.	John Davies.
Thomas Lodge.	John Marston.
Samuel Daniel.	Kit. Marlowe.
Thomas Watson.	

Good men and true; stand together; hear your censure. What's thy judgment of Spenser?

Jud. A sweeter swan than ever sang in Po,
A shriller nightingale than ever blessed, 120
The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.
Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud,
While he did chant his rural minstrelsy.
Attentive was full many a dainty ear;
Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,
While sweetly of his Fairy Queen he sung,
While to the waters' fall he tuned her[2] fame,
And in each bark engraved Eliza's name.
And yet for all this, unregarding soil[3]
Unlaced the line of his desirèd life, 130
Denying maintenance for his dear relief,
Careless ere[4] to prevent his exequy,[5]
Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye.

Ing. Pity it is that gentler wits should breed,
Where thickskin chuffes[6] laugh at a scholar's need.
But softly may our honor's ashes rest,
That lie by merry Chaucer's noble chest.[7]

[1] One of Marston's words ridiculed by Jonson; the whole passage seems aimed at the former.
[2] When. [3] A book of selections of poetry.
[4] Q. *cleare.* [5] The place of execution for criminals of lower class.
[6] A mock translation.
[7] John Bodenham, the editor of *Belvidere.*
[8] The printer's device.

[1] For these well-known poets, see the literary histories of the age. The point, here, is that all were contemporary. In 1602, Spenser had been dead three years, Marlowe less than ten. Drayton and Daniel had succeeded to the former's popularity as a general poet and were famous sonneteers as were Watson, Constable and Lodge, whose greater repute was in his pamphlets. Sir John Davies had just published *Nosce Teipsum,* and Marston was enjoying a repute of scandal for his *Satires* and satirical plays.
[2] Q. *for.* [3] The misfortune of neglect.
[4] Q. *care.* [5] Carelessness even for his funeral.
[6] Clowns. [7] In allusion to Spenser's tomb in the Abbey near Chaucer's.

But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy censure,[1] that I may be proud of myself, as in the first, so in the last, my censure may jump[2] with thine; Henry Constable, S[amuel] D[aniel], Thomas Lodge, Thomas Watson.

Jud. Sweet Constable doth take the wandering ear,
And lays it up in willing prisonment;
Sweet honey-dropping D[aniel] doth wage
War with the proudest big Italian,
That melts his heart in sugared sonneting.
Only let him more sparingly make use
Of others' wit, and use his own the more;
That well may scorn base imitation.
For Lodge and Watson, men of some desert,
Yet subject to a critic's marginal;[3]
Lodge for his oar in every paper boat,[4]
He that turns over Galen every day,
To sit and simper Euphues' legacy.[5]

Ing. Michael Drayton.

Jud. Drayton's sweet muse is like a sanguine dye,
Able to ravish the rash gazer's eye.

Ing. However, he wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this, he cannot swagger it well in a tavern, nor domineer in a hothouse.[6]

John Davies.

Jud. Acute John Davies, I affect[7] thy rhymes,
That jerk[8] in hidden charms these looser times:
Thy plainer verse, thy unaffected vein,
Is graced with a fair and a sooping[9] train.

Ing. Lock and Hudson.[10]

Jud. Lock and Hudson, sleep you quiet shavers[11] among the shavings of the press, and let your books lie in some old nooks amongst old boots and shoes, so you may avoid my censure.

Ing. Why then clap a lock on their feet, and turn them to commons.

John Marston.

Jud. What, Monsieur Kinsayder,[11] lifting up your leg . . . against the world? put up, man, put up for shame.
Methinks he is a ruffian in his style,
Withouten bands or garters' ornament,
He quaffs a cup of Frenchman's Helicon,[1]
Then roister doister in his oily terms,[2]
Cuts, thrusts, and foins at whomsoever he meets,
And strews about Ram-Alley meditations.[3]
Tut, what cares he for modest close-couched terms,
Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?
Give him plain naked words stripped from their shirts,
That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine.
Ay! there is one that backs a paper steed,
And manageth a pen-knife gallantly;
Strikes his poinardo at a button's breadth,
Brings the great battering ram of terms to towns,
And at first volley of his cannon shot,
Batters the walls of the old fusty world.

Ing. Christopher Marlowe.

Jud. Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse,
Alas! unhappy in his life and end;
Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.[4]

Ing. Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,
A tragic penman for a dreary plot.[5]

Ben Jonson.[6]

Jud. The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.

Ing. A mere empiric,[7] one that gets what he hath by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he indites; so slow an inventor,[8] that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying, a bold whoreson, as confident now in making a book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.

William Shakespeare.

Jud. Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape![9]

[1] Criticism. [2] Agree.
[3] Commentary.
[4] Pamphlet.
[5] Lodge was a physician as well as author of *Rosalind, Euphues' Golden Legacy,* which is the source of *As You Like It.*
[6] Brothel.
[7] Like.
[8] Lash with satire. *Oxf. Dic.*
[9] Fair, dissyllabic; sooping, sweeping.
[10] Lock or Lok was the author of hundreds of devotional sonnets. Hudson is lost in obscurity.
[11] A pen name of Marston's.

[1] Marston is really Italianate.
[2] His vocabulary was attacked for boisterous and indecorous language, especially by Jonson.
[3] A passage leading off Fleet Street, in a low neighborhood.
[4] This popular opinion is borne out by the recent discovery of the queen's pardon for his slayer, Ingram Frizer, for justifiable homicide. [5] Q. *driery.*
[6] Q. *B. J.* [7] Pure experimentalist.
[8] Jonson was constantly twitted for his slowness in composition.
[9] Shakespeare's poems were very popular.

His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without loves' foolish lazy languishment.[1]

Ing. Churchyard.

Hath not Shore's wife,[2] although a light-skirts she, 220
Given him a chaste long-lasting memory?

Jud. No, all light pamphlets once y-finden shall,
A Churchyard and a grave to bury all.

Ing. Thomas Nash.

Ay! here is a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly stock[3] in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gagtooth,[4] and his pen possessed with Hercules' furies.

Jud. Let all his faults sleep with his mournful chest,[5]
And then for ever with his ashes rest. 230
His style was witty, though he had some gall,
Something he might have mended, so may all.
Yet this I say, that for a mother wit,
Few men have ever seen the like of it.

Ingenioso reads the rest of the names[6]

Jud. As for these, they have some of them been the old hedgestakes of the press,[7] and some of them are at this instant the bots and glanders[8] of the printing-house. Fellows that stand only upon terms to 240 serve the turn, with their blotted papers, write as men go to stool, for needs, and when they write, they write as a bear, . . . now and then drop a pamphlet.

Ing. Durum telum necessitas. Good faith, they do as I do, exchange words for money: I have some traffic this day with Danter,[9] about a little book which I have made, the name of it is a *Catalogue of Cambridge Cuckolds*, but this *Belvedere*, this method- 250 ical ass, hath made me almost forget my time; I'll now to Paul's Churchyard, meet me an hour hence, at the sign of the Pegasus, in Cheapside, and I'll moist thy temples with a cup of claret, as hard as the world goes. *Exit* JUDICIO

[1] A strange comment on Shakespeare in 1602.
[2] Mistress of Edward IV, the subject of Churchyard's best known narrative poem.
[3] Thrust. [4] Fang. [5] Coffin.
[6] Of the contributors to *Belvedere*.
[7] Men marking mediocrity like stakes in a hedge.
[8] Diseases of the horse.
[9] A popular Elizabethan printer who published books of Nash and Breton.

ACTUS I, SCENA III

Enter DANTER, *the Printer*

Ing. Danter, thou art deceived; wit is dearer than thou takest it to be; I tell thee this libel of Cambridge has much fat and pepper in the nose; it will sell sheerly[1] underhand, when all these books of Exhortations and Catechisms lie molding on thy shopboard.

Dan. It's true; but good faith, Master Ingenioso, I lost by your last book: and you know there is many one that pays me 10 largely for the printing of their inventions; but for all this, you shall have forty shillings, and an odd pottle of wine.

Ing. Forty shillings? a fit reward for one of your rheumatic poets, that beslavers all the paper he comes by, and furnishes the chandlers with waste papers to wrap candles in; but as for me, I'll be paid dear, even for the dregs of my wit; little knows the world what belongs to the keeping of 20 a good wit in waters, diets, drinks, tobacco, &c. It is a dainty and costly creature, and therefore I must be paid sweetly: furnish me with money, that I may put myself in a new suit of clothes, and I'll suit thy shop with a new suit of terms; it's the gallantest child my invention was ever delivered of. The title is, *A Chronicle of Cambridge Cuckolds*; here a man may see what day of the month such a man's commons 30 were enclosed, and when thrown open, and when any entailed some odd crowns, upon the heirs of their bodies unlawfully begotten; speak quickly else I am gone.

Dan. O this will sell gallantly; I'll have it whatsoever it cost; will ye walk on, Master Ingenioso, we'll sit over a cup of wine and agree on it.

Ing. A cup of wine is as good a constable as can be, to take up the quarrel betwixt us. *Exeunt*

ACTUS II, SCENA IV

Enter IMMERITO, *and* STERCUTIO, *his Father;* [*to* AMORETTO, ACADEMICO *overhearing*]

Ster. Son, is this the gentleman that sells us the living?[2]

[1] Admirably easily. [2] A benefice.

Im. Fie, father, thou must not call it selling, thou must say, is this the gentleman that must have the gratuito?[1]

Acad. What have we here, old truepenny[2] come to town, to fetch away the living in his old greasy slops; then I'll none; the time hath been when such a fellow meddled with nothing but his ploughshare, his spade, and his hobnails, and so to a piece of bread and cheese, and went his way; but now these fellows are grown the only factors[3] for preferment.

Ster. O, is this the granting[4] gentleman, and how many pounds must I pay?

Im. O thou must not call them pounds, but thanks; and hark thou, father, thou must tell of nothing that is done; for I must seem to come clear to it.

Acad. Not pounds but thanks: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholar, but that the draper hath blacked him over,[5] hath not gotten the style of the time.

Ster. By my faith, son, look for no more portion.

Im. Well, father, I will not, upon this condition, that when thou have gotten me the gratuito of the living, thou will likewise disburse a little money to the bishop's poser,[6] for there are certain questions I make scruple to be posed[7] in.

Acad. He means any question in Latin, which he counts a scruple; O this honest man could never abide this popish tongue of Latin.[8] O! he is as true an Englishman as lives.

Ster. I'll take the gentleman now, he is in a good vein, for he smiles.

Amor. Sweet Ovid, I do honor every page.

Acad. Good Ovid, that in his lifetime lived with the Getes,[9] and now after his death converseth with a barbarian.

Ster. God be at your work, sir; my son told me you were the granting gentleman; I am Stercutio, his father, sir, simple as I stand here.

Amor. Fellow, I had rather given thee an hundred pounds, than thou should have put me out of my excellent meditation; by the faith of a gentleman, I was wrapt in contemplation.

Im. Sir, you must pardon my father, he wants bringing up.

Acad. Marry, it seems he hath good bringing up, when he brings up so much money.

Ster. Indeed, sir, you must pardon me, I did not know you were a gentleman of the Temple[1] before.

Amor. Well, I am content, in a generous disposition, to bear with country education; but fellow, what's thy name?

Ster. My name, sir, Stercutio, sir.

Amor. Why then, Stercutio, I would be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this living might be conferred upon your son; marry, I would have you know, that I have been importuned by two or three several lords, my kind cousins, in the behalf of some Cambridge man, and have almost engaged my word. Marry, if I shall see your disposition to be more thankful than other men, I shall be very ready to respect kind-natured men; for, as the Italian proverb speaketh well, *chi ha, avra.*[2]

Acad. Why, here is a gallant young drover of livings.

Ster. I beseech you, sir, speak English; for that is natural to me and to my son, and all our kindred, to understand but one language.

Amor. Why thus, in plain English: I must be respected with thanks.

Acad. This is a subtle tractive, when thanks may be felt and seen.

Ster. And I pray you, sir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?

Acad. The very same method that he useth at the buying of an ox.

Amor. I must have some odd sprinkling of an hundred pounds; if so, so—I shall think you thankful, and commend your son as a man of good gifts to my father.

Acad. A sweet world! give an hundred pounds, and this is but counted thankfulness.

Ster. Hark thou, sir, you shall have eighty thanks.

[1] Gratuity.
[2] Honest old fellow, one who digs.
[3] Agents.
[4] Q. *grating.*
[5] Dressed him in black, the clerical color.
[6] Apposer or examiner.
[7] Examined.
[8] A common Puritan objection.
[9] A barbarous tribe.

[1] A student of law, hence already a graduate.
[2] He who has, will have. Q. reads *haura.*

Amor. I tell thee, fellow, I never opened my mouth in this kind so cheap before in my life. I tell thee, few young gentlemen are found, that would deal so kindly with thee as I do.

Ster. Well, sir, because I know my son to be a toward[1] thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his own head, without sending to the university, I am content to give you as many thanks as you ask, so you will promise me to bring it to pass.

Amor. I warrant you for that, if I say it once. Repair you to the place, and stay there for my father; he is walked abroad to take the benefit of the air. I'll meet him as he returns, and make way for your suit.

Exeunt STER[CUTIO], IM[MERITO]

ACTUS II, SCENA V

Enter ACADEMICO, AMORETTO [*reading*]

Amor. Gallant, i' faith.

Acad. I see we scholars fish for a living in these shallow fords without a silver hook. Why, would it not gall a man to see a spruce-gartered youth of our College, a while ago, be a broker for a living, and an old bawd for a benefice? This sweet sir[2] proffered me such kindness when he was of our College, and now I'll try what wind remains in his bladder. God save you, sir.

Amor. By the mass I fear me, I saw this genus-and-species in Cambridge before now: I'll take no notice of him now.—By the faith of a gentleman, this is a pretty elegy. Of what age is the day, fellow? Sirrah boy, [*calling off*] hath the groom saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a hare sits?

Acad. Sir,[3] a poor old friend of yours, of S[t John's] College in Cambridge.

Amor. Good faith, sir, you must pardon me. I have forgotten you.

Acad. My name is Academico, sir, one that made an oration for you once on the queen's day,[4] and a show that you got some credit by.

Amor. It may be so, it may be so, but I have forgotten it; marry, yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficial unto in my time. But howsoever, sir, I have the courtesy of the town for you. I am sorry you did not take me at my father's house: but now I am in exceeding great haste, for I have vowed the death of a hare that we found this morning musing on her meaze.[1]

Acad. Sir, I am emboldened by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore—

Amor. Look, sirrah, [*calling off, as if to his boy*] if you see my hobby come hitherward as yet.

Acad. To make me some promises, I am to request your good mediation to the worshipful your father, in my behalf: and I will dedicate to yourself in the way of thanks, those days I have to live.

Amor. O good sir, if I had known your mind before; for my father hath already given the induction[2] to a chaplain of his own, to a proper man, I know not of what university he is.

Acad. Signior Immerito, they say, hath bidden fairest for it.

Amor. I know not his name, but he is a grave, discreet man, I warrant him; indeed he wants utterance in some measure.

Acad. Nay, methinks he hath very good utterance for his gravity, for he came hither very grave,[3] but I think he will return light enough, when he is rid of the heavy element he carries about him.[4]

Amor. Faith, sir, you must pardon me: it is my ordinary custom to be too studious; my mistress hath told me of it often, and I find it to hurt my ordinary discourse; but say, sweet sir, do ye affect the most gentlemanlike game of hunting?

Acad. [*aside*] How say you to the crafty gull,[5] he would fain get me abroad to make sport with me in their hunter's terms, which we scholars are not acquainted with.—Sir, I have loved this kind of sport, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath been my luck

[1] Promising.
[2] This precious fellow. [3] Q. *see.*
[4] The queen's birthday.

[1] Meditating on her shadow.
[2] Presentation to the living.
[3] Weighty as well as serious.
[4] This speech is not *aside*; Amoretto has returned to his book. Heavy element is his gold.
[5] Fool.

always to beat the bush, while another killed the hare.

Amor. Hunter's luck, hunter's luck, sir; but there was a fault in your hounds that did not spend[1] well.

Acad. Sir, I have had worse luck always at hunting the fox.

Amor. What, sir, do you mean at the unkennelling, untapezing, or earthing of the fox?[2]

Acad. I mean earthing, if you term it so. For [*aside*] I never found yellow earth enough to cover the old fox your father.

Amor. Good faith, sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers; it is a word that we hunters use when the fox is earthed. You must blow one long, two short; the second wind, one long, two short. Now, sir, in blowing, every long containeth seven quavers, one short containeth three quavers.

Acad. Sir, might I find any favor in my suit, I would wind the horn wherein your boon deserts should be sounded with so many minims, so many quavers——

Amor. Sweet sir, I would I could confer this, or any kindness upon you.—I wonder the boy comes not away with my hobby.—Now, sir, as I was proceeding: when you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then must you sound three notes, with three winds, and recheat,[3] mark you, sir, upon the same, with three winds.

Acad. I pray you, sir.

Amor. Now, sir, when you come to your stately gate,[4] as you sounded the recheat[5] before, so now you must sound the relief[6] three times.

Acad. [*aside*] Relief call you it? it were good every patron would wind[7] the horn.

Amor. O, sir, but your relief is your sweetest note; that is, sir, when your hounds hunt after a game unknown; and then you must sound one long and six short; the second wind, two short and one long; the third wind, one long and two short.

Acad. [*aside*] True, sir, it is a very good trade nowadays to be a villain; I am the hound that hunts after a game unknown, and blows the villain.

[1] Bark on seeing the game.
[2] Amoretto treats with scorn the non-technical word *hunting*. *To untapeze* is to unkennel.
[3] Recall. [4] Ambush.
[5] Calling the hounds to begin the chase.
[6] Feeding the hounds after the chase. [7] Q. *find*.

Amor. Sir, I will bless your ears with a very pretty story. My father out of his own cost and charges keeps an open table for all kind of dogs.

Acad. [*aside*] And he keeps one more by thee.

Amor. He hath your grey-hound, your mongrel, your mastiff, your levrier,[1] your spaniel, your kennets,[2] terriers, butchers' dogs, blood-hounds, dunghill-dogs, trundle-tails,[3] prick-eared curs, small ladies' puppies, raches,[4] and bastards.

Acad. [*aside*] What a bawdy knave hath he to his father, that keeps his Rachel, hath his bastards, and lets his sons be plain ladies' puppies,[5] to bewray a lady's chamber.

Amor. It was my pleasure two days ago, to take a gallant leash of grey-hounds; and into my father's park I went, accompanied with two or three noblemen of my near acquaintance, desiring to show them some of the sport. I caused the keeper to sever the rascal[6] deer from the bucks of the first head. Now, sir, a buck the first year is a fawn, the second year a pricket, the third year a sorel, the fourth year a sore, the fifth a buck of the first head, the sixth year a complete buck: as likewise your hart is the first year a calf, the second year a brocket, the third year a spade, the fourth year a stag, the fifth year a great stag, the sixth year a hart: as likewise the roebuck is the first year a kid, the second year a girl, the third year a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase, or, as we huntsmen call it, for venery.

Acad. [*aside*] If chaste be taken for venery, thou art a more special beast than any in thy father's forest.—Sir, I am sorry I have been so troublesome to you.

Amor. [*aside*] I knew this was the readiest way to chase away the scholar, by getting him into a subject he cannot talk of for his life. Sir, I will borrow so much time of you, as to finish this my begun story. Now, sir, after much travel we singled a buck; I rode that same time upon a roan gelding, and stood to intercept from the thicket: the buck broke gallantly; my great swift being disadvantaged in his slip, was at the first

[1] Rabbit-dog. [2] A small hunting dog.
[3] Curly tail.
[4] A dog that hunts by scent. Q. *caches*.
[5] Q. *puppets*.
[6] An ill-conditioned deer. On this whole passage compare *Love's Labor's Lost*, iv. 2.

behind; marry, presently [he] coted[1] and outstripped them, when, as the hart presently descended to the river, and being in the water, proffered, and reproffered, and proffered again; and at last he up-started at the other side of the water, which we call [the] soil of the hart, and there other huntsmen met him with an adauntreley; we followed in hard chase for the space of eight hours. Thrice our hounds were at default, and then we cried 'a slain!' straight 'so ho'! through good reclaiming, my faulty hounds found their game again, and so went through the wood with gallant notice of music, resembling so many *viols de gambo*; at last the hart laid him down, and [as] the hounds seized upon him, he groaned, and wept, and died. In good faith it made me weep too, to think of Acteon's fortune, which my Ovid speaks of——*He reads Ovid*

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.

Acad. Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my suit?

Amor. In good faith, sir, if I did not love you as my soul, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my art.

Acad. Nay, I will not die of a discourse yet, if I can choose. [*He retires unseen*]

Amor. So, sir, when we had rewarded our dogs with the small guts, and the lights, and the blood, the huntsmen halloed, so ho, *Venué à coupler,*[2] and so coupled the dogs, and then returned homeward. Another company of hounds that lay at advantage, had their couples cast off, and we might hear the huntsmen cry, *horse, decouple, avant*, but straight we heard him cry, *le amond*, and by that I knew that they had the hare and on foot, and by and by I might see him sore, and resore, prick and reprick—What, is he gone? Ha, ha, ha, ha, these scholars are the simplest creatures!

. . . . . .

ACTUS III, SCENA I

SIR RADERIC, RECORDER, PAGE, SIGNIOR IMMERITO

Sir Rad. Signior Immerito, you remember my caution for the tithes, and my promise for farming my tithes at such a rate?

[1] Overrun so as to turn the hare. These terms daunt the modern as well as the old Cambridge scholar.

[2] *Venus accoupler* reads Macray.

Im. Ay! and please your worship, sir.

Sir Rad. You must put in security for the performance of it in such sort, as I and Master Recorder shall like of.

Im. I will, an't please your worship.

Sir Rad. And because I will be sure that I have conferred this kindness upon a sufficient man,[1] I have desired Master Recorder to take examination of you.

Page. [*apart*] My master, it seems, takes him for a thief, but he hath small reason for it; as for learning, it's plain he never stole any, and for the living he knows himself how he comes by it; for let him but eat a mess of frumenty[2] this seven year, and yet he shall never be able to recover himself: alas, poor sheep, that hath fallen into the hands of such a fox.

Sir Rad. Good Master Recorder, take your place by me, and make trial of his gifts. Is the clerk there to record his examination? O, the page shall serve the turn.

Page. [*apart*] Trial of his gifts! never had any gifts a better trial. Why, Immerito his gifts have appeared in as many colors as the rainbow; first, to master Amoretto in color of the satin suit he wears; to my lady, in the similitude of a loose gown; to my master, in the likeness of a silver basin and ewer; to us pages in the semblance of new suits and points.[3] So master Amoretto plays the gull in a piece of a parsonage; my master adorns his cupboard with a piece of a parsonage; my mistress upon good days, puts on a piece of a parsonage; and we pages play at blow-point[4] for a piece of a parsonage. I think here's trial enough for one man's gifts.

Rec. For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a handsome likely man——

Page. [*apart*] He is a handsome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

Rec. In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature; for the trial whereof, at the request of my worshipful friend, I will in some sort propound questions fit to be resolved by one of your profession. Say, what is a parson that was never at the university?

[1] One able to perform the duties of the living.

[2] Wheat porridge.

[3] Laces.

[4] A child's game somewhat like push-pin.

Im. A parson that was never in the university is a living creature that can eat a tithe pig.

Rec. Very well answered; but you should have added, and must be officious[1] to his patron. Write down that answer, to show his learning in logic.

Sir Rad. Yea, boy, write that down; very learnedly, in good faith. I pray now let me ask you one question that I remember, whether is the masculine gender or the feminine more worthy?

Im. The feminine, sir.

Sir Rad. The right answer, the right answer. In good faith, I have been of that mind always; write, boy, that, to show he is a grammarian.

Page. [*apart*] No marvel my master be against the grammar, for he hath always made false Latin in the genders.

Rec. What university are you of?

Im. Of none.

Sir Rad. He tells truth; to tell truth is an excellent virtue; boy, make two heads, one for his learning, another for his virtues, and refer this to the head of his virtues, not of his learning.

Page. [*apart*] What, half a mess[2] of good qualities referred to an ass' head!

Sir Rad. Now, Master Recorder, if it please you, I will examine him in an author that will sound him to the depth; a book of astronomy, otherwise called an almanack.

Rec. Very good, Sir Raderic; it were to be wished that there were no other book of humanity, then there would not be such busy state-prying fellows as are nowadays. Proceed, good sir.

Sir Rad. What is the Dominical Letter?

Im. C, sir, and please your worship.

Sir Rad. A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the book. Write down that, and refer it to his skill in philosophy.

Page. [*apart*] C, the dominical letter; it is true, craft and cunning do so domineer; yet rather C and D are dominical letters, that is, crafty dunsery.[3]

Sir Rad. How many days hath September?

Im. April, June, and November, February hath twenty-eight alone, and all the rest hath thirty and one.

[1] Obsequious. [2] Two. [3] Folly.

Sir. Rad. Very learnedly, in good faith; he hath also a smack in poetry. Write down that, boy, to show his learning in poetry. How many miles from Waltham to London?

Im. Twelve, sir.

Sir Rad. How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

Im. Ten, sir.

Page. [*apart*] Without doubt, he hath been some carrier's horse?

Sir Rad. How call you him that is cunning in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and the cypher?

Im. A good arithmetician.

Sir Rad. Write down that answer of his, to show his learning in arithmetic.

Page. [*apart*] He must needs be a good arithmetician, that counted money so lately.

Sir Rad. When is the new moon?

Im. The last quarter, the fifth day, at two of the clock, and thirty-eight minutes in the morning.

Sir Rad. Write him down. How call you him that is weather-wise?

Rec. A good astronomer.

Sir Rad. Sirrah, boy, write him down for a good astronomer.

Page. [*apart*] *Ass colit ass-tra.*

Sir Rad. What day of the month lights the Queen's day[1] on?

Im. The seventeenth of November.

Sir Rad. Boy, refer this to his virtues, and write him down a good subject.

Page. [*apart*] Faith, he were an excellent subject for two or three good wits; he would make a fine ass for an ape to ride upon.

Sir Rad. And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning.—Now it remains to try, whether you be a man of good utterance; that is, whether you can ask for the strayed heifer with the white face, as also chide the boys in the belfry, and bid the sexton whip out the dogs; let me hear your voice.

Im. If any man or woman——

Sir Rad. That's too high.

Im. If any man or woman——

Sir Rad. That's too low.

Im. If any man or woman can tell any tidings of a horse with four feet, two ears, that did stray about the seventh hour, three minutes in the forenoon, the fifth day—

Page. [*apart*] [A talks] of a horse just as it were the eclipse of the moon.

Sir Rad. Boy, write him down for a

[1] The date of Elizabeth's accession.

good utterance. Master Recorder, I think he hath been examined sufficiently.

Rec. Ay, Sir Raderic, 'tis so; we have tried him very thoroughly.

Page. Ay, we have taken an inventory of his good parts, and prized them accordingly.

Sir Rad. Signior Immerito, forasmuch as we have made a double trial of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition; it is expedient also, in the next place, to give you a few exhortations, considering this: greatest clerks are not the wisest men; this is, therefore, first to exhort you to abstain from controversies; secondly, not to gird at men of worship, such as myself, but to use yourself discreetly; thirdly, not to speak when any man or woman coughs; do so, and in so doing, I will persevere to be your worshipful friend and loving patron.

Im. I thank your worship; you have been the deficient[1] cause of my preferment.

Sir Rad. Lead Immerito in to my son, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to be reserved, paying twelve pence a year. I am going to Moorfields to speak with an unthrift I should meet at the Middle Temple about a purchase; when you have done, follow us.

Exeunt IMMERITO *and the* PAGE

ACTUS IV, SCENA III

BURBAGE, KEMPE[2]

Bur. Now, Will Kempe, if we can entertain these scholars at low rate, it will be well, they have oftentimes a good conceit in a part.[3]

Kempe. It's true indeed, honest Dick, but the slaves are somewhat proud; and besides, it is a good sport in a part to see them never speak in their walk but at the end of the stage, just as though in walking with a fellow we should never speak but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further.[4] I was once at a comedy in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

Bur. A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may be besides they will be able to pen a part.

Kempe. Few of the university pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter.[1] Why, here's our fellow[2] Shakespeare puts them all down—ay, and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill;[3] but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge,[4] that made him bewray his credit.

Bur. It's a shrewd fellow, indeed. I wonder these scholars stay so long, they appointed to be here presently, that we might try them: O, here they come.

[*Enter* STUDIOSO *and* PHILOMUSUS]

Stud. Take heart, these lets[5] our clouded thoughts refine;
The sun shines brightest when it 'gins decline.

Bur. Master Philomusus and Master Studioso, God save you.

Kempe. Master Philomusus and Master Otioso,[6] well met.

Phil. The same to you, good Master Burbage. What, Master Kempe, how doth the Emperor of Germany?[7]

Stud. God save you, Master Kempe; welcome, Master Kempe, from dancing the morris over the Alps.[8]

Kempe. Well, you merry knaves, you may come to the honor of it one day. Is it not better to make a fool of the world as I have done, than to be fooled of the world, as you scholars are? But be merry, my lads, you have happened upon the most excellent vocation in the world for money: they come north and south to bring it to our playhouse; and for honors, who of more report than Dick Burbage and Will Kempe? He is not counted a gentleman, that knows not Dick Burbage and Will Kempe; there's

[1] A malapropism for efficient.
[2] Richard Burbage, who was some three years younger than Shakespeare and died three years after him, was the great tragic actor of the age; Kempe was celebrated in low comedy and as a deviser of "merriments" and jigs. He appears to have died in 1603.
[3] Intelligent conception in a rôle.
[4] Amateur acting seems little to have changed.

[1] A general criticism of excessive classical allusion.
[2] Of our company. [3] See Jonson's *Poetaster*.
[4] On the topic see *Elizabethan Playwrights*, 178-181, 243.
[5] Hindrances.
[6] An intentional mistake of Kempe's: Mr. Leisurely.
[7] Kempe had recently returned from acting in Germany.
[8] In Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* he had danced a morris dance to Norwich.

not a country wench that can dance Sellenger's Round,[1] but can talk of Dick Burbage and Will Kempe.

Phil. Indeed, Master Kempe, you are very famous; but that is as well for works in print, as your part in cue.[2]

Kempe. You are at Cambridge still with size-cue,[3] and be lusty humorous poets! You must untruss![4] I rode this my last circuit, purposely because I would be judge of your actions.

Bur. Master Studioso, I pray you, take some part in this book, and act it, that I may see what will fit you best; I think your voice would serve for Hieronimo;[5] observe how I act it, and then imitate me.

(*He recites*)

Stud. "Who calls Hieronimo from his naked bed?
And, &c."

Bur. You will do well after a while.

Kempe. Now for you. Methinks you should belong to my tuition, and your face methinks would be good for a foolish mayor, or a foolish justice of peace. Mark me.—— Forasmuch as there be two states of a commonwealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquillity; two states of war, the one of discord, the other of dissension; two states of an incorporation, the one of the aldermen, the other of the brethren; two states of magistrates, the one of governing, the other of bearing rule; now—as I said even now, for a good thing cannot be said too often:—virtue is the shoeinghorn of justice; that is, virtue is the shoeinghorn of doing well; that is, virtue is the shoeinghorn of doing justly: it behooveth me, and is my part to commend this shoeinghorn unto you. I hope this word shoeinghorn doth not offend any of you, my worshipful brethren; for you being the worshipful headsmen of the town, know well what the horn meaneth. Now therefore I am determined not only to teach, but also to instruct, not only the ignorant, but also the simple, not only what is their duty towards their betters, but also what is their duty towards their superiors.—Come, let me see how you can do;[1] sit down in the chair.

Phil. "Forasmuch as there be, &c."

Kempe. Thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by myself, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

Bur. [*to* PHIL.] I like your face, and the proportion of your body for Richard III; I pray, Master Philomusus, let me see you act a little of it.

Phil. "Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York."[2]

Bur. Very well, I assure you; well, Master Philomusus and Master Studioso, we see what ability you are of; I pray walk with us to our fellows, and we'll agree presently.

Phil. We will follow you straight, Master Burbage.

Kempe. It's good manners to follow us, Master Philomusus and Master Otioso.

[*Exeunt*]

Phil. And must the basest trade yield us relief?
Must we be prenticed[3] to those leaden spouts,
That naught down vent but what they do receive?
Some fatal fire hath scorched our fortune's wing,
And still we fall, as we do upward spring;
As we strive upward to the vaulted sky,
We fall, and feel our hateful destiny.

Stud. Wonder it is, sweet friend, thy pleading breath,
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,
Melts not those rocks of ice, those mounts of woe,
Congealed in frozen hearts of men below.

Phil. Wonder, as well thou may'st, why 'mongst the waves,
'Mongst the tempestuous waves on raging sea,
The wailing merchant can no pity crave.
What cares the wind and weather for their pains?
One strikes the sail, another turns the same;
He slacks the main, another takes the oar;
Another laboreth and taketh pain,

[1] A popular dance tune.
[2] Q. reads *Kne; cue* is Hazlitt's reading; *part in cue* is rôle on the stage.
[3] A size-cue is half of an ordinary assignment or ration at college, cue being q denoting in the account half a farthing or a *quadrans*.
[4] To untruss one was to prepare him for a spanking. The term was used of the theatrical satirists of the day, such as Jonson and Marston.
[5] The hero of *The Spanish Tragedy*.

[1] *I.e.*, recite.
[2] The familiar opening words of *Richard III*.
[3] Q. *practised*.

To pump the sea into the sea again.
Still they take pains, still the loud winds do blow,
Till the ship's prouder mast be laid below:
Stud. Fond[1] world, that ne'er thinks on that agèd man,
That Ariosto's old swift-pacèd man,
Whose name is Time, who never lins[2] to run,
Loaden with bundles of decayèd names,
The which in Lethe's lake he doth entomb,
Save only those which swanlike scholars take,
And do deliver from that greedy lake. 150
Inglorious may they live, inglorious die,
That suffer learning live in misery.
Phil. What caren they what fame their ashes have,
When once they're coopèd up in silent grave?
Stud. If for fair fame they hope not when they die,
Yet let them fear grave-staining infamy.
Phil. Their spendthrift heirs will all those fire-brands quench,
Swaggering full moistly on a tavern's bench.
Stud. No shamèd sire for all his glosing[3] heir,
Must long be talked of in the empty air. 160
Stud. Believe me, thou that art my second self,
My vexèd soul is not disquieted,
For that I miss that gaudy painted state
Whereat my fortunes fairly aimed of late.
For what am I, the mean'st of many mo,
That, earning profit, are repaid with woe?
But this it is that doth my soul torment,
To think so many activable[4] wits,

[1] Foolish.
[2] Ceases.
[3] Criticizing.
[4] Capable.

That might contend with proudest birds of Po,[1]
Sits now immured within their private cells,
Drinking a long, lank watching-candle's smoke, 171
Spending the marrow of their flowering age
In fruitless poring on some worm-eat leaf,
When their deserts shall seem of due to claim
A cheerful crop of fruitful swelling sheaf;
Cockle their harvest is, and weeds their grain,
Contempt their portion, their possession pain.
Scholars must frame to live at a low sail.
Phil. Ill sailing where there blows no happy gale.
Stud. Our ship is ruined, all her tackling rent. 180
Phil. And all her gaudy furniture[2] is spent.
Stud. Tears be the waves whereon her ruins bide.
Phil. And sighs the winds that waste her broken side.
Stud. Mischief the pilot is, the ship to steer.
Phil. And woe the passenger this ship doth bear.
Stud. Come, Philomusus, let us break this chat.
Phil. And break my heart! O would I could break that!
Stud. Let's learn to act that tragic part we have.
Phil. Would I were silent actor in my grave!

[1] Best Italian poets.
[2] Tackling.

NOTE: In these increasingly Latinless days these translations of the Latin scraps in this play may not be impertinent.

P. 1020, l. 27 You command me to renew old sorrows.
P. 1021, l. 85 He whom the Muses put upon the roll of fame will live while the earth bears oaks, while the stars gem the heavens and whilst the rivers run.
P. 1021, l. 99 We write, although unlettered.
P. 1021, l. 101 Each has his own glory.
P. 1023, l. 245 Necessity is a harsh weapon.
P. 1027, l. 195 Every man in love is a soldier and Cupid has his own camps.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Beaumont, Francis, 555, 645, 689
Chapman, George, 415
Dekker, Thomas, 243, 293
Fletcher, John, 605, 645, 689, 827
Ford, John, 913
Greene, Robert, 145
Heywood, Thomas, 379
Jonson, Ben, 333, 415, 459, 597
Kyd, Thomas, 35
Lyly, John, 81
Marlowe, Christopher, 1, 117, 195
Marston, John, 415
Massinger, Philip, 869
Middleton, Thomas, 517, 787
Munday, Anthony, 998
Peele, George, 177
Rowley, William, 787
Shakespeare, William, 998
Shirley, James, 953
Webster, John, 735

INDEX OF PLAYS

Broken Heart, The, 913
Changeling, The, 787
Duchess of Malfi, The Tragedy of the, 735
Eastward Ho, 415
Edward the Second, The Troublesome Reign and Lamentable Death of, 195
Endymion, the Man in the Moon, 81
Every Man in His Humor, 333
Faithful Shepherdess, The, 605
Faustus, The Tragical History of Doctor, 117
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, The Honorable History of, 145
Hue and Cry after Cupid, The, 597
Knight of the Burning Pestle, The, 555
Lady of Pleasure, The, 953
Maid's Tragedy, The, 689
Michaelmas Term, 517
More, The Play of Sir Thomas, 998
New Way to Pay Old Debts, A, 869
Old Fortunatus, The Pleasant Comedy of, 243
Old Wives Tale, The, 177
Philaster, 645
Return from Parnassus, The, 1015
Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, 827
Shoemakers' Holiday, or The Gentle Craft, The, 293
Spanish Tragedy, The, 35
Tamburlaine the Great, Part I, 1
Volpone, or The Fox, 459
Woman Killed with Kindness, A, 379

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